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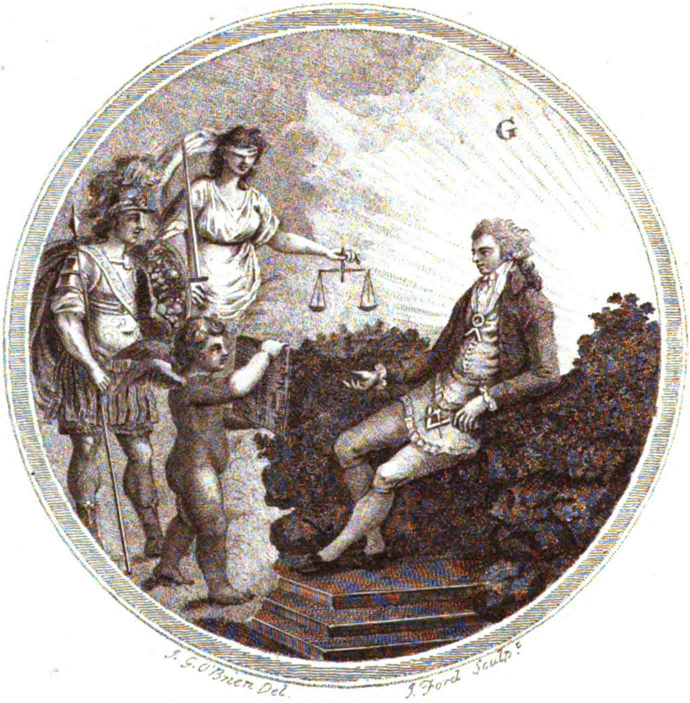
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J. G. O'Brien Del.
J. Ford Sculp.

LOVE HONOUR & JUSTICE

Presenting to the

Right Worshipful Grand Master of Ireland

The Sentimental & Masonic Magazine

THE
Sentimental & Masonic Magazine

From

JULY to DECEMBER

1792

Inclusive

VOL. I.

Dublin

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THE

SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC MAGAZINE,

FOR *JULY*, 1792.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT FRONTISPIECE,
Repreſenting the PATRON *of the* MAGAZINE *receiving it from the*
Figures of LOVE, HONOUR *and* JUSTICE,
AND
THE HEAD OF AN ANTIENT BARD.
CAPITALLY ENGRAVED BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

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DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM FOLDS,
FOR
JOHN JONES, No. 111, GRAFTON-STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

RICHARD,

LORD BARON DONOUGHMORE,

GRAND MASTER OF MASONS

IN IRELAND,

WHOSE EMINENT VIRTUES, AND DISTINGUISHED ABILITIES,

DIGNIFY THE MAN AND ORNAMENT THE PEER,

THIS

MAGAZINE

IS DEDICATED BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE, OBEDIENT,

AND DEVOTED SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *JULY*, 1792.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

The Plate which ſerves as a Frontispiece to this Work, repreſents the GRAND MASTER OF MASONS, decorated with the Inſignia of the Order, ſeated on the ſummit of a mountain, in a ruſtic throne, elevated on three ſteps; the rays of a riſing ſun appearing behind him, and before him are the emblematic figures of LOVE, HONOUR and JUSTICE, in the act of preſenting for his acceptance The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

WITHOUT entering into an inquiry on the merits or defects of the ſeveral publications of this kind in Great Britain and Ireland, an inquiry that would have all the appearance of an invidious one, the Editors of this work, impreſſed with the idea that there ſtill exiſts an ample field for fugitive literature to range in, thus offer themſelves candidates for the public favour.

It would be difficult, if at all practicable, for them to preſent the Public in this addreſs with a minute detail of the means they intend to employ for the accompliſhment of their wiſhes, they therefore confine themſelves to theſe two cardinal heads, Novelty *and* Instruction*; in procuring which they promiſe that nothing ſhall be wanting that an unremitting induſtry and ſome talents can effect, to which will be adduced the auxiliary of adventitious aſſiſtance: to invite which,* The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine, *like the bow of Ulyſſes, is offered to the learned, the witty, and ingenious, to try their ſtrength with: Their communications ſhall be gratefully acknowledged, candidly examined, and, when approved, cheerfully inſerted.—The philoſophic moraliſt may here incite to virtuous deeds and promote the love of truth, and while he improves the head may mend the heart—the naturaliſt diſſeminate his diſcoveries—the wit may laugh down folly, baniſh care, and exhilirate the ſoul; by the happy attitudes of his ſubjects, play with the finer feelings of the mind, and dip his pencil in all the pleaſing colours of variety.*

Nothing that militates with the principles of the Chriſtian religion, nothing that tends to inflame the paſſions, to gloſs over the deformity of vice, or render it familiar, ſhall have a place; while, on the other hand, all its oppoſites ſhall be encouraged.

*For this purpoſe the Editors have, in a particular manner, attached themſelves to the principles of one of the moſt ancient of all ſocial inſtitutions, calculated to draw more cloſely the ties of virtuous philanthropy—*The Order of Freemasons*—under whoſe beneficent auſpices they place their undertaking; and whoſe patronage it ſhall ever be their ſtudy to deſerve.*

A new

A NEW *and* ACCURATE DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* ROME.

From the United Accounts of all the modern Travellers.

ROME is the capital of the territories of the pope, and all Italy; founded ſeven hundred and fifty years before the Chriſtian æra. It was anciently the capital and ſeat of the Roman empire, and now the head of the Roman catholic religion. What a melancholy reverſe! Rome, once the abode and nurſery of heroes, and of all that was great and noble in human nature, is now a neſt of drones; a nurſery of vermin, which prey upon the community; a ſcene of the groſſeſt prieſt-craft; of the moſt ridiculous and ſhameful farces, under the name of religion; of eccleſiaſtical tyranny, and the moſt bare-faced and wanton abuſe of the credulity, fanaticiſm, ignorance, and intemperate zeal of a poor deluded people. Rome, after ſhe had loſt her liberty, ſunk into the utmoſt degeneracy, ſlavery, and corruption, and was trampled under foot by tyrants and monſters who were diſgraceful to human nature; but her thraldom was not then greater under her ſecular, than is now under her ſpiritual maſters: Rome is ſuppoſed to have been firſt founded by Romulus, after which it was gradually enlarged. But its figure and ſituation have been often changed, in conſequence of the ſeven principal ſieges or attacks which it ſuſtained, when it was ſacked by the Gauls, Herulians, Vandals, Oſtro and Viſigoths, and the German armies; particularly in 1527, under the command of Charles of Bourbon.

This city is ſeated on the Tiber, about ten miles from the Tuſcan ſea, three hundred and eighty miles from Vienna, five hundred and ſixty from Paris, and eight hundred and ten from London. The bed of the river Tiber, being raiſed by the many ruins of houſes which have fallen into it, and its mouth much choaked up, frequently overflows and does infinite damage, eſpecially with a ſtrong weſt wind. A ſmall part of the city is ſeparated from the other by the river; and is therefore called Traſtevere, or beyond the Tiber. The remains of Rome's ancient grandeur conſiſts of ſtatues, coloſſuſes, temples, palaces, theatres, triumphal arches, cirques, naumachias, obeliſks, columns, aqueducts, fountains, mauſoleums, and other ſtructures. Of modern buildings, the ſplendid churches and palaces are the moſt remarkable.

"On entering Rome, (exclaims the abbé Dupaty) ages, emperors, nations, every thing great, intereſting, and awful, which the great name of Rome muſt for ever ſuggeſt, occupied my whole ſoul! I beheld that theatre where human nature has been all that it ever can be, has performed every thing that it ever can perform, has diſplayed all the virtues, exhibited all the vices, brought forth the ſublimeſt heroes, and the moſt execrable monſters, has been elevated in a Brutus, degraded in a Nero, and re-aſcended in a Marcus Aurelius. The air in which I am now breathing, is that in which Cicero enchanted all ears with his eloquence, the Cæſars uttered ſo many terrible commands, and the popes pronounced their myſterious and ſuperſtitious enchantments. What rivers of blood have moiſtened this earth! how many tears have flowed within theſe walls! Horace and Virgil here recited their immortal verſes! I am in that city which excites the attention of the whole world." *Dupaty's Tr.* 129.

With regard to the number of inhabitants, modern Rome is much inferior to the ancient; for in 1709, the whole of theſe amounted only to one hundred, thirty-eight thouſand, five hundred and ſixty-eight: among which were forty biſhops, two thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-ſix prieſts, three thouſand five hundred and fifty-nine monks, one thouſand eight hundred and fourteen nuns, three hundred and ninety-three courtezans, nine thouſand Jews, and fourteen Moors. In 1714, the inhabitants were again numbered by order of pope Clement XI. when there appeared to be one hundred and forty-three thouſand.

But with regard to the preſent population of Rome, we are furniſhed with the following authentic information by Dr. Moore: authors differ very much in opinion with reſpect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was moſt populous. Some accounts make them ſeven millions, and others a ſtill greater number.

Theſe ſeem all to be incredible exaggerations. It is not probable, that what is properly called the city of Rome, ever extended beyond the wall built by Beliſarius, after he had defeated the Goths. This wall has been frequently repaired ſince, and is ſtill ſtanding; it is about thirteen or fourteen miles in circuit, which is nearly the ſize that Rome was of, according to Pliny, in the days of Veſpaſian. Thoſe who aſſert, that the number of inhabitants in ancient Rome, when it was moſt populous, could not exceed a million, excluſive of ſlaves, are thought moderate in their calculation; but when we conſider that the circumference of thirteen or fourteen miles is not equal to that of either Paris or London; that the Campus Martius, which is the beſt built part of modern Rome, was a field, without a houſe upon it, anciently; and that the riſing ground, where St. Peter's church and the Vatican ſtand, was no part of old Rome; it will be difficult to conceive that ever Rome could boaſt a million of inhabitants. For my own part, if the wall of Beliſarius be admitted as the boundary of the ancient city, I cannot imagine it to have, at any time, contained above five or ſix hundred thouſand, without ſuppoſing the maſters of the world to have been the worſt lodged people in it.

But if, in the computations above-mentioned, the ſuburbs are included; if thoſe who lived without the walls are conſidered as inhabitants; in that caſe there will be room enough for any number, the limits of the ſuburbs not being aſcertained.

The buildings immediately without the walls of Rome, which were connectedly continued ſo as to merit the name of ſuburbs, were certainly of vaſt extent; and with thoſe of the town itſelf, muſt have contained a prodigious number of people. By a calculation made by Mr. Byres, the Circus Maximus was of ſufficient ſize to accommodate three hundred and eighty thouſand ſpectators; and we are told by the Latin poets, that it was uſually full. Now if allowance is made for the ſuperannuated, the ſick, and infirm; alſo for children, and thoſe employed in their private buſineſs, and for ſlaves, who were not permitted to remain in the Circus during the games; Mr. Byres imagines that ſuch a number as three hundred and eighty thouſand ſpectators could not be ſupplied by a city and ſuburbs, the number of whoſe inhabitants were much under three millions.

Whatever may have been the extent of the ſuburbs of Rome, it is probable they were only formed of ordinary houſes, and inhabited by people of inferior rank. There are no remains of palaces, or magnificent buildings of any kind, to be now ſeen near the walls, or indeed over the whole Campania; yet it is aſſerted by ſome authors, that this wide ſurface was peopled, at one period, like a continued village, and we are told of ſtrangers, who, viewing this immenſe plain covered with houſes, imagined they had already entered Rome, when they were thirty miles from the walls of that city.

Some of the ſeven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle ſwellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raiſed by the rubbiſh of ruined houſes. Some have hardly houſes of any kind upon them, being entirely laid out in gardens and vineyards. It is generally thought, that two-thirds of the ſurface within the walls are in this ſituation, or covered with ruins; and, by the information I have the greateſt reliance on, the number of the inhabitants at preſent is about one hundred and ſeventy thouſand, which, though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the moſt part, able to boaſt ſince the fall of the empire. There is good authority for believing that this city, at particular periods ſince that time, ſome of them not very remote, has been reduced to between thirty and forty thouſand inhabitants. The numbers have gradually increaſed during the whole of this century. As it was much leſs expenſive to purchaſe new ground for building upon, than to clear away ruins, which, by time had acquired the conſiſtence of rock, great part of the modern city is built on what was the ancient Campus Martius.

Some of the principal ſtreets are of conſiderable length, and perfectly ſtraight. That called the Corſo, is the moſt frequented. It runs from the Porto del Popolo, along the ſide of the Campus Martius next to the ancient city. Here the nobility diſplay their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evenings in fine weather. It is indeed the great ſcene of Roman magnificence and amuſement.

The ſhops on each ſide are three or four feet higher than the ſtreet; and there is a path for the convenience of foot paſſengers, on a level with the ſhops. The palaces, of which there are ſeveral in this ſtreet, range in a line with the houſes, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being ſhut up from the ſight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonſhire and Burlington houſes in London are. Such diſmal barricades are more ſuitable to the unſocial character of a proud baron, in the days of ariſtocratic tyranny, than to the hoſpitable benevolent diſpoſition of their preſent proprietors.

The Corſo, I have ſaid, commences at the fine area immediately within the Porto del Popolo. This is the gate by which we entered Rome; it is built in a noble ſtyle of elegant ſimplicity, from the deſign of Michael Angelo, executed by Bernini.

[*To be continued.*]

On the NATURE *and* PROPERTIES *of* WATER.

Nymphs! your bright ſquadrons watch with chemic eyes
The cold-elaſtic vapours, as they riſe;
With playful force arreſt them as they paſs,
And to *pure* Air betroth the *flaming* Gas.
Round their tranſlucent forms at once they fling
Their rapturous arms, with ſilver boſoms cling;
In fleecy clouds their fluttering wings extend,
Or from the ſkies in lucid ſhowers deſcend;
Whence rills and rivers owe their ſecret birth,
And Ocean's hundred arms infold the earth.
Botanic Garden, Part I.

IT was the opinion of Thales, and other ancient philoſophers, that Water was the original of all things. Hence Pindar, when he would illuſtrate the ſuperiority of the Olympick games over all others, ſets out with obſerving, that they hold the ſame rank as Water does among the elements, and gold among the gifts of Fortune.

Nor was this opinion confined to remote antiquity. Van Helmont, and others among the moderns, have likewiſe maintained, that Water is the elemental matter, or ſtamen, of all things, and is alone ſufficient for the production of all the viſible creation. And ſir Iſaac Newton thus expreſſes himſelf on this ſubject: 'All birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, inſects, trees, and vegetables, with their ſeveral parts, do grow out of Water, and watery tinctures and ſalts; and, by putrefaction, they all return again to watery ſubſtances.'

The ſame great philoſopher defines Water to be a fluid ſalt, volatile, and void of taſte. But Boerhaave ſets aſide this definition; 'for Water,' he obſerves, 'is a menſtruum, or diſſolvent of ſalts and ſaline bodies, which does not agree with the notion of its being a ſalt itſelf; for we do not know of any one ſalt that diſſolves another.'—By ſome late experiments of Lavoiſier, Watt, Cavendiſh, Prieſtley, and Kirwan, it appears, that Water conſiſts of dephlogiſticated air, and inflammable air or phlogiſton intimately united; or, as Mr. Watt conceives, of dephlogiſticated air and phlogiſton, deprived of part of their latent heat. This doctrine is alluded to in my motto.

In contemplating Nature, we ſhall often find the ſame ſubſtances poſſeſſed of contrary qualities, and producing oppoſite effects. Air, which liquifies one ſubſtance, dries up another. That fire which is ſeen to burn up the deſart, is often found, in other places, to aſſiſt the luxuriance of vegetation; and Water, which, next to fire, is the moſt fluid ſubſtance upon earth, gives to all other bodies their firmneſs and durability: ſo that every element ſeems to be a powerful ſervant, capable of either good or ill, and only awaiting external direction, to become the friend or enemy of mankind. Theſe oppoſite qualities, in Water in particular, have not failed to excite the admiration and inquiry of the curious.

That Water is the moſt penetrating body next to fire, and the moſt difficult to confine, has been proved by various experiments. A veſſel through which water cannot paſs, may retain any thing. Nor is it any objection, that ſyrups and oils will ſometimes paſs through bodies which hold Water; this not being owing to the greater ſubtilty and penetrability of their particles, but to the reſin with which the wood of ſuch veſſels abounds, and to which oils and ſyrups are as menſtruums; ſo that, diſſolving the reſin, they make their way through the ſpaces left thereby. But Water, on the contrary, not acting on reſins, is retained in the ſame veſſels. And yet it gradually makes its way, even through all woods, and is retainable only in glaſs and metals. It was found, moreover, by an experiment at Florence, that when ſhut up in a ſpherical veſſel of gold, and then preſſed with great force, it made its way through the pores even of the gold: ſo that the moſt ſolid body in nature is permeable to Water, under certain circumſtances. It is even found more fluid than air; a body being reputed more fluid than another, when its parts will find way through ſmaller pores. Now air, it is well known, will not paſs through leather; as is evident in the caſe of an exhauſted receiver covered therewith; but Water will paſs through leather with eaſe. Air, likewiſe, may be retained in a bladder, which Water oozes through. It is found, indeed, that Water will paſs through pores ten times ſmaller than air will.—But here it muſt be obſerved, that M. Homberg accounts for this paſſage of Water through the narrow pores of animal ſubſtances, which will not admit the air, on the principle of its moiſtening and diſſolving the glutinous matter of the fine fibres of the membranes, and rendering them more pliable and diſtractile; which is what the air, for want of a wetty quality, cannot do. As a proof of this doctrine, he filled a bladder, compreſſed it with a ſtone, and found no air to come out; but placing the bladder, thus compreſſed, in water, the air eaſily eſcaped.

Hence Water, from its penetrative power, may be ſuppoſed to enter into the compoſition of all bodies, vegetable, animal and foſſil; with this particular circumſtance, that it can always be ſeparated, by a gentle heat, from thoſe ſubſtances with which it has been united. Fire, indeed, will penetrate more than Water; but it is not ſo eaſily to be ſeparated again.

This property of Water, joined with its ſmoothneſs and lubricity, fits it to ſerve as a vehicle for the commodious and eaſy conveyance of the nutritious matter of all bodies. Being ſo fluid, and paſſing and repaſſing ſo readily, it never ſtops up the pores, and leaves room for the following Water to bring on a new ſupply of nutritious matter.

The ſame Water, however, ſo little coheſive as it is, and ſo eaſily to be ſeparated from moſt bodies, will cohere firmly with ſome others, and bind them together in the moſt ſolid maſſes; though it appears wonderful, that Water, which may be ſhewn an almoſt univerſal diſſolvent, ſhould, nevertheleſs, be a great coagulator.

Water, mixed up with earth and aſhes, gives them the utmoſt firmneſs and fixity. The aſhes, for inſtance, of an animal, incorporated with pure water into a paſte, and baked with a vehement fire, become a coppel; which is a body remarkable for this, that it will bear the utmoſt effort of a refiner's furnace. It is, in reality, upon the glutinous nature of Water only, that our houſes ſtand; for take the Water out of wood, and it becomes aſhes; or out of tiles, and they become duſt.

A little clay, dried in the ſun, becomes a powder, which, mixed with water, ſticks together again, and may be faſhioned to any form; and this, dried again by a gentle fire, or in the ſun, and then baked in a potter's oven by an intenſe fire, becomes little other than a ſtone. The Chineſe earth, of which our porcelain veſſels are made, which hold all liquors, and even melted lead itſelf, is diluted and wrought up with water. In fine, all the ſtability and firmneſs viſible in the univerſe have been aſcribed, by ſome writers, to Water alone. Thus, they ſay, ſtone would be an incoherent ſand, did not Water bind it together; and thus, again, of a fat, gravelly earth, wrought up with water, and baked, or burnt, we make bricks, tiles, and earthen veſſels, of ſuch exceeding hardneſs and cloſeneſs, that water itſelf cannot paſs through them. And theſe bodies, although to appearance perfectly dry, and deſtitute of water, yet, being pulverized, and put into a retort, and diſtilled, yield an incredible quantity of Water. The ſame, it is ſaid, holds of metals; for the parings or filings of lead, tin, antimony, &c. yield water plentifully, by diſtillation; and the hardeſt ſtones, ſea-ſalt, nitre, vitriol, ſulphur, &c. are found to conſiſt chiefly of Water, into which they reſolve by the force of fire. The lapis calcarius, or lime-ſtone, being expoſed to the fire, affords a prodigious quantity of pure Water; and the more of this Water is extracted, the more friable does it become, till, at length, it commences a dry calx, or lime, wherein, in lieu of the Water ſo expelled, the fire enters, in the courſe of calcination; and this is expelled again, in its turn, by pouring on cold Water. Yet the ſame Water and calx, tempered together, produce a maſs, ſcarce inferior, in point of ſolidity, to the primitive lime-ſtone.—Many, if not moſt of the effects, here aſcribed to Water, in uniting and conſolidating the parts of various bodies, have been attributed, by modern chemiſts and philoſophers, to the gas, or fixable air, which enters into their compoſition; which eſcapes when they are diſſolved, and which is capable, in certain circumſtances, of being again reſtored to them.

Although Water be defined a *fluid*, it has been a controverted point among philoſophers, whether fluidity be its natural ſtate, or the effect of violence. We ſometimes find it appear in a fluid, and ſometimes in a ſolid form; and as the former, in our warmer climate, is the more common, we conclude it to be the proper one, and aſcribe the other to the extraneous action of cold. Boerhaave, however, aſſerts the contrary, and maintains Water to be naturally of the cryſtalline kind; ſince, wherever a certain degree of fire is wanting to keep it in fuſion, it readily grows into a hard ſubſtance, under the denomination of ice. Boyle is much of the ſame opinion. Ice, he obſerves, is commonly reputed to be Water brought into a preternatural ſtate by cold; but with regard to the nature of things, and, ſetting aſide our arbitrary ideas, it might be as juſtly ſaid, that Water is ice preternaturally thawed by heat. If it be urged, that ice left to itſelf, will, upon the removal of the freezing agents, return to Water, it may be anſwered, that, not to mention the ſnow and ice which lie, during the whole ſummer, on the Alps, and other high mountains, even in the torrid zone, we have been aſſured, that, in ſome parts of Siberia, the ſurface of the ground continues more months in the year frozen by the natural temperature of the climate, than thawed by the heat of the ſun; and, a little below the ſurface of the ground, the water that may happen to be lodged in the cavities there, continues in a ſtate of ice all the year round: ſo that, in the heat of ſummer, when the fields are covered with corn, if you dig a foot or two deep, you will find ice, and a frozen ſoil.

Water, if it could be had clear and pure, Boerhaave obſerves, would have all the requiſites of an element, and be as ſimple as fire; but no expedient has hitherto been diſcovered, for procuring it ſo pure. Rain-water, which ſeems the pureſt of all thoſe we know of, is replete with numberleſs exhalations of all kinds, which it imbibes from the air: ſo that, if filtered and diſtilled a thouſand times, fæces ſtill remain. The rain water, moreover, gathered from the roofs of houſes, is a lixivium of the ſalt of tiles, ſlate, and the like, impregnated with the dungs and fæces of the animals, birds, &c. depoſited thereon, and the exhalations of numerous other things. It may be added, that all the rain-water, gathered in cities, muſt at leaſt be ſaturated with the ſmoke of a thouſand chimnies, and the various effluvia of a number of perſons, &c. Beſide this, fire is contained in all water; as appears from its fluidity, which is owing to fire alone.

As what is in the air neceſſarily mixes itſelf with Water, it hence appears impoſſible to have ſuch a thing as pure Water. If you percolate it through ſand, or ſqueeze it through pumice; or paſs it through any other body of the ſame kind, you will always have ſalt remaining. Even diſtillation cannot render it pure; for it leaves air therein, which neceſſarily abounds in corpuſcles of all ſorts.

The Water that flows within, or upon the ſurface of the earth, contains various earthy, ſaline, metallic, vegetable, or animal particles, according to the ſubſtances over or through which they paſs.

The pureſt of all waters we can any way obtain, is that diſtilled from ſnow, gathered in a clear, ſtill, pinching night, in ſome very high place; taking none but the outer or ſuperficial part of it. By a number of repeated diſtillations, the greateſt part of the earth, and other fæcis, may be ſeparated from this: and this is what we muſt be contented to call pure Water. In a word, it is the opinion of Boerhaave, that no perſon ever ſaw a drop of pure water; that the utmoſt of its purity known, amounts only to its being free from this or that ſort of matter; that it can never, for inſtance, be quite deprived of ſalt; ſince air will always accompany it, and air always contains ſalts.

Many of the moſt eminent chemiſts have made experiments, in order to aſcertain the converſion of Water into earth. Boyle relates, that an ounce of Water, diſtilled carefully in glaſs veſſels two hundred times, yielded ſix drams of a white, light, inſipid earth, fixed in the air, and indiſſoluble in Water. Hence he concludes, that the whole Water, by farther proſecuting the operation, might be converted into earth. Godfrey, and others, concur in this opinion; but Boerhaave (who attributes the earth obtained by Boyle to the duſt floating in the air, and to the inſtruments employed in the operation) is ſupported by

Macquer, and others, in maintaining, that pure Water is unalterable, and incapable of being decompoſed; ſo that whatever be the ſubſtances with which it is combined, when ſeparated from theſe and ſufficiently purified (and alſo when diſtilled ſingly, or mixed with other ſubſtances) its nature and eſſential properties ſtill remain unchanged.

Water ſeems to be diffuſed every where, and to be preſent in all ſpace, where there is matter. There are few bodies in nature that will not yield Water; and it is even aſſerted, that fire itſelf is not without it. Among other remarkable circumſtances, it has been obſerved, that bones dead and dried twenty-five years, and thus become almoſt as hard as iron, have yet, by diſtillation, afforded half their weight of water.

Water is a very volatile body: it is entirely reduced into vapour, and diſſipated, when expoſed to the fire and unconfined. Heated in an open veſſel, it has been obſerved to acquire no more than a certain determinate degree of heat, how intenſe ſoever the fire to which it is expoſed; which greateſt degree of heat is that which it has when it boils quickly.

It was formerly imagined, that water was incompreſſible, and, therefore, non-elaſtic; an opinion, founded on the famous Florentine experiment already mentioned, as proving its penetrative power. But the validity of the inferences drawn from this experiment have been juſtly queſtioned; Mr. Canton having proved, by very accurate experiments, that Water is actually compreſſed by the weight of the atmoſphere.

But not to be too diffuſive on this ſubject, I ſhall endeavour to ſtate conciſely the nature of the component particles of Water, and then its various uſes.

Firſt: the particles of Water are, as to our ſenſes, infinitely ſmall, whence their penetrative power. 2. Very ſmooth and ſlippery, or void of any ſenſible aſperities. 3. Extremely ſolid. 4. Perfectly tranſparent, and as ſuch inviſible. 5. If Water be conſidered as conſiſting of ſpherical, or cubical particles, hollow within-ſide, and of a firm texture, here will be enough to account for the difficulty of compreſſing it, and alſo for its being light, fluid, and volatile; its firmneſs and ſimilarity will make it reſiſt ſufficiently; and its vacuity renders it light enough, &c. And the little contact between ſpherules (if, indeed, they touch at all) will account for the weakneſs of its coheſion. 6. Water is the moſt inſipid of all bodies; the taſte we ſometimes obſerve therein, not ariſing from the mere water, but from ſalt, vitriol, or other bodies mixed with it. And, laſtly, it is perfectly inodorous, and void of the leaſt ſmell.

The uſes of Water are infinite; in food, medicine, agriculture, navigation, and divers of the arts. As a food it is one of the moſt univerſal drinks in the world; and, if we may credit many of our lateſt and moſt judicious phyſicians, it is alſo one of the beſt. As a medicine, it is found internally a powerful febrifuge; and excellent againſt colds, coughs, the ſtone, ſcurvy, &c. Externally, its effects are not leſs conſiderable. In agriculture and gardening, Water is allowed abſolutely neceſſary to vegetation. Many naturaliſts have even maintained it to be the vegetable matter, or the only proper food of plants; but Dr. Woodward has overturned that opinion, and endeavoured to ſhew, that the office of water in vegetation is only to be a vehicle to a terreſtrial matter, of which vegetables are formed; and that it does not itſelf make any addition to them. Water is of the utmoſt uſe in chemiſtry; being one of the great inſtruments by which all its operations are performed, and it is of the greateſt ſervice in divers of the mechanical arts, and ordinary occaſions of life.

An ORIGINAL ESSAY *on* HOPE.

THERE is, perhaps, no word in our language more generally underſtood than the term HOPE. The idea repreſented by this word is ſo well known from its pleaſing effects on the mind, and ſo indiſcriminately experienced in one or other of its degrees, that any explanation of it ſeems to be unneceſſary. All know that Hope ſignifies an expectation indulged with pleaſure.

In all the works of Nature we can find no two objects exactly ſimilar. The ſurpriſing diverſity proceeds from a degree almoſt imperceptible, by a ſlow gradation, down to direct oppoſition in the minuteſt circumſtances; ſo that in the amazing variety, we can find no object, whether of ſenſe or imagination, which has not its direct reverſe.

With reſpect to the ſenſations of the mind, I know none more directly contraſted than that expreſſed by the word Hope. Its reverſe is Fear. And though Love and Hatred—Joy and Sorrow—Light and Darkneſs are not more oppoſed to each other than thoſe two paſſions; yet it will appear a little remarkable, that they not only ſpring from the ſame ſource, but are *really* and *identically* the ſame in ſome of the original ſteps or gradations. The ſame paſſion or power of the mind varies its name in the different ſtages of its advancement. Every thing has its ſtate of infancy. In their priſtine ſtate, Hope and Fear are both called Eſteem. This may be termed the *infant ſtate* of attachment to any object. Eſteem ſoon advances to its ſecond ſtage, in which it takes the name of Love. In a third gradation it is called Deſire—Love ever produces the deſire of enjoyment. Thoſe are the original and *common* ſteps of Hope and Fear; nor is there yet any ſort of diſtinction either with reſpect to *object* or *ſenſation*: but here the difference begins.—They are no longer the ſame. The ſtrong diſſimilarity of different minds may render the ſubſequent ſtages of operation as different as contradiction itſelf. Mark the progreſſion of Deſire in two minds of different textures. Let us ſuppoſe the object the ſame. Let us ſuppoſe it Riches; or (if that will animate the idea) a perſon of a different ſex. In the one mind Deſire improves to Hope; in the other it degenerates to Fear. In the one inſtance, Hope advances to a ſtate of ſuperior ſenſation, which we term Joy; in the other, Fear ſinks down the rugged declivity to that dreary region called Deſpair.

Thus one man looks with pleaſure and fortitude beyond his preſent difficulties; and though his hopes, in ſome inſtances, may be decidedly blaſted, what then? he never anticipated the diſappointment, nor will the happy turn of his mind permit him to indulge its vexations. His active paſſions ſoon find another object of exerciſe and purſuit. Very frequently he gains the ſummit of felicity in the enjoyment of his favourite object; and ſtill he has the *independent* happineſs ariſing from the conſtant exerciſe of Hope. A perſon of the above deſcription is never heard to complain of *this troubleſome, woful, ſinful world;* he has no ſuch bad opinion of life in general, as promotes a deſire of quitting it; or of going to another, to avoid the diſappointments of this—the common ſource of all ſuch wiſhes. No: he acts his part as a man; enjoys life as man was deſigned to do; contributes to the happineſs of all around him, and ſecures his own.

Let us now take a ſlight view of the other ſide of the picture—the man of an oppoſite caſt. We left him in deſpair of poſſeſſion; he yields his cowardly heart a victim to the vulture; and, if his diſtreſs is not ſomewhat alleviated by transferring his attention to ſome other object, he either abridges his life with a piſtol or halter, or drags along a miſerable exiſtence indeed.——Theſe are no exaggerated or imaginary ideas.—This is reaſon, truth, fact,—HUMAN NATURE.

The above ſimple remarks may convince us, that the ſame paſſions are very different (in point of degree) in different perſons. What predominates in one, is counteracted and overpowered in another; and men are happy or otherwiſe, as Hope or Fear happens to be the moſt powerful paſſion.

Thoſe to whom the important charge of education is committed, may perhaps draw ſome uſeful inferences from the above obſervations. It is much in their power (if calculated for the ſerious buſineſs) to ſuppreſs, to a proper degree, any abſtract paſſion of an unhappy tendency, whether in itſelf or its conſequences.—I ſhall not proceed—it would look like preſcribing.

W—— S——.

Extracts from ORIGINAL LETTERS *from* EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, Jun. Eſq. *to an* EMINENT PHYSICIAN *in London.*

DEAR SIR, *Roſetta in Egypt, Feb.* 16, 1773.

I AM much obliged to you for the compliment that you pay *my beard*, and to my good friend Dr. Mackenzie, for having given you an account of it advantageous enough to merit the panegyric.

I have followed Ulyſſes and Æneas—I have ſeen all they are ſaid to have viſited, the territories of the allies of the Greeks, as well as thoſe of old Priam, with leſs eaſe, though with more pleaſure, than moſt of our travellers traverſe France and Italy. I have had many a weary ſtep, but never a tireſome hour; and however dangerous and diſagreeable adventures I may have had, none could ever deter me from my point, but, on the contrary, they were only ſtimuli. I have certainly many materials, and claſſical ones too, but I was always a bad workman; and a ſexagenary one is of all workmen the worſt. This is very true, but the patriarchs only began life at that time of day, and I find that I have a patriarchal conſtitution. I live as hardly and as ſimply as they did—enured to hardſhip I deſpiſe luxury—my only luxury is coffee, and the concomitant of claret, *exceptis excipiendis*.

I ſtaid a conſiderable time at Epirus and Theſſalia—theatres on which the fate *of the world* was the drama. I took exact plans of Actium and Pharſalia, and ſhould have ſent them to you to communicate to the Royal Society, but there are no ſhips ſailing directly for Europe.

I cannot tell you the pleaſure I take in the ſucceſs of Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander. I ſhall be happy when their diſcoveries are made public. Good God! how happy muſt thoſe gentlemen be, in having been ſo ſerviceable to mankind!

I have lately followed Moſes in the Wilderneſs—I have ſince followed the victorious Iſraelites, and have viſited all their poſſeſſions. But, with all theſe materials, I am idle with regard to them. What ſhall I ſay to you?—I am now ſo ſmitten with a beautiful Arabian, that ſhe wholly takes up my time:—ſhe only is the object of my every attention; ſhe, though not in blooming youth, has more charms than all the younger beauties. I am totally taken up with the ſtudy of the Arabic language, and as I daily find freſh beauties in it, I become the more eager in my purſuit. My fair miſtreſs is not coy; ſhe admits my careſſes, but, alas! in this I find myſelf a ſexagenary lover: I careſs her as much and more than I ſhould have done at five-and-twenty, but with leſs fruit. Indeed, I have ſo far ſucceeded, that though I read but little proſe, I have attached myſelf to Arabic poetry, which, though extremely difficult, well pays my pains; its own energy and ſublimity are *not* to be paid. I know not with what to amuſe you, therefore I ſend you an account of our weather at this place ſince our winter began.

Nov. 27, Therm. 67 at ſun-riſe. 4 in the afternoon, 70. &c. &c.

I ſent our friend Mr. Anderſon, the other day, a very large aſpic, which, if I miſtake not, is the very aſpic of the antients. Pray examine it, and put it in the Britiſh muſeum. Mr. Anderſon can ſhew you my picture, and my Views of Egypt. Pray aſſiſt Mr. Anderſon in the choice of ſome medicines that I have deſired him to ſend me. Pray make my compliments to the goat *; ſhe has made me a bad man, that is an envious one, for I envy her having been *three* times round the globe.

I beg you will order for me, from your bookſeller, Grammatica Arabica dicta Caſia, magno et eleganti Charactere ex Typographiâ Medicæâ.

You will much oblige
Your moſt obedient and
Humble Servant,
Ed. Wortly Montague.

Pleaſe to continue to receive my Tranſactions. Direct always at Meſſrs. Omech and Corrys, Leghorn, and write the news as much as ſuits your conveniency. The price of the above book, as well as any other in the Oriental languages, which may have been publiſhed within theſe ten years, Meſſrs. Coutts will pay you.

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* *Sir Joſeph Banks's goat.*

YOU

Roſetta in Egypt, *April* 26, 1773.

YOU have here a continuation of the weather, and I now ſhould give you ſome account of the plague, but I can ſay little or nothing more than what you have heard a thouſand times; however, I will tell you what happened to myſelf, and after that I will give you two or three remarks.

In the year 1764 I was one night taken with an unuſual heat, but, however, it went off. It could not be a fever, for it was attended with no head-ach. The next day I perceived a ſwelling in my groin, but, however, it was not painful to any degree. A few hours after I felt a pain under my arm (ſuch as collecting matter cauſes), and the next day a kind of bubo began to form in the lower part of the neck, above the ſhoulder, and a ſmaller about an inch below it: both grew exceſſively painful, and that in the groin diminiſhed. The plague had been over two months, and there was no talk of it all over the country. I ſent for the French ſurgeon, who told me, that it was lucky for me the plague was over; for otherwiſe I ſhould be ſeparated from every body; for what I had would be deemed the plague, if it had not been ſo long over. He propoſed what was neceſſary to promote ſuppuration in a ſhort time, but left me to apply it myſelf, as he did not chuſe to touch me, or even my clothes. The fourth day the lower bubo (if I may call it ſo, for it was not bigger than a walnut) opened and diſcharged much matter—the upper one had a communication with it, and ſo emptied by this opening. Till it opened I was in a violent fever for two-and-twenty days. This, I am told, was certainly the plague; and I have ſince found that it is pretty common for perſons here and there to feel ſuch a ſlight attack after the plague is over. Theſe attacks are ſeldom or never fatal, but are thought ſufficient to prevent a perſon from being infected a *ſecond* time, which very rarely happens. However, in 1771, when the plague was very violent at Damietta, I went there, and (as I never did much fear it, and thought my age, as well as what had happened in 1764, were pretty good aſſurances againſt the infection), I went then and dined at the Governor's. The Gentleman who ſat next to me was infected (which nobody knew); he died *that night*. The next morning ſome perſons (Chriſtians) came to ſee me, but I obſerved them ſtart as ſoon as they ſaw me. Indeed, I felt a fluſhing in my face, and that my eyes were ſwelled; but I attributed this to fatigue (as I had paſſed five diſagreeable days and nights, riding in a violent gale of wind upon the Barr, with 150 fathom of cable out). However, when I perceived the effect the ſight of me had, and knew the death of the Gentleman who ſat next to me, I began to ſuſpect, and immediately after felt violent pain and ſhooting in the place that had been open in 1764. In the afternoon I felt a burning heat, as if *a hot iron* had been applied to my whole body. I was now convinced that I had the plague; but, however, I was not caſt down: I had bark with me, and began to take every two hours two drachms, with two ſcruples of rhubarb, and ſent for a number of limes (the juice of *two hundred of which* I drank in the firſt four-and-twenty hours). I had a ſwelling in each groin, and two under my left arm. I continued in this ſituation for four days. The buboes diminiſhed; but I could not promote a ſuppuration. The fifth day I prepared ſome chicken water, and gave myſelf a clyſter. I took four without any effect. The fifth was attended with the moſt extraordinary effect upwards and downwards, and occaſioned a ſweat violent enough to overflow my room; after that I got a fine ſleep, which laſted eight hours. I awaked cool, and with an appetite. I got ſome fiſh broiled, which I ate with a ſauce compoſed of a great quantity of garlic and lime juice. The buboes went away without any opening, and I was as well as I ever was in my life. I ſet out for Cairo a week afterwards, where I found every body ſurprized to ſee me alive. The report of my death had flown all over Egypt. Not one *Chriſtian*, no Doctor came near me after the firſt day; but my *Muſſelmen* friends conſtantly came to me, and ſent me their ſlaves to attend me, as in any other illneſs.

Now, my dear Sir, it would be impertinent in me to give you any remarks of mine, after I have given you the ſymptoms, as you are an able Phyſician, and I am an old woman. I will tell you, however, that *dogs* conſtantly have the Plague here, but I don't find that birds, or other animals, catch it; but it is a matter of *rejoicing* when it attacks dogs, for then it always ceaſes in the human ſpecies; which is quite the contrary to the Plague deſcribed by Homer.

M. ——— is juſt arrived from Arabia Felix and Abyſſinia. I hoped to have had ſome fine accounts of Savao, the capital of Arabia Felix (which was the ſeat of a celebrated race of Kings called Tobais, long before the time of Mohammed), but he met with nothing that anſwered his expectation. Natural Hiſtory will be much obliged to him for the great diſcoveries he has made indeed with incredible fatigue. He goes by this veſſel to Marſeilles, and directly to England. I hear that he intends to complain of our Ambaſſador at the Porte; but as the complaints will be without foundation, I hope they will be fruitleſs; for every body muſt do Mr. Murray juſtice; for we never had at the Porte ſo diſintereſted a Miniſter, nor one who ſupported our intereſts and privileges with ſo much firmneſs and vigour as Mr. Murray. He is admired for it by every body; and the Grand Vizir told me, he wiſhed the Sultan had *one man in his Miniſtry* ſo attached to the intereſts of his country, and ſo little attached to his own private intereſt, as Mr. Murray.

ANECDOTES *of* JOHN KYRLE, *Eſq. commonly called* THE MAN OF ROSS.

THIS Gentleman, whom Mr. POPE's very fine lines will take down the ſeries of time as long as the Engliſh language remains, was deſcribed, by a Gentleman who knew him well, to be in perſon ſix feet high, and very ſtout in proportion; of a countenance very grave and ſerious, reſembling very much the portrait of him at a private houſe in Roſs. Mr. Kyrle was the ſecond ſon of his father (whoſe family came originally from Mercle, in Herefordſhire, where there is in the church a family vault belonging to them), and was ſuppoſed to have been brought up to the law. He was a man of very active benevolence, and was the univerſal truſtee and referee of his neighbourhood. His great amuſement was to plant trees in the grounds of his neighbours, no leſs than in his own. He was very plain in his dreſs, and was often ſeen with a hedge-bill in his hand. He purchaſed a good deal of land in the neighbourhood of Roſs, the hedge-rows of which he uſed to plant with trees. He made a preſent to the church of Roſs of the preſent great bell: the ſpire was built at the expence of the pariſh—the cauſeway that Mr. Pope celebrates, as well as the buildings that ſurround the proſpect, were executed by ſubſcription. Every market-day he gave a good plain dinner to the farmers and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with ale and cyder, and was a great preſſer of his gueſts to eat.—Miſs Budd, a female relation of his, who lived with him, was a lady of a very delicate conſtitution, and ate little; by way of making her eat more, he uſed to aſk his gueſts (who knew his humour) "Whether it was now the faſhion to eat heartily?" they uſed to reply, "Yes."—"Well then," ſaid he, "Miſs Budd, you ſhould eat heartily; you hear that it is the faſhion to do ſo now." He was of ſuch rigid virtue, that when one day he preſented himſelf at the town-hall of Roſs, then converted into a play-houſe for ſome ſtrolling comedians, and aſked what there was to pay for his admiſſion, the door-keeper told him, as a gentleman he muſt pay half a crown. This he thought too much, and went home, and put on the dreſs in which he uſed to work with his labourers in the fields, and then aſked how much he was to pay, and was told ſixpence. He entered the room, and was ſoon known to the ſpectators, who aſked him to come and take a front ſeat. "No," ſaid he, "that I will not do—Odds-bud (his uſual oath) I have paid for a labourer's ſeat, and I will have one." Mr. Kyrle died at eighty-two, and was buried in the church of Roſs, and at the feet of his old friend the Rev. Dr. Whiting, Rector of the Pariſh, as he deſired. The corpſe layed in ſtate before it was interred, and was followed to the grave by the principal perſons of the neighbourhood, the great bell then ringing out for the firſt time.

The laſt thing that is remembered of this reſpectable man was, his being carried out in an armed chair, at a very advanced age, to ſee a houſe that he was building in Roſs. The King's Arms Inn in that place was his dwelling-houſe, and in one of the rooms there is a copy of a picture of him, taken by ſtealth as he ſat in church, a few years before he died. He is repreſented in a long wig and morning gown. This picture has never yet been decently engraved. On the walls that ſurround the Proſpect at Roſs, there ſtill remain the cypher of his name and his coat of arms; they are placed upon the pediment of two doors ornamented with Corinthian columns. The baſon is filled up. The beginning of his laſt will is very ſolemn:——"In the name of God, amen. I John Kyrle, of Roſs, in the county of Hereford, Eſq. being very ancient, but of ſound and diſpoſing mind and memory and underſtanding (thanks be given to Almighty God for the ſame), conſidering the incident infirmities of old age, and the uncertainty of human life, being willing and deſirous to ſettle things in order, do make and ordain this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form following; that is to ſay, Firſt and principally, I commend my ſoul into the hands of God that gave it to me, hoping and aſſuredly believing, that by the meritorious death and paſſion of my Bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, I ſhall receive free and abundant remiſſion and forgiveneſs of all my ſins, and be made a partaker of thoſe heavenly manſions which he has prepared for his elect before the beginning of the world; and my body I recommend to the earth from whence it was taken, to be interred in the chancel of Roſs church, in ſuch decent and chriſtian-like manner as to my executors ſhall ſeem meet and convenient." Amongſt other legacies, Mr. Kyrle leaves forty pounds to purchaſe forty ſhillings a year freehold for the charity-ſchool of Roſs. Having in his life-time provided for Miſs Budd, his relation who lived with him, he leaves her ten pounds for mourning; and by a codicil he leaves ſome legacies to his ſervants and work-people.

But, however, as "*curæ non ipſâ in morte relinquunt*," he does not even in his laſt will forget his dear trees; for he ſays, "Having planted fruit and other trees, which are as well *ornamental as beneficial* to my eſtate, I do hereby direct, order, and deſire, that no wilful waſte or deſtruction ſhall be committed thereon, by defacing or cutting down the timber-trees before they come to their perfection. I direct and order that my coppice wood called Dymock's Wood (the ſame having been planted, preſerved, and raiſed by my great care and induſtry for the improvement of the premiſes) ſhall not at any time hereafter be fallen *under ſixteen years*, that being the moſt proper and advantageous time for the cutting thereof."

Mr. Kyrle planted ſeveral trees in the hedge-rows near the Proſpect, and built a ſummer-houſe oppoſite to a very beautiful wood on a hill. In the inſide was painted a man's hand with a bird in it, pointing to the grove, with this motto, "*Si non tibi non ibi*,"—"Were not that grove there, this building would not have been here." It is now taken down.

Mr. Kyrle died at the age of 82. There is a handſome monument erected to his memory in the chancel of the church of Roſs. The inſcription tells merely, that John Kyrle, Eſq. (commonly called the Man of Roſs) died and is buried near this place. It appears by a deed in the poſſeſſion of a Gentleman of Roſs, that Mr. Kyrle's hand-writing nearly reſembled that of Oliver Cromwell appended to the death-warrant of Charles the Firſt. Dr. Johnſon, with his uſual juſtneſs of obſervation on every thing that relates to life and manners, ſays very well in his life of Mr. Pope, "The praiſe of the Man of Roſs deſerves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is ſaid to have diffuſed all thoſe bleſſings from *five hundred pounds a year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whoſe ſolicitation the wealthy were perſuaded to pay contributions to his charitable ſchemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmoſt extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the Miniſter of the place, and I have preſerved it, that the praiſe of a good man being made more credible, may be more ſolid."

Some years ago many of the trees in the hedge-rows, and in the church-yard of Roſs, were cut down.

A Gentleman of Oxford left the following lines at the inn at Roſs:

Ille et neſaſto te excidit in die
Arbos——in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.

AS late at evening's ſolemn gray
I took my melancholy way
Where Vaga's clear pellucid wave
Meand'ring loves thoſe walls to lave
That boaſt the Man of Roſs's name,
By Pope's muſe ſacred made to fame,
On the ſmooth ſurface meteors glide,
The circling billows quick divide,
And ſtrait the Goddeſs of the Flood,
With aſpect ſad before me ſtood:
Her graceful gently-tapering waiſt
A cryſtal-ſtudded zone embrac'd;
Her treſſes with nymphæa crown'd
Diffus'd their fragrance all around;
And while their ſtreaming dew ſhe preſt,
My wond'ring ears ſhe thus addreſt:
"Traveller, in vain thy eyes purſue
The long-lov'd objects of their view,
The ſhady grove, the antique glade,
By Kyrle's hands venerable made;
The elm with tufted foliage crown'd,
The tapering beech's beauteous round,
The ſpiral aſh, the rev'rend oak,
Have fallen beneath the axe's ſtroke;
And tho' at each fell murd'rous blow
The Dryads utter'd ſhrieks of woe,
And erſt, as in Marſeilles' fam'd wood,
Each tree pour'd forth a crimſon flood;
And tho' indignant at the ſight
My waves, appall'd with dire affright,
Arreſted in their rapid courſe
Sought with wild roar their diſtant ſource,
No portents the fell hand appall,
My bank's chief pride and glory fall.
The ingenuous youth, the love-ſick maid,
In vain their ſupplication made;
Beſought with unavailing prayer
The cruel hand theſe groves to ſpare,
Where from each mortal eye remov'd,
By Love's propitious power approv'd,
They told their tender ardent tale,
Re-whiſper'd only by the gale;

Where friendſhip, Heaven's beſt gift, deſign'd
To comfort and to bleſs mankind,
Jealous of Day's obtruſive eye,
And courting ſacred ſecrecy,
Did to its other ſelf diſcloſe
Life's motley'd ſum of joys and woes.
For this no more my bounteous wave
With rich fertility ſhall lave
His ample fields, whoſe dire command
Arm'd with fell ſteel the ſpoiler's hand;
No more ſhall crops of golden grain
Wave over his accurs'd domain,
But barren ooze and ſqualid filth
My ſtream ſhall bring to curſe the tilth.
The primroſe of ſoft tender hue,
The trefoil white, the violet blue,
The cowſlip's bright and burniſh'd gold,
No more ſhall grace the hated mould;
But ſad Oenone's herb obſcene,
Urtica's dark and deadly green,
Couch-graſs its baleful leaves ſhall ſhoot,
And dock, of too tenacious root;
Whilſt of the rich Silurian plain
Pomona Goddeſs ſhall diſdain
With her ſweet juice to cheer his toil,
Who dar'd ordain the barb'rous ſpoil.
Kyrle's rev'rend ſhade, with fell affright,
Shall harrow up his ſoul each night.
See how his eyes with fury glare,
His hands a fun'ral cypreſs bear!
Not more appall'd the valiant Thane
Of Fife erſt ſtood, to Dunſinane
When Birnham-Wood in fell array
Purſued its dire portentous way.
Trav'ller, whom often I have ſeen
With rapture haunt my margin green,
And ſated with the city's noiſe,
Its ſenſeleſs cares, its taſteleſs joys,
Recline upon my graſſy ſide,
And pore upon my paſſing tide;
And theſe once leafy groves along
Mutter ſome ſtrain of antique ſong;
Or to thy wayward fancy dreſs
Some future ſcheme of happineſs,
And in inactive moral ſtrife
Dally inglorious with that life
By its Almighty Giver lent
For ſome fix'd plan, ſome good intent;—
Trav'ller! (like that fam'd fount divine
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine)

Could my poor ſcanty ſtream ſupply
The gift of heav'n-born Poeſy,
Pope's genius ſhould thy breaſt inſpire,
His power of verſe, his ſatire's fire;
In ſtrains immortal as his name
Thou ſhould'ſt my injuries proclaim."
She paus'd, the circling billows cloſe
O'er her bright form, and ſhriek her woes;
Whilſt I with ſad indignant breaſt
In vain eſſay'd my wonted reſt.

THE VAGARIST.

BY TOUCHSTONE VERSATILE, ESQ.

N° I.

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1792.

WHAT have the Spectators, Tatlers, Guardians, Adventurers, Worlds, Ramblers, Gray's-inn Journals, Loungers, Idlers, Mirrors, Loiterers, and all other occaſional eſſayiſts, whoſe names I have forgot or never knew, left me to deſcant upon? It is a natural queſtion and deſerves a plain anſwer, which I ſhall directly give: There are, in my opinion, ſubjects as numerous as thoſe they have treated of, ſtill untouched, and of all thoſe they have written upon, there is perhaps not one of them that may not be again introduced in a modern dreſs, new features, or a different complexion. Convinced as I am, that it is the caſe, I ſhall, without further preface, proceed.

The reader may obſerve that there is no motto prefixed to this paper; I ſhall ſeldom uſe one; when I do, it will be only when the paper of the day ſhall take in but one ſubject, which I foreſee will ſeldom be the caſe, as it is my intention that variety ſhall ſupply every deficiency of genius, wit, or learning, if poſſible, on my part; as to my correſpondents, and I expect no ſmall number of them, let them look to themſelves.

Before I enter upon buſineſs, it is proper I ſhould addreſs myſelf to the public, in ſome way or other; that which I have choſen, in imitation of my betters, is in that kind of notice which of late has been very much the ſubject of political and ſpeculative diſcuſſion, and therefore I ſhall call for aſſiſtance in my propoſed plan of reform, by the following

PROCLAMATION.

"WHEREAS, I have received numberleſs informations upon oath and "otherwiſe, that there doth at this time exiſt in this kingdom of "Ireland, and particularly in the city of Dublin, a general depravity "of manners, much falſe taſte, and more faſhionable folly, to ſuch a "degree, that many honeſt, worthy, and well inclined perſons, of both "ſexes, have their lives rendered comfortleſs and unhappy, notwith-

" ſtanding their meekneſs and reſignation: taking which premiſes into " my ſerious conſideration, I, TOUCHSTONE VERSATILE, of Cuckoo-" lane, in the county of the city of Dublin, Eſquire, having this day " commenced a general proſecution againſt all and every delinquent, " whom the laws of the land do not reach; and for this purpoſe, by " and with, or without the advice or conſent of friends or enemies, " do hereby eſtabliſh a periodical publication, under the name, ſtile, and " title of THE VAGARIST, to be continued, during my good " pleaſure, in THE SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC MAGAZINE, pub-" liſhed by *JOHN JONES*, Bookſeller and Stationer, at No. 111, in " *Grafton-ſtreet*, in the ſaid city of Dublin, for the avowed purpoſe of " working, as far as poſſible, an amendment in the manners and morals " of my miſguided countrymen, by the powers of argument, ridicule, " and ſatire, and ſuch other weapons as chance or circumſtance ſhall " offer. AND the more effectually to execute this my laudable deſign, " I here call upon the aſſiſtance of every well-diſpoſed perſon, who can " furniſh any thing new or original, for the purpoſe.

" AND, furthermore, to give the ſpeedieſt relief to the diſtreſſed, " by theſe preſents I invite the miſerable of every age and ſex, whether " huſbands, wives, parents, children, maids or bachelors, maſters, miſ-" treſſes, ſervants, lawyers, clients, biſhops, prieſts or deacons, ſoldiers, " placemen, expectants, ins and outs, and perſons of every other de-" ſcription, to ſend a true and faithful ſtatement of the grievances they " labour under to the ſaid *JOHN JONES*, who I have appointed my " ſecretary and regiſter, that the ſame may officially, in due time, be " laid before me."

Given from my Chambers in Cuckoo-lane,
on the 1ſt of July, 1792.

N TOUCHSTONE VERSATILE.

THE VAGARIST.

N° II.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1792.

MOST of my prototypes affected to call their writings, lucubrations, no doubt with an intent that their readers ſhould think them manufactured at night by the glimmering lamp or waning candle: I will pretend to no ſuch thing; for when a ſubject offers, I ſhall take the firſt convenient opportunity to deſcant upon it, whether it be the morning, at noon, or in the night, in a Parnaſſian garret, a gorgeous drawing-room, or an humble parlour.

In a great city, like this, it is almoſt impoſſible to want ſubjects for animadverſion, and in order to meet with the greateſt variety I viſit the places of the greateſt reſort: I amble on the Circular Road, ſtand on the ſteps of the Royal Exchange, lounge in Coffee-houſes, mix with the croud in the hall of the Courts, and occaſionally take a ſeat in the Play-houſe: the latter ſituation ſhall furniſh the matter of this paper.

A few evenings ago I went to the theatre in Crow-ſtreet, to ſee Mr. Holcroft's new comedy, *The Road to Ruin*, particularly as my favourite LEWIS was to perform in it. The houſe was crouded, a circumſtance that always enhances my pleaſure on theſe occaſions, as I feel an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction at beholding around me ſuch a number of my fellow-creatures aſſembled for the purpoſe of giving themſelves pleaſure, or affording it to others; the firſt, being thoſe whom curioſity and a fondneſs for the drama induces to participate in the amuſement of the place; the ſecond claſs are thoſe who reſort there to exhibit their own dear perſons for the admiration of the reſt. I ſhould have mentioned another deſcription of perſons; it is thoſe who follow the *ton*; who never think for themſelves, exiſt only in crowds, and look upon retirement and ſolitude as ſerious evils. When I ſhall hereafter have occaſion to mention theſe folk, they ſhall be called INSIPIDS: for the preſent I ſhall not diſturb them.

The moral of this comedy has for its object that moſt faſhionable, moſt abſurd, and moſt deſtructive of vices, *Play*; and the author has endeavoured, not without ſucceſs, to ſhew how the beſt diſpoſed minds, as well as the unwary and unthinking, may plunge themſelves and their friends into the moſt diſtreſsful ſituations. He has choſen the follies of the TURF for the foreground of his picture, the moſt prominent figure in which is *Goldfinch*, a diſſipated fool, whoſe character is a mixture of Squire Groom and Sir Harry Beagle, diverſified only by its modern dreſs: Lewis performed it with great judgment and ſpirit; he was truly as Goldfinch phraſes it, *the ſort*, and his *Tatterſal* lounge was admirable.

M'Cready, in *young Dornton*, was pleaſing throughout, and Duncan, in the *elder Dornton*, was not only, as uſual, decent, but deſervedly received applauſe. Mrs. Duncan's *Widow Warren* was excellent, and evinced talents ſhe is not generally thought to poſſeſs. Miſs Campion's *Sophia*, though a character entirely diveſted of all novelty, being only the new edition of the Biddy Belairs, Prues and Tomboys, was yet pleaſing: this young actreſs is a favourite with the town, and there is every reaſon to hope, that when a longer acquaintance with the ſtage ſhall have matured her judgment, will prove one of its brighteſt ornaments, eſpecially at a time when the Britiſh drama, from a ſcarcity of capital performers, ſeems verging within the limits of mediocrity. Palmer, who played *Milford*, pleaſes in every thing, being one of the few who, though an excellent ſinger, has great merit as an actor.

The other players went through their parts with much propriety; and the piece altogether went off ſo well, that I received more pleaſure than I have for ſome time paſt experienced in the theatre. I did not wait for the after-piece, leaſt ſomething diſagreeable ſhould diſturb the ſerenity in which my evening's entertainment had left me; for in this reſpect I reſemble ſome epicures, who, when they have feaſted on a delicate morſel, that they may retain its zeſt, will taſte of no other diſh.

On my way home, as I reviewed the entertainment of the evening, I was inſenſibly led to a recollection of the acting I had ſeen in my youth at Crow-ſtreet, in the firſt years of Barry and Woodward's management; an æra that might well be called the meridian luſtre of the drama in this country: at the ſame time alſo I remembered with regret, that either from a want of money or want of taſte, the people of Dublin ſuffered one of the beſt companies that, perhaps, ever exhibited on any ſtage, to languiſh and diſſolve for want of encouragement.

At preſent, if one player of eminence is announced in the play-bills, and he, perchance, only a ſecond rate, the houſe is repeatedly filled, while at that time a conſtellation of ſtars, of the firſt magnitude, failed in their attractive influence. Of this, my young readers may have ſome idea, by giving them the caſts of two pieces at the time I ſpeak of.

OTHELLO.

Othello	Barry.
Iago	Moſſop.
Roderigo	Woodward.
Caſſio	Jefferſon.
Deſdemona	Mrs. Dancer.
Emilia	Mrs. Fitzhenry.

The DOUBLE DEALER.

Maſkwell	Moſſop.
Briſk	Woodward.
Careleſs	Barry.
Sir Paul Plyant	Foote.
Lord Froth	Glover
Lord Touchwood	Sowden.
Lady Touchwood	Mrs. Fitzhenry.
Lady Froth	Mrs. Abington.
Lady Plyant	Mrs. Dancer.

I ſhall only add, that this company played frequently to empty benches; and when it happened the receipts of the houſe amounted to one hundred pounds, which was very ſeldom, it was thought a great night. All theſe great performers, two or three excepted, have made their exit from the ſtage of life, and of the ſurvivors, Mrs. Abington alone lingers on the boards.

I

[*To be continued.*]

DETRACTION.

A VISION.

SUPERIOR excellence is the general mark for calumny; and envy is uſually led to aſperſe what it cannot imitate. A little mind is ſcandalized at the preeminence of its neighbour, and endeavours to depreciate the virtues which it cannot attain to. Thus the diſtempered eye is impatient of prevailing brightneſs; and, by attempting to obſerve the lucid object, inadvertently betrays its own weakneſs. Pride is the fruitful parent of detraction; and it is the unjuſt eſtimate which men ſet upon themſelves, that generates in their minds this ridiculous contempt of greater worth. Perſons of this unhappy complexion regard all praiſes conferred upon another as derogatory from their own value. The arrows of the backbiter are generally ſhot in the night; and the moſt unſpotted innocence is the game of this infernal deſtroyer. The heads of his darts are imbrued in poiſon; and it too frequently happens, that a ſmall wound proves mortal to the injured. But to drop for the preſent theſe figurative expreſſions, I would only obſerve, that it is pity a well-a well-regulated ſociety cannot more effectually curb this impious licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſons of darkneſs. If a wretch, neceſſitated by the cries of a ſtarving family to ſeek illegal ſupplies of bread, ſhall make an open attack upon me, the conſtitution of the realm conſigns ſuch a pitiable malefactor to infamy and death. And ſhall this miſerable object of compaſſion prove the victim of my reſentment, while the backbiter may, with impunity, revel in the exceſſes of his iniquity, and boaſt defiance to all laws? As this is a topic, however, which hath been deſcanted on by a variety of pens, I ſhall endeavour to enliven it with the air of novelty, by throwing my further ſentiments into the form of a viſion.

I found myſelf, during the ſlumbers of the night, in a very extenſive region, which was ſubject to the juriſdiction of a fury, name Detraction. The fields were wild, and carried not the leaſt appearance of cultivation. The tops of the hills were covered with ſnow; and the whole country ſeemed to mourn the inclement ſeverity of one eternal winter. Inſtead of the verdure of a pleaſing herbage, there ſprang up to ſight hemlock, aconite, and other baleful plants. The woods were the retreats of ſerpents; while on the boughs were perched the birds of night, brooding in doleful ſilence.

In the middle of the plain was a bleak mountain, where I diſcovered a group of figures, which I preſently made up to. On the ſummit preſided the fury of the place. There was a peculiar deformity attending her perſon. Her eyes were galled and inflamed; her viſage was ſwollen and terrible; and from her mouth proceeded a two-edged ſword. A blaſted oak was the throne which ſhe ſat on; her food was the fleſh of vipers, and her beverage gall and vinegar.

At a little diſtance from her I obſerved Ignorance talking loud in his own applauſe; Pride ſtrutting upon his tiptoes; Conceit practiſing at a mirror; and Envy, like a vulture, preying upon herſelf.

The multitudes who paid their addreſſes to this fury were a compoſition of all nations and profeſſions, of different characters, and various capacities. There was the mechanic, the tradeſman, the ſcholar; but the moſt zealous votaries conſiſted principally of old maids, antiquated bachelors, diſcarded courtiers, and the like. Each ſtrove to ingratiate himſelf with the fury, by ſacrificing the moſt valuable of his friends; nor could proximity of blood move compaſſion, or plead exemption from being victims to her inſatiable paſſion. Some addreſſed this infernal Moloch with the very fruits of their bodies, while others were triumphantly chanting forth the extent of her power, and expatiating on the numbers of her conqueſts. At this incident aroſe in my breaſt all the tender ſentiments of humanity that I had ever cultivated; and I began to blame my criminal curioſity, which had prompted me to aſcend the mountain. But in a few minutes the whole ſcene was very agreeably reverſed. For, toward the ſouthern boundaries, I obſerved the clouds parting, the ſky purpling, and the ſun breaking forth in all its glory. When immediately there appeared marching towards us Good Nature, in all her pomp and ſplendour; arrayed like a ſylvan nymph, and blooming with unſtudied graces. She was of a fair and ruddy complexion, which received additional beauty from the frequent ſmiles that ſhe threw into her countenance. On her right hand ſhone Good Senſe, with much majeſty and diffidence in her mien. She was an eſſential attendant on the young lady, who never appeared to ſuch advantage, as when ſhe was under her more immediate direction. On her left was Generoſity, carrying a heart in her hand. The next that preſented, was Modeſty, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her cheeks ſpread with roſes. Then followed a train of beauties, who, by the unaffected charms of their perſons, made me deſirous of a nearer inſpection. Upon a cloſe approach, I diſcovered that they were a tribe of Iriſh ladies, who were always fond of appearing in the retinue of the goddeſs, from whoſe indulgent ſmiles they received an acceſſional luſtre to their charms. I then turned my eyes toward the monſters I have above deſcribed. The principal of which turned pale, and fell down in a ſwoon from her throne. Pride ſhrunk into a ſhade; Envy fell proſtrate and bit the ground; while Ignorance vaniſhed like a morning cloud before the riſing ſun. As the goddeſs drew near, the whole collection of fiends diſappeared. The baſiliſk ſkulked into the glade, and the oak on which the fury was ſeated budded forth afreſh. Wherever the goddeſs walked, the flowers ſprang up ſpontaneous at her feet. The trees, ſurpriſed with new-born life, diſplayed the enamelled bloſſom. The tender roe was ſeen bounding over the mountains, and the little lamb ſporting on the hills. Inſtead of the briar and the thorn, there ſhot forth the myrtle and every odoriferous ſhrub. The voice of the turtle was heard in the groves, and the dales reſounded with the melodious harmony of the nightingale. In a word, the whole region confeſſed the happy influences of the deity, and charmed in all the genial ſoftneſs of the ſpring.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN PROSPECTS,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

HISTORY OF *SAMUEL SANGUINE*, GENT.

ALL you, who deluded by that ſpecious Will-o'-the-wiſp Expectation, are led into the mires and marſhes of worldly misfortune, who build unto yourſelves caſtles in air, and depoſit your funds *in nubibus*; all of you do I call from the depth of my voice, to ruminate on the annals of SAMUEL SANGUINE!

Samuel was born of honeſt and reputable parents, but finding *honeſty* and *property* quite different things, they wiſely gave our hero his own free will, and ſent him abroad, providence his guide, and ſixpence-halfpenny, ſterling, his fortune, to purchaſe experience.

After a variety of adventures, or rather miſadventures, Samuel entered into the ſervice of a virtuoſo, a deep one, a reputed ſearcher for the philoſopher's ſtone, and an F. R. S. Under the auſpices of this profound, and erudite gentleman, Sam learned the marvellous arts of projection, inflection, &c. but, nevertheleſs, was in a very bad way to find out the more marvellous art of—*making money*.

However, money was his pole-ſtar, and to that leading-ſtring were all the pulſes of his heart in perfect uniſon; thus determined, he reſigned the noble employ of mole-catcher and cockle-hunter, to enliſt under the banners of a bookſeller, and conjure up, by his gooſequill wand, the jolly demon of riches.

In the morning he wrote eſſays, elegies and epigrams, in the noon, political pamphlets, dictionaries, and religious tracts, in the evening, epics, dramatics, and reviews; yet glad was he to welcome the ſhades of night with a ſlice of cheeſe and a radiſh.

'Twas in vain that he ſtudied, ſcribbled, and faſted, all would not do, he was ſtill as far off as ever from diſcovering the plaguey knack of—*making money*.

His thoughts were again veered to a different point, for encountering with an old ſchool-fellow, a barber's 'prentice, from his own town, who had "followed to the field," or, more properly, to the barn, a ſtrolling company, they inſtantly congratulated each other on their happy meeting, and Sam bleſt his ſtars that he was now, at leaſt, in the right road to—*make money*.

To celebrate their tranſport, they, with a few more, betook themſelves to a tavern; ſupper ſerved, claret was the word, bumpers flew like bullets, hilarity was predominant, and Sam inimitably performed the part of Pylades to his friend Mr. Sock's Oreſtes.

The drowſy tinklings of the diſtant clock announced the witching hour of night with twice ſix ſtrokes, which, the reader may be aſſured, were twice ſix daggers to the company. The payment was demanded incontinently, but payment there was none.

"So comes the reckoning, when the banquet's o'er,
"The dreadful reckoning, and men ſmile no more!"

In ſhort, the whole crew and bodily appurtenances, not amounting to the value of twenty ſhillings, were forthwith, by commiſſion of the landlord, locked up till morning, for further ſettlement. Then did Sam doubt that his illuſtrious ſcheme, at preſent, was perfectly feaſible; ſo, lifting with cautious hand the ſaſh of the loweſt window, he leaped forth (terrible to be told!) on the wearied carcaſe of an itinerant bearleader. Deſcription fails to pourtray their mutual affright and horror; but, after ſome ſignificant blows, being neither of a very choleric or bloody diſpoſition, they ſhook hands, cordially forgave, and, at that moment ſet off on a rural excurſion, fully determined, at any venture, to—*make money*.

In the evening of the next day they arrived at a ſmall village, ſome thirty miles from the metropolis, with full heads and empty ſtomachs. One comfort was this, they required not much ſcenery or extravagant accoutrements for the expedition; a ſimple bear was the *primum mobile*, and this performer was at hand, being at once the bear and the leader, *cognomine* Tim Twiſt, formerly member of the honourable corporation of ſhoeboys. An old ſtable was fitted up, the wonderful animal was introduced—but the audience was yet wanting. The truth was, that the place was moſtly inhabited by Londoners, who had built country ſeats in it, on account of the agreeable ſituation; the lower degree of inhabitants was entirely compoſed of quakers. Satan, himſelf, ſeemed to have had a finger in the pye, for never did diſaſtrous errant encounter ſo many obſtacles. SAMUEL liked it not, and accordingly hurried that ſame night to another town, five or ſix miles off, in the character of a methodiſt preacher.

He held forth ſeveral times to the edification of ſome, and amuſement of all, was invited to dine here, and ſup there, the ſquire's aunt approved of him, the captain's niece worked ruffles for him; in ſhort, all matters went ſmoothly, Fortune appeared in her pleaſanteſt mood, and "Jeſhurun waxed fat, and kicked."

But well do the poets entitle her a "fickle dame," and with juſtice do the painters place her on a wheel, ſtanding on gooſe-toe, like an opera-dancer! an election came on, poor SAM was tampered with on the occaſion, and human fleſh being at beſt but frail, and alſo having the hope of a penſion before his eyes, in the faith of an hiſtorian, I do believe, he was eaſily won over. Another miſchance was, that his patron (or ſeducer rather) was reſident in a different county, and not much liked in the town where SAM lived now. His friends ſaluted him ſhyly, the ſquire's aunt looked grave at him, the captain's niece was no more buſied in working ruffles: Ah, me! his whole acquaintance deſerted him, yea, even as the little victims of the leek-eyed grimalken deſert a manſion, appropinquating its fall. However, the penſion was in view ſtill, and future honour was better than preſent contempt; beſide, this was a fine time, if rightly taken, to learn the long-ſought art of—*making money*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men" was conſtantly in his mouth, how he purloined the ſentence I cannot tell, if not from his friend Oreſtes. New promiſes from the candidate greeted his ears in every month, at length he received a letter to attend, on a certain day, at the great man's levee.

"Bleſt, as th' immortal Gods, is he!"

New clothes were purchaſed, and good clothes you may be aſſured, elſe, could he appear in the great man's preſence? Some land he poſſeſſed was ſold off completely, half an acre adorned his ſhoes, a clover-field tyed his cravat, a black horſe was metamorphoſed into a red waiſtcoat, and a cheſt of drawers into a buff breeches. After many preparations and improvements, with a jaunty air, and urbane ſimper of ſelf-approbation, did SAM SANGUINE beſtride his borrowed ſteed, and never did Sancho Pancha iſſue out in queſt of an iſland, with ſo much good will and heart-felt ardour, as he did in queſt of a penſion.

The ſun ſhone with propitious rays, the roads were amazingly clean, the travellers he met inconceivably civil. He was now within a ſhort mile of his goal, his boſom beat, his heart panted, his eyes gliſtened—are there any more marks and tokens of hope? if there are, place them all to his account. He is now at the door, and with a tremulous hand accoſts—ah! cruel fate, what does he accoſt? a muffled knocker. "'Tis only ſome relation," quoth *deſire*, "that is all my dear friend," anſwered *certainty*, "here goes then!" exclaimed SAM, letting it fall with a thundering ſound.

"Even ſuch a man, ſo woe begone, ſo ſpiritleſs,
"Drew Priam's curtains at the dead of night,"

as now opened the gate. "My dear fellow, your maſter—" "My maſter, ſir!" "bid me call on him,"—"bid you call on him!" Thus did they parry monyſyllables and diſſylables; at laſt the fatal ſecret came out, and behold (diſconſolate reader!) the porter acquainted him, that his *patron*, his *prop*, his *ſpes domi*, his *lord protector*, was—dead.

With a budget-full of vexation, and a purſe-full of nothing, with a paucity of joys, and abundance of troubles, he returned home to his murmuring relations, amply aſſured, that it is not by reliance on promiſed patronage, poor people can learn the grand myſtery of—*making money*.

This is the true, though brief account of a FORTUNE-HUNTING QUIXOTE, and let thoſe who peruſe it be aware hereafter of launching on the ſmiling ſea of deluſion, or ejaculating as many vehement deſires, as if, in verity, poſſeſſed of Fortunatus's wiſhing-cap.

ANALYSIS *of one* GALLON, WINE MEASURE, *of* CHELTENHAM MINERAL WATER.

From Dr. FOTHERGILL'*s Analyſis.*

THE temperature of this mineral water is fluctuating between 53 and 55 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

Native glauber ſalt combined with a portion of Epſom ſalt, 1 ounce.

Sea ſalt, or common ſalt, 5 grains.

Iron combined with fixed air, 5 grains.

Magneſia combined with fixed air, 25 grains.

Calcarious earth, or ſelenite, 40 grains.

Fixed air combined with a portion of phlogiſticated air, 24 ounce meaſures.

To theſe may perhaps be added a ſmall portion of hepatic air.

A gallon of this water, after gentle evaporation, left a brown maſs, tinged with ochre, weighing 555 grains, 485 of which were ſalts, obtained by elutriation with diſtilled water, and ſome matter remained in the filter, which, when dried, weighed 70 grains.

The Cheltenham ſalt, extracted from the water by evaporation, is ſoluble in leſs than its own weight of water, in the temperature of 60°.

The NATURAL HISTORY *of the* COW, *ſo far as it relates to its giving* MILK, *particularly for the Uſe of* MAN.

BY C. WHITE, ESQ. F.R.S.

From the Memoirs of the Literary and Philoſophical Society at Mancheſter.

NATURALISTS ſeem to lay it down as a general principle, that neither animals, nor parts of animals, are primarily intended for the uſe of man, but are only capable of a ſecondary application to his purpoſes. It muſt, however, be allowed that, in many inſtances, the ſecondary uſe is ſo manifeſt and important, that it cannot, with propriety, be excluded from the original deſigns of the all-wiſe Creator.

And it appears to me, that the cow in its faculty, of giving in ſuch abundance, and with ſo much eaſe, its milk, which forms ſo excellent an article of aliment for the human ſpecies, is a ſtriking example of this ſubordination to the intereſts of mankind. For this animal differs in ſome parts of its organization from moſt others, having a larger and more capacious udder, and longer and thicker teats, than the largeſt animal we know; and ſhe has four teats, whilſt all other animals of the ſame nature, have but two. She alſo yields the milk freely to the hand, whilſt moſt animals, at leaſt thoſe that do not ruminate in the ſame manner, refuſe it, except their own young, or ſome adopted animal be allowed to partake.

This is a ſubject which, one would have thought, had long ſince been exhauſted; but I have not been able to find any thing ſatisfactory in the few authors I have read. I muſt confeſs, indeed, that my knowledge in natural hiſtory is very confined, and ſhould therefore wiſh to hear the ſentiments of thoſe learned members of this Society, who have made the hiſtory of nature their more particular ſtudy.

In the firſt place, the cow is of that claſs of horned ruminating animals, which have cloven hoofs, four ſtomachs, a conſiderable length of inteſtines, are furniſhed with ſuet, and have no dentes inciſores in the upper jaw. From the different ſtructure of the ſtomach in theſe creatures, a ruminant animal will be ſerved with one-third leſs food, than another of equal bulk. Graziers are ſufficiently acquainted with this. The reaſon is, that ruminating animals have many and ſtrong digeſtive organs; and every thing capable of being converted into chyle, is extracted from the food; which therefore yields a greater quantity of milk: but a horſe's and an aſs's ſtomach is not fitted for this; ſo that they require a much greater quantity of food to extract the ſame nouriſhment.

A cow's udder is ſo capacious, that it frequently contains ten quarts of milk, which it will yield twice a day; and it is not only remarkable for its quantity, but its quality, as ſome cows will afford twelve or fourteen pounds of butter in a week. The ſize and form of the teats appear, at the firſt ſight, as if they were made on purpoſe for the hand to draw off the milk. But this is not the only advantage they poſſeſs; the thickneſs permits the lactiferous tubes to be of a larger diameter, and the length of them makes the ſyphon ſo much longer, and the extraction of the milk of courſe ſo much more eaſy.

The cow having four teats is a ſtriking peculiarity, the number in all other animals, bearing ſome proportion to the number of young ones, they bring forth at a time, as in the bitch, the cat, the ſow, &c. But the cow does not bring forth, at a birth, more young ones, than thoſe animals who have but two teats.

The cow will yield her milk to the hand as freely, and will continue to give her milk for as long a time, without any calf coming near her, as if it were permitted to ſuck her conſtantly. This is not the caſe with the aſs, which, next to the cow, is the animal we are moſt accuſtomed to have milked in this part of the world. For it is well known, that an aſs will ſoon grow dry, if her foal is not permitted to ſuck part of the milk every day, but ſhe is not a ruminating animal.

The human milk cannot long be preſerved in the breaſts, without the child be permitted to ſuck. It otherwiſe ſoon acquires a bad ſaltiſh taſte, and, in a ſhort time, leaves them entirely; and this will happen, if the child alone ſucks, if it be not permitted to ſuck four or five times a day. Three times a day I find is, in general, not ſufficient to keep the milk good, and in proper quantity. I do not mean to ſay that it is impoſſible, in any ſubject whatever, to keep the milk without a child ſucking conſtantly. I believe there have been inſtances of ſuction by perſons, above the age of infancy, and even by puppies, keeping the milk for ſome time; but theſe may, in ſome meaſure, be conſidered in the light of adopted children. What I would wiſh to enforce is, that the moſt dexterous and moſt ſkilful women, who draw breaſts, do not keep the milk without the aſſiſtance of the child; and when I have particularly deſired them to do it, they have not been able, though they have ſwallowed the milk, and repeated the ſuction four or five times a day.

Capivaccius, it is ſaid, ſaved the only heir of a noble family by ordering him to lie between two nurſes, in the flower of their age, and ſuck their breaſts.

Foreſtus tells us, that a youth at Bologna, of twenty-nine years of age, labouring under a true maraſmus, lived upon the milk of a beautiful young nurſe, of eighteen years of age, who lay in the ſame bed with him, by which means his emaciated body was well reſtored. In both theſe inſtances, I ſuppoſe the milk was preſerved, without the child being permitted to ſuck. I am informed that goats, ſheep, and rein deer will give milk freely to the hand, without the kid, lamb, and fawn having acceſs to them, but they are ruminating animals of the ſame kind with the cow.

Upon the whole, I believe we may infer, that the property of yielding milk, without the young ones, or ſome adopted animal, in ſome meaſure partaking of it, is confined to that claſs of ruminating horned animals who have cloven hoofs, four ſtomachs, long inteſtines, are furniſhed with ſuet, and have no fore teeth in the upper jaw. That cows, ſheep, goats and deer are of this kind, and no others; and that the cow has this property in a more eminent degree than the others, owing to the capaciouſneſs of her udder, and the ſize, form and number of her teats. There are other ruminant animals, beſides thoſe I have mentioned, ſome of which are without horns or cloven feet, and without ſuet; ſome have only two, ſome three ſtomachs, and ſome are furniſhed with fore teeth in the upper jaw; but I cannot learn that any of theſe are poſſeſſed of the property I have mentioned.

It may, perhaps, be ſaid, that the Tartars ride mares, upon their excurſions for plunder, in order to live upon the milk, and probably do not take their foals with them. But this will not diſprove the doctrine I have advanced; as the milk will hardly deſert them in ſo ſhort a time, as one of theſe excurſions might laſt.

Is there not, therefore, ſome reaſon to conclude that the cow was, by the omniſcient author of nature, intended to give milk, particularly for the uſe of man?

An ACCOUNT *of the* SALT-PETRE WORKS *at* MADRID.

FROM TOWNSEND'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

I THEN proceeded to the ſaltpetre works, where at every ſtep I was confounded, and at a loſs which to admire moſt, the wiſdom of the Creator, and the ſecret paths in which he is conſtantly proceeding, or the folly of the miniſter, who eſtabliſhed this manufacture at Madrid.

The perſon from whom I took my information was a Frenchman, who found employment here becauſe of his ſkill, acquired in other works of a nature ſimilar to theſe.

I obſerved a large incloſure, with a number of mounts of about twenty feet high, at regular diſtances from each other. Theſe he told me had been collected from the rubbiſh of the city, and the ſcrapings of the highways. I examined them with a minute attention, and found nothing remarkable, but ſmall fragments of gypſum in great abundance; they had remained all the winter piled up in the manner in which I found them. At this time men were employed in wheeling them away, and ſpreading abroad the earth to the thickneſs of about one foot, whilſt others were turning what had been previouſly expoſed to the influence of the ſun and of the air. He told me, that the preceding ſummers theſe heaps had been waſhed, and that being thus expoſed, they would yield the ſame quantity of ſalt again, and that, as far as he could judge, the produce would never fail; but that, after having been waſhed, no ſaltpetre could be obtained without a ſubſequent expoſure. He thought Madrid, on all accounts, improper for ſuch a manufacture; and ſaid, that from his own obſervations, he was inclined to think they could not make ſaltpetre for eight reals, that is, nearly twenty pence a pound.

My curioſity was excited to the higheſt degree by this account, which ſeemed to offer violence to the moſt eſtabliſhed principles of chemiſtry, I determined therefore to loſe no opportunity of paying attention to this buſineſs, and with that view, procured an introduction to the gentlemen who had the direction and controul of it. With them I examined a much more extenſive work at the gate Atocha, near the general hoſpital. They informed me, that the number of men employed was commonly about fifteen hundred, but for ſome ſhort intervals, near four thouſand; this latter number agrees well enough with the abbé Cavanilles, who ſtates them at four thouſand. According to their account, they have had this manufacture only a few years, and have now collected earth ſufficient to laſt for ever. Some of this earth they can lixiviate once a year, ſome they have waſhed twenty times in the laſt ſeven years, and ſome they have ſubjected to this operation fifteen times in one year, judging always by their eye, when they may waſh it to advantage, and by their taſte if it has yielded a lixivium of a proper ſtrength. When it is too weak, they paſs it over freſh earth till it is ſtrong enough for boiling. Moſt of the earth they uſe is common earth, and they are of opinion that all the earth in the vicinity of Madrid contains ſome nitre. When the earth has been a proper time expoſed, they put it into large earthen pans, ranged in a row, of the ſame form with thoſe uſed by ſugar-bakers to refine their ſugars, being a cone inverted, with the apex truncated; at the bottom they put a bit of eſparto matting covered with aſhes, to prevent the earth from falling through; on this they keep pouring water as faſt as it filters, till it will yield no more lixivium. As it filters it falls into a drain, which conducts it to a ciſtern; from hence it is pumped up into the furnaces, which are abſurdly deep, and by a fierce fire is evaporated ſufficiently for the ſalt to cryſtallize. The ſalt thus obtained is a mixture of nitre and ſea ſalt. To ſeparate theſe, they uſe the common proceſs. It is well known that muria, or ſea-ſalt, is ſoluble in three times its weight of water, either hot or cold; but nitre requires only one-ſixth of its weight, if the water is boiling, whereas, if it is cold, the water muſt be ſix times the weight of nitre, to diſſolve it perfectly. Hence it is evident, that on cooling, the nitre will be the firſt to cryſtallize; this however requires repeated operations before the nitre is thoroughly refined, and fit for market. The director and comptroller both aſſured me, that the ſaltpetre did not ſtand the king in more than two hundred reals a quintal, and that he ſold it for five hundred, getting a clear profit of three hundred reals by every quintal which he made. They ought to know; but I ſuſpect that in their calculation there is ſome miſtake.

Not ſatisfied with this account of gains by a royal manufacture, and in ſuch a ſituation, I went once more to examine ſome inferior officers, both in the upper and the lower works, at the two gates, S. Barbara and Atocha. I found ſome in each, who were ſufficiently communicative; and this was the reſult of my enquiries: at the upper works, ſince the war, they have employed one hundred men in winter, and more than three hundred in the ſummer; they have four furnaces, and have made, upon the average, about four thouſand arrobas of refined ſaltpetre in the ſeaſon. At the lower works, they employ commonly in the winter three hundred men, and in the ſummer above one thouſand, but occaſionally they have had twice theſe numbers. With this ſtrength, and with twenty-five furnaces commonly at work, they have refined thirty thouſand arrobas of ſaltpetre; and they gueſs the ſea-ſalt at ten thouſand arrobas. To heat their furnaces they uſe vine branches, for which they give one real per arroba, or two pence halfpenny for twenty-three pounds and one quarter.

Theſe are the facts: let us ſtop one moment to examine them; at preſent, not as philoſophers and chemiſts, but as merchants and politicians. If we allow the quintal of four arrobas to be equal to ninety-three pounds Engliſh, which is what the merchants reckon it, and the real to be worth two pence halfpenny, we muſt conclude that the king of Spain makes his ſaltpetre for five pence farthing; and it is clear that he ſells it for thirteen pence farthing per pound: but if, at the upper works, we allow one hundred men in winter, and three hundred in the ſummer, or two hundred on the average, at fifteen pounds per annum each, and ſay that they refine one thouſand quintals of ſaltpetre, we ſhall find that the labour alone comes to ſeven pence three farthings a pound, without allowing any thing for wear and tear of utenſils, for ſalaries, and above all for fuel. When a man conſiders, that not only in the firſt, but in every ſubſequent operation for refining the nitre, ſix pounds of water muſt be evaporated for one pound of the ſalt produced, and that twenty-three pounds and one quarter of ſuch weak fuel as vine branches ſtands in two pence halfpenny, although without the aſſiſtance of Mr. Watt he may not be able by calculation preciſely to point out the quantity of fuel, ſuppoſing the evaporation to be conducted upon the moſt approved principles, yet every man may ſee that the expence muſt be enormous. Taking all theſe things into conſideration, I am inclined to think, that the king of Spain does not make his nitre for twenty pence per pound. As for the ſea ſalt, I have not taken that into the account, becauſe in Spain it has little value, except that which it has acquired by carriage; and indeed with us in England, as in France, the principal part of its price ariſes from the duty which is impoſed upon it. The king of Spain ſells his nitre at thirteen pence halfpenny per pound; and if it coſts him twenty pence, he gets nothing by the bargain. But ſuppoſing he might make a profit by the ſale; yet, if he ſells it to himſelf, I know not where he is to look for gain; and if he compels his ſubjects to be the purchaſers, he is guilty of oppreſſion; he lays ſnares to catch the merchants, and he gives encouragement to ſmugglers.

The Eaſt India Company, when it is refined, ſell ſaltpetre in the Engliſh market for 2l. 4s. 6d. the cwt. which, deducting ſeven ſhillings and three pence, the draw-back on exportation, is a ſmall fraction under four pence a pound, and the company would no doubt be happy to contract with Spain for leſs. In Bengal, as I am informed by one who was thirty years in the trade between China and that country, ſaltpetre, before the Eaſt-India Company undertook to make it on their own account, ſold for four rupees the bag of 160 pounds, which, at 2s. 6d. the rupee, would be exactly three farthings a pound; but in fact the rupee is intrinſically worth only one ſhilling and ten pence, and by the company is reckoned two ſhillings and three pence.

The foundation of this difference in the price of the production between Bengal and Madrid muſt be obvious to every one who conſiders that the evaporation, which is effected in the latter by the force of fire, may be carried on in the former without expence, by the ſun and by the air.

Of all places, Madrid is the moſt improper for ſuch an extenſive manufacture; where they have long winters; where proviſions, labour, fuel, are all at a high price; where the court reſides; and where they have no navigation. If this manufacture were eſtabliſhed in the ſouth of Spain, near to a navigable river, none of theſe objections would have place; the ſun and air would aſſiſt the evaporation, or completely finiſh it, as we ſee daily in their ſalt works on the borders of the Mediterranean; the little fuel which might be needful would find its way to them; and the nitre would be eaſily tranſported for the ſupply of diſtant markets: but even there it ſhould not be adminiſtered on the ſovereign's account; becauſe, with every advantage of ſituation, the monarch muſt be a loſer, where the private adventurer would contrive to gain.

ANECDOTES OF TIPPOO SULTAN:

WRITTEN DECEMBER 1790.

[*From Mr. Alexander Dalrymple's Oriental Repoſitory.*]

TIPPOO SULTAN is about forty-three years of age, his conſtitution much impaired. He is five feet eight or nine inches high; now rather inclining to fat; there is much fire in his countenance; he wears whiſkers, but no beard; is very active, and ſometimes takes long walks. He has eleven children, of whom only two are married. His diſpoſition is cruel, his temper paſſionate and revengeful. His policy has been ruinous to his revenues, and hurtful to his government.

He ſometimes riſes at ſeven o'clock, but more commonly at eight or nine. On halting days he waſhes and takes medicine; the barber then begins to ſhave him, during which the news-writer comes in with the letters, that have arrived by the *tappauls*, and relates the news of the ſeveral countries as he has received it. The officer commanding his guard then comes in, and makes his report, after which the adjutants of corps come and make a report of their reſpective corps. About twelve o'clock he goes to dinner, which is over in about an hour; he then holds his *durbar*, and tranſacts all buſineſs, civil and military, until five o'clock; he then gives out the parole, which he takes from the planets or ſigns of the zodiac, writing it himſelf in a book, which is depoſited with his own guard, where the adjutant-generals come and take it: after which he lays down, and ſleeps about an hour, riſes and makes his ſecond meal: the ſecretaries are then called in, they read the letters that have been received during the day, and he gives his orders for anſwering them; all this done, and the letters prepared for diſpatch, about two or three in the morning he goes to reſt. On marching days where there is no immediate exigency, the army ſeldom moves before eight o'clock, after Tippoo has taken his breakfaſt; he goes in his palanquin, on the march, and if any thing particular occurs, he immediately mounts his horſe.

LIFE OF ALPHONSO ALBUQUERQUE.

ALPHONSO ALBUQUERQUE, celebrated by his exploits in India, ſoon after the diſcovery of a paſſage to that country by the Cape of Good Hope, was deſcended of a family which derived its origin from the natural children of the ſovereigns of Portugal. He was born about the year 1452; and, in 1503, was ſent by King Emanuel, together with his couſin Francis Albuquerque, to ſupport the affairs of the Portugueſe on the Malabar coaſt, where their ally, the King of Cochin, had been dethroned by one of the neighbouring princes. On his arrival, he not only reinſtated the King of Cochin in his dominions, but even procured leave from him to erect a fortreſs in his territories; and after ſome other tranſactions of leſs importance, ſet ſail again for Liſbon, to which he returned on the 17th of July, 1504. His couſin Francis

Albuquerque is ſuppoſed to have periſhed in the waves; for no accounts were ever after heard of him, or of any of thoſe who accompanied him.

In 1507, Albuquerque was appointed Viceroy of India; and in his way thither, he formed a reſolution of attacking Ormus, an iſland ſixteen miles in circumference, which is ſituated in the mouth of the Perſian Gulph. After making ſome reſiſtance, the inhabitants entered into a treaty with the Portugueſe, the articles of which were, that "Zeifad, "the ſecond of that name, ſovereign of Ormus, ſhould become tributary "to Emanuel, and pay him yearly the ſum of fifteen thouſand ducats; "that he ſhould immediately depoſit five thouſand for the expences of "the war; and that he ſhould aſſign a place in the city, which Albu-"querque was to fix on, where the Portugueſe might build a fort." Two copies of theſe articles were engraved on plates of gold; one in the Perſian language, which was kept by the King, and the other in Arabic, which was to be ſent to Emanuel.* A diſpute having afterwards ariſen between the Portugueſe and the people of Ormus, reſpecting five deſerters, whom the latter would not deliver up, Albuquerque made another attack upon it, during which he committed a piece of barbarity, which, certainly, cannot be juſtified on any grounds whatever. Finding that the enemy were obſtinate, and that the ſiege proceeded ſlower than he wiſhed, he reſolved to ſtarve them, by preventing a ſupply of proviſions from being brought to the place. With this view he diſpatched three of his ſhips to intercept all veſſels coming to the iſland; and ſeveral being taken, he ordered all the captives to have their ears, noſes, and hands cut off; and in this manner he ſent them on ſhore, deſiring them to tell their countrymen, that he would ſerve all others ſo who might attempt to bring them proviſions.—Three of his captains, however, diſguſted perhaps with cruelty, deſerted him, when he had almoſt accompliſhed the object of his wiſhes, and ſet ſail for India. Seeing his ſtrength thus ſo much weakened that he could not proſecute his plan with any hopes of ſucceſs, he quitted the iſland, highly incenſed that the victory ſhould thus be ſnatched from his hands, not by the bravery of the enemy, but the treachery of his own officers.

After this diſappointment, Albuquerque proceeded to an iſland named Queixom, belonging to the kingdom of Ormus, and having attacked the town of Arbez, killed the governor, together with ſeveral of his ſoldiers, and plundered the place. He likewiſe touched at another town in the ſame iſland, named Homeal, which was defended by a ſtrong garriſon. Here a ſmart engagement enſued, which, at laſt, ended in favour of the Portugueſe, who ſlaughtered great numbers of the inhabitants, and acquired a rich booty.

He then directed his courſe for the iſland of Socotora, where the inhabitants ſued for peace, which was granted them, on condition that they ſupplied the Portugueſe yearly with a certain number of ſheep and oxen; and as ſoon as the ſeaſon of the year would permit he proceeded to Calajate, in order to procure intelligence of what had been done at

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* On this occaſion, the King of Perſia having ſent to demand tribute of the conqueror, the latter ordered a great number of bullets, grenadoes, and ſabres, to be placed before the Ambaſſadors, and addreſſed them as follows: "There is the "money with which I pay the tribute of my maſter."

Ormus. Having ſailed into the harbour, the citizens, headed by the governor, endeavoured to hinder his men from landing; but being routed, after a ſhort conflict, they took ſhelter in a moſque not far from the ſhore. The Portugueſe, however, followed them cloſely, diſloged them from their place of refuge, and would have entered the town immediately, had they not been recalled by Albuquerque, who was afraid that the enemy might deſtroy his people by ſtones and darts from their windows, as night was approaching, and as the ſtreets were narrow, and the houſes extremely high. The Portugueſe, accordingly, remained in the moſque till the next morning; and as ſoon as day-light appeared, commenced an attack on the town, which the enemy quitted in the utmoſt conſternation. Here Albuquerque ſuffered himſelf to be again hurried away by paſſion, and committed another piece of barbarity like that at Ormus; for he ordered all the priſoners to have their noſes ſlitted, and their ears cut off. He then ſet fire to the town and moſque, which was a moſt magnificent ſtructure, and likewiſe burnt twenty-ſeven ſhips in the harbour.

He next ſteered for Ormus, the walls of which he battered for ſome time. Here one of the chief men of the place, named Coje Atar, ſent him a letter he had received from Almeed, the viceroy of India, informing him, "that he had carried on war againſt Ormus, without the "authority of the King of Portugal; that he himſelf was greatly diſ-"pleaſed at the hoſtilities committed againſt that iſland; and that in "order to convince the ſovereign of Ormus of his ſincerity, he, as "Emanuel's repreſentative, was willing to enter into a treaty of peace "and friendſhip with him." Though this letter gave great uneaſineſs to Albuquerque, he, nevertheleſs, renewed his hoſtilities againſt the city, and did conſiderable damage alſo to ſome other towns which belonged to it. He then ſailed towards the continent, where he burnt the town of Habande, whence the iſland was ſupplied with water, and likewiſe filled up the wells with rubbiſh, ſo as to render them unfit for uſe, as he thought this the moſt effectual way of diſtreſſing the people of Ormus.

After theſe exploits, which are thoſe rather of a brave ſoldier than a man of humanity, Albuquerque ſailed for India, and arrived at the port of Cananor on the 3d of November, 1508. In an expedition againſt Calicut ſoon after, he was ſeverely wounded, firſt in the left arm, and then in the neck, with an arrow, and was ſo ſtunned alſo with the blow of a ſtone on his left breaſt, that he dropped down in all appearance lifeleſs. Being carried to the ſhore on his ſhield, he was thence conveyed to Cochin, where he remained ſome time in a moſt dangerous condition; but he at length recovered, contrary to the expectations of all his phyſicians.

Albuquerque's firſt enterprize of any importance in India was the conqueſt of Goa, which afterwards became the center of a part of the Portugueſe trade. It ſurrendered on the 15th of February, 1510; and the citizens, when they ſubmitted to the conquerors, ſwore allegiance to their ſovereign Emanuel. Here Albuquerque reſolved to eſtabliſh his winter quarters; but while he was ſettling the affairs of the place, ſome of the Portugueſe nobility began to raiſe up diſſentions againſt him.—They privately condemned and ridiculed his conduct; reviled him in the moſt ſcurrilous language; and accuſed him of expoſing them to manifeſt danger. The city, they ſaid, being large, and ſurrounded by ſo many enemies, could not be defended; they had few troops, and at that ſeaſon of the year could procure no reinforcements: it was therefore their opinion, that the city ought to be abandoned; and that, in order to gratify the humour of one ambitious man, the Portugueſe ought by no means to be given up to be ſlaughtered. By theſe and ſuch like inſinuations, a party, conſiſting of nine hundred, was formed againſt Albuquerque; but having heard that theſe malcontents were one night aſſembled in a certain houſe, he broke in upon them, ſeized the ringleaders, and threw them into priſon. On their acknowledging their fault, however, and promiſing obedience in future, he reſtored them to liberty: but he afterwards diſmiſſed ſome of the moſt mutinous, leſt their example ſhould have a pernicious effect upon the reſt of his troops.

Finding the enemy become too powerful, Albuquerque, after ſuſtaining ſeveral ſevere attacks, evacuated the city and fort of Goa, on the 30th of May, having been in poſſeſſion of it about three months and a half. In the month of November, however, he again returned to attack it with a fleet of thirty-ſeven ſhips, having on board fifteen hundred Portugueſe, and three hundred Indians. The inhabitants made a brave defence, and held out for a conſiderable time; but the place was at length taken, above three thouſand men being killed in it, while the Portugueſe loſt only forty.

Having eſtabliſhed the power of the Portugueſe on the Malabar coaſt, Albuquerque began to think of extending it in the eaſtern parts of Aſia. In 1511, he preſented himſelf, therefore, before Malacca, which, by its ſituation, was the moſt conſiderable mart of trade in India. He had before attempted this place, and his friend Araujo, who was his aſſociate in the firſt expedition, had been taken priſoner. No ſooner did he appear, than the beſieged threatened to put their priſoner to death.—Albuquerque, feeling for the ſituation of his friend, formed a reſolution of refraining from hoſtilities, when he received the following note: "Think of nothing but the glory and advantage of Portugal. If I "cannot be the inſtrument of your victory, I ſhall at leaſt not be an "obſtacle to it." The place was accordingly attacked, and being taken, after many bloody, doubtful, and obſtinate battles, the Portugueſe found in it immenſe treaſures, extenſive magazines, and every thing that could contribute to render life agreeable.

After the capture of Malacca, the kings of Siam and Pegu, with ſome others, either through fear, or with a view of promoting their own intereſt, ſent ambaſſadors to Albuquerque, to offer him freedom of commerce, and to ſolicit an alliance with Portugal. In the mean time, a ſquadron detached from the grand fleet directed its courſe for the Moluccas, which ſoon fell alſo into the hands of the Portugueſe. While his commanders were thus ſignaliſing themſelves by new exploits, he himſelf finiſhed the conqueſt of Malabar; and as he now enjoyed ſome ſhare of eaſe after his repeated ſucceſſes, he repreſſed the licentiouſneſs of the Portugueſe, reformed military diſcipline, and eſtabliſhed good order in all the colonies. By this time Albuquerque had brought all the Indian coaſt, from the river Indus to Cape Comorin, under the power of the

Portugueſe. He had added alſo Malacca, and conquered Ormus, where he ſettled every thing upon a firm baſis, and by his prudence and bravery ſpread the name of Emanuel ſo far, that the Indian nations could not help thinking that the ſovereign who had a general of ſuch extraordinary abilities, muſt himſelf be ſomething above human. Emanuel, indeed, was very well diſpoſed to Albuquerque; but by the malicious inſinuations of envious detractors, with whom it is the misfortune of princes to be often ſurrounded, he began to entertain ſome ſuſpicions of this celebrated commander. Theſe perſons were inceſſantly repreſenting to the king, that Albuquerque was a raſh hot-headed man, filled with the moſt boundleſs ambition. They even aſſerted, that he aimed at nothing leſs than ſovereignty, and to make himſelf lord of all India; and that by the number of his relations and dependants, as well as the fame he had acquired amongſt the Indian princes, his wealth and power were already much greater than what thoſe of any ſubject ought.

Such inſinuations as theſe were propagated at the Portugueſe court with the utmoſt induſtry; and though Albuquerque had heard that his character was often attacked, yet relying upon his innocence, he took no trouble to refute theſe calumnies. His actions and behaviour in India had been ſuch, that he thought theſe alone would be ſufficient to blunt the ſhafts of envy: but as his accuſers had no one at court to oppoſe them, the king was at length prevailed on to recal him from India, and he ſent Lopez Suario Alvarenga to be his ſucceſſor.

At this period Albuquerque was at Ormus, where he fell into a lingering diſtemper, the effect of old age, added to too much fatigue, and which every day encreaſed. As he now thought death approaching, he made his will; and as he had a ſtrong deſire of ending his days in India, and of ſeeing Goa before he died, he reſolved to proceed thither without delay. In ſailing along the coaſt of India, he was informed Alvarenga was ſent to be his ſucceſſor; and that he himſelf was ordered to return to Portugal. Albuquerque was much affected by this intelligence, for he now plainly ſaw that his diſgrace was brought about by the malice of his enemies. He could not, therefore, contain himſelf, but lifting up his hands, ſaid, "O heavens! how can I extricate myſelf from the difficulties that ſurround me! If I obey my king I incur the odium and contempt of mankind: and if I ſtudy to pleaſe men, then I fall under the diſpleaſure of my royal maſter. To thy grave, old man—to thy grave." Theſe laſt words he often repeated, which ſhewed the agony and diſorder by which his breaſt was agitated. However, when his mind came to be more compoſed, he expreſſed himſelf, afterwards, in the following manner—"I am verily perſuaded that the king has a divine knowledge in many things, otherwiſe he could not have acted in the preſent affair with ſo much foreſight. I am now approaching towards death, and if he had not at this time appointed my ſucceſſor, the affairs in India might have been greatly endangered." After he had ſpoken theſe words, his mind ſeemed to be more at eaſe, nor did he ſhew the leaſt mark of diſſatisfaction.

As he proceeded on his voyage, his illneſs daily encreaſed. In the mean while he wrote a ſhort letter to Emanuel in the following words: "I now write you this laſt letter, breathing with difficulty, and having "upon me all the ſymptoms of inevitable death. I have an only ſon; "him I recommend to your majeſty, and hope that in conſideration "of my ſervices, you will take him under your royal protection and "favour. What I have done for your honour and intereſt, the deeds "themſelves will teſtify." After he had written this letter, he laid aſide all thoughts of worldly matters, and gave himſelf up entirely to religious meditations, and preparations for a future ſtate. When he came on the coaſt of Goa, he diſpatched a meſſenger aſhore to bring him a prieſt from the city, with whom he had before joined in religious worſhip. This perſon accordingly came, and the night was ſpent in prayer, but Albuquerque expired before the break of day. This happened in the year 1515.

The following character is given of Albuquerque by Oſorio, Biſhop of Silvez, in his *Hiſtory of the Portugueſe, during the Reign of Emanuel.* "He was a man of the moſt extenſive humanity; nor is it eaſy to tell "whether he was more dreaded for his bravery, or beloved for his "benevolent diſpoſition. He always ſhewed the ſtricteſt regard to "juſtice, puniſhing breach of faith in the moſt exemplary manner, and "protecting every one from injury and oppreſſion. He was never "married, but had a natural ſon; yet, notwithſtanding this, he was "remarkable for his continency. In toil and labour he was indefatigable, "inſomuch, that he was ſometimes thought to have carried things "to an exceſs with his men in this reſpect; yet it was not by threats "or menaces, but by his own example, that he incited them to undergo "hardſhips. In deſign and contrivance he diſcovered great ſagacity; "nor did he leſs excel in the quick execution of what he had "determined. He was a great enemy to calumny and detraction, ſo "that in his preſence no one dared to aſperſe another man's reputation. "He was a paſſionate lover of truth, and never failed to expreſs his "utmoſt deteſtation of falſhood and diſſimulation. He bore injuries "with true greatneſs of ſoul. In his temper he was ſubject to paſſion; "yet in the height of it he would often check himſelf; and by throwing "out ſome pleaſant expreſſion, would take off the fear of thoſe "who beheld his angry countenance, and turn all into mirth and cheerfulneſs. "He was a man not unacquainted with letters, and at his "leiſure hours took vaſt pleaſure in reading the ſacred writings. It is "not an eaſy matter to ſay whether he excelled moſt in the art of war "or of peace. In the former he behaved in ſuch a manner, that he "was juſtly reckoned an expert general, and in ſettling the affairs of "India he gave the ſtrongeſt proofs of his policy and ſkill in the art of "government."

His corpſe was brought aſhore with the utmoſt ſolemnity, and the funeral rites were performed with the greateſt magnificence, amidſt the cries and lamentations of thoſe who were preſent at the ceremony. On account of his actions, Albuquerque has been denominated the *Great*, and the *Portugueſe Mars*; and the Indians, we are told, long after his death, were accuſtomed to go to his tomb, in order to demand juſtice for the oppreſſion of his ſucceſſors.—When Emanuel received intelligence of his death, he could not help ſhewing the deepeſt regret; and immediately ſent for his ſon, Blas Albuquerque, whom, in remembrance of his father, he ordered to be called Alphonſo. He likewiſe, as a requital for the ſervices done by his father, beſtowed on him ſeveral dignities, and procured him a very honourable marriage.

The EPISTLE *from the* YEARLY MEETING *of* QUAKERS, *held in* LONDON, *by Adjournments, from the 21ſt to the 29th of the fifth Month,* 1792, *incluſive.*

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and elſewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS,

UNDER a degree of that influence which alone qualifies the mind for being engaged in the cauſe of Chriſt, we affectionately ſalute you; deſiring that you, and all men, may be 'ſaved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth.'

Through the continued mercy and favour of our great preſerver, we are again met in our annual aſſembly, to enquire into the religious ſtate of our ſociety, to impart ſuch counſel as may appear neceſſary, and thereby endeavour to promote the good and glorious work of peace and righteouſneſs: and, in attending to the ſubjects which have come before us, we have been favoured to experience the prevalence of brotherly love.

The accounts of ſufferings received this year, chiefly for tithes, and other demands of a like nature, amount to five thouſand two hundred and twenty-three pounds in Great Britain; and to one thouſand five hundred and forty-four pounds in Ireland.

By accounts from our quarterly and other meetings in theſe nations, and epiſtles from New England, New York, Pennſylvania, and the Jerſeys, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas and Georgia, we find that a number is preſerved who are concerned for the proſperity of truth, and that our ſalutary diſcipline is in a good degree maintained. We have alſo accounts of ſeveral that have joined us ſince laſt year by convincement.

Repeated have been the calls of the church to the riſing generation, and frequent her exhortations and admonitions, the elders having no greater joy, next to the ſenſe of heavenly communication to their own ſpirits, than to hear that their children 'walk in truth.' Let us now, dear youth, with renewed ſolicitude, again expoſtulate with you, and entreat you to ponder thoſe things which belong to your eternal welfare. Why ſhould the tranſitory gratifications of this life—why ſhould the fading ſplendour, or falſe friendſhip, of the world—prevail to draw any of you away 'from the ſimplicity that is in Chriſt;' leading you into 'many fooliſh and hurtful luſts,' and unfitting your minds for the reception of thoſe divine viſitations, and thoſe ſpiritual refreſhments which alone are worthy of the aſpirations of an immortal ſoul? And you, beloved young friends, who have ſet your hands to the plough, look not back. Though the Lord, in unerring wiſdom, may yet allot you deeper baptiſms, and more humiliating conflicts, flinch not under the operations of his love. So may ye be purified from every mixture of the creature, fitted for the work whereunto ye are called, and enabled to perform his heavenly commands in holy quietude.

Brethren, of every rank, be perſuaded that our happineſs, in time and eternity, depends on pleaſing God; and the apoſtle declares, 'They that are in the fleſh cannot pleaſe God. For to be carnally-minded is death, but to be ſpiritually-minded is life and peace.' Come, therefore, beloved friends, out of all thoſe things which dim the proſpect of the beauty and excellency which are in the truth; ſeek a poſſeſſion in it above all viſible enjoyments; flatter not yourſelves with the fallacious expectation of being heirs of two kingdoms; but ſubmit your hearts, with total ſurrender, to the government of him who declared, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

The national evil, the ſlave trade, ſtill excites our ſorrow, and calls for our unremitted attention; but, although we have not yet ſeen the accompliſhment of our ardent deſire for its unconditional abolition, let us cheriſh a diſpoſition to be thankful to the father of all mankind, that the proſpect opens of a termination to the wrongs of Africa.

Friends, let us bear in mind that 'God hath called us to peace.' It is a leading principle of our holy profeſſion. Let us, therefore, on all occaſions, evince that we are what we profeſs to be. Let us not ſuffer our minds to be drawn after that in which it is not our duty to be engaged; much leſs let us attach ourſelves to any party; but let us truſt to that arm of divine power which hath been our only refuge, and without which there is no ſafety.

Although we are well aware, that 'Except the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain:' and though we have repeatedly and recently, recommended a diligent attendance of meetings for worſhip on other days, as well as on the firſt day of the week; yet as ſpiritual welfare depends on an experience of the ſaving virtue of truth, which alone makes 'Alive unto God,' we renew our earneſt exhortation that ye forſake not the aſſembling of yourſelves together. O that the weightineſs of our ſpirits, and the gravity of our deportment, in religous meetings, might be ſuch as to excite an awful ſenſation in obſervers; and that, at their concluſion, we might avoid trivial or unneceſſary converſation, our conduct, as well as countenances, beſpeaking that we had been with Jeſus!

We conclude with recommending you individually to the grace and good ſpirit of your own hearts (the ſure guide to ſalvation) and to the diligent peruſal of the holy ſcriptures, particularly of thoſe in which is recorded an account of the life, doctrines, and ſufferings of our bleſſed Saviour; beſeeching you reverently and humbly to walk according to that holy pattern, and deeply to bear in remembrance, that 'That diſciple is not above his maſter, nor the ſervant above his Lord.'

Signed, in and on behalf of the Meeting, by
THOMAS HUNTLEY,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year.

BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER OF EMINENT PERSONS,

DECEASED IN 1791.

REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

THIS extraordinary man was born in 1703, and after a life of unremitting labour in the goſpel vineyard, continued to its ultimate period with unequalled exertion: Died March 2, 1791.

M. DE MIRABEAU,

The eloquent and ſucceſsful emancipator of his country, from the ſhackles of arbitrary power, and one of the memorable aſſembly who formed the French conſtitution, was born in 1749, died April 2, 1791.

REV. RICHARD PRICE, D. D.

So remarkable for the eccentricity of his principles, was born 1723, died April 17, 1791.

MRS. MACAULAY GRAHAM.

Catharine Macaulay Graham, a celebrated hiſtorian, and political and moral writer, is one of the many perſons who have been eminent for their literary purſuits, but whoſe lives afford very little information to the biographer, who muſt be content with the mere enumeration of works already well known to the public. This lady was the youngeſt daughter of John Sawbridge, eſq. of Olantigh in Kent, and ſiſter to John Sawbridge, eſq. one of the preſent repreſentatives in parliament for the city of London. She was married, on the 13th of June 1760, to George Macaulay, doctor of phyſic, by whom ſhe had a daughter, who was married, on the 7th of December 1787, to Charles Gregory, eſq. a captain in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company. Some years after the death of Dr. Macaulay, our philoſophical hiſtorian married Mr. Graham, a very young gentleman, brother to Dr. Graham, the perſon ſo long noted in the metropolis for his many eccentric projects.—Mrs. Macaulay began her literary career with the 'Hiſtory of England from the Acceſſion of James I, to the Revolution,' the firſt volume of which, in 4to. was publiſhed in 1763, and the laſt (the eighth) in 1783.—She was likewiſe the authoreſs of 'A Modeſt Plea for the Property of Copy Right;' Obſervations on a Pamphlet, entitled 'Thoughts on the Cauſes of the preſent Diſcontents,' 1770; an 'Addreſs to the People of England, Scotland and Ireland, on the preſent important Criſis of Affairs,' 1775; a 'Hiſtory of England, from the Revolution to the preſent Time, in a Series of Letters to the Rev. Dr. Wilſon, Prebendary of Weſtminſter,' 1778; a 'Treatiſe on the Immutability of Moral Truth,' 1783; and 'Letters on Education,' 1790.—Mrs. Macaulay's merits as an hiſtorian have been acknowledged to afford an eminent proof of the capacity of the fair ſex for the more ſevere ſtudies, and her philoſophical and moral writings have gained her no ſmall degree of merited fame. Her attachment to liberty, not to party, was ardent and uniform; and it procured her a ſingular mark of platonic admiration from the patriotic divine, to whom ſhe addreſſed her hiſtorical Letters. He preſented her with a handſome houſe, called Alfred Houſe, in Bath, and placed a ſtatue of her, in her lifetime, in his church of St. Stephen's Walbrook. This, however, he took down, on her ſecond marriage, which, although perfectly compatible with the ſacred principles of liberty, he might think not quite conſiſtent, perhaps, with thoſe of philoſophical diſcretion. She died at Binfield, in Berkſhire, on the 23d of June 1791.

REV. DR. BLACKLOCK,

An ingenious divine and poet of Scotland, whom the Rev. Mr. Spence has deſcribed as 'one of the moſt extraordinary characters that has appeared in this or any other age,' was born at Annan, in the county of Annandale, in Scotland, in the year 1721. His parents were natives of Cumberland, in which county his paternal anceſtors had lived from time immemorial. They generally followed agriculture, and were diſtinguiſhed by a degree of knowledge and humanity above their ſphere. His father, who had been in good circumſtances, but who had been reduced by a ſeries of misfortunes, was a poor tradeſman at Annan. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Richard Roe, who dealt extenſively in cattle, which was a conſiderable buſineſs in the north, and was much eſteemed by all his connections, as a man of fortune, character, and conſequence.—Young Blacklock, before he was ſix years old, was totally deprived of his ſight by the ſmall-pox. His father (who, by his ſon's account of him, muſt have been a particularly good man) had intended to bring him up to his own, or ſome other trade; but as this misfortune rendered him incapable of any, all that this worthy parent could do, was to ſhew the utmoſt attention to him, in this unhappy ſituation. This left ſuch an indelible impreſſion on the mind of his ſon, that he mentioned it, ever after, with the greateſt warmth of gratitude and affection. Of this he has given a very ſtriking proof in his poems. What was wanting to this poor youth, from the loſs of his ſight, and the narrowneſs of his fortune, ſeems to have been compenſated to him by the goodneſs of his heart and the capacities of his mind. It was very early that he ſhewed a ſtrong inclination to poetry in particular. His father, and a few other friends, uſed often to read, to divert him; and, among the reſt, they read ſeveral paſſages out of ſome of our poets. Theſe were his chief entertainment and delight. He heard them, not only with uncommon pleaſure, but with a ſort of congenial enthuſiaſm; and, from loving and admiring them ſo much, he ſoon began to endeavour to imitate them. Among theſe early eſſays of his genius, there is one inſerted in his works, which was compoſed when he was only twelve years old, and has ſomething very pretty in the turn of it, and very promiſing for one of ſuch a tender age. Indeed, it is obſervable, that there have been few of our moſt eminent poets, who have not given early proofs of their genius this way; a quick and promiſing bloſſom preindicating, as it were, the abundance and excellence of the fruit which their maturity affords.

In 1740, Mr. Blacklock's father having been informed, that a kiln, belonging to a ſon-in-law of his, was giving way, his ſolicitude for his intereſt made him venture in below the ribs, to ſee where the failure lay;

when the principal beam coming down upon him, with eighty buſhels of malt, he was inſtantly cruſhed to death.

When this melancholy event happened, Mr. Blacklock had juſt attained his nineteenth year; and as the loſs of his good father occaſioned his falling into more hands than he had been accuſtomed to before, he began, by degrees, to be more talked of, and his extraordinary talents to be better known. About a year after, he was ſent for to Edinburgh by Dr. Stevenſon, a man of taſte, and one of the phyſicians of that city, who had the goodneſs to ſupply him with every thing neceſſary for his living and ſtudying in the univerſity. Mr. Blacklock juſtly conſidered this gentleman as his Mæcenas; and the firſt poem in his works, was a tribute of gratitude, which he addreſſed to him, in imitation of the firſt Ode of Horace, by which the Roman bard has immortalized his illuſtrious patron.

Mr. Blacklock ſtudied at Edinburgh ten years; in which time he not only acquired great knowledge in the Greek, Latin, and French languages, but made a conſiderable progreſs alſo in all the ſciences. What was ſtill more extraordinary, he attained great excellence in poetry; although the chief inlets to poetical ideas were cloſed up to him, and all the viſible beauties of the creation had been long blotted from his memory. How far he contrived, by the uncommon force of his genius, to compenſate for this vaſt defect; with what elegance and harmony he often wrote; with how much propriety, ſenſe, and emotion, it is as eaſy to perceive, on reading his poems, as it is difficult to account for it. Conſidered in either of theſe lights, he muſt be allowed to have an extraordinary ſhare of merit: but if thoroughly conſidered in all together, we may be allowed to ſay, with his friend the late celebrated Mr. Hume, that he muſt be regarded as a prodigy.

Mr. Hume, alſo, ſpeaking of his moral character, obſerved, that 'his modeſty was equal to the goodneſs of his diſpoſition and the beauty of his genius;' and Mr. Spence, ſpeaking of the pieces which Dr. Blacklock would not ſuffer to be printed, obſerves, that they abound with ſo many poetical beauties, that nothing could do him greater honour. 'But I muſt except,' continues Mr. Spence, 'his private character, which, were it more generally known, would recommend him more to the public eſteem than the united talents of an accompliſhed writer.'—Among his virtues, one, not the leaſt to be admired, was his contentedneſs under the humble circumſtances of his birth and ſituation, the narrowneſs of his fortune, and the loſs of his ſight, with his conſequent incapacity of relieving or ſubſiſting himſelf. Each of theſe affecting circumſtances, however, we muſt ſuppoſe him, to mention feelingly, although without repining, in different parts of his poems. But as the loſs of ſight was the moſt affecting circumſtance, and, indeed, in ſome meaſure, characteriſtic of his ſituation, it is not to be wondered at, that he dwells particularly upon it. Thus, in one of his pieces:

From theſe intruſive thoughts all pleaſure flies,
And leaves my ſoul benighted, like my eyes.

In a poem, entitled 'A Soliloquy,' he likewiſe thus laments this loſs:

To me theſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams
One horrid blank appear. The young-ey'd Spring;
Effulgent Summer; Autumn deck'd in wealth,
To bleſs the toiling hind; and Winter grand,
With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heaven, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.
Wide o'er my proſpect rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour; in whoſe ſhade
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,
In ſocial ſadneſs gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hope of dawn.

In the ſame melancholy piece (which appears to have been written when his ſpirits were greatly depreſſed, under the impreſſion of the narrow eſcape which he had from falling into a well) he feelingly expreſſes his dread of coming to extreme want. But his good ſenſe, aided by the conſolatory views of religion, enabled him to riſe ſuperior to theſe apprehenſions; and, indeed, in this very poem, he ſeemed to have a gleam of light fall in upon his mind; and he recovered himſelf ſufficiently to expreſs his confidence, that the care of Providence which had hitherto protected him, would diſſipate every cloud. In the concluſion of the ſame piece, he ſhewed, not only that he was ſatisfied with his condition, but that he could diſcover ſome very great bleſſings in it; and through the general courſe of his other poems, we may diſcover ſuch a juſtneſs of thinking concerning the things of this world, and ſuch an eaſy and contented turn of mind, as every way became the Chriſtian and the philoſopher.

Theſe particulars we have extracted from Mr. Spence's account of Mr. Blacklock, already quoted. Having been firſt ſeparately publiſhed in 1754, it was afterward prefixed to a quarto edition of his poems, publiſhed by ſubſcription, under the patronage of that gentleman. By this publication, a conſiderable ſum of money was obtained, and, ſoon after, our poet was fixed in an eligible ſituation in the univerſity of Edinburgh. In this dedication of the ſecond part of his 'Paracleſis' to Mr. Spence, he ſays, 'It is to your kind patronage that I owe my introduction to the republic of letters, and to your benevolence, in ſome meaſure, my preſent comfortable ſituation.' In 1760, he contributed ſome poems to a Scotch Collection, publiſhed at Edinburgh; and being there ſtyled the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, it appeared that he had then entered into holy orders. In 1766, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and in 1767, he publiſhed, 'Paracleſis, or Conſolations deduced from natural and revealed Religion,' in two diſſertations, 8vo. In 1768, he printed 'Two Diſcourſes on the Spirit and Evidences of Chriſtanity, tranſlated from the French of M. Armand. Theſe were his principal productions. At length, after a long life, devoid indeed of variety or adventure, but conſtantly devoted to the moſt laudable purſuits, this good ingenious man terminated his mortal exiſtence on the 14th of July 1791, being then 70 years of age.

With regard to his poetical character, Mr. Spence has juſtly obſerved, that there is great perſpicuity, neatneſs, and elegance of ſtyle in ſeveral of his pieces. His numbers have great eaſe and fluency; yet are various, and adapted to his ſubject, and any particular circumſtances of it. He has energy, pathos, and even ſublimity, according to the different nature of his theme. And though his general turn be more propenſe to the melancholy than to the joyous paſſions, he is now and then occaſionally, but chaſtely, pleaſant. He thus expreſſes his own paſſion for Urania:

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
  How ſweet with her through lonely fields to ſtray;
Her charms the lovelieſt landſcape can adorn,
  And add new glories to the riſing day.
With her all nature ſhines in brighteſt bloom;
  The ſilver ſtream in ſweeter muſic flows:
Odours more rich the fanning gale perfume;
  And deeper tinctures paint the ſpreading roſe.
With her the ſhades of night their horror loſe;
  Its deepeſt ſilence charms, if ſhe be by;
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews;
  Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye.

This ſeems to be ſpeaking of beauty with as tender and delicate emotions as if he could ſee the human face, which, Mr. Spence obſerves, is a common ſubject with him. But it is difficult to conceive what his preciſe ideas of it could reſemble. Indeed, with reſpect to deſcribing viſible objects, it would be a curious employment to endeavour to inveſtigate, by what conjoint, though diverſe ideas, he formed his conceptions of them: for he conſtantly mentioned them with ſuch propriety and emotion, that the moſt curious and penetrating reader, who was confined to ſuch of his poems as do not relate to his blindneſs, would ſcarcely ever ſuppoſe this to be the caſe of the truly poetical author.

The SERENADE; *or,* LAURA *and* ALONZO:

A SPANISH STORY.

AWAKE, my love! the pearls of dew
  That gem thy lover's flowing hair,
Shall prove his paſſion warm and true,
  As thou art, Laura, bright and fair.

O'er many a hill, thro' many a field,
  Thro' many a glade I bent my way,
Now cloſe by gathering ſhades conceal'd,
Now guided by the friendly ray.

Thro' fens, where aguiſh vapours play,
  Blue-gleaming o'er the doubtful ſoil,
Thro' woods, where ruffians lurking lay,
  To ruſh thro' blood to impious ſpoil.

Nor vapours dank alarm'd my thought,
  Nor prowling robbers wak'd my fear,
For here reſtoring warmth I ſought,
  And knew my treaſure all was here.

Then wake, my love! the corded ſtairs
  Swift from the op'ning caſement throw,
And pay thy lover's anxious cares,
  With joys that lovers only know.

Be ſwift, my fair! the tranſient night
  For Love's, nor Hymen's rights will ſtay:
Too ſoon ſhall ſpeed the envious light
  To chaſe Alonzo far away.

Such was the ſong of Alonzo, who tuning the ſoft guitar beneath the ſolitary window of his Laura, in the famed valley of Valcluſa, far from the manſion of his obdurate father, claimed, by delightful ſtealth, thoſe conjugal endearments to which, in the privacy of a neighbouring convent, he had lately acquired a title. But the feudal hatred, whoſe perpetuity is one of the frequent evils reſulting from hereditary diſtinctions, exiſting between the families of the youthful pair, prevented the open avowal of their union: nor had Alonzo even deemed it prudent to unfold the tender ſecret to young Carlos, the noble brother of his love; though the friendſhip, which chance had produced, and correſponding generoſity of ſentiment had firmly cemented, might have juſtified an unbounded confidence.

Nightly, therefore, he ſtole from his diſtant manſion, and attended, on the dangerous way, by no other companion than the inſtrument whoſe tender notes were the ſignal of his approach, came conſtantly beneath the window of his expecting bride, a lover of unaltered truth.

Nor was the ear of Laura now cloſed againſt the ſtrain, for the motion of the moon-beams, reflected by the glaſs, ſhewed that the hand of the fair one was trembling on the caſement, while her ear was fondly liſtening to the notes of love.

He ceaſed, and the caſement opened; and throwing his guitar, as uſual, among the ſhrubs, he mounted by the ladder that dropped to his aſſiſtance, and ruſhed to her enraptured arms.

Undiſturbed be their tranſports—the laſt they ſhall enjoy! and may chaſte ſecrecy encurtain them around.

Alas! how often has Prudence preached the wiſdom of jealous caution; yet how many are the evils it has cauſed!

Safer, oh! ſafer is the happineſs of him, who yields to the generous impulſe of his heart, and to the friend whom he has tried, unboſoms the whole myſtery of his ſoul, than that of him, who, wrapped in the cloſe councils of a ſuſpicious ſpirit, depends upon himſelf alone.

Too ſadly was this truth written in the fate of Alonzo.

Don Carlos, returning from ſcenes of ſtealthy love, had found, as he paſſed by the fatal buſh, the guitar, too imperfectly concealed.

His jealous ſpirit took, inſtantly, the alarm; and gloomy ſuſpicions aroſe of his ſiſter's honour. He drew forth his dagger in the firſt fury of his ſoul, and would have rouſed the houſe, and ruſhed inſtantly, fired by vengeance, to her chamber. But a gleam of hope returned to his mind when he thought of Laura's worth, and, calling to recollection the meek deportment of her life, he recounted the pleaſing proofs of an untainted ſoul.

But though his raſhneſs was awhile reſtrained, his fears were not lulled to ſleep; and, concealing himſelf among the ſhrubs, he waited the return of dawn, that ſhould diſſipate or confirm his doubts.

Not long was the jealous brother concealed.

The bird of morn trilled forth his earlieſt note; faded was the luſtre of the lamps of light; and the grey eye of morn was ſeen prying over the diſtant hills, when quitting the bliſs he was to taſte no more, Alonzo deſcended, with a heavy heart.

The fond farewell trembled on each faltering tongue; and Laura turned aſide to weep.

But 'Stay diſhonoured wanton,' cried the furious brother, 'turn again ere thy paramour be gone for ever, and take yet a laſt farewell.'

A Caſtilian's vengeance ſtruck deep as he ſpoke; his poniard was in Alonzo's heart.'

'My huſband! my huſband!' exclaimed the frantic fair, 'ſlain! ſlain by thy brother's hand!'

Breathleſs fell Alonzo at a brother's feet; and Carlos ſtood petrified with horror.

But what was the horror of the repentant friend to the anguiſh of the widow'd bride!

The peace of her mind was flown for ever, and vain was each friendly care.

The walls of the ſanctuary long echoed to her groans, as ſhe wandered through its ſullen aiſles: but the ſanctuary's ſelf could not calm her ſoul, nor its ſacred walls confine her bewildered wanderings. With the guitar of her murdered lord, ſhe eſcaped from the holy confines, and ſtill roves a wretched lunatic at large.

Thy rocks, O Valcluſa! oft reverberate to her ſong; oft it ſounds through the neighbouring woods. The torrents from the mountains join the chorus of grief; and it ſteals through the vale along the ſilent ſtreams.

An ACCOUNT *of* JAMES QUIN, COMEDIAN.

THIS celebrated actor was born in King-ſtreet, Covent Garden, 24th Feb. 1693. His anceſtors were of an ancient family in the kingdom of Ireland. His father, James Quin, was bred at Trinity College, Dublin, from whence he came to England, entered himſelf of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar; but *his* father, Mark Quin, who had been Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1676, dying about that period, leaving him a plentiful eſtate, he quitted England in 1700, for his native country; taking with him his ſon, the object of our preſent attention.

The marriage of Mr. Quin's father was attended with circumſtances which affected the future intereſt of his ſon ſo materially, as probably to influence his future deſtination in life. His mother was a reputed widow, who had been married to a perſon in the mercantile way, and who left her, to purſue ſome traffick or particular buſineſs in the Weſt Indies. He had been abſent from her near ſeven years, without her having received any letter from him, or the leaſt information about him. He was even given out to be dead, which report was univerſally credited; ſhe went into mourning for him; and ſome time after Mr. Quin's father, who is ſaid to have then poſſeſſed an eſtate of 1000l. a year, paid his addreſſes to her and married her. The conſequence of this marriage was Mr. Quin. His parents continued for ſome time in an undiſturbed ſtate of happineſs, when the firſt huſband returned, claimed his wife, and had her. Mr. Quin the elder retired with his ſon, to whom he is ſaid to have left his property. Another, and more probable, account is, that the eſtate was ſuffered to deſcend to the Heir at Law, and the illegitimacy of Mr. Quin being proved, he was diſpoſſeſſed of it, and left to ſhift for himſelf.

Mr. Quin received his education at Dublin, under the care of Dr. Jones, until the death of his father in 1710, when the progreſs of it was interrupted, we may preſume, by the litigations which aroſe about his eſtate. It is generally admitted, that he was deficient in literature; and it has been ſaid, that he laughed at thoſe who read books by way of enquiry after knowledge, ſaying, he read men—that the world was the beſt book. This account is believed to be founded in truth, and will prove the great ſtrength of his natural underſtanding, which enabled him to eſtabliſh ſo conſiderable a reputation as a man of ſenſe and genius.

Deprived thus of the property he expected, and with no profeſſion to ſupport him, though he is ſaid to have been intended for the law, Mr. Quin appears to have arrived at the age of 21 years. He had, therefore, nothing to rely upon but the exerciſe of his talents, and with theſe he ſoon ſupplied the deficiencies of fortune. The Theatre at Dublin was then ſtruggling for an eſtabliſhment, and there he made his firſt eſſay. The part he performed was Abel in "The Committee," in the year 1714; and he repreſented a few other characters, as Cleon in "Timon of Athens," Prince of Tanais in "Tamerlane," and others, but all of equal inſignificance. After performing one ſeaſon in Dublin, he was adviſed by Chetwood not to ſmother his riſing genius in a kingdom where there was no great encouragement for merit. This advice he adopted, and came to London, where he was immediately received into the company at Drury-lane. It may be proper here to mention, that he repaid the friendſhip of Chetwood, by a recommendation which enabled that gentleman to follow him to the metropolis.

At that period it was uſual for young actors to perform inferior characters, and to riſe in the theatre as they diſplayed ſkill and improvement. In conformity to this practice, the parts which Mr. Quin had allotted to him were not calculated to procure much celebrity for him. He performed

formed the Lieutenant of the Tower in Rowe's "Jane Grey," the Steward, in Gay's "What d'ye Call it," and Vulture in "The Country Laſſes;" all acted in 1715.

In December, 1716, he performed a part of more conſequence, that of Antenor in Mrs. Centlivre's "Cruel Gift;" but in the beginning of the next year we find him degraded to ſpeak about a dozen lines in the character of the Second Player in "Three Hours after Marriage."

Accident, however, had juſt before procured him an opportunity of diſplaying his talents, which he did not neglect. An order had been ſent from the Lord Chamberlain to revive the play of "Tamerlane," for the 4th of Nov. 1716. It had accordingly been got up with great magnificence. On the third night, Mr. Mills, who performed Bajazet, was ſuddenly taken ill, and application was made to Mr. Quin to read the part; a taſk which he executed ſo much to the ſatisfaction of the audience, that he received a conſiderable ſhare of applauſe. The next night he made himſelf perfect, and performed it with redoubled proofs of approbation. On this occaſion he was complimented by ſeveral perſons of diſtinction and dramatic taſte upon his early riſing genius.

It does not appear that he derived any other advantage at that time from his ſucceſs. Impatient, therefore, of his ſituation, and diſſatisfied with his employers, he determined upon trying his fortune at Mr. Rich's theatre, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, then under the management of Meſſ. Keene and Chriſtopher Bullock; and accordingly in 1717 quitted Drury-lane, after remaining there two ſeaſons. Chetwood inſinuates, that envy influenced ſome of the managers of Drury-lane to depreſs ſo riſing an actor. Be that as it may, he continued at the Theatre he had choſen ſeventeen years, and during that period ſupported, without diſcredit, the ſame characters which were then admirably performed at the rival Theatre.

Soon after he quitted Drury-lane, an unfortunate tranſaction took place, which threatened to interrupt, if not entirely to ſtop his theatrical purſuits. This was an unlucky rencounter between him and Mr. Bowen, which ended fatally to the latter. From the evidence given at the trial, now before us, it appeared, that on the 17th of April, 1718, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Bowen and Mr. Quin met accidentally at the Fleece Tavern, in Corn-hill. They drank together in a friendly manner, jeſted with each other for ſome time, until at length the converſation turned on their performances on the Stage. Bowen ſaid, that Quin had acted Tamerlane in a looſe ſort of a manner; and Quin, in reply, obſerved, that his opponent had no occaſion to value himſelf on his performance, ſince Mr. Johnſon, who had but ſeldom acted it, repreſented Jacomo, in "The Libertine," as well as he who had acted it often. Theſe obſervations, probably, irritated them both, and the converſation changed, but to another ſubject not better calculated to produce good humour—the honeſty of each party. In the courſe of the altercation, Bowen aſſerted, that he was as honeſt a man as any in the world, which occaſioned a ſtory about his political tenets to be introduced by Quin: and both parties being warm, a wager was laid on the ſubject, which was determined in favour of Quin, on his relating, that Bowen ſometimes drank the health of the Duke of Ormond,

mond, and ſometimes refuſed it; at the ſame time aſking the referee, how he could be as honeſt a man as any in the world, who acted upon two different principles. The gentleman who acted as umpire then told Mr. Bowen, that if he inſiſted upon his claim to be as honeſt a man as any in the world, he muſt give it againſt him. Here the diſpute ſeemed to have ended, nothing in the reſt of the converſation indicating any remains of reſentment in either party. Soon afterwards, however, Mr. Bowen aroſe, threw down ſome money for his reckoning, and left the company. In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Quin was called out by a porter ſent by Bowen, and both Quin and Bowen went together, firſt to the Swan Tavern, and then to the Pope's Head Tavern, where a rencounter took place, in which Bowen received a wound, of which he died on the 20th of April following. In the courſe of the evidence, it was ſworn, that Bowen, after he had received the wound, declared that he had had juſtice done him, that there had been nothing but fair play, and that if he died, he freely forgave his antagoniſt.

On this evidence, Mr. Quin was, on the 10th of July, found guilty of manſlaughter only, and ſoon after returned to his employment on the Stage.

This unhappy incident was not calculated to impreſs a favourable opinion of Mr. Quin on the public mind. When it is conſidered, however, in all its circumſtances, it will not leave much ſtain upon his character. Whatever effect it had at the time, he lived to eraſe the impreſſion it had made by many acts of benevolence and kindneſs to thoſe with whom he was connected.

The theatre in which Mr. Quin was eſtabliſhed, had not the patronage of the public in any degree equal to its rival at Drury-lane, nor had it the good fortune to acquire thoſe advantages which faſhion liberally confers on its favourites, until ſeveral years after. The performances, however, though not equal to thoſe at Drury-lane, were far from deſerving cenſure. In the ſeaſon of 1718-19, Mr. Quin performed in Buckingham's "Scipio Africanus," and in 1719-20, "Sir Walter Raleigh," in Dr. Sewell's play of that name; and in the ſame year had, as it appears, two benefits, "The Provoked Wife," 31ſt of January, before any other perfomer, and again, "The Squire of Alſatia," on the 17th of April. The ſucceeding ſeaſon he performed in Buckingham's "Henry the Fourth of France," in "Richard II." as altered by Theobald, and in "The Imperial Captives," of Mottley. The ſeaſon of 1720-21 was very favourable to his reputation as an actor. On the 22d of October "The Merry Wives of Windſor" was revived, in which he firſt played Falſtaff, with great increaſe of fame. This play, which was well ſupported by Ryan, in Ford; Spiller, in Doctor Caius; Boheme, in Juſtice Shallow; and Griffin, in Sir Hugh Evans; was acted nineteen times during the ſeaſon, a proof that it had made a very favourable impreſſion on the public. In the ſeaſon of 1721-22, he performed in Mitchell's, or rather Hill's "Fatal Extravagance," Sturmy's "Love and Duty," Philips's "Hibernia Freed."—The ſeaſon of 1722-23 produced Fenton's "Mariamne," the moſt ſucceſsful play that theatre had known, in which Mr. Quin performed Sohemus. In the next year, 1723-24, he acted in Jeffreys' "Edwin, and in Philips's "Beliſarius." The ſeaſon of 1724-25 produced no new play in which Mr. Quin had any part; but on the revival of "Every Man in his Humour," he repreſented Old Knowell; and it is not unworthy of obſervation, that Kitely, afterwards ſo admirably performed by Mr. Garrick, was aſſigned to Mr. Hippeſley, the Shuter or Edwin of his day. In 1725-26 he performed in Southern's "Money's the Miſtreſs;" and in 1726-27 in Welſted's "Diſſembled Wanton," and Frowde's "Fall of Saguntum."

For a year or more before this period, Lincoln's-inn-fields theatre had, by the aſſiſtance of ſome pantomimes, as the "Necromancer," "Harlequin Sorcerer," "Apollo and Daphne," &c. been more frequented than at any time ſince it was opened. In the year 1727-28, was offered to the public a piece which was ſo eminently ſucceſsful as ſince to have introduced a new ſpecies of drama, the Comic Opera, and therefore deſerves particular notice. On the 29th January 1728, "The Beggar's Opera" was acted for the firſt time. We are told, that when Gay ſhewed this performance to his patron the Duke of Queenſbury, his grace's obſervation was, "This is a very odd thing, Gay;—it is either a very good thing, or a bad thing." It proved the former, beyond the warmeſt expectation of the author or his friends; though Quin, whoſe knowledge of the public taſte cannot be queſtioned, was ſo doubtful of its ſucceſs, that he refuſed the part of Macheath, which was therefore given to Walker. It was performed ſixty-two nights, and the receipts of the houſe were higher than ever were known before. From the offer of the part of Macheath to Quin, and the choice afterwards of Walker, it is evident that it was not thought neceſſary that the performer ſhould be a firſt-rate ſinger. Two years afterwards, 19th March 1729-30, Mr. Quin had the "Beggar's Opera" for his benefit, and performed the part of Macheath himſelf, and received the ſum of 206l. 9s. 6d. which was ſeveral pounds more than any one night at the common prices had been produced at that theatre. His benefit the preceding year brought him only 102l. 18s. 0d. and the ſucceeding only 129l. 3s. 0d.

The ſeaſon of 1727-8 had been ſo occupied by "The Beggar's Opera," that no new piece was exhibited in which Mr. Quin performed. In that of 1728-9 he performed in Barford's "Virgin Queen," in Madden's "Themiſtocles," and in Mrs. Heywood's "Frederic Duke of Brunſwick." In 1729-30 there was no new play in which he performed. In 1730-31 he aſſiſted in Tracey's "Periander," in Frowde's "Philotas," in Jefferys' "Merope," and in Theobald's "Oreſtes;" and in the next ſeaſon, 1731-2, in Kelly's "Married Philoſopher."

On the 7th December 1732 Covent-garden theatre was opened, and the company belonging to Lincoln's-in-fields removed thither. In the courſe of this ſeaſon Mr. Quin was called upon to exerciſe his talents in ſinging, and accordingly performed Lycomedes in Gay's poſthumous opera of "Achilles" eighteen nights. The next ſeaſon concluded his ſervice at Covent-garden. At this juncture the deaths of Wilks, Booth, and Oldfield, and the ſucceſſion of Cibber, had thrown the management of Drury-lane theatre into raw and unexperienced hands. Mr. Highmore, a gentleman of fortune, who had been tempted to intermeddle in it, had ſuſtained ſo great a loſs, as to oblige him to ſell his intereſt to the beſt bidder. By this event the Drury-lane theatre came into the poſſeſſion of Charles Fleetwood, Eſq. who, it is ſaid, purchaſed it in concert with, and at the recommendation of, Mr. Rich. But a difference ariſing between theſe gentlemen, the former determined to ſeduce from his antagoniſt his beſt performer, and the principal ſupport of his theatre. Availing himſelf of this quarrel, Mr. Quin left Covent-garden, and in the beginning of the ſeaſon 1734-5 removed to the rival theatre, "on ſuch terms," ſays a writer who ſeems to be well informed, "as no hired actor had before received."

During Mr. Quin's connection with Mr. Rich, he was employed, or at leaſt conſulted, in the conduct of the theatre by his principal, as a kind of deputy manager. While in this ſituation, a circumſtance took place which has been frequently and variouſly noticed, and which it may not be improper to relate in the words of the writer laſt quoted.

"When Mr. James Quin was a managing actor under Mr. Rich, at Lincoln's-inn-Fields, he had a whole heap of plays brought him, which he put in a drawer in his bureau. An author had given him a play behind the ſcenes, which I ſuppoſe he might loſe or miſlay, not troubling his head about it. Two or three days after Mr. Bayes waited on him, to know how he liked his play:—Quin told him ſome excuſe for its not being received, and the author deſired to have it returned. "There," ſays Quin, "there it lies on that table."—The author took up a play that was lying on a table, but on opening, found it was a comedy, and his was a tragedy, and told Quin of his miſtake. "Faith, then, Sir," ſaid he, "I have loſt your play."—"Loſt my play!" cries the Bard.—"Yes, by God! I have," anſwered the tragedian; "but here is a drawer full of both comedies and tragedies, take any two you will in the room of it." The poet left him in high dudgeon, and the hero ſtalked acroſs the room to his Spa Water and Rheniſh, with a negligent felicity.

[*To be continued.*]

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

IN ſeveral convents ſituated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, a cuſtom prevails that does honour to human nature: in theſe ſequeſtered cloiſters, which are often placed in the moſt uninhabited parts of the Alps, ſtrangers and travellers are not not only hoſpitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in ſearch of wanderers, and are every morning ſent from the convent with an apparatus faſtened to their collars, containing ſome refreſhment, and a direction to travellers to follow the ſagacious animal: many lives are by this means preſerved in this wild romantic country. During my laſt viſit to the ſouth of France, I made a trip into this mountainous region, and at the convent of ——, where I was at firſt induced to prolong my ſtay by the majeſtic ſcenery of its environs; as that became familiar, I was ſtill more forcibly detained by the amiable manners of the reverend father, who was at that time ſuperior of that monaſtery. From him I received the following pathetic narrative, which I ſhall deliver, as nearly as I can recollect in his own words:

"About twenty years ago, (ſaid the venerable old man) I was then in the fifty-ſeventh year of my age, and ſecond of my priority over this houſe, a moſt ſingular event happened through the ſagacity of one of theſe dogs, to which I became myſelf a witneſs. Not more than a dozen leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman the father of Matilda, who was his only child, and whoſe hiſtory I am going to relate. In the ſame village lived alſo Albert, a youth poſſeſſed of all the world deems excellent in man, except one ſingle article, which was the only object of of regard in the eyes of Matilda's father. Albert, with a graceful perſon, cultivated mind, elegance of manners, and captivating ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, was poor in fortune; and Matilda's father was blind to every other conſideration; blind to his daughter's real happineſs, and a ſtranger to the ſoul-delighting ſenſation of raiſing worth and genius, depreſſed by poverty, to affluence and independence. Therefore, on Matilda's confeſſion of unalterable attachment of her beloved Albert, the cruel father reſolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to diſpoſe both of his daughter and his wealth at pleaſure; the latter he reſolved to bequeath to his nephew Conrad, and Matilda was ſent to a neigbouring convent; where, after a year's probation, ſhe was to be compelled to renounce both Albert and the world.

"Conrad, whoſe artful inſinuations had long worked on the weak mind of this miſguided father, was not content with having thus ſeparated theſe lovers, but by inciting perſecution from the petty creditors of Albert, drove him from his home; and after many fruitleſs endeavours to communicate with his loſt miſtreſs, he fled for ſanctuary to this convent. Here (ſaid the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man, for he was our gueſt about ten months.

"In all this time, Matilda paſſed her days in wretchedneſs and perſecution. The abbeſs of the convent, ſiſter Thereſa, who, to the diſgrace of her profeſſion, and our holy church, diſguiſed the diſpoſition of a devil in the garment of a ſaint, became the friend and miniſter of Conrad's wicked purpoſes, and never ceaſed to perſecute Matilda by falſe reports concerning Albert, urging her to turn her thoughts from him to that heavenly ſpouſe to whom ſhe was about to make an everlaſting vow. Matilda ſcorned her artifice, and love for Albert reſiſted every effort of the abbeſs to ſhake her confidence in his fidelity.

"She was in the laſt week of her noviciate, when her father became dangerouſly ill, and deſired once more to ſee her. Conrad uſed every endeavour to prevent it, but in vain; ſhe was ſent for; and the interview was only in the preſence of Conrad and the nurſe: but when the dying father perceived the altered countenance of his once-beloved child, his heart condemned him; he reflected that the wealth which he was going to quit for ever belonged to her, and not to Conrad, and he reſolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling the will, and conſenting to the union of Albert and Matilda. Having made a ſolemn declaration of his purpoſe, he called for the will; then taking Matilda's hand in one of his, and preſenting the fatal writing with the other, he ſaid, "Forgive thy father!—Deſtroy this paper, and be happy; ſo be my ſins forgiven in heaven!" The joy of his heart at this firſt effort of benevolence, was too much for his exhauſted ſpirits, and he expired as he uttered the laſt words, letting fall the will which he was going to deliver.

"Matilda's gentle ſoul was torn with contending paſſions; ſhe had loſt her father at the moment when he had beſtowed freſh life; and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, ſhe ſunk on the lifeleſs corpſe, in an agony of gratitude and filial tenderneſs.

"Meanwhile Conrad did not let ſlip this opportunity to compleat his plan, which, by the dying words of his uncle, had been ſo nearly defeated. He ſecured the will, and corrupted the nurſe by promiſes and bribes never to reveal what ſhe had witneſſed; half perſuading the intereſted, doating old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceaſed. This idea was but too well ſupported by the firſt queſtion of Matilda, who exclaimed, as ſhe came to herſelf, "Where am I?—ſure 'tis a dream! my father could not ſay I ſhould be happy; he could not bid me tear that fatal will!—Speak, am I really awake, or does my fancy mock me with ſuch ſounds?" The artful Conrad aſſured her that nothing of the kind had paſſed, telling her, that her father had only mentioned Albert's name to curſe him; and, with his laſt breath, commanded her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the perjured nurſe confirmed; and then Matilda, being perfectly recovered, firſt ſaw the horrors of her ſituation. It was in vain for her to deny what they aſſerted, or remonſtrate againſt their combined perfidy. She was preſently, by force, again conveyed to her nunnery, in a ſtate of mind much eaſier to imagine than deſcribe.

"Here ſhe was more violently than ever attacked by Thereſa's perſecution, who urged, with increaſing vehemence, the pretended poſitive commands of her dying father; and, by the advice of Conrad, uſed ſeverities of conventual diſcipline, which almoſt deprived the devoted victim of her reaſon; ſtill pleading that *religion* juſtified her conduct. Can it be wondered that ſuch cruel treatment ſhould, at length, diſturb the piety and faith of poor Matilda; and induce her to exclaim, with preſumptuous bitterneſs, againſt the inſtitutions of our church, and brand the ſacred ordinances of our religion with unjuſt ſuſpicions?

"Why," ſaid ſhe, "why are theſe maſſy gates permitted to exiſt; why are theſe hated walls, ſad priſons of innocence and youth, where fraud and cruelty have power, to torture and confine the helpleſs? —Religion is the plea; Religion which ſhould bring peace, and not affliction to its votaries; then ſurely that religion which juſtifies theſe gloomy dungeons muſt be falſe, and I will abjure it; yes, I will fly to happier regions, where priſons are allotted only to the guilty; there no falſe vows are exacted, but Albert and Matilda may yet be happy."

"The poſſibility of an eſcape had never before preſented itſelf, and, indeed, it could never have occurred but to one whoſe reaſon was diſorded, for ſhe well knew that the doors were ſecured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always depoſited beneath the pillow of the abbeſs.

“ Her imagination was now too much heated to attend to any obſtacles, and with a mixture of foreſight, inſpired by inſanity, ſhe packed up all her little ornaments of value, careleſsly drew on her cloaths, and put in her pocket ſome bread and proviſion which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round her elegant form one of the blankets from the bed, ſhe lighted a taper, and fearleſs walked towards the cloiſter door, idly expecting that it would fly open of its own accord to innocence like her's.—And now, methinks I ſee her with hair diſhevelled, face pale and wan, her large black eyes wildly ſtaring, and the whole of her ghaſtly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of her taper, majeſtically ſtalking through the gloomy-vaulted hall. Arrived at the great door, ſhe found it partly open, and, ſcarcely believing what ſhe ſaw, ſhe quickly glided through it; but, as ſhe paſſed, an iron bar, which ſhe had not obſerved, and which projected at the height of her forehead, ſlightly graſed her temple; and though ſhe ſcarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look, by covering her ghoſtly face with ſtreaks of blood.

“ Although Matilda had never conſidered the improbability of paſſing this door, ſhe now reflected with wonder how ſhe had paſſed it, and fear of a diſcovery began to operate, as ſhe, with more cautious ſteps, moved ſilently through the cloiſter, towards the outer gate; at which, when ſhe approached, ſhe heard Thereſa's voice whiſpering theſe words: “ Adieu! dear Conrad;—but remember that your life, as well as mine, depend on the ſecreſy of our conduct.” Then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran ſwiftly from her, and the abbeſs, turning round, ſtood motionleſs with horror at the bloody ſpectre firmly approaching. The guilty mind of Thereſa could only ſuppoſe the horrid viſion to be the departed ſpirit of one whom ſhe thought her cruelties had murdered; and while the panic ſeized her whole frame, a guſt of wind from the gate extinguiſhing the taper, Matilda ſeemed to vaniſh, as ſhe reſolutely puſhed through the poſtern door, ſtill open.

“ Thereſa was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice to let fear long take poſſeſſion of her prudence: the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to purſue the phantom, if her recovering courage had ſuggeſted it; ſhe therefore reſolved to faſten both the doors, and return in ſilence to her own apartment, waiting in all the perturbation of anxiety and guilt, till morning ſhould explain this dreadful myſtery.

“ Meanwhile Matilda, conſcious of her innocence, and rejoicing in her eſcape, purſued a wandering courſe through the unfrequented paths of this mountainous diſtrict, during three whole days and nights; partly ſupporting her fatigue by the proviſions ſhe had taken with her, but more from a degree of inſanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural ſtrength; yet in her diſtracted mind, this laſt inſtance of Thereſa's wickedneſs, had excited a diſguſt and loathing, bordering on fury, againſt every religious or monaſtic inſtitution.”

The monk had proceeded thus far, when he was called away to attend the duties of his convent, and promiſed to continue the narrative at his return.

[*To be continued.*]

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

IN LONDON.

The PLEASURES OF MEMORY, *a Poem, in Two Parts. By the Author of "an Ode to Superſtition, with ſome other Poems."* *4to. 3s. 6d. Boards. Cadell.*

IF the author of this poem be thought happy in the choice of a copious and fertile theme, which has yet, by no means, been exhauſted, he is equally ſo in the manner in which he has treated it. Correctneſs of thought, delicacy of ſentiment, variety of imagery, and harmony of verſification, are the characters which diſtinguiſh this beautiful poem, in a degree that cannot fail to enſure its ſucceſs.

The work opens with the deſcription of an obſcure village, and of the pleaſing melancholy which it excites, on being reviſited after a long abſence. The poet repreſents himſelf as ſurrounded with thoſe objects which recal to his memory the days of his childhood; and, by means of the aſſociating principle, excites a ſucceſſion of intereſting emotions:

> 'Mark yon old Manſion, frowning thro' the trees,
> Whoſe hollow turret wooes the whiſtling breeze.
> That caſement, arch'd with ivy's browneſt ſhade,
> Firſt to theſe eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
> The mouldering gateway ſtrews the graſs-grown court,
> Once the calm ſcene of many a ſimple ſport;
> When nature pleas'd, for life itſelf was new,
> And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
>
> See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
> Where moſs inlays the rudely-ſculptur'd ſhield,
> The Martin's old, hereditary neſt.
> Long may the ruin ſpare its hallow'd gueſt!
>
> As jars the hinge, what ſullen echoes call!
> Oh haſte, unfold the hoſpitable hall!
> That hall, where once, in antiquated ſtate,
> The chair of juſtice held the grave debate.
>
> Now ſtain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
> Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
> When round yon ample board, in due degree,
> We ſweeten'd every meal with ſocial glee.
> The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jeſt;
> And all was ſunſhine in each little breaſt.
> 'Twas here we chas'd the ſlipper by its ſound;
> And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
> 'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
> And Fancy flutter'd on her wildeſt wing.
> Giants and genii chain'd the wondering ear;
> And orphan-woes drew Nature's ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the foreſt-ſeats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With ſtartling ſtep we ſcal'd the lonely tow'r;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when ſmiling in its ſleep.

Ye Houſehold Deities! whoſe guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere regiſter'd on high;
Still, ye walk the conſecrated ground,
And breathe the ſoul of Inſpiration round.

As o'er the duſky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The ſtoried arras, ſource of fond delight,
With old atchievement charms the wilder'd ſight;
And ſtill, with Heraldry's rich hues impreſt,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd creſt.
The ſcreen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
The clock ſtill points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When ſoft it ſpoke a promis'd pleaſure near:
And has its ſober hand, its ſimple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That maſſive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet ſooth'd my penſive thought;
Thoſe muſkets cas'd with venerable ruſt;
Thoſe once-lov'd forms ſtill breathing in their duſt,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic caſt,
Starting to life—all whiſper of the paſt!'

This power of the mind he conceives to be called into action in two ways; either by the preſence of ſenſible objects, or by an internal operation of the mind. This is illuſtrated by a variety of examples; particularly by the attachment which we naturally form to inanimate objects; and by the pleaſure derived from hiſtoric ſcenes, from paintings, and from the review of juvenile days. The aſſociating principle, as employed by Memory, is ſhewn to be conducive to virtue no leſs than to happineſs; addreſſing our finer feelings, and giving exerciſe to every mild and generous propenſity. Its power is felt through all animated nature, and its effects are peculiarly ſtriking in the domeſtic tribes:

'Recal the traveller *, whoſe alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-ſtorm;
And who will firſt his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter ſpurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog ſhall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which paſſes ſpeech.
And ſee, the maſter but returns to die!
Yet who ſhall bid the watchful ſervant fly?

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* *Ulyſſes's dog will here preſent himſelf to every reader's memory.*

The blaſts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton inſults of unfeeling mirth;
Theſe, when to guard misfortune's ſacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.'

LETTERS FROM AMERICA, *Hiſtorical, and Deſcriptive; compriſing Occurrences from* 1769 *to* 1777, *incluſive. By* WILLIAM EDDIS, *late Surveyor of the Cuſtoms, &c. at Annapolis, in Maryland.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. Boards. Dilly.*

MR. EDDIS arrived on the American continent in the month of Auguſt 1769, and, by virtue of his ſituation, had an opportunity of collecting the prevailing ſentiments and diſpoſitions of the Americans; ſo that his repreſentations merit regard. He quitted it in Nov. 1777. His letters are forty in number. Thoſe, which are placed at the beginning of the volume, contain ſhort deſcriptions of the country, of the government, and of the trade, manners, and cuſtoms, of the inhabitants; theſe are followed by others, which give an account of the breaking out of the war, and of the vigour and unanimity with which the colonies engaged in it, together with its progreſs, till his departure from New-York; the concluding letters narrate the difficulties and dangers which the author experienced, from the time of his diſmiſſion from his office at Annapolis, in conſequence of his refuſing to take the oath tendered him by the Americans, till he arrived at New-York. Of this correſpondence, that part which deſcribes the country and the ſtate of ſociety in America, will generally be thought the moſt entertaining. He touches on a variety of topics, but in rather a too curſory manner; he writes, however, with eaſe, and his remarks are generally ſenſible. In his ſixth letter, he gives an account of the ſtate of ſervitude in Maryland; and as this may be acceptable at the preſent juncture, to many of our readers, we ſhall make no apology for laying a part of it before them:

'Perſons in a ſtate of ſervitude are under four diſtinct denominations: negroes, who are the entire property of their reſpective owners: convicts, who are tranſported from the mother country for a limited term: indented ſervants, who are engaged for five years previous to their leaving England; and free-willers, who are ſuppoſed, from their ſituation, to poſſeſs ſuperior advantages.

'The negroes in this province are, in general, natives of the country; very few in proportion being imported from the coaſt of Africa. They are better cloathed, better fed, and better treated, than their unfortunate brethren, whom a more rigid fate hath ſubjected to ſlavery in our Weſt-India iſlands; neither are their employments ſo laborious, nor the acts of the legiſlature ſo partially oppreſſive againſt them. The further we proceed to the northward, the leſs number of people are to be found of this complexion: in the New-England government, negroes are almoſt as ſcarce as on your ſide of the Atlantic, and but few are under actual ſlavery; but as we advance to the ſouth, their multitudes aſtoniſhingly increaſe, and in the Carolinas they conſiderably exceed the number of white inhabitants.'

ANNA ST. IVES: *a Novel.* *By* THOMAS HOLCROFT. *12mo. 7 Vols. 1l. 1s. ſewed. Shepperſon and Reynolds.* 1792.

IMPROBABILITY on the one ſide, and triteneſs on the other, are the Scylla and Carybdis of noveliſts. To fall into the latter, and to periſh in oblivion, is the certain fate of feeble minds, deſtitute of that native vigour which is the parent of originality. To be borne away by the former is not unfrequently the misfortune of writers, whoſe fancy is not ſteadily kept under the direction of good ſenſe and a correct taſte.

Anna St. Ives, in her leading features, is a child of imagination, of which we may venture to aſſert that no archetype exiſts in nature.—A young lady, with high and rigid notions of propriety, taking a young man, the ſon of her father's gardener, as a kind of ſentimental friend and favourite, on a journey to London and Paris;—giving ſuch encouragement to his hopes as authorized him to ſay that, 'to the end of time he ſhould perſiſt in thinking her his by right;'—declaring, that 'as ſhe ought, ſhe loves him infinitely;'—and, in the burſt of paſſion, ſealing her love with a kiſs, in which 'the purity of the will ſanctified the extravagance of the act;'—and notwithſtanding all this, under the notion of controuling the paſſions, and of living for the cauſe of virtue, relinquiſhing the connection which promiſed entire felicity, and admitting the addreſſes of a young man of brilliant talents, of libertine principles and manners, the brother of her female friend, with the romantic deſign of correcting his errors, and of reſtoring his mind to its true ſtation;—inviting her philoſophical friend, whom ſhe has refuſed to marry, to aſſiſt her in executing her project;—in unſuſpecting ſimplicity communicating her deſign to her new lover, and catechiſing him concerning his power and inclination to conform to her ſyſtem:—after promiſing him marriage, laying open to him the whole ſtory of her former attachment, not excepting even the circumſtance of the kiſs, as an inſtructive leſſon of morality;—entering into philoſophical conferences with him concerning the progreſs of the mind toward perfection, and the different order of things which muſt inevitably be the reſult, till, at laſt, ſhe concedes, that, in a perfect ſtate of ſociety, no domeſtic appropriation can ſubſiſt; and, while ſhe admires his candour and force of thinking; does not perceive that he has been laying a ſnare for her ruin;—and, without diſcovering her danger, perſiſting in this philoſophical reverie to the inſtant in which the hypocrite unmaſks, and, on the principles which ſhe has admitted, demands, as an act of juſtice, the rights of an huſband:—all this is ſo remote from every thing which we obſerve in real life, that we muſt pronounce it highly improbable, if not wholly unnatural. In the romantic character of Anna St. Ives, there is, however, much to admire.

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN: *With Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects.* *By* MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. *8vo. 6s. Boards. Johnſon.* 1792.

THE fundamental principle, on which the whole argument of this work is founded, is that, except in affairs of love, ſexual diſtinctions ought to be diſregarded, and women be conſidered in the light of rational creatures; who, in common with men, are placed in this world to unfold their faculties, and whoſe firſt object of ambition ought to be to obtain a character as a human Being. It is acknowledged that more attention has lately been paid to the education of women than formerly: but it is at the ſame time maintained, that the method, in which they are commonly educated, only tends to enfeeble both the body and the mind, and to render them inſignificant objects of deſire. In order to correct this error, which is conſidered by Miſs Wollſtonecraft as a groſs violation of juſtice againſt one-half of the ſpecies, and as prolific in miſchief to the whole; and after ſome general obſervations on the rights and duties of human beings, and on the cauſes of the preſent imperfect ſtate of human ſociety; the prevailing opinion of a ſexual character is diſcuſſed, and its influence on female education and manners is, with equal ſolidity of reaſoning, and ſtrength of colouring, repreſented at large. From a great variety of juſt obſervations and bold reflections on this ſubject, we ſelect the following:

'Many are the cauſes that, in the preſent corrupt ſtate of ſociety, contribute to enſlave women by cramping their underſtandings and ſharpening their ſenſes. One, perhaps, that ſilently does more miſchief than all the reſt, is their diſregard of order.

'To do every thing in an orderly manner, is a moſt important precept, which women, who, generally ſpeaking, receive only a diſorderly kind of education, ſeldom attend to with that degree of exactneſs that men, who from their infancy are broken into method, obſerve. This negligent kind of gueſs-work, for what other epithet can be uſed to point out the random exertions of a ſort of inſtinctive common ſenſe, never brought to the teſt of reaſon? prevents their generalizing matters of fact—ſo they do to-day, what they did yeſterday, merely becauſe they did it yeſterday.

'This contempt of the underſtanding in early life has more baneful conſequences than is commonly ſuppoſed; for the little knowledge which women of ſtrong minds attain, is, from various circumſtances, of a more deſultory kind than the knowledge of men, and it is acquired more by ſheer obſervations on real life, than from comparing what has been individually obſerved with the reſults of experience generalized by ſpeculation. Led by their dependent ſituation and domeſtic employments more into ſociety, what they learn is rather by ſnatches; and as learning is with them, in general, only a ſecondary thing, they do not purſue any one branch with that perſevering ardour neceſſary to give vigour to the faculties, and clearneſs to the judgment. In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, a little learning is required to ſupport the character of a gentleman; and boys are obliged to ſubmit to a few years of diſcipline. But in the education of women, the cultivation of the underſtanding is always ſubordinate to the acquirement of ſome corporeal accompliſhment; even while enervated by confinement and falſe notions of modeſty, the body is prevented from attaining that grace and beauty which relaxed half-formed limbs never exhibit. Beſides, in youth, their faculties are not brought forward by emulation; and having no ſerious ſcientific ſtudy, if they have natural ſagacity, it is turned too ſoon on life and manners. They dwell on effects, and modifications, without tracing them back to cauſes; and complicated rules to adjuſt behaviour, are a weak ſubſtitute for ſimple principles.

'As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakneſs to females, we may inſtance the example of military men, who are, like them, ſent into the world before their minds have been ſtored with knowledge or fortified by principles. The conſequences are ſimilar; ſoldiers acquire a little ſuperficial knowledge, ſnatched from the muddy current of converſation, and, from continually mixing with ſociety, they gain, what is termed, a knowledge of the world; and this acquaintance with manners and cuſtoms has frequently been confounded with the knowledge of the human heart. But can the crude fruit of caſual obſervation, never brought to the teſt of judgment, formed by comparing ſpeculation and experience, deſerve ſuch a diſtinction? Soldiers, as well as women, practiſe the minor virtues with punctilious politeneſs. Where is then the ſexual difference, when the education has been the ſame? All the difference that I can diſcern, ariſes from the ſuperior advantage of liberty, which enables the former to ſee more of life.'

The folly of the preſent mode of female education is well expoſed in the contraſted pictures of a woman formed after the faſhionable model, and another educated on rational principles, in the trying ſituation, when ſhe is left with a large family, without her accuſtomed guide and protector:

'Suppoſing a woman, trained up to obedience, be married to a ſenſible man, who directs her judgment without making her feel the ſervility of her ſubjection, to act with as much propriety by this reflected light as can be expected when reaſon is taken at ſecond hand, yet ſhe cannot enſure the life of her protector; he may die and leave her with a large family.

'A double duty devolves on her; to educate them in the character of both father and mother; to form their principles and ſecure their property. But, alas! ſhe has never thought, much leſs acted for herſelf. She has only learned to pleaſe men, to depend gracefully on them; yet, encumbered with children, how is ſhe to obtain another protector—a huſband to ſupply the place of reaſon? A rational man, for we are not treading on romantic ground, though he may think her a pleaſing docile creature, will not chooſe to marry a *family* for love, when the world contains many more pretty creatures. What is then to become of her? She either falls an eaſy prey to ſome mean fortune-hunter, who defrauds her children of their paternal inheritance, and renders her miſerable; or becomes the victim of diſcontent and blind indulgence. Unable to educate her ſons, or impreſs them with reſpect; for it is not a play on words to aſſert, that people are never reſpected, though filling an important ſtation, who are not reſpectable; ſhe pines under the anguiſh of unavailing impotent regret. The ſerpent's tooth enters into her very ſoul, and the vices of licentious youth bring her with ſorrow, if not with poverty alſo, to the grave.

'This is not an overcharged picture; on the contrary, it is a very poſſible caſe, and ſomething ſimilar muſt have fallen under every attentive eye.

'I have, however, taken it for granted, that ſhe was well-diſpoſed, though experience ſhews, that the blind may as eaſily be led into a ditch as along the beaten road. But ſuppoſing, no very improbable conjecture, that a being only taught to pleaſe muſt ſtill find her happineſs in pleaſing;—what an example of folly, not to ſay vice, will ſhe be to her innocent daughters! The mother will be loſt in the coquette, and, inſtead of making friends of her daughters, view them with eyes aſkance, for they are rivals—rivals more cruel than any other, becauſe they invite a compariſon, and drive her from the throne of beauty, who has never thought of a ſeat on the bench of reaſon.

'It does not require a lively pencil, or the diſcriminating out-line of a caricature, to ſketch the domeſtic miſeries and petty vices which ſuch a miſtreſs of a family diffuſes. Still ſhe only acts as a woman ought to act, brought up according to Rouſſeau's ſyſtem. She can never be reproached for being maſculine, or turning out of her ſphere; nay, ſhe may obſerve another of his grand rules, and cautiouſly preſerving her reputation free from ſpot, be reckoned a good kind of woman. Yet in what reſpect can ſhe be termed good? She abſtains, it is true, without any great ſtruggle, from committing groſs crimes; but how does ſhe fulfil her duties? Duties!—in truth ſhe has enough to think of to adorn her body and nurſe a weak conſtitution.

'With reſpect to religion, ſhe never preſumed to judge for herſelf; but conformed, as a dependent creature ſhould, to the ceremonies of the church ſhe was brought up in, piouſly believing that wiſer heads than her own had ſettled that buſineſs:—and not to doubt is her point of perfection. She therefore pays her tythe of mint and cummin—and thanks her God that ſhe is not as other women are. Theſe are the bleſſed effects of a good education! Theſe are the virtues of man's help-mate!

'I muſt relieve myſelf by drawing a different picture.

'Let fancy now preſent a woman with a tolerable underſtanding, for I do not wiſh to leave the line of mediocrity, whoſe conſtitution, ſtrengthened by exerciſe, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the ſame time, gradually expanding itſelf to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity conſiſt.

'Formed thus by the diſcharge of the relative duties of her ſtation, ſhe marries from affection, without loſing ſight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, ſhe ſecures her huſband's reſpect before it is neceſſary to exert mean arts to pleaſe him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendſhip and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection.—This is the natural death of love, and domeſtic peace is not deſtroyed by ſtruggles to prevent its extinction. I alſo ſuppoſe the huſband to be virtuous; or ſhe is ſtill more in want of independent principles.

'Fate, however, breaks this tie.—She is left a widow, perhaps, without a ſufficient proviſion; but ſhe is not deſolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has ſoftened ſorrow into melancholy reſignation,

nation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondneſs, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a ſacred heroic caſt to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye ſees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now muſt flow, and whoſe approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abſtracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand cloſed, may ſtill ſee how ſhe ſubdues every wayward paſſion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raiſed to heroiſm by misfortunes, ſhe repreſſes the firſt faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her ſex—forgets the pleaſure of an awakening paſſion, which might again have been inſpired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleaſing, and conſcious dignity prevents her from priding herſelf on account of the praiſes which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brighteſt hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often ſtrays.

'I think I ſee her ſurrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilſt health and innocence ſmile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up the cares of life are leſſened by their grateful attention. She lives to ſee the virtues which ſhe endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to ſee her children attain a ſtrength of character ſufficient to enable them to endure adverſity without forgetting their mother's example.

'The taſk of life thus fulfilled, ſhe calmly waits for the ſleep of death, and riſing from the grave, may ſay—Behold, thou gaveſt me a talent—and here are five talents.'

In the ſame ſpirited manner does this writer proceed to exhibit, in many particulars, the ſtate of degradation to which woman is, by various cauſes, reduced. The conſequence of ſuppoſing that the chief end of her exiſtence is to pleaſe the other ſex, is forcibly deſcribed:

'In the middle rank of life, to continue the compariſon, men, in their youth, are prepared for profeſſions, and marriage is not conſidered as the grand feature in their lives; whilſt women, on the contrary, have no other ſcheme to ſharpen their faculties. It is not buſineſs, extenſive plans, or any of the excurſive flights of ambition that engroſs their attention; no, their thoughts are not employed in rearing ſuch noble ſtructures. To riſe in the world, and have the liberty of running from pleaſure to pleaſure, they muſt marry advantageouſly, and to this object their time is ſacrificed, and their perſons often legally proſtituted. A man when he enters any profeſſion has his eye ſteadily fixed on ſome future advantage (and the mind gains great ſtrength by having all its efforts directed to one point), and, full of his buſineſs, pleaſure is conſidered as mere relaxation; whilſt women ſeek for pleaſure as the main purpoſe of exiſtence. In fact, from the education, which they receive from ſociety, the love of pleaſure may be ſaid to govern them all; but does this prove that there is a ſex in ſouls? It would be juſt as rational to declare that the courtiers in France, when a deſtructive ſyſtem of deſpotiſm had formed their character, were not men, becauſe liberty, virtue, and humanity, were ſacrificed to pleaſure and vanity.—Fatal paſſions, which have ever domineered over the the *whole* race!

'The ſame love of pleaſure, foſtered by the whole tendency of their education, gives a trifling turn to the conduct of women in moſt circumſtances: for inſtance, they are ever anxious about ſecondary things; and on the watch for adventures, inſtead of being occupied by duties.

'A man, when he undertakes a journey, has, in general, the end in view; a woman thinks more of the incidental occurrences, the ſtrange things that may poſſibly occur on the road; the impreſſion that ſhe may make on her fellow-travellers; and, above all, ſhe is anxiouſly intent on the care of the finery that ſhe carries with her, which is more than ever a part of herſelf, when going to figure on a new ſcene; when, to uſe an apt French turn of expreſſion, ſhe is going to produce a ſenſation.—Can dignity of mind exiſt with ſuch trivial cares?

'In ſhort, women, in general, as well as the rich of both ſexes, have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and miſſed the uſeful fruit. It is not neceſſary for me always to premiſe, that I ſpeak of the condition of the whole ſex, leaving exceptions out of the queſtion. Their ſenſes are inflamed, and their underſtandings neglected, conſequently they become the prey of their ſenſes, delicately termed ſenſibility, and are blown about by every momentary guſt of feeling. They are, therefore, in a much worſe condition than they would be in were they in a ſtate nearer to nature. Ever reſtleſs and anxious, their over-exerciſed ſenſibility not only renders them uncomfortable themſelves, but troubleſome, to uſe a ſoft phraſe, to others. All their thoughts turn on things calculated to excite emotion; and feeling, when they ſhould reaſon, their conduct is unſtable, and their opinions are wavering—not the wavering produced by deliberation or progreſſive views, but by contradictory emotions. By fits and ſtarts they are warm in many purſuits; yet this warmth, never concentrated into perſeverance, ſoon exhauſts itſelf; exhaled by its own heat, or meeting with ſome other fleeting paſſion, to which reaſon has never given any ſpecific gravity, neutrality enſues. Miſerable, indeed, muſt be that being whoſe cultivation of mind has only tended to inflame its paſſions! A diſtinction ſhould be made between inflaming and ſtrengthening them. The paſſions thus pampered, while the judgment is left unformed, what can be expected to enſue?—Undoubtedly a mixture of madneſs and folly!'

How incompletely the acquiſition of exterior accompliſhments, without intellectual attainments, qualifies a woman for domeſtic life, is thus repreſented:

'With reſpect to women, when they receive a careful education, they are either made fine ladies, brimful of ſenſibility, and teeming with capricious fancies; or mere notable women. The latter are often friendly, honeſt creatures, and have a ſhrewd kind of good ſenſe joined with worldly prudence, that often renders them more uſeful members of ſociety than the fine ſentimental lady, though they poſſeſs neither greatneſs of mind nor taſte. The intellectual world is ſhut againſt them; take them out of their family or neighbourhood, and they ſtand ſtill; the mind finding no employment, for literature affords a fund of amuſement which they have never ſought to reliſh, but frequently to deſpiſe. The ſentiments and taſte of more cultivated minds appear ridiculous, even in thoſe whom chance and family connections have led them to love; but in mere acquaintance they think it all affectation.

'A man of ſenſe can only love ſuch a woman on account of her ſex, and reſpect her, becauſe ſhe is a truſty ſervant. He lets her, to preſerve his own peace, ſcold the ſervants, and go to church in clothes made of the very beſt materials. A man of her own ſize of underſtanding would, probably, not agree ſo well with her; for he might wiſh to encroach on her prerogative, and manage ſome domeſtic concerns himſelf. Yet women, whoſe minds are not enlarged by cultivation, or the natural ſelfiſhneſs of ſenſibility expanded by reflection, are very unfit to manage a family; for, by an undue ſtretch of power, they are always tyrannizing to ſupport a ſuperiority that only reſts on the arbitrary diſtinction of fortune. The evil is ſometimes more ſerious, and domeſtics are deprived of innocent indulgences, and made to work beyond their ſtrength, in order to enable the notable woman to keep a better table, and outſhine her neighbours in finery and parade. If ſhe attend to her children, it is, in general, to dreſs them in a coſtly manner—and, whether this attention ariſes from vanity or fondneſs, it is equally pernicious.

'Beſides, how many women of this deſcription paſs their days, or, at leaſt, their evenings, diſcontentedly. Their huſbands acknowledge that they are good managers and chaſte wives; but leave home to ſeek for more agreeable, may I be allowed to uſe a ſignificant French word, *piquant* ſociety; and the patient drudge, who fulfils her taſk, like a blind horſe in a mill, is defrauded of her juſt reward; for the wages due to her are the careſſes of her huſband; and women who have ſo few reſources in themſelves, do not very patiently bear this privation of a natural right.

'A fine lady, on the contrary, has been taught to look down with contempt on the vulgar employments of life; though ſhe has only been incited to acquire accompliſhments that riſe a degree above ſenſe; for even corporeal accompliſhments cannot be acquired with any degree of preciſion unleſs the underſtanding has been ſtrengthened by exerciſe. Without a foundation of principles, taſte is ſuperficial; and grace muſt ariſe from ſomething deeper than imitation. The imagination, however, is heated, and the feelings rendered faſtidious, if not ſophiſticated; or, a counterpoiſe of judgment is not acquired, when the heart ſtill remains artleſs, though it becomes too tender.

'Theſe women are often amiable; and their hearts are really more ſenſible to general benevolence, more alive to the ſentiments that civilize life, than the ſquare-elbowed family drudge; but, wanting a due proportion of reflection and ſelf-government, they only inſpire love; and are the miſtreſſes of their huſbands, whilſt they have any hold on their affections; and the platonic friends of his male acquaintance. Theſe are the fair defects in nature; the women who appear to be created not to enjoy the fellowſhip of man, but to ſave him from ſinking into abſolute brutality, by rubbing off the rough angles of his character; and by playful dalliance to give ſome dignity to the appetite that draws him to them.—Gracious Creator of the whole human race! haſt thou created ſuch a being as woman, who can trace thy wiſdom in thy works, and feel that thou alone art by thy nature exalted above her,—for no better purpoſe?—Can ſhe believe that ſhe was only made to ſubmit to man, her equal; a being, who, like her, was ſent into the world to acquire virtue?—Can ſhe conſent to be occupied merely to pleaſe him; merely to adorn the earth, when her ſoul is capable of riſing to thee? And can ſhe reſt ſupinely dependent on man for reaſon, when ſhe ought to mount with him the arduous ſteeps of knowledge!—'

The ſum of our fair philoſopher's doctrine concerning the degradation of the female character is, that it ſprings entirely from the want of a due cultivation of the rational powers.

'Purity of mind, or that genuine delicacy, which is the only virtuous ſupport of chaſtity, is near akin to that refinement of humanity, which never reſides in any but cultivated minds. It is ſomething nobler than innocence; it is the delicacy of reflection, and not the coyneſs of ignorance. The reſerve of reaſon, which, like habitual cleanlineſs, is ſeldom ſeen in any great degree, unleſs the ſoul is active, may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from ruſtic ſhyneſs or wanton ſkittiſhneſs; and ſo far from being incompatible with knowledge, it is its faireſt fruit. What a groſs idea of modeſty had the writer of the following remark! "The lady who aſked the queſtion whether women may be inſtructed in the modern ſyſtem of botany, conſiſtently with female delicacy?—was accuſed of ridiculous prudery: nevertheleſs, if ſhe had propoſed the queſtion to me, I ſhould certainly have anſwered—They cannot." Thus is the fair book of knowledge to be ſhut with an everlaſting ſeal! On reading ſimilar paſſages I have reverentially lifted up my eyes and heart to Him who liveth for ever and ever, and ſaid, O my father, haſt Thou by the very conſtitution of her nature forbid Thy child to ſeek Thee in the fair forms of truth? And, can her ſoul be ſullied by the knowledge that awfully calls her to Thee?

'I have then philoſophically purſued theſe reflections till I inferred that thoſe women who have moſt improved their reaſon muſt have the moſt modeſty—though a dignified ſedateneſs of deportment may have ſucceeded the playful, bewitching baſhfulneſs of youth.

'And thus have I argued. To render chaſtity the virtue from which unſophiſticated modeſty will naturally flow, the attention ſhould be called away from employments which only exerciſe the ſenſibility; and the heart made to beat time to humanity, rather than to throb with love. The woman who has dedicated a conſiderable portion of her time to purſuits purely intellectual, and whoſe affections have been exerciſed by humane plans of uſefulneſs, muſt have more purity of mind, as a natural conſequence, than the ignorant beings whoſe time and thoughts have been occupied by gay pleaſures or ſchemes to conquer hearts. The regulation of the behaviour is not modeſty, though thoſe who ſtudy rules of decorum are, in general, termed modeſt women. Make the heart clean, let it expand and feel for all that is human, inſtead of being narrowed by ſelfiſh paſſions; and let the mind frequently contemplate ſubjects that exerciſe the underſtanding, without heating the imagination, and artleſs modeſty will give the finiſhing touches to the picture.'

This ſubject is ſtill farther purſued, with a degree of freedom which may perhaps be thought ſingular in a female, but with a philoſophical air of dignity and gravity, which precludes every idea of indecorum, and almoſt prohibits the intruſion of a ſmile.

The pernicious effects ariſing from the unnatural diſtinctions eſtabliſhed in ſociety, are, in the next place, unfolded in a ſeries of general obſervations on the preſent ſtate of ſociety, and particularly applied to the preſent condition of females. The ſtate of dependance, in which the preſent laws of ſociety place married women, is ſhewn to be exceedingly injurious to the female character:

'To render a woman really virtuous and uſeful, ſhe muſt not, if ſhe diſcharge her civil duties, want, individually, the protection of civil laws; ſhe muſt not be dependent on her huſband's bounty for her ſubſiſtence during his life, or ſupport after his death—for how can a being be generous who has nothing of its own? or virtuous, who is not free? The wife, in the preſent ſtate of things, who is faithful to her huſband, and neither ſuckles nor educates her children, ſcarcely deſerves the name of a wife, and has no right to that of a citizen. But take away natural rights, and there is of courſe an end of duties.

'Women thus infallibly become only the wanton ſolace of men, when they are ſo weak in mind and body, that they cannot exert themſelves, unleſs to purſue ſome frothy pleaſure, or to invent ſome frivolous faſhion. What can be a more melancholy ſight to a thinking mind, than to look into the numerous carriages that drive helter-ſkelter about this metropolis in a morning full of pale-faced creatures who are flying from themſelves. I have often wiſhed, with Dr. Johnſon, to place ſome of them in a little ſhop, with half a dozen children looking up to their languid countenances for ſupport. I am much miſtaken, if ſome latent vigour would not ſoon give health and ſpirit to their eyes, and ſome lines drawn by the exerciſe of reaſon on the blank cheeks, which before were only undulated by dimples, might reſtore loſt dignity to the character, or rather enable it to attain the true dignity of its nature. Virtue is not to be acquired even by ſpeculation, much leſs by the negative ſupineneſs that wealth naturally generates.'

The importance of a well-cultivated underſtanding, to the due diſcharge of the perſonal duties, is ſhewn, in a variety of ſtriking particulars; inſtances are adduced of the folly which the ignorance of women generates; and a plan is offered for the improvement of female education. It propoſes that, under a national eſtabliſhment, day-ſchools ſhould be provided in every town; in which, elementary inſtruction of every kind ſhould be given to boys and girls promiſcuouſly. This project has perhaps a better claim to attention than its novelty: let the reader judge:

'To improve both ſexes they ought, not only in private families, but in public ſchools, to be educated together. If marriage be the cement of ſociety, mankind ſhould all be educated after the ſame model, or the intercourſe of the ſexes will never deſerve the name of fellowſhip, nor will women ever fulfil the peculiar duties of their ſex, till they become enlightened citizens, till they become free by being enabled to earn their own ſubſiſtence, independent of men; in the ſame manner, I mean, to prevent miſconſtruction, as one man is independent of another. Nay, marriage will never be held ſacred till women, by being brought up with men, are prepared to be their companions rather than their miſtreſſes; for the mean doublings of cunning will ever render them contemptible, whilſt oppreſſion renders them timid. So convinced am I of this truth, that I will venture to predict that virtue will never prevail in ſociety till the virtues of both ſexes are founded on reaſon; and till the affections common to both are allowed to gain their due ſtrength by the diſcharge of mutual duties.

'Were boys and girls permitted to purſue the ſame ſtudies together, thoſe graceful decencies might early be inculcated which produce modeſty without thoſe ſexual diſtinctions that taint the mind. Leſſons of politeneſs, and that formulary of decorum, which treads on the heels of falſehood, would be rendered uſeleſs by habitual propriety of behaviour. Not indeed put on for viſitors like the courtly robe of politeneſs, but the ſober effect of cleanlineſs of mind. Would not this ſimple elegance of ſincerity be a chaſte homage paid to domeſtic affections, far ſurpaſſing the meretricious compliments that ſhine with falſe luſtre in the heartleſs intercourſe of faſhionable life? But, till more underſtanding preponderates in ſociety, there will ever be a want of heart and taſte, and the harlot's *rouge* will ſupply the place of that celeſtial ſuffuſion which only virtuous affections can give to the face. Gallantry, and what is called love, may ſubſiſt without ſimplicity of character; but the main pillars of friendſhip, are reſpect and confidence—eſteem is never founded on it cannot tell what!'

The VIRTUES *of* AURUM PALPABILE.

AURUM palpabile, or tangible gold. Though this is only a refinement of the ore, yet it may juſtly be called a panpharmacon, or an univerſal medicine. There are few political diſorders in which it is not happily adminiſtered, as it generally performs a cure. The rabies patriotica (or patriotic fury) has often yielded to this remedy; and there have been inſtances where patients have been ſo far gone in this diſtemper, that they have bellowed, foamed at the mouth, ſtamped on the ground, and clenched their fiſts, and by a proper doſe of aurum palpabile, have not only had their paroxyſms abated, but have been rendered as meek as lambs. Their mouths have been effectually ſtopped, their rage quieted, and their ſtamping ſo far abated, that they have had no uſe of their feet, but inſtinctively to follow the adminiſtrator out or in, to the right or to the left. As this medicine hath very often ſhut the moſt vociferous mouth, ſo it hath opened ſome that were quite dumb before. It hath made lawyers plead, divines preach, and members of parliament ſpeak. Nay, it hath had ſuch effect on the limbs, that ſoldiers' arms, ſeamens' feet, and treaſurers' fingers, have been put in motion by the wonderful operations of this ſovereign drug.—Nay, there is ſcarce any thing but it can do in the hands of an able diſpenſer of it.

Sal Satyricum, or Satirical Salt, very uſeful for ſeaſoning ſpeeches in parliament, and affords poignancy in reply. By means of this ſalt, many arguments that could not be anſwered, have been turned into ridicule, and ſome ſpeakers have been brow-beaten, who could not have been confuted.

Oleum Sycophantinum, or Oil of Flattery. This is a moſt powerful medicine, it cures all contractions in the back, neck, or ſinews of the hams, if properly applied. It has made many perſons extremely ſupple, who were before very ſtiff; and has occaſioned more people to bow than all the dancing maſters in the kingdom. It is uſually adminiſtered in at the ears, and generally has effect, unleſs it is poured too faſt, and in an injudicious manner.

This oil flows naturally from ſeveral ſprings which communicate with moſt courts, palaces, and ſeats of government.

Balſamum Soporificum, or Quieting Balſam. This balſam is ſovereign for blunting the ſtings of conſcience, the thorns of remorſe, and pangs of recollection.

Aqua Lethalis, or Deadly Water, ſo called, becauſe it kills all remembrance of paſt times, that any man would chuſe to forget. It ariſes from a cold ſpring, in the centre of the Treaſury Office, and has made many perſons forget what they were, what they have promiſed, and from whom they ſprung. By the uſe of this water a man has forgot his friends, his principles, and himſelf.

The PHYSICIAN *and* PATIENT.

A CATECHISM.

Ph. HOW do you find yourſelf?

Pa. Find myſelf!—Why here in my own parlour—Where would you have me be?

Ph. I mean, how is your habit of body?

Pa. I can ſay but little in favour of my body habits—My coat is out at the elbows; and my waiſtcoat is not in a much better plight.

Ph. You affect to miſunderſtand me; my meaning is obvious enough—Let me feel your pulſe—put out your tongue, ſir, if you pleaſe.

Pa. I beg to be excuſed doctor: I ſhall not *put out my tongue* to pleaſe you or any man. If I ſhould comply with ſuch a requeſt, you might perhaps take the further liberty of ordering me to *put out my eyes.*—Upon ſecond conſideration, however, I'll indulge you—there— [*putting out his tongue.*]

Ph. I am ſorry to inform you, ſir, that you carry a very bad tongue in your head; and that you have an exceeding foul mouth.

Pa. How dare you have the impudence, ſir, to call me a foul-mouthed fellow?

Ph. I only ſay ſo profeſſionally; it is neceſſary for me to be explicit, and ſuch terms frequently occur in the courſe of my practice.

Pa. Then I am to underſtand, that it is your practice to be impertinent and rude.

Ph. I beg, ſir, we may be ſerious—Conſider your life is at ſtake. You have ſome humour about you, that——

Pa. That's more than I can ſay of you, doctor, for you are the dulleſt fellow that ever got through an examination in Warwick-lane. I give you credit, however, for ſaying one good thing in your life-time: you, by accident, tôld me, "my life was at ſtake," conſidering me under the hands of a phyſician.—But I am not inclined to become your patient.

Ph. You will be merry, ſir! Were you under ſentence of death, you would not loſe an opportunity of throwing in your joke.

Pa. I ſhould conſider your receipt, if you wrote one, a ſentence of death; but, by my rejecting it, I ſhould be entitled to my clergy.

Ph. Let me look at your water.

Pa. That you may do, doctor, if you pleaſe. I have a little canal at the bottom of my garden, which you may look at as much as you think proper.

Ph. I know not what to make of you, ſir; your behaviour is very extraordinary! Your ſpouſe ordered me to attend you as a phyſician, and to preſcribe for you; and you will not condeſcend to let me know what's the matter with you.

Pa. Did my wife order you to attend me?

Ph. She did, or I had not been here.

Pa. Then ſhe certainly has a deſign upon my life. Here, doctor take your fee [*giving him a fee,*] and take yourſelf away without aſking me any more queſtions. When I am weary of my life, I'll ſend for you.

ACCOUNT *of* ELLIS'S EXHIBITION *of* PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, *&c.*

IN MARY-STREET, DUBLIN, JULY, 1792.

IT is upwards of thirty years ſince the Iriſh Artiſts attempted firſt to eſtabliſh an exhibition of their works in this city, in a large room conſtructed for the purpoſe in Great George's-ſtreet, South; ſome years after, the Exhibition Houſe, in William-ſtreet, was built by ſubſcription, but as if that effort had exhauſted the ſpirit or abilities of its undertakers, the deſign of periodical exhibitions drooped from the very day the houſe was opened for the purpoſe; it was ſoon after abandoned, and the building has fallen into the hands of an individual who occaſionally hires it for other purpoſes.

Some feeble and abortive attempts has ſince been made to revive an exhibition of this kind; the beſt planned of theſe was one offered by Mr. John Ellis, about two years ago, it was approved by the artiſts and ſanctioned by ſome of the firſt and moſt reſpectable perſonages in this kingdom, but whether his plan was on too extenſive a ſcale, or from other cauſes that have not come to the knowledge of the writer of this account, it was given up as a public eſtabliſhment, and Mr. Ellis, with a praiſe-worthy perſeverance, has, at his own expence, opened a Muſeum at the rere of his houſe in Mary-ſtreet, where every artiſt may freely diſplay his work for the public inſpection.

Mr. Ellis's exhibition has been opened for ſome weeks with an excellent collection, which his taſte has diſplayed to the greateſt advantage.

Among theſe we may diſtinguiſh a number of portraits, by **WILLIAMS**, in a ſuperior ſtile of painting, that evinces the rapid improvement of this artiſt ſince his reſidence in London.

ROBINSON's portraits are correct and animated, his colours glowing, and ſeem cloſely to follow the ſtile of his maſter **ROMNEY**.

HUNTER's character is eſtabliſhed, his works want no panegyric to recommend them.

MILLS's landſcapes, in the manner of **LOUTHERBOURG**, have great merit.

The bas-reliefs of **CUMMINS**, in the ſtile of **DE GREE**, are happy imitations of that excellent maſter. An artiſt who, at ſo early an age, can produce ſuch ſpecimens of his abilities, will probably, ere long, ſhine in the firſt line of his profeſſion.

Several of **HOME**'s portraits are admirable.

The Gamblers, by **WOODBURN**, ſen. is juſtly admired for the ſkill and judgment it diſplays.

WOODBURN, junior's portraits of the Earl of Bective, and of Sir Robert Scot, are deſerving of the higheſt commendation.

Among the ſculptures is a coloſſal ſtatue in marble of the Marquis of Buckingham, of admirable workmanſhip, by **SMITH**.

Carvings by **LE GRAND** exhibit beautiful ſpecimens of that aſtoniſhing artiſts execution.

Beſides the various productions of the pencil and chiſſel, which Mr. Ellis has collected, are ſome foreign productions, particularly a number of capital engravings, &c.

A NEW ETIQUETTE *for* MOURNERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THIS nation hath often been reproached by foreigners with the want of public decorum; and I am ſorry to be compelled to ſay, that there is much reaſon for the accuſation. I ſhall, however, at preſent confine myſelf to the period and manner of mourning for our relations.

Swift ſaid that he always obſerved the merrieſt faces in mourning coaches, to which might be added, that black clothes are but ſeldom accompanied with ſorrowful countenances. On the other hand, I know two ladies who are very *melancholy* becauſe they have not lately loſt a relation,

lation, that they might with propriety go into mourning, as it is of the greateſt advantage to their complexions. One of them was upon the point of marrying a gentleman of conſiderable fortune during the laſt general mourning; and ſhe attributes the loſs of her huſband ſolely to the curtailing the period of lamentation. The other is a briſk widow, who caught her huſband in a ſable net, and would probably have made another conqueſt in her weeds, if ſhe had not unfortunately been ſeized with the ſmall-pox a few days after his death. The diſorder, however, has no ways impaired her face, and her faithful mirror ſtill tells her, that ſhe wants nothing but a favourable opportunity of *ſhining* in *black*, to change her name once more to advantage. Sir Harry Lovewiſe was the firſt night at a new play in black and weepers; and though he had buried his wife but a week, he laughed as hearty as if he was to have been married the next day. Lady Harriet F—— danced at Cornelly's with colonel M—— a fortnight after the loſs of her dear and beloved lord, whom ſhe followed to the grave with as much ſorrow as even the Epheſian matron. It would, nevertheleſs, methinks, be neceſſary that ſome few rules ſhould be obſerved, by way of *public decorum* upon theſe occaſions; and as I never met with any *etiquette* of this kind, perhaps the following outlines may furniſh a ſuperior pen with hints for a more extenſive plan, which would doubtleſs be adopted by perſons of both ſexes upon the *bon ton*.

General Rules for behaving in Mourning.

A Wife loſing her Huſband.

Not to appear in public the firſt week, nor in private without a handkerchief. The ſecond Sunday at church much affected with the ſermon, the handkerchief not omitted. May go to a tragedy after the firſt month, and weep in character, either at the play, or for the loſs of her huſband. The ſecond month ſhe may aſſiſt at a comedy and ſmile, but not languiſhingly. The third month ſhe may laugh at a play, or dance at Cornelly's with her intended bridegroom. And the fourth month ſhe may jump into his arms and finiſh her widowhood.

A Huſband loſing his Wife.

Muſt weep at the funeral. Should not appear at the chocolate-houſe the firſt week: ſhould vent a proper ſigh whenever good wives, or even matrimony, is mentioned. May take a miſtreſs into keeping the ſecond week provided he had none before. May appear with her in public at the end of the third week; and as he probably may not chuſe to marry again, he may at the cloſe of the fourth week be allowed a couple of miſtreſſes to ſolace him in his melancholy.

An Heir loſing his Father.

It would be more decent not to break out before the funeral. Horſes, dogs, and equipages may, however, be getting ready; plans of villas, diſpoſitions of gardens, and the like, may be in the mean time examined: the additional ſervants may be hired, and even put into mourning: the ladies may viſit him, *(after the funeral)* or he may viſit them, (before) provided ſome little precaution is uſed to prevent ſcandal. He may frequent the gaming-table, get admitted a member of the *Jockey Club*

Club as ſoon as he can; at the end of the mourning he may only change his dreſs, and purſue the ſame plan as long as he can.

Thoſe, or ſome ſuch rules of decorum ſhould be obſerved upon theſe ſolemn occaſions; by which means foreigners will no longer be able to charge us with all want of decency; and we ſhall approach a little more towards rational beings.

I am, ſir,
Your humble ſervant,
X. X.

Some PARTICULARS *reſpecting the* MANNERS *and* CUSTOMS *of the* RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

THE Ruſſian gentlemen have almoſt adopted the ſame manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the moſt part, ſlaves who have been made free, retain, in a great meaſure, the manners of their primitive ſtate, and are very few in number. It is amongſt the peaſants, therefore, that we muſt look for the true national character of the Ruſſians. Some of them are ſlaves of the crown, and the reſt, who form the greater number, are ſlaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Ruſſian peaſants were originially free; but about the middle of the ſixteenth century they were made part of every eſtate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period, a cuſtom has prevailed of treating them entirely as ſerfs, of ſelling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however is much eaſier than that of the peaſants of Livonia, becauſe the Livonian gentlemen conſider theirs as procured by conqueſt, while the Ruſſian peaſants have the ſame origin as their maſters.

The ordinary food of the Ruſſian peaſants, beſides bread, is the *ſchutſchi*, that is to ſay, a kind of ſoup made of cabbage, rendered ſour by fermentation, and haſhed very ſmall: this ſoup is, for the moſt part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kivas*, a ſort of ſour, yellowiſh ſmall-beer, which they brew themſelves in large earthen pans. Their dreſs conſiſts of a ſhirt, always very neat, which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock, a ſurtout ſhaped like their frock, and made of coarſe woollen cloth; the whole deſcends as low as their knees, and is faſtened to the body with a girdle. In winter, inſtead of a ſurtout, they wear a cloak of ſheep's ſkin; their heads are bare in ſummer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks either winter or ſummer; their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth; but they uſe ſhoes, or rather a kind of ſlippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into ſlips, which are interwoven together. The women are dreſſed almoſt in the ſame manner as the men, but their exterior garments are looſe, and not faſtened with a girdle; they are alſo very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect reſemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is ſeen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it which ſerve as windows. Theſe windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are ſeldom filled with ſquares of glaſs; but in the inſide there is a piece of wood to ſhut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one ſide of the hut is a ſmall gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to ſhelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the houſe by a back door, to which you go up by a few ſteps, and when you have opened the door, you find in the firſt corner, towards the right hand, a ſtove conſtructed of bricks, which ſerves them for culinary purpoſes, and to warm the apartment. Around the ſtove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection upon which the family ſleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the ſtove itſelf, however warm it may be; for they are remarkably fond of exceſſive heat. In the corner oppoſite to the ſtove, in a diagonal direction, that is to ſay, in the corner on the left, ſtands a ſmall wooden ſhelf, at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their ſaints, ranged in order, and ſurrounded by ſmall wax candles, or lamps, which are lighted on certain feſtivals; the drapery of theſe ſaints is emboſſed, and formed of tin plate, or of copper, gilt; but the viſage, the hands, the feet, and, in general, all the naked parts are only painted. The Ruſſians pretend that they are authoriſed to have painted images, but none of carved work, becauſe the commandment ſays, Thou ſhalt not make unto thee any graven image. All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for ſitting or ſleeping upon. Nearer the door than the ſaints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthways, and before it, on one ſide, the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable bench much narrower. The reſt of the furniture conſiſts of a wooden baſon, ſuſpended from the roof, on one ſide of the ſtove, in order to waſh their hands whenever cleanlineſs requires it; a wooden platter, two or three wooden diſhes, and a few wooden ſpoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any diſtinction: one may ſee ſleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the ſtove, the maſter of the houſe, the miſtreſs, the children, and ſervants, both male and female, and all without any ſcandal. In ſome huts, however, there is a particular corner for the maſter and miſtreſs, but is ſeparated from the reſt only by a curtain, ſuſpended from a pole placed in an horizontal direction. Theſe huts have no chimnies; the ſmoke, therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inſide. If they are entered at the time when the miſtreſs of the family is preparing dinner, the ſmoke and the ſmell of the onions, which they uſe in all their diſhes, do not fail to make thoſe ſick who are not accuſtomed to them. When the ſmoke becomes too powerful to be reſiſted, they open a ſmall wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but theſe peaſants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may eſcape at the ſame time; they are fond of being, as it were, roaſted in their huts.

Theſe peaſants ſupply all their own wants; they make their own ſhoes, benches, tables, wooden diſhes, and conſtruct their own ſtoves and huts. The females alſo weave a kind of cloth, which reſembles a very broad ribband; they have occaſion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or ſheep-ſkins to cover them; their girdles, which they conſider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of huſbandry.

The Ruſſian peaſants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of ſtrong liquors, and often get intoxicated, eſpecially on their feſtivals. They think they would not ſhew their reſpect for their ſaints, did they not honour them by getting drunk; and they have a word to expreſs the ſtate in which one finds one's ſelf next day. They call this ſtate, between health and ſickneſs, *ſpoklemelie*; the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accuſed of lazineſs; but they conſider labour as a neceſſary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themſelves with finiſhing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reaſon, therefore, they ſcratch up the ground, inſtead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their perſons neat; however dirty their upper garments may be, their ſhirts are always clean.—They have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without diſtinction, plunge themſelves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different ſexes to mix together promiſcuouſly in theſe baths; but this order is very little obſerved.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their maſters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a ſtick to his ſon, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peaſant having gone to viſit his ſon, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a conſiderable rank, the latter was ſo proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domeſtics to ſend the old man about his buſineſs. The father, however, having found means to enter the houſe when none of the ſervants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his ſon a ſound beating; nor did the ſon, ſo powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himſelf, or call out for aſſiſtance.

The people in Ruſſia are very hoſpitable. A Ruſſian peaſant, when on a journey, enters whatever houſe he chooſes, makes the ſign of the croſs before an image, ſalutes the company, and lays down his knapſack without any ceremony. If he finds the family at table, he ſays, bread and ſalt, upon which the maſter of the houſe replies, eat my bread, and the ſtranger immediately places himſelf among the company. If he happens to arrive when the people are not at meals, he ſits down among the reſt, without any formality, at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he ſleeps in the hut, and the next morning departs very early without ſaying a word; if the family are up, he ſays, I thank you for bread and ſalt. A ſtranger who is travelling, meets with almoſt the ſame hoſpitality, if he can be ſatisfied with the uſual fare of theſe peaſants; if he cannot, he muſt pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays alſo for the hay which his horſes have eat; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money theſe peaſants acquire, they place it behind their images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always open, and often left without any perſon to guard them. However diſintereſted the Ruſſians may be naturally, they ſoon become fond of money, eſpecially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect reſemblance of the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they aſk, and equally ready to take every advantage; but, at the ſame time, they are equally diſpoſed to ſell, with a ſmall profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other manner.

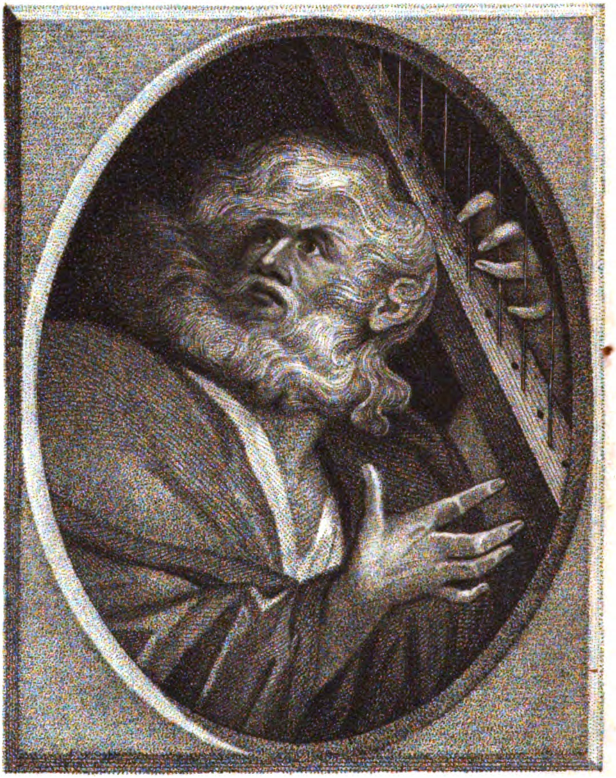
Theſe peaſants are not ſullen, like thoſe of Germany; they ſpeak much, are very polite, and even ſometimes to exceſs. Their mode of ſaluting is by ſhaking one another by the hand, and by bowing. Their equals they call brothers, and their ſuperiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before thoſe from whom they aſk a favour, they proſtrate themſelves out at their length on the ground. Theſe Ruſſians have very little ambition. If you ſpeak to them with mildneſs, you may obtain from them whatever you deſire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worſe. They are very honeſt; but when they ceaſe to be ſo, one cannot uſe too much precaution not to be a dupe to their promiſes. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning conſiſts in a few proverbs, which they tranſmit from father to ſon. They are fond of vocal muſic, and are always ſinging. The labourer ſings behind his plough, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their ſongs are generally upon love, and their muſic is very monotonous.

The religion of the Ruſſians is that of the Greek church; that of theſe peaſant conſiſts in going to hear maſs, in proſtrating themſelves evening and morning before their images, ſaying, *ghoſpodi pomiloui,* (Lord have pity upon me!) in making the ſign of the croſs before and after meals, or when paſſing a church, and, laſtly, in obſerving Lent.

This laſt article is abſolutely indiſpenſable; a Ruſſian peaſant is firmly perſuaded that God would ſooner pardon murder than a violation of Lent. Their prieſts are equally ignorant as themſelves; all their learning conſiſts in knowing their ritual pretty well, and being able to give a benediction, even in the ſtreets, to thoſe who aſk it, gratis or for the value of a penny, or halfpenny.

One village has ſometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Ruſſia, becauſe it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almoſt continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious ſervice. Beſides churches, one finds on the highways ſmall chapels, images covered by little wooden houſes, and ſprings of water accounted ſacred or miraculous, which have generally ſmall chapels in their neighbourhood. The preſent empreſs has formed a plan for gradually inſtructing theſe people, by ſending ſchool-maſters among them, and prieſts to enlarge their ideas with reſpect to religion.

POETRY.



Shelley pinx

Brocas sculp

The Bard.

Visions of Glory spare my aching sight.
Ye unborn ages croud not on my soul.

Gray's Ode

Publish'd Aug.t 1st by J. Jones. No. 111. Grafton Street, Dublin.

POETRY.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

By Mr. GRAY.

WITH A [illegible], BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FOR THIS MAGAZINE, BY [illegible].

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
'Confusion on thy banners wait,
'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
'They mock the air with idle state.
'Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

2.
On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

3.
'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main;
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing King!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

2. "From

POETRY.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

By Mr. *GRAY*.

WITH A HEAD, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FOR THIS MAGAZINE, BY BROCAS.

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'Confuſion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'They mock the air with idle ſtate!
'Helm, nor hauberk's twiſted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
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'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.'

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
"The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing King!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The ſcourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye afford
“ A tear to grace his obſequies.
“ Is the ſable warrior fled?
“ Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
“ The ſwarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
“ Gone to ſalute the riſing morn.
“ Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
“ Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
“ That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

“ Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
“ The rich repaſt prepare,
“ 'Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt;
“ Cloſe by the regal chair
“ Fell thirſt and famine ſcowl
“ A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
“ Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
“ Long years of havoc urge their deſtin'd courſe,
“ And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
“ Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
“ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
“ Revere his conſort's faith, his father's fame,
“ And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy head.
“ Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
“ Twin'd with her bluſhing foe, we ſpread!
“ The briſtled boar in infant gore
“ Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
“ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom
“ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
“ (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)”
“ Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
“ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
‘ Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn,
‘ Leave me unbleſs'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
‘ In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
‘ They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
‘ But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
‘ Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
‘ Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
‘ No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
‘ All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
‘ Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſman old
‘ In bearded majeſty, appear.
‘ In the midſt a form divine!
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
‘ Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
‘ What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air!
‘ What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin, hear;
‘ They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and, ſoaring as ſhe ſings,
‘ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

‘ The verſe adorn again
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
‘ And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
‘ In buſkin'd meaſures move
‘ Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
‘ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
‘ That loſt in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious man, think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
‘ Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me; with joy I ſee
‘ The different doom our fates aſſign.
‘ Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptred Care;
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He ſpoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL POETRY.

INVOCATION TO MASONRY.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

THOU faireſt Type, of excellence divine,
Whoſe ſocial links, the race of man, combine,
Whoſe awful mandates, coward vice control,
And breathe, through Nature, one enlightened ſoul;
From thy mild ſway, benignant Virtues riſe,
Pour on the heart, and emulate the ſkies;
From thy ſage voice ſublime Inſtruction ſprings,
While Knowledge waves her many-colour'd wings,
And ſtar-eye'd Truth, and Conſcience, holy reſt,
Enthrone TRUE FEELING in the glowing breaſt.
Then deign, the labour of thy SONS, to guide,
O'er each full line, in nervous ſenſe preſide,
Adorn each verſe, each manly thought inflame,
And what we gain from GENIUS, give to FAME!

AN ELEGY,

Suppoſed to have been written in the BOWER OF WOODSTOCK, *famous for the Murder of* ROSAMOND.

BY THE SAME.

HOW fal'n the ſhades, that once luxuriant roſe,
Where ling'ring tranſport wav'd his purple wing,
Untuneful now, the ſhallow riv'let flows,
And o'er the faery wild, rude ravens ſing.

Where the long labyrinth, meand'ring deep,
Beguiled the eaſy ſtep, to yonder grove,
Once Beauty wont, her vigils fond, to keep,
And watch the hour when HENRY came, and LOVE.

Ye ſad deſerted trees, whoſe holy boughs
Sigh'd at her mournful fate, extend your arms,
With vernal arch her lonely tomb incloſe,
And guard the fair Perfection's ſacred charms!

Here pity's ſelf breathes ſoft the tender moan,
Through aſpen-grots, ſhrill-quivering to the gale,
Dim-letter'd etchings mark each conſcious ſtone,
And turtles tell their fair one's tragic tale.

Ev'n now, through yonder gloom, the furious queen,
Seems harſh to menace the faint-gleaming ſword,
Pale Jealouſy thrills quick, through every vein,
She kills her huſband through his beſt ador'd!

Let melancholy feed her dreary breaſt
With penſive thought, and melt the ſtreaming eye,
While ROSAMOND, in ſaintly radiance dreſt,
Reviews her faded WOODSTOCK, with a ſigh!

THE PICTURE.

BY THE SAME.

LO! the juſt image of perfection's mien,
Which PHIDIAS might ſteal, with graceful hand
O'er the rough marble pour'd, or RAPHAEL's ſelf
Employ, when from the pallet's mingled maſs,
He touch'd the glowing canvas into life.
Imperial Greece, would bleſs the grand effort,
And ſages, poets, chiefs, and patriots bow!
'Tis bright ALMERIA comes, her blooming cheeks
(Like roſes, glowing thro' their dewey veil,)
Tinged with ambroſial health, her eyes that ſpeak,
Averted half, the ſoul to tranſport tun'd
And tendereſt feelings, the all-eloquent breaſt
With gladneſs ſtor'd, the treſſes flowing fair
In many a radiant wave, the tapering waiſt
Fine-finiſh'd!—Should the lively dance invite,
And call to beauty's ſprightly exerciſe,
Slowly ſhe floats upon the buoyant air,
In all the melting majeſty of form.
Not the cœleſtial Three, who, wanton, link'd
With frolic HERMES, in the knitted maze,
Nor ſhe, the Queen of Lovelineſs, new-born
From the rich ſea, in orient pomp, could boaſt
The various charms attendant on my theme:
Troops of deſigning wiles, ſly-glancing looks,
And amorous angers, join'd the PAPHIAN's train,
But her's is modeſt merit, noble ſenſe,
Tranſcendant Beauty, and tranſcendent Love!

A COMIC PARODY
ON THE CELEBRATED ODE OF SAPPHO,

Beginning—"*Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,*" &c.

BY THE SAME.

DRUNK as a fiſhmonger is he,
The youth who toping fits by thee,
And hears, and ſees thee all the while,
Deeply drink, and ſweetly ſmile.
'Twas wine that made my ſoul depreſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumult in my breaſt,
For while I quaff'd, in claret toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt,
My tongue was mute, the purple ſtream
Ran quick thro' all my reeling frame,
O'er my dim eyes the landlord hung,
My ears with hollow dittos rung,
With frequent pints my heart was ſwill'd,
My blood at unpaid reckonings thrill'd,
My feeble purſe forgot to pay,
I curs'd, I bilk'd, and ſtole away.

A NEW

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

BY THE SAME.

THE roſy morning glads the plain,
And pours her dewy light,
The warblers rouſe their tuneful train,
To hail approaching light;
Softer than ſunbeams to the earth
Is ſhe who reigns my queen;
Then, ſongſters, carol beauty's birth,
And KATE of ABERDEEN.

The balmy incenſe of the gale,
But breathes a borrowed ſweet,
Zephyr has rob'd the vernal vale,
To make his ſtore compleat;
But her ſoft lips are nature all,
No ſweets have rifled been,
Ye drooping flow'rets! then recal
Your KATE of ABERDEEN.

Not wealth or power can match her charms,
Nor India's beaming mine;
Riches diſſolve within her arms,
And her's are hoards divine.
Ah me! in vain the feather'd throng
Thus harmonize the ſcene,
More charming the ſeraphic ſong
Of KATE of ABERDEEN.

TO SHENSTONE'S SHADE.

AS penſive the Leaſowes I ſtray'd,
Thy ſpirit appear'd to my mind;
'Twas in vain every effort I made
To leave thee and ſadneſs behind.

The fretful, hoarſe, murmuring bourne,
Conducted to wander by thee,
Still moans, "Will you never return?
"Is my guide then departed from me?"

While yon ſtream, that precipitate falls
To the vallies, impatient to ſtray,
Dejected o'er cataracts calls
For thy fancy, which taught it to play.

The ſhade-ſpreading boughs of the trees
In gloomineſs hang down their head;
Their voice, the ſoft whiſpering breeze,
Laments that their guardian is fled.

Thy ſtatues are worn to decay,
All chink'd, and with moſs overgrown;
Thy monuments moulder away,
For the hand that protected them's flown.

No longer thy cottage is ſeen
With ſweet-breathing woodbines around;
Art proudly inſults o'er the green
While Shenſtone lies low in the ground.

In vain now the hawthorn's in blow,
And waſtes all its native perfume,
In vain now Narciſſus a beau,
No poet to picture his bloom.

In vain now the nightingale ſings,
To lull its ſweet herald to reſt;
In vain now the lark claps his wings,
To tell him Aurora is dreſt.

Yet the birds that inhabit this grove
Still gratefully warble your name;
The bloſſoms breathe o'er it their love;
And the brook is thy current of fame.

J. W——R.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE ON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM YOUNG.

O Thou ſupreme, eternal Lord of Hoſts,
Whoſe is the world's vaſt fabric, wide domain,
And yet being finite, incapacious
For boundleſs, everlaſting Deity;
Aſſiſt the humble ſtrains of finite thought,
Preſs'd down with earth, that I may ſoar aloft,
And ſpeak th' Eternal from his mighty works.
The rude chaotic maſs was firſt produc'd
Indiſtinct, envelop'd in ſable night:
Ponderous works confeſs the mighty arm
Suſpending *all*, and wait the ſacred will,
To diſentangle all the abyſs vaſt,
Illumine, ſettle, in their proper dome.

FIRST DAY.

When lo! of Deity the bright diſplay!
He gave the world below ſome fainter ſtroke
Of what ſurrounds his throne ſupreme above,
And darts forth joy through all the happy ſpace;
Light, the ſimilitude of mind ſublime,
Unſpotted, free, in which no darkneſs dwells:
Th' Almighty Father ſaid but 'let it be,'
And, ſwift as rapid thought, it darted forth,
To cheer the gloomy and new-riſing world.

SECOND DAY.

Behold the potent arm ſtill ſtretched out,
To form the noble canopy above!
Clouds equipois'd, the balances of Heaven!
Lighter air ſurmounts more pond'rous water,
(Stupendous Thought!) and bouyant ſwims on high:
Leaves more ſerene the blended atmoſphere,
Where meteors grand do feeble minds alarm,
And thunders ſhake the lofty battlements.

THIRD DAY.

The globe terraqueous next his ſkill demands,
To form the limits inſurmountable
Of land and water, diff'rent elements;
Prolific parents of their ſeveral tribes.
Command omnipotent the whole pervades,
Up maſſy mountains riſe, and vales ſubſide;
Receptacles are form'd, dread, wide, and deep,
To bound the mighty earth ſurrounding floods:
Which undulating with the riſing hills,
Flow rapid through the plains, and ſeek their goal,
With roaring ſound, as from the hollow rocks,
Rebounding thunders rend the arch of Heaven!
The ſolid earth, from ambient waters drain'd,
Fit womb adapted to the grand deſign:
To nouriſh, and bring forth the num'rous kinds
Of plants, and herbs, and trees fructiferous,
Expos'd to heavenly influence benign,
Receiv'd command, and inſtantly obey'd;
And ſhow'd her pleaſing face all cover'd o'er
With various kinds of beauteous flowers,
And wholeſome plants, and diff'rent fruitful trees:
For man and beaſt the proper nutriment,
To cheriſh life, and ward off fell diſeaſe.

FOURTH DAY.

Creative power, ſtupendous work purſues,
To range, and form, of this inferior globe
The parts component, and adjuſt the whole,
In order harmonious, and complete.
The purer atmoſphere, tranſparent made,
Admits more freely ſolar beams to paſs,
And bleſs the earth with vegetative warmth.
Sun, moon, and ſtars, with noble luſtre ſhine;
And earth beholds the changing order fixt,
Of days for labour, and of reſting nights.
The ſplendid ſun, by his advance reſtores
All Nature's drooping face to joyous life;
And clothes the earth with all the ſpringing fruits,
Which ripening into full maturity,
Preſs her down with ſtore of plenteouſneſs.
But his retreat in ſadneſs Nature leaves;
While rain, and ſnow, and rigid froſt invade
The face of things, and dulneſs ſpreads the whole,

And leaves the earth to reſt in winter's lap.
But the ſilver moon lends her welcome rays,
To throw ſome comfort into mortal minds,
And chear the gloom of longer dreary nights.

FIFTH DAY.

The elements prepared, dead matter ſprings
To active life, endow'd with moving powers.
At Command divine, Word omnipotent!
Waters are ſtor'd with all the finny tribes,
And thoſe, which rigid ſcales do cloſe defend.
In num'rous ſhoals they cleave the awful deeps,
Or glitter near the ſurface of the ſeas,
Rivers, and waters, thro' their wide extent;
From ſize minuteſt, to the monſtrous whale,
Which ſpouts the water from extenſive jaws,
That falls in cataracts, and foams around.
From hence Almighty Power proceeds to form
The feather'd tribes, in pleaſing plumage dreſt;
Both wing'd, and fram'd, to cut the fluid air,
From the mean ſparrow, to the eagle grand,
Both birds of prey, and ſongſters of the grove:
Which joyous warble forth their Maker's praiſe,
And charm the ear, with their melodious notes.

SIXTH DAY.

Creation's work, from low to high proceeds:
From plants to fiſh, and fowl, and thence to beaſts.
A nobler work ſucceeds, uſeful and great:
Creatures various, land to inhabit.
The earth commanded, free obedience yields,
And inſtantaneous many kinds ariſe,
From ſleeping inſect to the lion, king
Of all the foreſt, and of man the dread.
The plains are fill'd with fruitful flocks and herds
For human uſe, and waſteful deſerts ſtor'd
With beaſts ferocious, wiſdom has deſign'd
For purpoſes eluding human ken.
Flies, waſps, and inſects, in ten thouſand forms,
Swarm in the air, and cover o'er the earth.
Serpents, in folding motion, creep along,
Of every kind; with poiſon ſome endued,
Cauſe terrors from afar; Man ſtands aghaſt,
And trembles at the horrid interview.
Man did I ſay, the Lord of all below?
Yes, Man, more nobly formed than all the reſt,
Creation's Glory here, his Maker's image!
View but his curious form, ponder well
The frame ſtupendous, thro' its various parts
Of nerves, veins, and arteries elaſtic,
Propelling blood thro' all the channels round;
Which by the veins return'd, keeps genial warmth
Throughout the whole, and life's continu'd ſpring;
Muſcles, cartilages, ligaments and bones,
Strength and beauty of the noble ſtructure.
But here's no image found; go further ſtill,
Behold the *Soul*, a ſpark of life divine!
Immortal, free, and with reflection bleſt;
Weighs its own actions; ſwiftly ruminates
On what is preſent, paſt, and yet to come!
Compounds, disjoints, compares, and judges thence
Of things the cauſe, and what th' effect will be.
Our heaven-born Thought, to matter unconfin'd,
In momentary courſe, ſprings forth aloft,
Unites with Seraphs round the Throne of God,
And joins in anthems to the boundleſs King.
From diſtant worlds, where happy Angels dwell,
Draws back, and aids the penetrating eye
To ſcan the face of Heaven, all ſpangled o'er
With burning ſuns, which in the night ſerene,
In magnitudes and number infinite,
Glitter forth their Maker's boundleſs glory:
And then deſcends into itſelf, with ſpeed
Unmeaſurable! Takes an humbler view
Of things on earth, which in their diff'rent kinds,
Unite in ſetting forth the Power Supreme
Of that moſt awful cauſe, which form'd them all;
And by his Providence, ſupports them ſtill!
Then join, my ſoul, in ſtrains the moſt devout,
With all Creation, to the God of All.

ODE

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1792.

By H. J. PYE, Esq.

HEARD ye the blaſt whoſe ſullen roar
Burſt dreadful from the angry ſkies?
Saw ye againſt the craggy ſhore
The waves in wild contention riſe?
On the high cliff's embattled brow
The caſtle's ruin'd towers lie low,
And, as the corn-van's winnowing ſail
Drives the looſe chaff before the gale,
The winds in giddy eddies ſweep
The ſcatter'd navy o'er the deep:
Yet harmleſs as the halcyon breeze
That gently lifts the ſummer ſeas,
The tempeſt breaks on Albion's coaſt,
Its ſtrength controul'd, its fury loſt;
Down on the ſurge ſhe looks with dauntleſs face,
And ſees it idly laſh her white cliff's rocky baſe.

Not more ſecure her rocky ſhores
Defy the rude wind's ſtormy hoſt,
Not with more idle vengeance roars
The billow 'gainſt Britannia's coaſt,
Than her firm breaſt by virtue arm'd,
By glory's pureſt radiance warm'd,
Defies loud diſcord's riſing ſound
And mocks the tumult raging round.
For Freedom o'er her favour'd head
Her adamantine ſhield has ſpread,
And looking far, with brow ſerene,
Beyond Europa's troubled ſcene,
On diſtant climes her cares diſplay
Her guardian power's celeſtial ray,
The ſacred beam till ſultry Afric ſee,
Burſt ſlavery's galling yoke, and boaſt her ſons are free.

Freedom on this congenial ſhore
Her holy temple rear'd of yore.
Tho' Faction to its ſolid baſe
Has oft applied his iron mace;
Tho' Tyranny's gigantic powers
Oft tried to ſhake its maſſy towers,
Cemented firm with patriot blood,
Thro' many an age unhurt the mighty frame has ſtood;
And ſtill her ſons a mingled line
Warm in her hallow'd cauſe combine:
Offspring of thoſe whoſe fearleſs ranks
Bore from old Thames' high-trophied banks
Her vaunted charter, which unites
A monarch's with a people's rights;
Of thoſe whoſe ſpears tremendous gleam
By Caledonian * Banna's ſtream,
While ſtern Carnarvon's archers fly
Before the van of liberty;
Offspring of thoſe whoſe patriot hoſt
On fair Ierne's ſiſter coaſt
Saw Tyranny's expiring pride
Whelm'd deep in Boyne's enſanguin'd tide;
In dread array they ſtand round Britain's throne,
And guard, at Freedom's call, a Monarch all her own.

To welcome GEORGE's natal hour
No vain diſplay of empty power,
In flattery ſteep'd no ſoothing lay
Shall ſtrains of adulation pay;
But Commerce rolling deep and wide
To Albion's ſhores her ſwelling tide,
But Themis' olive-cinctur'd head,
And white-rob'd Peace by Vict'ry led,
Shall fill his breaſt with virtuous pride,
Shall give him power to truth allied;
Joys which alone a patriot king can prove,
A nation's ſtrength his power, his pride a people's love.

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* *Battle of Bannock-burn.*

EPIGRAM.

THE LAWYER AND THE JEW.

AS Counſellor Gabble was paſſing one day,
Through Lincoln's-inn-court, as it fell in his way,
And having 's profeſſional bag in his hand,
He thus was addreſs'd by a Jew from the Strand:
"Vat have you got dere? a lot of old cloſhe?"
Which made the proud barriſter turn up his noſe;
While he bawl'd out to Moſes, holding out his blue bag,
"You miſtake, for all theſe are *new ſuits*, my old *ſag*."

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.—Affairs of Poland.—Ruſſian declaration and invaſion.—The King addreſſes the Diet.—Proceedings thereon.—Addreſs to the army.—The King of Pruſſia refuſes to aſſiſt the Poles.—Hoſtilities between the Ruſſians and Poles.—The Poles attacked in their retreat from Volanna.—Battle near Zielime.—Patriotiſm of the Poliſh ladies.—Voluntary contributions.——Affairs of France.—Parties.—The populace of Paris enter the National Aſſembly.—Force into the King's palace.—Proceedings thereon.—The King's letter to the Aſſembly.—La Fayette comes to Paris, and addreſſes the Aſſembly.—Retreat of the French armies.—The Pruſſians arrive at Coblentz.—The biſhop of Lyons reconciles the parties in the Aſſembly.—The King's ſpeech thereon.—The State declared to be in danger.—Proceedings againſt the Mayor of Paris.—Ceremony of the Federation.——The King of Hungary elected Emperor of Germany.——Spain inclines to favour France.————Britiſh affairs.—Defeat of Tippoo Sultan, and peace concluded with him.——Weſt India news.—Fire at Grenada, &c.——Iriſh occurrences.—Napper Tandy.—Riots in the north.—Tranſactions at Belfaſt, &c.

IT cannot be expected that an hiſtorian, who has not the choice of an epoch, at which to begin his narration, will enter upon his work without embarraſſment. In this ſituation the author of theſe ſketches, for he will not preſume to call them by any other name, finds himſelf; and to that account requeſts his reader will place the inaccuracies that muſt inevitably accompany this undertaking: he will alſo conſtrue with candour the errors which may occur in the recital of events as they paſs, while the governing cauſes are hidden, and may perhaps remain ſo for many years.

The hiſtories of the earlier ages were little more than the narratives of predatory incurſions made by barbarous chieftains, records of murders, and chronicles of rapine; theſe were followed by the invaſion of kingdoms, where to ſatiate the luſt of dominion or the thirſt of gold, governments were overthrown, millions butchered, and realms depopulated. Fanaticiſm next diſtracted mankind: impoſture iſſuing from the burning ſands of Arabia, propagated with fire and ſword the doctrines of Mahomet through the richeſt countries of the eaſt; and carrying the victorious creſcent along the coaſts of Africa, planted it in Spain. Nor was religious phrenzy confined to the followers of Mahomet; the contagion ſpread to Chriſtendom, and the tyrants of the weſt, to expiate their crimes, unfurled the bloody banner of the croſs, covered the hills of Paleſtine with mighty hoſts, and dyed its ſtreams with Chriſtian blood. When this folly wore away, and civilization dawned in Europe, its governments aſſumed a more determined form, and written laws, modelled from the legiſlators of Greece and Rome, began to operate; ſecurity begot wealth, but ambition ſoon revived the calamities of mankind; every potentate who had the power did not long want a pretence to invade the dominion of his neighbour; from the Baltic to the Adriatic ſea, and from the Viſtula to the Rhine, the ſound of war has for ages been heard with little interruption.

A new ſcene opens to our view—the tinſel of ambition, the luſt of power, and the thirſt of gold, ſeem at this day to have loſt their energy, and ſink in the magnitude of new and intereſting objects. Syſtems of governments hitherto conſidered as Utopian, are contended for as not only of abſolute neceſſity, but practicable; philoſophers quitting their lettered ſolitudes, have launched into the world, and urge nations to atchieve the ſpeculations of the cloſet. Britiſh America, France and Poland, have entered upon the experiment.

As the firſt chapter of this work is intended to lay before the reader the political ſtate of Europe, on the 15th of July 1792, as far as it concerns the great events which have lately taken place on the continent, it will be neceſſary to look back a few days antecedent to that period.

The kingdom or republic of Poland, one of the greateſt as to extent in Europe, lately emancipated from the tyranny of its nobles, finds, ere it can enjoy the advantages of a happy change, in its moſt powerful neighbour a decided and moſt inveterate enemy; for on the 18th of May, the Ruſſian reſident at Warſaw delivered a hoſtile declaration to the Diet, which was immediately followed by an invaſion of the Poliſh territories *.

On

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* *Declaration of Mr.* BULGAKOW, *Ruſſian Ambaſſador at Warſaw.*

“ The liberty and independence of the illuſtrious Republic of Poland, have at all times attracted the attention and concern of all her neighbours.

“ Her majeſty the Empreſs of all the Ruſſias, who, together with this claim ſtill unites the right of her formal and poſitive engagements with the Republic, has endeavoured in a more peculiar manner to watch over the inviolable preſervation of theſe two precious attributes of her political exiſtence.

“ Theſe continual and generous endeavours of her majeſty, being the effects of her love for juſtice and order, as well as her affection and good wiſhes towards a nation, whom the identity of origin, language, and ſo many other natural relations with the nation ſhe reigns over, rendered dear to her, did doubtleſs repreſs the ambition and avidity of thoſe rulers who, not ſatisfied with the ſhare of authority aſſigned to them by the laws of the ſtate, aſpired at a greater extent of power at the expence of theſe very laws.

“ With this intent they have, on one hand, neglected nothing for tiring the active vigilance of the Empreſs over the intergrity of the rights and prerogatives of the illuſtrious Poliſh nation; and, on the other hand, for defaming the purity and magnificence of her intentions, and placing them on every occaſion in the moſt odious point of view.

“ In this manner they had the perfidious dexterity to cauſe to be declared, as a cumberſome and humiliating yoke, the act by which Ruſſia guarantees the lawful conſtitution of this nation; whereas the greateſt realms, and among the reſt the German empire, far from rejecting ſuch like guarantees, have conſidered, ſought, and accepted them as the moſt ſtaple foundation of their property and independence.

“ Events of a recent nature ſhew better, than all proofs, how indiſpenſable and efficacious ſuch a guarantee might be; and that the republic without them, after having been involved by the practices of her internal enemies, to recover her conſtitution, could have no other claim on the intervention of the empreſs, than ſolely her friendſhip and generoſity.

“ Meanwhile, thoſe who very long ſince meditated the degradation and ruin of the ancient liberty of the Republic, grew bolder and bolder, when part of the nation propoſed all ſorts of perverſe and erroneous notions, and only waited for a favourable moment to execute their ruinous deſigns. They thought they would find it in the two wars by which Ruſſia was attacked at once. About this time the Diet aſſembled at Warſaw. The inſtructions which the Legates had received from their Waywodſhips, fixed the ſame as a free and ordinary Diet. All at once it was transformed into a confederate Diet, without any known good reaſons. The Act of Confederation, which was made public, announced the tranſactions of the ſame. Its chief objects were to be, “ The maintenance of the free Republican “ Government—the maintenance of the magiſtrates in their functions and actual “ limits—and the preſervation of the property of citizens.”

“ It belongs to the people of the Poliſh nation themſelves, to judge from the conſequences and reſult of the tranſactions of this Diet, how far *it* has abuſed public confidence by departing from the original objects of its meeting, and adopting others which were entirely oppoſite to them. Without entering upon an enumeration of all the illegalities and violation of the laws and immunities of the Republic, which this confederate Diet, or rather the *faction prevailing in it*, preſumed to execute, it will ſuffice to ſay, that after having uſurped, mingled, and concentrated in itſelf all branches of power, whoſe union in the hand of one individual is utterly inconſiſtent with Republican principles, has moreover uſurped in a moſt tyrannical manner, each branch of this power; it has prolonged its duration for above

On the 21ſt, the King of Poland laid this declaration before the Diet, and as ſoon as it was read, this truly patriotic prince obſerved to the deputies, that the deſign

above three years and an half, (a duration of which the Poliſh annals do not offer a ſingle inſtance) and finally crowned all its ruinous enterprizes by totally ſubverting, on the 3d of May 1791, the edifice of Government, under which the Republic was happy for ſo many years.

" On this day this edifice vaniſhed, and on its ruins aroſe a monarchy, which in its new laws by which it was thought to limit it, offers nothing but contradictions, incoherency with the old laws, an entire inſufficiency in every reſpect, which leaves not even to the Polanders the ſhade of that liberty and thoſe prerogatives of which they were always ſo jealous.

" The elective throne is rendered an hereditary one, and this law, which the wiſdom of their anceſtors had dictated, and which forbids to meddle during the lifetime of the King with the election of his ſucceſſor, was tranſgreſſed in as raſh a manner, as were all thoſe that did guarantee the perpetual conſiſtency of the Republic.

" The means made uſe of for executing theſe violent actions, were well enough calculated to characterize them. On the day of the revolution the Palace and the Diet-hall were crowded with the Warſaw mob. Armed perſons were introduced—cannons were brought from the arſenal, in order to fire on ſuch as might endeavour to prevent the ſucceſs of the plot. The regiment of artillery and the Lithuanian guards were aſſembled for ſupporting the mob. Their fury was excited againſt thoſe whoſe reſiſtance was dreaded. Several Legates who perſevered in their patriotic ſentiments were threatened with death. When the Legate of Kalitſch humbly approached the throne to remind the King of his ſacred oath concerning the *pacta conventa*, this ſacred and indiſſoluble tie which connects him with the nation, he was trod under foot in an unmerciful manner, in ſpite of his inviolable character as a repreſentative of this nation, to the ſhame and diſgrace of every Polander who has not loſt all ſenſe of honour and liberty. A Revolution effectuated in this manner was deemed by its promoters to have been the free wiſh of the nation.

" Not ſatisfied with the internal misfortunes they brought upon their unhappy mother country, they alſo endeavoured by all poſſible methods to hurt her abroad, by having plunged her into diſcords, which are likely to degenerate into an open war with Pruſſia, the old ally, the beſt and moſt ſolid friend of the Republic, and the Poliſh nation.

" It required the whole extent of the known generoſity of the Empreſs, and eſpecially that juſtice and penetration, by which ſhe knows how to diſcern the intentions of the ſpirit of party from the general wiſh of the nation, to prevent her from ſooner reſenting the extreme abuſes by which ſhe has been continually provoked.

" A brief enumeration of the ſtring of facts belonging to this matter, will ſet the truth of this aſſertion in a proper light.

" At the time of the declaration of war, to which Ruſſia was neceſſitated by the Ottoman Porte, the Ambaſſador of the Empreſs delivered to the miniſtry of the Republic, which had then no Diet, a note, appriſing them of the inſtantaneous marching of the Ruſſian troops through the Poliſh States, and propoſing to appoint Commiſſioners in the Palatinates that were neareſt to the quarters of theſe troops, in order to agree with them concerning the furniſhing and payment of the requiſite forage.

" All this was regulated and amicably agreed upon with mutual ſatisfaction, though at that very period animoſity and rancour ſeemed already to manifeſt themſelves. But as ſoon as the Diet was formed, and the long harboured plan of ſubverting the republic, had got the better of all conſideration with reſpect to the preſervation of peace within and without the kingdom, it was not only required immediately to withdraw the Ruſſian troops from the Poliſh territory, without even excepting the ſmall number of thoſe that were to guard the magazines, but alſo the furniſhing them with proviſions was rendered difficult by means of ſeveral impediments; the eſtabliſhing of new magazines for their ſupport was oppoſed, and it was required that even the old magazines ſhould be removed beyond the Frontiers of the Republic. On the ſame occaſion, the Treaſury Board made the unjuſt propoſal, that on croſſing the river Dnieſter, duties of exports ſhould be collected for theſe magazines,

deſign of the empreſs was evidently to annihilate the Diet and overturn the conſtitution; he preſſed the neceſſity of employing means for the defence of the country;
theſe

zines, which were procured at a conſiderable expence, and greatly to the advantage of the Poliſh citizens.

“ Such a proceeding was, in *fact*, contrary to the reciprocal equity which two neighbouring, friendly and allied ſtates owe one another.

“ The oppreſſions of all kinds practiſed upon the ſubjects of her Majeſty the Empreſs, were carried to ſuch a height, that ſome of them, whoſe buſineſs retained them on the territory of the republic, and who, fully relying on the ſanctity and inviolability of exiſting treaties, and the law of nations, though carrying their trade on in the quieteſt manner, were, notwithſtanding, moſt maliciouſly impeached, for having excited the inhabitants of the places to inſurrection, and were arreſted and thrown into priſons. When the judges who were commiſſioned to try thoſe people, found no traces of the crime they ſtood impeached for, they had recourſe to the torture to extort a confeſſion, and after having in this manner forced it out, theſe hard-hearted judges condemned them to die, and abſolutely had the ſentence carried into execution. This firſt eſſay of inhumanity, injuſtice, and cruelty, opened a vaſt field for inquiſitions of all kinds, by which the provinces were chiefly oppreſſed, whoſe inhabitants confeſs the orthodox Greek religion. The Biſhop of Przejaſlaw and Abbot of Sluck, though an Imperial ſubject, fell a victim to this perſecution. Notwithſtanding his high eccleſiaſtic dignity, purity of manners, and auſterity of principles, he was accuſed of crimes, which malice, and the eagerneſs of encreaſing the once effectuated fermentation, invented upon every occaſion—the Prelate was arreſted and conducted to Warſaw, where he was doomed to laſting impriſonment.—Even in the center of the metropolis, and towards the Empreſs's Miniſters, the law of nations was as little reſpected; for their chapel, which is conſidered as a part of the Hotel occupied by them (and the Ruſſian arms being ſuſpended, clearly proves to every body that it is a priviledged place) was forced by Popiſh ſoldiers, who ſeized upon the Miniſter of the Altar, and carried him before an incompetent tribunal. The ſatisfaction which the Miniſter has demanded on this ſubject, has been refuſed upon vague and inſignificant pretences.—In ſhort, not only the ſolemn treaties which connected Ruſſia and Poland were violated and tranſgreſſed in the moſt important articles, but the animoſity has been carried ſo far as to ſend an extraordinary deputation to Turkey, then in open war with Ruſſia, offering to this power an offenſive treaty aimed againſt Ruſſia. A fact of which, the archieves of the miniſterial correſpondence of the Cabinet of Warſaw contain the documents and the cleareſt proofs.

“ The reſpect due to the perſon and the exalted rank of the Empreſs, was not obſerved in the ſpeeches held in public ſeſſions in the Diet, and this rudeneſs inſtead of being reprimanded, as it deſerved, was even encouraged and applauded by the chiefs of the party that ſubverted the laws and conſtitution of the Republic.

“ The leaſt of theſe grievances, without mentioning thoſe which are voluntarily ſuppreſſed for the ſake of brevity, would already juſtify, in the face of God and men, the reſolution of her Majeſty to take ſignal vengeance. Yet it is not with this view that her Majeſty publiſhes this declaration of the ſaid grievances. Her innate equity does not ſuffer her to confound all the Poliſh nation with one of the parties which has betrayed her Majeſty's confidence. The Empreſs, on the contrary, is fully convinced, that the greateſt number had no ſhare in any of the things attempted againſt herſelf and the Republic.

“ For this very reaſon ſhe is willing to ſacrifice her juſt reſentment, to a hope more compatible with her generous and pacific ſentiments, of ſeeing all thoſe grievances remedied by means of a new Diet, which ſhall more ſtrictly adhere to the orders of their ſuperiors, and the immutable fundamental laws of the State, than the preſent exiſting Diet which has treſpaſſed upon them all in the moſt manifeſt manner, and marked all their tranſactions, in oppoſition to thoſe laws, with the ſtamp of their own illegality.

“ But ſhould her Majeſty refuſe to liſten to the voice of her own reſentment; ſhe cannot be deaf to the voice of claims made to her by a great number of Po-
landers,

theſe were two-fold—the firſt, he ſaid, conſiſted in the exerciſe of all that courage and reſolution might inſpire, and that whatever in this reſpect the Diet ſhould determine, he ſhould not only approve, but encounter every danger to execute—the ſecond, in negotiation.—" For this purpoſe," continued his majeſty, " we ſhould
" apply to our ally the King of Pruſſia, who, from the beginning of the preſent
" Diet has concurred in our deliberations, eſpecially in thoſe which tended to libe-
" rate us from the guarantee of Ruſſia, in removing the Ruſſian magazines and
" troops from our territories, and in our embaſſy to the Ottoman Porte; but
" above all, in our forming a government, on whoſe baſis he could build an alliance
" with us, whereby he ſolemnly engaged himſelf to uſe, firſt, his own good offices,
" and in caſe of their failing, to aſſiſt us effectually with ſufficient forces to maintain
" our independence and poſſeſſions. Both theſe objects are eſſentially attacked by
" the declaration before you, which treats as crimes and tranſgreſſions thoſe very
" acts that paſſed in perfect underſtanding with, and the unanimous concurrence of,
" the King of Pruſſia."

In this ſpeech the King of Poland alſo recommends calling upon the aſſiſtance of the King of Hungary and the Elector of Saxony, and concludes with exhorting the Diet to vigorous preparations for defence, ſhould negotiation fail.

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landers, among whom are ſeveral who are as illuſtrious by birth and rank in the Republic as they are by their patriotic virtues and ability for ſerving the State.

" Animated by a pure and praiſe-worthy zeal for the welfare of their country, and the recovery of its former liberty and independence, they have united themſelves for the purpoſe of forming *a lawful confederation*, as the only effectual remedy for the misfortunes which the *illegal confederation* and uſurpations at Warſaw has cauſed to the nation.

" With theſe ſentiments they have claimed the ſupport and aſſiſtance of the Empreſs, who did not heſitate to aſſure them of both, being guided on her part by her friendly and amicable diſpoſitions in favour of the Republic, and her deſire of ſtrictly fulfilling the obligations of her treaties.

" In order to fulfil her promiſe, the Empreſs has ordered part of her troops to *enter the territory of the Republic.* They ſhew themſelves there as friends, and *for co-operating in the re-eſtabliſhment of the rights and prerogatives of the Republic.* All ſuch as ſhall receive them under this title, will, beſides a perfect oblivion of what is paſt, receive every protection and ſecurity for their perſons and property. Her Majeſty hopes, that all good Polanders, who truly love their native country, will know how to value the intentions of her Imperial Majeſty, and perceive that it is for their own benefit that they ſhould co-operate, with all their heart and ſoul, in the generous endeavours which her Majeſty is to employ in conjunction with all true patriots, for reſtoring to the Republic liberty and laws, of which it has been deprived by the pretended conſtitution of the 3d of May. If there ſhould be any who harbour any ſcruple concerning the oath which they have been led to take from error, or which they were compelled to by force and ſeduction, ſuch may conſider, that that is the only true and ſacred oath, by which they engaged to maintain and defend the free and Republican Government under which they were born; and that the renewal of this former oath is the only means of repairing the perjury of which they have been guilty in taking the new oath. Yet if there are any found, who perſevering in a perverſe way of thinking, ſhould oppoſe the benevolent intentions of the Empreſs, and the patriotic wiſhes of their fellow-citizens, they may thank themſelves if they meet with the treatment they deſerve; the more ſo, as they had it in their power to ſecure themſelves by a ſincere abjuration of their errors.

" The Extraordinary Ambaſſador and Miniſter Plenipotentiary has orders to notify thoſe reſolutions of her Majeſty the Empreſs, and alſo publiſh her juſt motives; he is, moreover, to invite the illuſtrious Poliſh nation to place an unlimited confidence in the generoſity and diſintereſtedneſs which induces her to take this ſtep, and which makes her moſt ardently deſire that the Republic, by means of a prudent balance of the different powers, which forms the ſafeſt means of ſecuring both her internal tranquillity, and her good underſtanding with her neighbours, ſhould recover the ſolid baſis of its true welfare.

Given at Warſaw, May 7-18, 1792.

(Signed) D. VON BULGAKOW."

The next day the Diet addreſſed the King with thanks for his paternal and patriotic ſpeech, and by a decree inveſted him with the chief command of the armies of the republic; it was alſo followed by another, ſetting forth, that every devaſtation, damage, or diminution of property, occaſioned to individuals by the march or invaſion of foreign troops, ſhall be indemnified by a fraternal contribution of the whole nation.

While the King and Diet were thus occupied how to deprecate or reſiſt the calamities of war, a body of Ruſſian troops penetrated into the territory of the republic near Mohilow, in Podolia, under the command of general Rochowſki; ſome other corps, at the ſame time, paſſed the eaſtern frontiers at different places. To oppoſe this formidable invaſion, Prince Poniatowſki collecting haſtily a ſmall body of forces marched towards the enemy, and on the 24th of May encamped at Tyurew.

The Diet, after making every practicable proviſion for the exigencies of the State, and committing the entire conduct of the war to the King, was prorogued on the 31ſt of May: previous to this, the following addreſs from the King to the army was publiſhed at Warſaw:

ADDRESS OF THE KING TO THE ARMY.

"By virtue of the Conſtitution, enacted 22d March, 1792, the ſupreme and general command of all the forces of the Republic is entruſted to us. Thus the defence of our dear country is confided to Us and to You. The enemy that invades it is well known to every Polander. So many injuries, misfortunes, and humiliations heaped upon us by Ruſſia, call God and your courage for vengeance. The war is no ſooner declared than begun, without the leaſt juſtifiable motive. Some degenerate Poles, rebels to their country, have lent a pretext for it. They wiſh, with foreign aid, to reſtore the ancient anarchy, ſubjection, and inſignificance, which your King, at the head of a virtuous Diet, has luckily baniſhed from the Poliſh territories. Brave countrymen! we are now called upon to maintain our poſſeſſions, our honour, and our liberties—to defend our brethren, to revenge ſo many wrongs, which we and our forefathers have ſuffered, and to protect the honour of your King, who conſecrates with pleaſure and ſincerity, the remnant of his old age to his country. The nation longed to have a reſpectable army, but anarchy and foreign influence always oppoſed it—at laſt, by cheerful offers, it is raiſed to have in you its defenders, the improvement of whoſe condition was not forgotten by the preſent Government. It was proper to add regularity and diſcipline, common and neceſſary in all armies, to the courage of Poles, which, though they may ſeem new to you, are not the leſs requiſite for the ſtrength, order, and glory of the army. To execute thoſe regulations ſhall be the duty of your commander, and to obey them, ought to be your ambition—we all muſt obey the laws, and you thoſe who execute them. The army we have oppoſed to us, owes its ſtrength to a blind obedience and ſubmiſſion to orders. Endeavour to ſurpaſs it even in this, and then neither its numbers nor its bravery, will be able to intimidate the Poles. It is true Ruſſian troops have been accuſtomed to deſpiſe the Poliſh ſoldiers, but you have now an open field to deſerve a more honourable opinion in future. Your country, for whoſe independence we are going to fight,—your King, whoſe ſteps are directed by juſtice, ſhall value and reward your merit and valour,—you may be ſure of being amply repaid for the hazard of your lives, by the gratitude of your countrymen, by the acquiſition of glory, and by the hands of your King.

"Therefore, as your King and commander, we recommend to you moſt earneſtly to unite good conduct to obedience—fortitude to courage—and love of your country to loyalty.

"We recommend to the commanding officers vigilance and attention, exemplary temperance and courage, vigour and juſtice on every occaſion.

"The army of a free Nation, thus qualified with a good cauſe on their ſide, cannot fail to find their ſupport in the powerful arm of the omnipotent. You ſerve for honour—let it be your guide: the honour of a Poliſh ſoldier is of the higheſt importance, becauſe it is a pledge of his allegiance to his country, to which he owes all.

"Do not ſuffer a traitor among you, (ſhould any unfortunately be found) and the ſafety of your country will be your own work. In every danger remember and think of your dear country—our life is the leaſt thing we can offer her. Your common father, your King, and your commander gives you for ever this word of command—*Children! Let us either live free and reſpected, or die with honour.*

Given at Warſaw, May 25th, the 28th year of our reign.

(Signed) "STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, REX."

The degenerate Poles alluded to in this addreſs, ſeem to be as inconſiderable in number as in ability; the names of their leaders, which have appeared, are the nobles Potocki, Rzewuſki, and Branicki, to whoſe party none are attached but their immediate dependents, though it is probable they have perſuaded the Empreſs of Ruſſia that numbers would join their rebellious confederacy.

While every warlike preparation that time or circumſtance permitted was going forward at Warſaw, and on the Eaſtern Frontiers, the King, by an official note, communicated to the Pruſſian Ambaſſador at his Court, the Marquis de Lucheſini, the Declaration of the Empreſs, which Bulgakow her Ambaſſador had delivered; calling at the ſame time for the aſſiſtance of his ally the King of Pruſſia, in a preſſing manner, purſuant to the 6th article in the treaty of alliance betwen them. To this communication and requiſition, his Pruſſian Majeſty anſwered, in a letter dated 6th June, "That though he ſaw with regret the embarraſſments in which "Poland was involved, they were all foreſeen; as the Empreſs of Ruſſia had manifeſted a decided oppoſition to the order of things eſtabliſhed the 3d of May, "1791; and though he, (the King of Pruſſia) had, with a tranquil eye, beheld "the Conſtitution which the Republic had given itſelf, without his *privity* or *concurrence*, he never had an idea of either ſupporting or protecting it. The event "had juſtified his predictions, and, laſtly, that however well affected he might be "to his Majeſty and the Republic, the ſtate of things having entirely changed "ſince he contracted an alliance with them, the proviſions in that treaty were not "applicable to the preſent events; but if giving up the new Conſtitution, the "King and the Republic, conſidering the difficulties that ſurround them, would "retrace their ſteps, he (the King of Pruſſia) will be ready to *concert* meaſures with "her Majeſty the Empreſs of Ruſſia, and to *explain* himſelf with the Court of "Vienna to *ſtrive* to reconcile the different intereſts, and to *agree* on meaſures for "reſtoring tranquillity to Poland."

This anſwer was naturally conſidered by the Poliſh Diet as an avowed dereliction, on the part of the Pruſſian Monarch, of every exiſting treaty.

Hoſtilities had now commenced between the Poliſh and Ruſſian armies, and a number of ſkirmiſhes took place; the firſt of note was, on the 26th of May, near Prince Poniatowſki's camp, at Winica; an advanced party of the Ruſſian army appearing near a poſt occupied by Lieutenant Golejowſki, with three hundred piquets, was attacked vigorouſly by the Poles, and driven into a wood, where, imprudently purſuing the enemy, this ſmall body found itſelf drawn into an ambuſcade, being immediately ſurrounded by a body of two thouſand horſe, two battalions of *chaſſeurs*, and fourteen pieces of cannon; through this body, however, the brave Poles cut their paſſage, with the loſs of one hundred men, having killed a much greater number of the enemy. From that date to the 17th of June, ſeveral other ſkirmiſhes happened, with various ſucceſs, between detachments of the armies; but on this day the main army of the Poles, under the command of Prince Poniatowſki, finding its poſt at Volonna untenable, and its number far inferior to the Ruſſians, retreated towards Zielime, cloſely followed by the enemy; but at this place having been reinforced by ſome troops from Zaſlaw, halted, a battle was the conſequence, for the Ruſſians appearing with an army of nine thouſand infantry and eight thouſand horſe, a general engagement enſued, which was obſtinately continued from ſeven in the morning until five in the afternoon, at which hour the Ruſſians at laſt gave way, leaving four thouſand dead on the field. The loſs on the ſide of the Poles was, comparatively, inconſiderable, being only eſtimated at eight hundred infantry and three hundred horſe.

On the other hand, the Ruſſian forces continued to penetrate the kingdom in ſeveral quarters; and the city of Wilna, and other places of conſequence fell into their hands.

To oppoſe the ſuperiority in number and diſcipline of the invaders, Poland muſt rely on the patriotic zeal of its people, and the bravery of its ſoldiers; both have already manifeſted themſelves; the peaſants furniſh forage in many places, without payment, others furniſh horſes, and in every diſtrict patriotic contributions are made. The ladies at Wilna, in Lithuania, raiſed 1,500 ducats among them, which they ſent to the National Treaſury; the editors of the National Gazette of Warſaw, have engaged to pay one thouſand florins yearly during the continuation of the war; the Princeſs, conſort to the Grand Chancellor of Lithuania, has promiſed one hundred ducats a year during the war; the Nuncio of Poſania has ſent 300 ducats to the Treaſury, with a gold watch and chain for the firſt officer who defeats a corps double the number of his, and an anonymous banker, under the ſignature of *Civis Polonius*, has preſented a cheſt containing 2,000 ducats.

The ſoldiers, determined to make up by valour every deficiency in ſkill, diſtinguiſh themſelves in every action, and during the retreat of the army from Volonna, five hundred of them, like the Greeks at Thermopylæ, to ſtop the enemy, devoted their lives, and covered with their bodies the ground they diſputed.

[*To be continued.*]

☞ *It was the wiſh of the Author to have brought his firſt period of the 15th of July into this Magazine, but the unavoidable retroſpect he was obliged to make, in order to introduce the events with which he has commenced his work, has, for this month precluded his intention.*

MARRIAGES.

CHARLES Fitzgerald, Eſq. of the co. Limerick, to Miſs Start.—John Garſtin, Eſq. of Moleſworth-ſtreet, to Miſs Harman, of Summer-hill.—Robert Moore Fiſhbourne, Eſq. of Carlow, to Miſs Semple, of Marlborough-ſtreet.—At Limerick, William Hunt, Eſq. to Miſs Urquart.—At ſame place, Mr. George Gloſter, to Miſs Henrietta Wilſon.—At Naas, Mr. Edward Fennell, to Miſs Maria Kenedy.—At Waterford, Mr. John Williams, to Miſs Coleman.—Mr. Robert Brien, of Ballytruckle, to Miſs Williams.—Mr. John Marſhall, of Parſonſtown, to Miſs Charlotte Deveaux.—At Waterford, Mr. Samuel Morriſon, to Miſs Badge.—Robert White, Eſq. of the King's co. to Miſs Keeling.

DEATHS.

AT his houſe in Bride-ſtreet, James Sheil, Eſq. one of the aldermen of Dublin.—Mr. Samuel Plant, caſhier to the bank of Sir W. Gleadowe Newcomen, and Co.—At Limerick, the wife of William Sergeant, Eſq.—At Drumhair, in the co. of Leitrim, Alexander Walker, Eſq.—At Liſburn, Mr. Barnſley.—At Tramore, Mr. Rodolphus Wade.—At Meldrum, near Caſhel, aged 104, Mr. Richard Heffernan.—At the Blackrock, the Hon. Mrs. Cole, ſiſter to the Earl of Enniſkillen.—At Power's-grove, co. of Kildare, the wife of Robert Power, Eſq.—At Ardgallagher, in the co. Roſcommon, Daniel Hanley, Eſq. eldeſt ſon to Roger Hanley, of the co. of Longford, Eſq.—At Ennis, Mrs. Blood.—At Enniſkillen, Mrs. Dempſey.—At Skibbereen, the wife of Mr. Thomas Roche.—At Cork, the wife of Mr. Thomas Creech.—In Crow-ſtreet, Mr. Horne, an eminent ſtay-maker.—Miſs Margaret Callbeck, daughter to Mr. Samuel Callbeck, of Rathdowney.—Thomas Pentland, Eſq. of Springfield.—At Porterſtown, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Troy, mother to the Rev. Dr. Troy, Romiſh biſhop of Dublin.—In Thomas-ſtreet, the wife of Mr. Robert Powel, apothecary.—At Carrick-on-Suir, Mr. William Hutchinſon, poſt-maſter of that place.—At Dunlavin, Mr. Thomas Ambroſe, of the Coombe, brewer.—At his houſe in Stephen's-green, Major Corneille.—In Fleet-ſtreet, Mr. Lewis Tourtellot, merchant.—Philip Crampton, Eſq. ſenior alderman of the city of Dublin.—At Portarlington, the wife of Michael Lewis, of Ruſſell's-town, in the co. of Kildare.—At Crevy, near Loughbrickland, Mrs. Wallace.—At Ballydugan, Mr. Thomas Shaw.—At Pain's-town, co. Meath, Mr. Peter Ruſſel, aged 96.

PROMOTIONS.

LORD MACARTNEY to the dignity of Viſcount.—Patrick Duignan, Eſq. L.L.D. to be Judge of the Prerogative Court, in the place of Doctor Stephen Radcliffe, reſigned.—At a commencement in Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. Robert Burrowes, and the Rev. Richard Ryland, to be D.D.—Wm. Turner, L.L.D.—William Richards, Benjamin Woodward, Redmond Barry, James Hall, Thomas Dickſon, John Moore, Henry Weſtenra, Peter Locke, and C. K. Garnett, to be L. L. B.

THE SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC MAGAZINE,

FOR *AUGUST*, 1792.

EMBELLISHED WITH
A STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE RT. HON. LORD DONOUGHMORE,
FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING;
THE MORNING,
FROM AN ELEGANT DESIGN;
AND
THE MASTER'S SONG, SET TO MUSIC.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

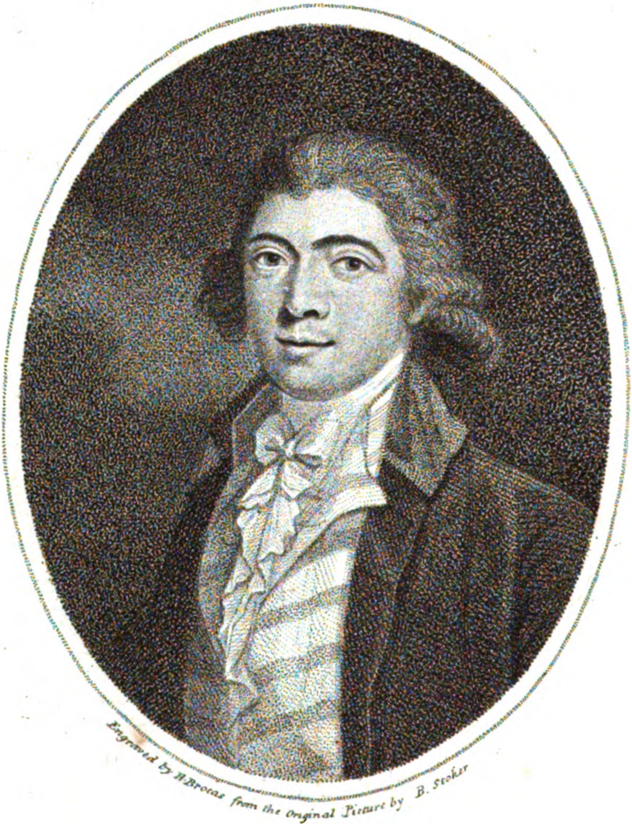
If the writer of the letter ſigned AFTER SEASON *will call for it to Mr. Jones's, and is ſatisfied to expunge the paſſages marked with inverted commas, it ſhall be inſerted in the September Magazine.*

The manuſcript ſent from Marlborough-ſtreet is every way inadmiſſible: the author *of ſo* ſtrange *a production is adviſed to apply with it to ſome news-printer, who will reduce it for him into the ſhape of an advertiſement, that may probably anſwer his purpoſe. This* piece *of writing is ſealed up for him at Mr. Jones's.*

HIBERNICUS's *letter on the neceſſity of a* Mint *in* Ireland *is received, and ſhall find a place in the next number.*

The letter on a moral ſubject, ſigned W—— S——, ſhall be inſerted in our next.

Sentimental and Masonic Magazine



Engraved by H. Brocas from the Original Picture by B. Stoker

The Right Hon^{ble}

RICHARD LORD DONOUGHMORE.

THE

SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC

MAGAZINE,

FOR *AUGUST*, 1792.

ACCOUNT *of the Right Hon.* RICHARD HELY HUTCHINSON, *Lord Baron Donoughmore, of Knocklofty, in the County of Tipperary.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH A STRIKING LIKENESS OF HIS LORDSHIP, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.

THIS amiable and diſtinguiſhed Nobleman is eldeſt ſon to the Right Honorable JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, L.L.D. Secretary of State for the Kingdom of Ireland, Provoſt of Trinity College, and one of his Majeſty's moſt honorable Privy Council for the ſame Kingdom, and of Chriſtian, Baroneſs Donoughmore. His lordſhip was born in the year 1756, and in Hilary Term, 1777, admitted to the bar, and the ſame year ſat in parliament as repreſentative for the borough of Taghmon, where he was ſoon remarkable for the decided and manly elocution that has ſince ſo eminently characterized him. In the year 1784 he was appointed joint Lord Treaſurer's Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer, and in 1785 one of the Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's Revenue; and on the death of his noble mother, in June 1788, ſucceeded to her title, in conſequence of which, he was, in the February following, introduced into the Upper Houſe, where his talents, matured by experience, have ſince ſhone with an encreaſed luſtre on every important occaſion, particularly in the debates on the Regency and Roman Catholic queſtions.

A ſhort time after his lordſhip's acceſſion to his mother's title, he was elected Grand Maſter of Maſons in the kingdom of Ireland, an office which he ſtill continues to exerciſe in a manner that reflect honour to himſelf, and is of the utmoſt ſervice to the order.

As a Commiſſioner of the Revenue, Lord Donoughmore's labours are indefatigable, and attended with every poſſible ſucceſs.

On the EFFECT *which an* EARLY ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS *has on the* FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY MISS WOLLSTONECRAFT.

EDUCATED in the uſual enervating ſtyle, and not having a chance, from their ſubordinate ſtate in ſociety, to recover their loſt ground, is it ſurpriſing that women every where appear a defect in nature?—Is it ſupriſing, when we conſider what a determinate effect an early aſſociation of ideas has on the character, that they neglect their underſtandings, and turn all their attention to their perſons.

The great advantages which naturally reſult from ſtoring the mind with knowledge, are obvious from the following conſiderations. The aſſociation of our ideas is either habitual or inſtantaneous; and the latter mode ſeems rather to depend on the original temperature of the mind than on the will. When the ideas and matters of fact are once taken in, they lie by for uſe till ſome fortuitous circumſtance makes the information dart into the mind with illuſtrative force, that has been received at very different periods of our lives. Like the lightning's flaſh are many recollections; one idea aſſimilating and explaining another with aſtoniſhing rapidity. I do not now allude to that quick perception of truth, which is ſo intuitive that it baffles reſearch, and makes us at a loſs to determine whether it is reminiſcence or ratiocination, loſt ſight of in its celerity, that opens the dark cloud. Over thoſe inſtantaneous aſſociations we have little power; for when the mind is once enlarged by excurſive flights, or profound reflection, the raw materials will, in ſome degree, arrange themſelves. The underſtanding, it is true, may keep us from going out of drawing when we group our thoughts, or tranſcribe from the imagination the warm ſketches of fancy, but the animal ſpirits, the individual character, give the colouring. Over this ſubtile electric fluid, how little power do we poſſeſs, and over it how little power can reaſon obtain! Theſe fine intractable ſpirits appear to be the eſſence of genius, and, beaming in its eagle eye, produce, in the moſt eminent degree, the happy energy of aſſociating thoughts that ſurpriſe, delight, and inſtruct. Theſe are the glowing minds that concentrate pictures for their fellow creatures; forcing them to view with intereſt the objects reflected from the impaſſioned imagination, which they paſſed over in nature.

I muſt be allowed to explain myſelf. The generality of people cannot ſee or feel poetically; they want fancy, and therefore fly from ſolitude in ſearch of ſenſible objects; but when an author lends them his eyes they can ſee as he ſaw, and be amuſed by images they could not ſelect, though lying before them.

Education thus only ſupplies the man of genius with knowledge to give variety and contraſt to his aſſociations; but there is an habitual aſſociation of ideas that "grows with our growth," which has a great effect on the moral character of mankind, and by which a turn is given to the mind that commonly remains throughout life. So ductile is the underſtanding, and yet ſo ſtubborn, that the aſſociations which depend on adventitious circumſtances, during the period that the body takes to arrive at maturity, can ſeldom be diſentangled by reaſon. One idea calls up another, its old aſſociate; and memory, faithful to the firſt impreſſions, particularly when the intellectual powers are not employed to cool our ſenſations, retraces them with mechanical exactneſs.

This habitual ſlavery, to firſt impreſſions, has a more baneful effect on the female than the male character, becauſe buſineſs, and other dry employments of the underſtanding, tend to deaden the feelings, and break aſſociations that do violence to reaſon. But females, who are made women of when they are mere children, and brought back to childhood when they ought to leave the go-cart for ever, have not ſufficient ſtrength of mind to efface the ſuperinductions of art that have ſmothered nature.

Every thing that they ſee or hear ſerves to fix impreſſions, call forth emotions, and aſſociate ideas that give a ſexual character to the mind. Falſe notions of beauty and delicacy ſtop the growth of their limbs, and produce a ſickly ſoreneſs, rather than delicacy of organs; and thus weakens by being employed in unfolding inſtead of examining the firſt aſſociations, forced on them by every ſurrounding object, how can they attain the vigour neceſſary to enable them to throw off their factitious character?—where find ſtrength to recur to reaſon, and riſe ſuperior to a ſyſtem of oppreſſion that blaſts the fair promiſes of ſpring?—This cruel aſſociation of ideas, which every thing conſpires to twiſt into all their habits of thinking, or, to ſpeak with more preciſion, of feeling, receives new force when they begin to act a little for themſelves; for they then perceive that it is only through their addreſs to excite emotions in men, that pleaſure and power are to be obtained. Beſides, all the books profeſſedly written for their inſtruction, which make the firſt impreſſion on their minds, all inculcate the ſame opinions. Educated then in worſe than Egyptian bondage, it is unreaſonable, as well as cruel, to upbraid them with faults that can ſcarcely be avoided, unleſs a degree of native vigour be ſuppoſed that falls to the lot of very few amongſt mankind.

For inſtance, the ſevereſt ſarcaſms have been levelled againſt the ſex, and they have been ridiculed for repeating a ſet of phraſes learnt by rote, when nothing could be more natural, conſidering the education they receive, and that their "higheſt praiſe is to obey unargued"—the will of man. If they are not allowed to have reaſon ſufficient to govern their own conduct—why, all they learn muſt be learned by rote!—And when all their ingenuity is called forth to adjuſt their dreſs, "a paſſion for a ſcarlet coat" is ſo natural, that it never ſurpriſed me; and allowing Pope's ſummary of their character to be juſt, "that every woman is at heart a rake," why ſhould they be bitterly cenſured for ſeeking a congenial mind, and preferring a rake to a man of ſenſe?

Rakes know how to work on their ſenſibility, whilſt the modeſt merit of reaſonable men has, of courſe, leſs effect on their feelings, and they cannot reach the heart by the way of the underſtanding, becauſe they have few ſentiments in common.

It ſeems a little abſurd to expect women to be more reaſonable than men in their *likings*, and ſtill to deny them the uncontrouled uſe of reaſon.

When do men *fall in love* with ſenſe? When do they, with their ſuperior powers and advantages, turn from the perſon to the mind? And how can they expect women, who are only taught to obſerve behaviour, and acquire manners rather than morals, to deſpiſe what they have been all their lives labouring to attain? Where are they ſuddenly to find judgment enough to weigh patiently the ſenſe of an awkward virtuous man, when his manners, of which they are made critical judges, are rebuffing, and his converſation cold and dull, becauſe it does not conſiſt of pretty repartees, or well-turned compliments? In order to admire or eſteem any thing for a continuance, we muſt, at leaſt, have our curioſity excited by knowing, in ſome degree, what we admire; for we are unable to eſtimate the value of qualities and virtues above our comprehenſion. Such a reſpect, when it is felt, may be very ſublime; and the confuſed conſciouſneſs of humility may render the dependent creature an intereſting object in ſome points of view; but human love muſt have groſſer ingredients; and the perſon very naturally will come in for its ſhare——and an ample ſhare it moſtly has!

Love is, in a great degree, an arbitrary paſſion, and will reign, like ſome other ſtalking miſchiefs, by its own authority, without deigning to reaſon; and it may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from eſteem, the foundation of friendſhip, becauſe it is often excited by evaneſcent beauties and graces; though to give an energy to the ſentiment, ſomething more ſolid muſt deepen their impreſſion, and ſet the imagination to work, to make the moſt fair——the firſt good.

Common paſſions are excited by common qualities.—Men look for beauty, and the ſimper of good humoured docility: women are captivated by eaſy manners; a gentlemanlike man ſeldom fails to pleaſe them, and their thirſty ears eagerly drink in the inſinuating nothings of politeneſs, whilſt they turn from the unintelligible ſounds of the charmer—reaſon, charm he never ſo wiſely. With reſpect to ſuperficial accompliſhments, the rake certainly has the advantage; and of theſe females can form an opinion, for it is their own ground. Rendered gay and giddy by the whole tenor of their lives, the very aſpect of wiſdom, or the ſevere graces of virtue, muſt have a lugubrious appearance to them; and produce a kind of reſtraint from which they and Love, ſportive child, naturally revolt. Without taſte, excepting of the lighter kind, for taſte is the offspring of judgment, how can they diſcover that true beauty and grace muſt ariſe from the play of the mind? and how can they be expected to reliſh in a lover what they do not, or very imperfectly, poſſeſs themſelves. The ſympathy that unites hearts, and invites to confidence, in them is ſo very faint, that it cannot take fire, and thus mount to paſſion. No, I repeat it, the love cheriſhed by ſuch minds muſt have groſſer fuel!

The inference is obvious; till women are led to exerciſe their underſtandings, they ſhould not be ſatirized for their attachment to rakes; nor even for being "rakes at heart," when it appears to be the inevitable conſequence of their education. They who live to pleaſe—muſt find their enjoyments, their happineſs in pleaſure. It is a trite, yet true remark, that we never do any thing well, except we love it for its own ſake.

Suppoſing, however, for a moment, that women were, in ſome future revolution of time, to become what I ſincerely wiſh them to be, even love would acquire more ſerious dignity, and be purified in its own fires; and virtue, giving true delicacy to their affections, they would turn with diſguſt from a rake. Reaſoning then, as well as feeling, the only province of woman, at preſent, they might eaſily guard againſt exterior graces, and quickly learn to deſpiſe the ſenſibility that had been excited and hackneyed in the ways of women whoſe trade was vice, and allurements wanton airs. They would recollect that the flame (one muſt uſe appropriated expreſſions) which they wiſhed to light up, had been exhauſted by luſt, and that the ſated appetite, loſing all reliſh for pure and ſimple pleaſures, could only be rouſed by licentious arts or variety. What ſatisfaction could a woman of delicacy promiſe herſelf in a union with ſuch a man, when the very artleſſneſs of her affection might appear inſipid?—Thus does Dryden deſcribe the ſituation

——"Where love is duty on the female ſide,
On their's mere ſenſual guſt, and ſought with ſurly pride."

But one grand truth women have yet to learn, though much it imports them to act accordingly. In the choice of a huſband they ſhould not be led aſtray by the qualities of a lover—for a lover, the huſband, even ſuppoſing him to be wiſe and virtuous, cannot long remain.

Were women more rationally educated, could they take a more comprehenſive view of things, they would be contented to love but once in their lives; and after marriage calmly let paſſion ſubſide into friendſhip—into that tender intimacy which is the beſt refuge from care; yet is built on ſuch pure, ſtill affections, that idle jealouſies would not be allowed to diſturb the diſcharge of the ſober duties of life, nor to engroſs the thoughts that ought to be otherwiſe employed. This is a ſtate in which many men live; but few, very few women. And the difference may eaſily be accounted for without recurring to a ſexual character. Men, for whom we are told women were made, have too much occupied the thoughts of women; and this aſſociation has ſo entangled love with all their motives of action; and, to harp a little on an old ſtring, having been ſolely employed either to prepare themſelves to excite love, or actually putting their leſſons in practice, they cannot live without love. But when a ſenſe of duty, or fear of ſhame, obliges them to reſtrain this pampered deſire of pleaſing beyond certain lengths too far for delicacy, it is true, though far from criminality, they obſtinately determine to love. I ſpeak of the paſſion, their huſbands, to the end of the chapter—and then acting the part which they fooliſhly exacted from their lovers, they become abject wooers, and fond ſlaves.

Men of wit and fancy are often rakes; and fancy is the food of love. Such men will inſpire paſſion. Half the ſex, in its preſent infantine ſtate, would pine for a Lovelace; a man ſo witty, ſo graceful, and ſo valiant; and can they *deſerve* blame for acting according to principles ſo conſtantly inculcated? They want a lover and protector; and behold him kneeling before them—bravery proſtrate to beauty! The virtues of a huſband are thus thrown by love into the back ground; and gay hopes, or lively emotions, baniſh reflection till the day of reckoning comes, and come it ſurely will, to turn the ſprightly lover into a ſurly, ſuſpicious tyrant, who contemptuouſly inſults the very weakneſs he foſtered. Or ſuppoſing the rake reformed, he cannot quickly get rid of old habits. When a man of abilities is firſt carried away by his paſſions, it is neceſſary that ſentiment and taſte varniſh the enormities of vice, and give a zeſt to brutal indulgences; but when the gloſs of novelty is worn off, and pleaſure palls upon the ſenſe, laſciviouſneſs becomes barefaced, and enjoyment only the deſperate effort of weakneſs flying from reflexion as from a legion of devils. Oh virtue! thou art not an empty name!—All that life can give thou giveſt!

If much comfort cannot be expected from the friendſhip of a reformed rake of ſuperior abilities, what is the conſequence when he lacketh ſenſe as well as principles? Verily, miſery, in its moſt hideous ſhape. When the habits of weak people are conſolidated by time, a reformation is barely poſſible, and actually makes the beings miſerable who have not ſufficient mind to be amuſed by innocent pleaſure; like the tradeſman who retires from the hurry of buſineſs, nature preſents to them only a univerſal blank? and the reſtleſs thoughts prey on the damped ſpirits. Their reformation, as well as his retirement, actually makes them wretched becauſe it deprives them of all employment, by quenching the hopes and fears that ſet in motion their ſluggiſh minds.

If ſuch is the force of habit? if ſuch is the bondage of folly, how carefully ought we to guard the mind from ſtoring up vicious aſſociations; and equally careful ſhould we be to cultivate the underſtanding, to ſave the poor wight from the weak dependent ſtate of even harmleſs ignorance. For it is the right uſe of reaſon alone which makes us independent of every thing—excepting the unclouded reaſon——“ whoſe ſervice is perfect freedom.”

BON MOTS *of an* EMINENT LAWYER *at the* IRISH BAR.

DURING the trial of the unfortunate Mr. Magee ſome time ago in the King’s Bench, at the ſuit of the manager of the Dublin theatre for a libel, Mr. C—— after making ſeveral attempts, without ſucceſs, to get into the court through the croud, perceiving counſellor E——, who is a large ſtrong man, forcing his way through, placed himſelf behind him, ſaying, “ I had rather be in my friend’s *wake* * than at his funeral.”

ANOTHER.

One day while the conteſted election for the borough of Tallagh was trying, the ſitting member Mr. E—— came into the houſe very warm, and complaining of the heat to Mr. C—— as he wiped his face, his witty friend replied, “ I am ſorry for it, for I ſee you are loſing tallow (Tallagh) faſt.”

DESCRIPTION

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* *The name of a ſhip’s track in the water.*

DESCRIPTION OF FRANCE,

As far as relates to the Face of the Country.

FROM YOUNG'S TRAVELS, JUST PUBLISHED.

THE chief diſtinction that marks the faces of different countries, is that of being mountainous or level. In the language, as well as in the ideas common in France, mountains are ſpoken of, to which we ſhould give no other appellation than that of hills: the tracts really mountainous in that kingdom are to be found in the S. only. It is four hundred miles S. of Calais before you meet with the mountains of Auvergne, which are united with thoſe of Languedoc, Dauphiné and Provence, but not with the Pyrenees, for I croſſed the whole S. of France from the Rhone to the ocean, either by plains or ranges of inconſiderable hills. The mountains of Voge, in Loraine, deſerve, perhaps, that name, but yet are not to be ranked with the ſuperior elevations I have noticed. The inequalities of all the reſt of the kingdom are ſufficient to render the proſpects intereſting, and to give variety to the face of the country, but they deſerve not to be called mountains. Some of the hilly and mountainous tracts of France receive a very conſiderable beauty from the rich and luxuriant verdure of cheſnuts. To thoſe who have not viewed them, it is not eaſy to believe how much they add to the beauty of the Limoſin, the Vivarais, Auvergne, and other diſtricts where they are common. There is no doubt but the Pyrenees are more ſtriking than all the other mountains of France. I have deſcribed them ſo particularly in the Journal, that I would only obſerve in general here, that their verdure, their woods, their rocks and their torrents, have all the characters of the ſublime and beautiful. I ſaw nothing among the Alps that offered ſuch pleaſing ſcenes as thoſe of the northern part of Dauphiné, which, however, are leſs varied than thoſe in the neighbourhood of Chambery, ſo abounding in landſcapes. According to every account, the courſe of the Iſer is a ſcene of perpetual beauty. The Vivarais, and part of Velay, is moſt romantic.

Of the great rivers of France, I prefer the Seine, which is every where an agreeable object. I ſhould ſuppoſe the reputation of the Loire muſt have originated from perſons who either had never ſeen it at all, or only below Angers, where in truth it merits every *eloge*. From the city of Nantes it is, probably, one of the fineſt rivers in the world, the breadth of the ſtream, the iſlands of woods, the boldneſs, culture, and richneſs of the coaſt, all conſpire with the animation derived from the ſwelling canvas of active commerce, to render that line eminently beautiful; but for the reſt of its immenſe courſe, it exhibits a ſtream of ſand; it rolls ſhingle through the vales inſtead of water, and is an uglier object than I could poſſibly have conceived, unleſs I had actually ſeen it. The Garonne receives more beauty from the country through which it flows than it confers upon it; the flat banks fringed with willows are deſtructive of beauty. I am not equally acquainted with the Rhone; where I ſaw it from Montelimart to Avignon, and again at at Lyons, it does not intereſt me like the Seine. The courſe of the Saone is marked by a noble tract of meadows.

In regard to the general beauty of a country, I prefer Limoſin to every other province in France. The banks of the Loire below Angers, and thoſe of the Seine for two hundred miles from its mouth, ſuperior undoubtedly in point of rivers, the capital feature of the country; but the beauty of the Limoſin does not depend on any particular feature, but the reſult of many. Hill, dale, wood, incloſures, ſtreams, lakes, and ſcattered farms, are mingled into a thouſand delicious landſcapes, which ſet off every where this province. Incloſures, which add ſo much ornament to the face of the country, would furniſh obſervations, but I muſt treat of them expreſsly in a more important view.

Of the provinces of the kingdom, not already named, none are of ſuch ſingular features as to demand particular attention. The beauties of Normandy are to be found on the Seine, and thoſe of Guienne on the Garonne. Bretagne, Maine, and Anjou, have the appearance of deſarts; and though ſome parts of Touraine are rich and pleaſing, yet moſt of the province is deficient in beauty. The fertile territories of Flanders, Artois and Alſace, are diſtinguiſhed by their utility. Picardy is unintereſting. Champagne in general, where I ſaw it, ugly almoſt as much as Poitou. Loraine and Franche Comté, and Bourgogne are ſombre in the woody diſtricts, and want chearfulneſs in the open ones. Berry and La Marche may be ranked in the ſame claſs. Sologne merits its epithet *triſte*. There are parts of the Angoumois that are gay and conſequently pleaſing.

It may be uſeful to thoſe who ſee no more of France than by once paſſing to Italy to remark, that if they would view the fineſt parts of the kingdom, they ſhould land at Dieppe and follow the Seine to Paris, then take the great road at Moulins, and thence quit it for Auvergne, and paſs to Viviers on the Rhone, and ſo by Aix to Italy. By ſuch a variation from the frequented road, the traveller might ſuffer from the want of good inns, but would be repaid by the ſight of a much finer and more ſingular country than the common road by Dijon offers, which paſſes in a great meaſure through the worſt part of France.

AUGUSTE AND MADELAINE:

A REAL HISTORY.

From the 2d Volume of Miſs Helen Maria Williams' Letters from France.

A FRIEND of mine, who is lately gone to Toulouſe, has ſent me from thence an account of ſome circumſtances which happened not long ago in that part of France, and which ſhe ſays are ſtill much the ſubject of converſation. I ſhall tranſcribe this narrative, which I believe will intereſt you. Perhaps a novel-writer, by the aid of a little additional miſery, and by giving the circumſtances which actually happened a heightened colour—by taking his pallet, and daſhing with the full glow of red what nature had only tinged with pale violet, might almoſt ſpin a volume from theſe materials. Yet, after all, nothing is ſo affecting as ſimplicity, and nothing ſo forcible as truth. I ſhall therefore ſend you the ſtory exactly as I received it; and in ſuch parts of it as want intereſt, I beg you will recollect that you are not reading a tale of fiction; and that in real life incidents are not always placed as they are in novels, ſo as to produce ſtage effect. In ſome parts of the narrative you will meet with a little romance; but perhaps you will wonder that you meet with no more; ſince the ſcene is not in the cold philoſophic climate of England, but in the warm regions of the ſouth of France, where the imagination is elevated, where the paſſions acquire extraordinary energy, and where the fire of poetry flaſhed from the harps of the Troubadours amid the ſullen gloom of the Gothic ages.

A young Frenchman, whoſe uſual reſidence was at Paris, having travelled as far as Toulouſe the year before the revolution, was invited by a party of his friends to accompany them to Bareges, where ſome of them were going in purſuit of amuſement, and others in ſearch of health from the medicinal ſprings which riſe ſo plentifully, both in hot and cold ſtreams, among the Pyrenean mountains.

This young Pariſian, who had ſome taſte for the ſublime ſcenery of nature, felt that it would be luxury to leave a little longer the regular walks which art has planted in the Tuilleries, and the trim gardens and jets-d'eau ſhe has formed at Verſailles; to wander among thoſe piles of mountains which overhang each other, and liſten to the torrents which fall down them with loud and irreſiſtible impetuoſity.

'Rich in her weeping country's ſpoils, Verſailles
May boaſt a thouſand fountains, that can caſt
The tortur'd waters to the diſtant heavens:
Yet let me chooſe ſome pine-topp'd precipice
Abrupt and ſhaggy, whence a foamy ſtream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars.'—

What powerful ſenſations does the firſt view of ſuch a ſcene produce!—We ſeem to begin a new exiſtence—every former impreſſion is for a while eraſed from the memory, and the mind feels enwrapped and loſt in the ſtrong emotions of awe, aſtoniſhment, and admiration.

Bareges was crowded, as it uſually is in the ſeaſon, not only with French company, but alſo with ſtrangers, who travel from other countries, in order to uſe its celebrated baths. The company amuſed themſelves, as they generally do at water-drinking places, by ſauntering, lounging, cards, lotteries, jeux-d'éſprit, and ſcandal.

Bareges is a very expenſive place. Even moderate accommodations muſt be purchaſed at a high rate; and proviſions, as well as lodgings, are ſometimes obtained with difficulty. Bareges is therefore ſeldom reſorted to by any but people of conſiderable fortune, who can afford to level the obſtacles which mountains interpoſe to their conveniences and comforts, by the all-ſubduing force of gold.

Among a number of perſons of rank and fortune, there was however one family at Bareges in a different ſituation. This family conſiſted of an elderly infirm French officer, who had long been afflicted with the palſy, and his daughter, a young woman about nineteen years of age.

Their appearance and mode of living ſeemed to indicate, that, though in ſearch of relief this old officer had journeyed to Bareges, he had in ſo doing far exceeded the bounds of economy which his circumſtances preſcribed, and was forced to deny himſelf every accommodation his infirmities could ſpare. He lived in the moſt retired manner, in the worſt lodging at Bareges; and, while the other ladies were dreſſed in a ſtyle of expenſive variety and profuſion, his daughter wore only a plain linen gown, which, though always perfectly clean, was coarſe; and her dark hair was left unpowdered and without any ornament whatever. Fortunately for Madelaine however (for that was her name) her perſon was calculated to make her coarſe gown appear to the beſt advantage; and though ſhe was not very beautiful, her countenance had an expreſſion of ſweetneſs which anſwered the end of beauty by exciting love and admiration.

The company at Bareges ſoon became acquainted with each other, and the ladies always took notice of Madelaine when they met her in their walks, which however did not happen very often, for her father was frequently unable to go out. When he did, he was ſupported on one ſide by Madelaine, and on the other by his ſervant. It was impoſſible to ſee with inſenſibility the attention which this intereſting young woman paid her father, whom ſhe never quitted one moment. It was remarked with what careful tenderneſs ſhe uſed to lead him along the ſtreet of Bareges, walking the ſloweſt pace ſhe could, and watching his ſteps as he moved feebly on. And when he was not able to venture out, ſhe was ſeen at the window of their little parlour reading in order to entertain him. Her looks and manner announced that her diſpoſition was naturally ſprightly, and that ſhe would have been gay, if her father had not been ſick. But all the cheerfulneſs ſhe could aſſume while he ſuffered, was exerted to amuſe him, and ſhorten the tedious hours of languor and debility.

Though Madelaine was handſome, the obſcurity and ſecluſion in which ſhe lived preſerved her from the envy of the women. They knew well enough that the gentlemen at Bareges were for the moſt part men of the world, who, though they may admire beauty, and approve of virtue, are never ſo far the dupes of any tender or moral ſentiment as to let it interfere either with their vanity, their ambition, or their intereſt. Although the French revolution had not yet happened, theſe ladies were aware that, with reſpect to marriage, the age of *calculators* was already come, and therefore no rival was to be feared in Madelaine. The ladies joined with the men in admiring the graces of her perſon, and the amiable qualities which her conduct diſplayed. Madelaine in ſhort became the object of general eſteem.

Auguſte, for ſo I ſhall call our young Pariſian, who has loſt his title ſince the laws of equality have been eſtabliſhed in his country—Auguſte ſpoke leſs of Magdelaine than the other gentlemen at Bareges; but it was perhaps becauſe he thought of her more. Sometimes in his ſolitary morning rambles he uſed to make compariſons between her and the Pariſian ladies among whom he had paſſed the winter, and the compariſon generally ended with a deep ſigh. The ſcene of theſe meditations was certainly much in Madelaine's favour. Perhaps at Paris or

Verſailles, Auguſte might have been dazzled by the poliſhed graces of a fine lady rouged, powdered, perfumed, and equipped for conqueſt. Theſe artificial attractions might perhaps have accorded well enough with clipped trees and angular walks. But Madelaine's ſimple manners, Madelaine's natural ſmiles and unſtudied bluſhes were far more in uniſon with the Pyrenean mountains.

One evening, when Auguſte was walking in the town of Bareges with ſome ladies, he ſaw Madelaine at a little diſtance aſſiſting with great difficulty to ſupport her father, who appeared to be ſeized with a fit. Auguſte darted like an arrow toward the ſpot, and held up the officer till he found himſelf ſomewhat recovered; and then Auguſte, with a ſort of gentle violence, obliged Madelaine, who was pale and trembling, to let go her father's arm, and ſuffer him to aſſiſt the ſervant in leading him home, which was but a few ſteps farther. Auguſte entered the houſe, where he remained till the old officer was a little revived; and, after prevailing upon Madelaine to take a few hartſhorn drops, he retired.

The next morning he felt that common civility required he ſhould pay the old officer a viſit, and learn how he had paſſed the night. It happened that Madelaine had the very ſame idea. 'Surely,' thought ſhe, it will be very ſtrange if this young man, who was ſo kind, ſo careful of my father, and who made me take ſome hartſhorn drops, ſhould neglect to call and enquire after us.' This idea had come acroſs her mind ſeveral times; and ſhe was meditating upon it at her father's bedſide, when Auguſte was announced.

The old officer, who had all the finiſhed politeneſs of his country and his profeſſion, received him in the moſt courteous manner; and, though he ſpoke with ſome difficulty, yet he was profuſe in acknowledgments for the ſervice Auguſte had rendered him. Madelaine's thanks were few and ſimply expreſſed; but the tone in which they were uttered was ſuch that Auguſte felt he could have ſacrificed his life to have deſerved them.

The old officer ſtill continued ſick, and therefore Auguſte ſtill conſidered it as an indiſpenſable mark of attention to go every day, and learn the ſtate of his health. He alſo began to feel that theſe viſits became every day more neceſſary to his own happineſs. That happineſs was indeed embittered by many painful reflections. He well knew that to obtain his father the count de ——'s conſent to marry Madelaine, was as impoſſible as it was for himſelf to conquer the paſſion ſhe had inſpired. He knew exactly the order in which his father's enquiries would run on this ſubject. He was aware that there were two interrogatories to be anſwered. The firſt was—'How many thouſand livres has ſhe a year?" And the ſecond—'Is ſhe noble?' And nothing could be more embarraſſing than that the enquiry concerning fortune would, he was ſure, come firſt; ſince that was the only article which could not be anſwered in a ſatisfactory manner; for to Madelaine's family no objection could have been made. By the way, though the former nobility of France would not abſolutely contaminate the pure ſtreams of noble blood by an union with the daughter of a *roturier*, they had always ſufficient generoſity to abate ſome generations of nobility in favour of a proper equivalent in wealth.

Auguſte, while he was convinced of the impoſſibility of obtaining his father's conſent to his marriage, did not pay Madelaine one viſit the leſs from that conſideration; and when the uſual hour of his viſit arrived, he often ſuddenly broke a chain of admirable reaſoning on the imprudence of his attachment, in order to haſten to the dwelling of her he loved. In a ſhort time he ceaſed all kind of reaſoning on the ſubject, and abandoned his heart without reſerve to the moſt violent and unconquerable paſſion.

Auguſte made a declaration to the old officer of the ſentiments which his daughter had inſpired. The old gentleman mentioned it to Madelaine, and ſhe only anſwered by tears, of which he perfectly underſtood the meaning. When Auguſte explained his ſituation with reſpect to his father, the officer deſired him to think of his daughter no more. Auguſte felt that he might as well have deſired him to ceaſe to breathe. He continued his viſits, and the officer was ſoon reduced to that ſtate of languor and debility which left him neither the power nor the wiſh to forbid them. His complaints increaſed every day, and were attended with many alarming ſymptoms. The ſeaſon for the waters of Bareges was now paſt, and all the company left the place, except the old officer, who was too weak to be removed, and Auguſte, who, while Madelaine remained, had no power to tear himſelf from the ſpot. In a few weeks the old officer felt that his dying hour was near. Auguſte knelt with Madelaine at his bedſide—her voice was ſuffocated by tears; and Auguſte had ſcarcely power to articulate in broken accents that he would devote his life to the happineſs of Madelaine. The old officer fixed his eyes with a look of tender anxiety upon his daughter, and ſoon after expired. Madelaine mourned for her father with uncontroled affliction, nor could all the attentions of her lover diſpel that anguiſh with which her affectionate heart lamented the loſs of her parent.

The winter being far advanced, ſhe propoſed to defer her journey to the diſtant province where ſhe and her father had lived, until ſpring, and to place herſelf in the mean time in a convent not far from Bareges. Auguſte exerted all the eloquence of love to induce her to conſent immediately to a private marriage. She heſitated at this propoſal; and while they were converſing together on the ſubject, the door of the room in which they were ſitting was ſuddenly thrown open, and Auguſte ſaw his father the count de —— enter. He had heard of the attachment which detained his ſon at Bareges, and had haſtened to tear him from the ſpot before it was too late. He upbraided his ſon with great bitterneſs, and began alſo to upbraid Madelaine: but there was ſomething in her looks, her ſilence, and her tears, which ſtifled the terms of haughty reproach in which he was prepared to addreſs her; and ordering his ſon to leave the room, he deſired to ſpeak to her alone. After explaining to her the abſolute impoſſibility of her being ever united to his ſon, and his determination to diſinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his ſecond ſon, if Auguſte ſhould perſiſt in his attachment to her—after endeavouring to awaken her pride and her generoſity, he deſired to know where ſhe propoſed going. She told him her intention of placing herſelf immediately in the convent of ——. He approved of this deſign, and left her to go to his ſon. No ſooner was the door of the room ſhut, than Madelaine gave way to thoſe tears which ſhe had ſcarcely been able to reſtrain while the count was ſpeaking. She had never felt ſo ſenſibly her orphan condition as at this moment; and the dear remembrance of her fond father was mingled with the agony of diſappointed love.

Meantime the count de —— declared to his ſon, that his only chance of ever obtaining his miſtreſs depended on his abſolute unconditional ſubmiſſion to his commands, and that he muſt inſtantly attend him to Paris. Auguſte eagerly enquired what was to become of Madelaine; and his father told him ſhe had determined to take refuge in the convent of ——. Auguſte abſolutely refuſed to depart till he was allowed an interview with Madelaine. The count was obliged to conſent; but before he ſuffered them to meet, he obtained a promiſe from Madelaine not to mention to her lover any particulars of the converſation which had paſſed between her and the count.

Auguſte, in this laſt interview with Madelaine, atoned for the cruel diſdain of his father, by the moſt ſolemn and paſſionate aſſurances of fidelity, not to be ſhaken by time or circumſtance; and then, after attempting to leave the room ſeveral times, and returning as often, he at length tore himſelf away. Madelaine, when ſhe ſaw him depart, felt that every earthly hope had vaniſhed with him.

She ſet out early the next morning for the convent of ——; but not till after ſhe had ſat for ſome time weeping in the chair which Auguſte uſed to occupy.

Madelaine paſſed the remaining part of the winter in the convent of ——, during which period ſhe received frequent letters from Auguſte; and when ſpring arrived he conjured her, inſtead of removing to her own province, to remain a little longer in her preſent ſituation; and flattered her with hopes of being able ere long to fulfil thoſe engagements upon which all his happineſs depended.

In the ſummer of this year an event took place, which will render that ſummer for ever memorable. The French nation, too enlightened to bear any longer thoſe monſtrous oppreſſions which ignorance of its juſt rights alone had tolerated, ſhook off its fetters, and the revolution was accompliſhed.

Madelaine was a firm friend to the revolution, which ſhe was told had made every Frenchman free. ‘ And if every Frenchman is free, thought Madelaine, ‘ ſurely every Frenchman may marry the woman he loves.’ It appeared to Madelaine, that, putting all political conſiderations, points upon which ſhe had not much meditated, out of the queſtion, obtaining liberty of choice in marriage was alone well worth the trouble of a revolution; and ſhe was as warm a patriot from this ſingle idea, as if ſhe had ſtudied the declaration of rights made by the conſtituent aſſembly, in all its extent and conſequences.

The count de ——, who was informed of the correſpondence between the two lovers, and who ſaw little hopes of his ſon's ſubduing a paſſion which this intercourſe of letters ſerved to cheriſh, contrived means to have Auguſte's letters intercepted at the convent. In vain Madelaine enquired with all the anxiety of tenderneſs for letters. In vain ſhe counted the hours till the return of the poſt-days. Poſt after poſt arrived, and brought no tidings of Auguſte. Three months paſſed in the cruel torments of anxiety and ſuſpenſe, and were at length ſucceeded by deſpair. Madelaine believed ſhe was forgotten—forgotten by Auguſte!—She conſulted her own heart, and it ſeemed to her impoſſible; yet, after a ſilence of three mouths, ſhe could doubt no longer.

Poor Madelaine now recollected with anguiſh, inſtead of pleaſure, that all Frenchmen were free. She would have found ſome ſad conſolation in believing that all Frenchmen were ſlaves. It would have been ſome alleviation of her ſorrows if Auguſte had been forced to abandon her; and ſhe fancied ſhe could have borne to loſe him, if ſhe had been ſure that he ſtill loved her—it was loſing him by his own fault that filled her heart with pangs almoſt inſupportable.

The little pittance which Madelaine, after paying her father's debts, had left for her own ſupport, was inſufficient to defray her expences as a boarder in the convent. She had already, by her ſweetneſs and gentleneſs, gained the affections of ſome of the nuns, to whom ſhe was alſo attached, and who inceſſantly conjured her to take the veil. 'And why,' ſhe ſometimes exclaimed, 'why ſhould I heſitate any longer in ſo doing? Since Auguſte is loſt, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What ſacrifice do I make; what happineſs do I reſign.

Madelaine had no ties to the world, of which ſhe knew but little: but to ſeparate herſelf irrecoverably, and for ever, from him to whom her ſoul was devoted—to ſee him, to hear his voice no more—to take vows which would make it even a crime to think of him—to baniſh him even from her thoughts—alas! Madelaine felt like Eloiſa—

> 'All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
> Still rebel nature holds out half my heart!'

Sometimes too the idea occurred that Auguſte might love her ſtill—'And am I then,' thought Madelaine, 'going to reduce myſelf to a ſtate in which I ſhall be forced to wiſh he were unfaithful, in order to ſave me from the agonies of remorſe!' She put off all thoughts of entering on her novitiate for ſome weeks longer—no letter arrived, and again her reſolution to take the veil returned. 'Why,' cried ſhe, 'why ſhould I ſtill continue to lament that inconſtant lover who thinks of me no more? Alas, alas, did he not ſee the anguiſh of my ſoul at parting with him?—Does he not know the deſerted ſituation in which I am left?—Oh, yes! he knows I have no other refuge, no other reſource than taking the veil—no doubt he wiſhes to hear I have done ſo—he will find in my renunciation of the world ſome excuſe for his infidelity—Oh, heavens! will Auguſte hear then that I am ſeparated from him for ever without one ſigh?—Ah, why need I deliberate any longer?—My trials will ſoon be paſt—I feel that my heart will break—yes, death will come to my relief—and in heaven I ſhall find my father!'

Madelaine at length determined to join the holy ſiſterhood of the convent. The white veil for her novitiate was prepared. The day was fixed, when, proſtrate with her face toward the earth, and with flowers ſcattered over her, and a part of her long treſſes cut off, ſhe was to enter upon that ſolemn trial preparatory to her eternal renunciation of the world—of Auguſte!

A few days before that which was appointed for the ceremony, Madelaine was called to the parlour, where ſhe found her lover, with ſome of the municipal officers of the town, wearing their national ſcarfs.

Madelaine, at the ſight of Auguſte, with difficulty reached a chair, in which ſhe fell back ſenſeleſs; while Auguſte could not forbear uttering ſome imprecations againſt the iron grate by which they were ſeparated, and which prevented him from flying to her aſſiſtance. He, however procured help, and Madelaine recovered.

One of the municipal officers then informed her, that they had received the day before a decree of the national aſſembly, forbidding any nuns to be profeſſed. He added, that the municipality had already given information of this new law to the abbeſs, who had conſented to allow Madelaine to leave the convent immediately. As he pronounced theſe laſt words, Madelaine looked at her lover. Auguſte haſtened to explain to her that his uncle, who loved him and pitied his ſufferings, had at length made a will, leaving him his fortune, upon condition that his father conſented to his marriage with Madelaine.

When her lover and the municipal officers departed, Madelaine retired to her apartment, to give way to thoſe delicious tears which were poured from a heart overflowing with wonder, thankfulneſs, and joy. When her firſt emotions had ſubſided, ſhe began to pack up her little wardrobe in preparation for leaving the convent on the following day. 'I always loved the revolution,' thought Madelaine, as ſhe laid aſide the white gown in which ſhe was to be married the next morning; 'and this laſt decree is ſurely of all others, the beſt and wiſeſt—but if it had come to late!' At this idea Madelaine took up the veil for her noviciate, which lay upon her table, and bathed it with a flood of tears.

The next morning, Auguſte and Madelaine were married in the pariſh church of ——, and immediately after the ceremony ſet out for Paris, where they now live, and are, I am told, two of the happieſt people and the beſt patriots in France.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS *of* PARIS.

FROM THE SAME.

WE left Orleans the beginning of December, and are come to paſs the winter at Paris. Such of our acquaintance as are ariſtocrates tell us how much we ought to lament the evil deſtiny which has led us to Paris at preſent; that the town has loſt all its former eclat; that all the good company are at Coblentz; that the ſplendid equipages are laid aſide; that the public walks, where formerly none but perſons *comme il faut* were ſuffered to enter, are now filled with people whom nobody knows; and that, upon the whole, we may conſider ourſelves as moſt unfortunate travellers, who have come to ſee Paris at a time when there is nothing to be ſeen.

Notwithſtanding this obliging pity of ſome of my acquaintances, I am rather diſpoſed to congratulate myſelf that I have miſſed the fine equipages, the laced liveries, and the good company at Coblentz; while I have an opportunity of obſerving the effects of a revolution, ſo noble in its deſign, ſo aſtoniſhing in the ſudden change produced in the ſentiments of a whole nation, riſing from the ſervility of abject ſervitude, to ſuch an exalted ſpirit of freedom, that the contemplation inſpires unwearied admiration and wonder.

I believe that the former magnificence of Paris, when its public places and public walks were crowded with perſons diſtinguiſhed by ſtars and ribbons, would have conveyed ſenſations very different, and far leſs delightful to my heart than thoſe which I have felt amid rejoicing multitudes, who had no other claim to diſtinction than virtue and patriotiſm, and no other decoration than the national cockade.

I have ſometimes recollected, on thoſe occaſions, the fine lines of Addiſon.

'Oh, Liberty, thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.'

I never witneſs theſe ſcenes of general felicity without indulging the hope that a period is approaching more favourable than the former period, to the general happineſs of the human race; when the crooked ſubtleneſs of politics and the open violations of juſtice will alike paſs away, and what has hitherto been conſidered as the fond ſpeculation of the philoſopher, the golden dream of the moraliſt, will become hiſtorical fact; when we ſhall no longer trace in the annals of hiſtory a ſanguinary liſt of crimes; when ambition, deprived of all power of doing evil, will only be left the ability to do good, and be forbidden any longer to cover the earth with deſolation; and when no path to glory will be left, but from the cultivation of human happineſs.

Do not imagine, however, that the emigrants have left nothing behind them but public ſpirit and public virtue; and that all ſplendour, taſte, and gaiety have fled with them to Coblentz. There are at preſent no leſs than twenty theatres at Paris, which are well filled every night; and at moſt of which you ſee charming acting. The grace, the ſprightlineſs, the *naïveté*, the eaſy natural movements of their comic actors far ſurpaſs any thing our London theatres can boaſt. Let us reſign to the French the palm of comedy, ſince the laurels of tragedy are all our own.—There is but one Siddons, one tranſcendent genius, who has every paſſion of the human heart at her command, and the ſublime graces of whoſe performance it is impoſſible not to feel, but no leſs impoſſible to deſcribe.

'Geſture, that marks with force, and feeling fraught,
A ſcene in ſilence, and a will in thought;
All periſhable, like th' electric fire,
But ſtrike the eye, and as they ſtrike expire;
Incenſe too pure a bodied frame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the ſenſe, and melts in air.'

Mademoiſelle Clairon, the celebrated French tragic actreſs, not contented with the fame ſhe had acquired, once attempted, contrary to the advice of her friends, to act the part of Merope, in Voltaire's tragedy; a part which madame Duſmenil, the rival of mademoiſelle Clairon, had acted with extraordinary ſucceſs. A friend of Mademoiſelle Clairon's, who ſupped with her after the performance, ſaid to her, 'You have very fine tragic powers, but you muſt abſolutely renounce the part of Merope; for there madame Duſmenil is far ſuperior to you.' 'Ah oui!' ſaid mademoiſelle Clairon, heaving a deep ſigh, 'la miſérable!—elle a eu un enfant!—Ah, yes! the wretch—ſhe has had a child!'

Is it a proof of the ſuperior refinement of the French, that they are fonder of theatrical amuſements than the Engliſh? Or does it ariſe from that love of gaiety and pleaſure, which is ſo much more prevalent in the French than the Engliſh character? A London tradeſman, when the buſineſs of the day is over, ſits down contentedly with his wife and children, and reads the newſpaper. But a bourgeois at Paris uſually concludes the day at one of the ſpectacles, and this without injuring his circumſtances; as a taſte for thoſe amuſements being univerſal at Paris, there are ſpectacles adapted to every purſe, and pleaſure may be had at a very cheap rate.

There are coffee-houſes on the Boulevards, where the people, while they drink their wine, lemonade, or orgeat, are entertained with a play gratis. Women, as well as men, are admitted to theſe coffee-houſes; for the Engliſh idea of finding eaſe, comfort, or feſtivity, in ſocieties where women are excluded, never enters into the imagination of a Frenchman.

Not that the ſame gallantry, the ſame conſtant attention to women now prevails which exiſted before the revolution.—Like Moliere's Doctor, 'on a changé tout cela.' The men, engroſſed by political concerns which involve the fate of their country, and on which their own lives and fortunes depend, have no longer leiſure or inclination to devote as much time as they did formerly to the women; and I think the French ladies ſtand a fair chance of being ſoon almoſt as much neglected as the Engliſh. Not only the age of chivalry, but the age of *petits maîtres* is paſt.

The greateſt ſimplicity in dreſs is obſerved, and is ſometimes carried even to negligence. Every man ſeems at pains to ſhew that he has waſted as few moments as it was poſſible at his toilette, and that his mind is bent on higher cares than the embelliſhment of his perſon. I am told that this revolution in dreſs and manners, this ſubverſion of the ancient laws of etiquette, has excited ſuch a degree of ſurpriſe and wonder in the king's attendants at the Thuilleries, that, notwithſtanding this is the fourth year of French liberty, thoſe gentlemen have not yet got the better of their aſtoniſhment. Nothing, it is ſaid, can exceed the minute curioſity, and the expreſſive looks, ſhrugs, and geſtures, with which they examine the dreſs of the members of the national aſſembly, when ſent on deputations to the king. It is known that theſe gentlemen in waiting, having no idea of dignity, unaccoutered with a ſword and bag, were diſpoſed to treat the deputations from the national aſſembly with contempt, till Mirabeau took the trouble to give them a leſſon on that ſubject.

He was ſent at the head of a deputation of the national aſſembly to the king. The attendants, inſtead of going to inform his majeſty, that they deſired an audience, kept them waiting in the antichamber. Mirabeau, however, did not wait long. He roſe from his ſeat, and with that commanding aſpect and emphatic tone which belonged to him, walking up to a ci-divant duke, he ſaid, 'Monſieur, je vous, *ordonne* d'aller dire au Roi que les repréſentans de la nation Francaiſe ſont ici.—Sir, I *order* you to go and inform the king, that the repreſentatives of the French nation are here.' He was obeyed without one moment's heſitation.

But to return to the theatres. The little comic pieces which are acted at the petits ſpectacles at Paris are far ſuperior to our London afterpieces, which in general are full of coarſe, broad humour, much more calculated to excite diſguſt than laughter.

Even Harlequin, at Paris, inſtead of confining himſelf, as he does at London, to manual wit, and feats of activity, aſſumes a character of *naiveté* diverting enough. In this ſtyle is the account he gives to a friend of his having fallen in love: 'Et même,' adds he, 'je ſuis moitié 'marié.—Mais comment?' replies his friend.—'Ce que je le veux bien,' ſays harlequin, 'et il ne manque que le conſentement de la demoiſelle. —I am even half married.—But how?—Why I am ready, and there is nothing wanting but the conſent of the young lady.'

The opera at Paris infinitely ſurpaſſes, in the ſplendour of its decorations, the illuſion of the machinery, and the charm of the dancing, the opera at London. But you know I am no enthuſiaſtic admirer of this faſhionable amuſement. I always find at an opera ſuch an air of burleſque, ſomething ſo artificial, nature and ſimplicity ſo completely baniſhed, that, notwithſtanding I love muſic paſſionately, I cannot help ſometimes feeling that the muſic at an opera 'plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.' And I am inclined to think with lord Cheſterfield, that, in order to be pleaſed with that entertainment, you ought to leave your underſtanding with your half-guinea at the door.

CURIOUS PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES.

From 'A Hiſtory of the Boroughs of Great Britain.'

IN the Penſion Liſt of Charles II. it appeared, that Thomas King, Eſq. member for Harwich, had a penſion of 50l. a ſeſſion, beſide meat, drink, and now and then a ſuit of clothes.

The Bailiff of Stockbridge, who is generally an innkeeper, or one dependent upon an innkeeper, is the returning officer at elections; for it is ſaid, that the innkeeper, in order to have an opportunity of receiving bribes upon theſe occaſions, without being liable to the penalty, has frequently procured one of his own oſtlers to be elected bailiff, and has himſelf carried the mace before him.—Sir Richard Steele, who repreſented this borough in the reign of queen Anne, carried his election againſt a powerful oppoſition, by the merry expedient of ſticking a large apple full of guineas, and declaring that it ſhould be the prize of that man, whoſe wife ſhould be the firſt brought to bed, after that day nine months.

Sir Robert Holmes, member for Wincheſter, in the reign of Charles II. is recorded in the abovementioned penſion liſt, as 'firſt an Iriſh livery-boy, then a highwayman, now baſhaw of the Iſle of Wight, got, in boons and by rapine, 100,000l. The curſed beginner of the two Dutch wars.'

The non-reſident freemen of the borough of Berwick upon Tweed, living in London, being put on board two veſſels in the Thames, immediately previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in oppoſition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the ſum of 400l. to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Taylor, and Lord Delaval gained their election, without any farther expence.

Old Sarum in Wilts, and Midhurſt in Suſſex, ſend four members to Parliament, although not a ſingle houſe is within the limits of either. Gatton, in Surry, is a more illuſtrious place, for it contains *two* houſes. Steyning and Bramber, which join each other, and form one ſtreet, not more than two-thirds as large as Fetter-lane, ſend together four repreſentatives to parliament.

To the obſervations extracted from this work, it may be added, that the right of ſending repreſentatives to parliament does not appear to be a very enviable privilege; for, not to mention the riots and tumults, the feuds and animoſities, the venality and corruption, and the profligacy and debauchery they ſo often occaſion, it is a fact, that many a once flouriſhing town owes its preſent ſtate of decay and degradation to the honour of ſending repreſentatives to parliament. On the other hand, ſuch of our great towns, as Mancheſter, Birmingham, &c. that are obliged to be content with being *virtually* repreſented, have long been in a ſtate of increaſing proſperity.

A Curious Account of the MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN *of* CANNAY:

BY GEORGE DEMPSTER, OF DUNNINCHEN, ESQ.

YOU will not be ſorry to receive an account of the Magnetic Mountain of Cannay: but perhaps it is not unknown to you already, or you may at leaſt have heard of ſimilar ones in other places. Cannay is an iſland of ten or twelve miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour in its boſom. Near this harbour, on a hill of ſome height, called the Compaſs-hill, there is a little hole dug, about a foot or two in depth. A compaſs placed in this hole is inſtantly diſturbed, and in a ſhort time veers about to the eaſtward, till at laſt the north point ſettles itſelf in a due ſoutherly direction, and remains there. At a very little diſtance from this hole, perhaps on the very edge of it, the needle recovers its uſual poſition.

This ſingular circumſtance was known when Martin wrote his account of theſe iſlands, and is taken notice of by him. He indeed ſays, the compaſs then ſettled at due eaſt, which is alſo curious. What increaſes the ſingularity of this alteration in the needle, is a diſcovery lately made by Hector M'Neil, eſq. tackſman of the iſland. He mentioned the circumſtance to us; and Lord Bredalbane, ſir Adam Ferguſſon, Mr. Iſaac Hawkins Brown, and the reſt of the company, went to examine the fact. The harbour, on the north ſide, is formed by a bold rock of Baſalt, which may be about half a mile below, and to the ſouthward of the Compaſs-hill, of which this rock is a continuation. We rowed under this rock; and when the boat reached its centre, immediately under the rock, and almoſt touching it, the north point of our compaſs veered about, and ſettled at due ſouth and remained there. This experiment was frequently repeated with the ſame ſucceſs; but this effect was confined alſo to a very ſmall part of the rock, which ſeemed to us directly ſouth of the hole on Compaſs-hill. At a little diſtance on either ſide, the needle recovered its uſual poſition. His lordſhip then directed the boat to row with great quickneſs paſt the rock, when, upon our croſſing the place which had before affected the needle, it was again affected during the paſſage, though very quick, and recovered ſoon after paſſing this point. We could hardly venture to aſſign any cauſe for theſe appearances, but by ſuppoſing ſomething magnetical in the rock extending the whole diſtance from Compaſs-hill to the head land at the mouth of the harbour. If this ſhould prove to be the caſe, we had no ſcruple in pronouncing this to be the largeſt loadſtone as yet diſcovered in the world.

A part of the rock was broken off, at the very ſpot where this affection of the needle was obſerved, and was applied to the compaſs when removed from the rock; but it ſeemed to produce no effect upon the needle whatſoever. Alſo, the compaſs was carried about the length of the boat from the rock, but in a line with Compaſs-hill; and it was alſo placed in the ſame line on the oppoſite ſide of the harbour, at about a quarter of a mile's diſtance; neither of theſe experiments produced any effect on the needle.

In this iſland there are many columnar appearances, not unlike to Staffa; and ſeveral, both ſtraight and bent, and every way as regular, which ſeem alſo to have, like Staffa, eſcaped obſervation till very lately.

An ACCOUNT *of the* EARTH *called* GYPSUM, *or* PLAISTER *of* PARIS, *with its extraordinary Effects as a Manure.*

TO THE EDITOR.

BY many experiments made in North America (for the particulars of which I muſt refer your readers to ' A Treatiſe of the Earth called Gypſum,' &c. by Mr. Charles Clarke, of Milbank-row, Weſtminſter,

minſter,) it appears, that five or ſix buſhels of Gypſum, pulveriſed in the ſtate as dug from the earth, and ſtrewed on the ſoil, is preferable to fifty loads of dung; that it has been found effectual for wheat, barley, oats, rye, buck-wheat, Indian corn, cabbages, turnips, and particularly for clover, and all graſs lands; and in ſhort a promoter to the growth of all vegetables; that uplands, worn out, and from their ſandy ſoil abandoned, have become as valuable as the fineſt bank meadow land, by uſing gypſum; that lands have retained viſible marks of its ſuperior fertility ſeven years after this manure has been put on them; and that it has been found ſo productive, that its effects have appeared in ten days after ſowing, and the growth of graſs or clover have been ſo great, that they have mowed it in ſix weeks after.

It appears, farther, that it ſhould be ſown on dry land, not liable to be overflown; and it is remarked, that it is equally productive in all dry ſoils. It may be laid on the ſoil in any month from March to September; but April is recommended.

When it is ſown, it ſhould be put on in a fine powdered ſtate in the broadeſt manner, as you ſow corn, to be careful that the diſtribution is equal; and in many caſes one buſhel may be ſufficient for a quarter of an acre: a hazy or drizzling day, with little or no wind, is preferred for ſowing it.

The uſe of it has been particularly recommended to the farmers of this country; as it is not doubted but that, in a few years, our barren heaths may be turned into fine graſs lands, and the preſent invaluable part of the kingdom be made uſeful.

There are various ſorts of gypſeous earth to be found in numberleſs places in the temperate and frigid zones.

The looſe and friable ſort, particularly white, is found in Poland and Saxony, and other parts to the northward.

The fibred and thready ſort, commonly called talc (though improperly ſo named, becauſe the true talc is of another quality) is found in various parts of Europe, particularly in England, as well as all the other ſorts of gypſum.

The ſcales and granulated ſort is found in various colours all over Europe and North America, white, red, grey, and a light yellow. This laſt is found at Montmatre, near Paris, and, on that account, is called the Plaiſter of Paris. The hard white ſort has ſomewhat the appearance of loaf ſugar, fine, and of a cloſe, firm, compact texture, and when broken, ſhines like cryſtal.

The ſpar gypſum, or the pure ſelenite earth, is of various colours, and is ſometimes found tranſparent; is a very heavy ſtone, as if intermixed with ſomething metallic; but tried experiments have found to the contrary,

The ſtalactical gypſum, of no viſible particles, is of different colours, and of various forms and figures.

The cryſtallized gypſum in general is of the ſparry ſort, and of different colours; ſome tranſparent, and of various forms.

All the foregoing ſorts of gypſum, if not intermixed with any other particles of earth, will not ferment with the acid of nitre, or ſtrike fire with ſteel, and are proper for manure.

The alabaſter gypſum is ſolid, and of no viſible particles; is very eaſy to ſaw and cut, but is not always ſatiated with the acid of vitriol to anſwer the purpoſe of gypſum manure, there being ſome alabaſters that will ferment with aqua-fortis or acid of nitre.

The gypſeous earths, as I have obſerved before, are found in various parts of Europe, Ruſſia, Norway, Germany, and France; it abounds in England, and is plentiful in Yorkſhire, Derbyſhire, Nottinghamſhire, Leiceſterſhire, and Lincolnſhire, where there are large pits of it; alſo in moſt of the cliffs of the Severn, particularly at the old paſſage in Somerſetſhire.

A very fine ſemi-tranſparent ſolid ſort is found in Derbyſhire, with other varieties.

The fibred and thready ſort, that which is uſually called talc, is found in the ſame pits of gypſum before mentioned, alſo by itſelf in a variety of places.

Selenites of many kinds abound in England in clays.

Very fine gypſum has been dug from the ſalt rocks of Nantwich, in Cheſhire.

The ſelenites, called rhomboidalis, from the figures it makes its appearance in (a rare foſſil in other countries) are frequently found in England; but Shotoverhill in Oxfordſhire, is famous for them.

The iſle of Sheppy affords a kind (peculiar and particular to that ſmall ſpot of ground) fibrous, and accreting in radiations like ſtars.

The manner of preparing the gypſum for manure, after being ſatisfied that you have the right ſort, that is, ſuch that will not ferment with aqua-fortis, or ſtrike fire with ſteel; break the large lumps into ſmall, and thoſe into ſmaller, in a ſtamping-mill, then grind it in a grinding-mill; the finer it is pulverized, the more it has the power of attracting moiſture; it then may be ſewed upon the ſoil as before directed.

I underſtand, that thoſe who wiſh to try it at their farms or gardens, may have it of Mr. Clarke, ready prepared in ſmall quantities, or in greater as may be wanted.

I ſhall conclude this account, with an extract of a letter, in Mr. Clarke's pamphlet, from a gentleman in the ſtate of Pennſylvania to his friend in Quebec: 'This manure has produced a great revolution in agriculture. The fine watered and banked meadows in this country, are no longer held in the eſtimation they were; our dry poor uplands, from the effect of this valuable and cheap manure, are infinitely more productive, and more valuable than the beſt low lands; I mean for graſs. In ſhort, the value of farm-yard manure is much leſſened, for it is cheaper for the farmer to purchaſe the gypſum than to draw out his dung thereon.

This diſcovery exceeds credibility; it puzzles the philoſopher, and aſtoniſhes the farmer. Indeed, it tells us all reaſoning hitherto, extended to the principles of vegetation, was without foundation, and that the human race are in a total ſtate of ignorance reſpecting it.

A NEW

A NEW *and* ACCURATE DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* ROME.

From the United Accounts of all the modern Travellers.

[*Continued from page* 8.]

THE Strada Felice, in the higher part of the city, is about a mile and a half in length from the Trinità del Monte, to the church of St. John Lateran, on the Pincean hill. This ſtreet runs in a ſtraight line; but the view is interrupted by a fine church called St. Maria Maggiore. The Strada Felice is croſſed by another ſtraight ſtreet, called the Strada di Porta Pia, terminated at one end by that gate; and at the other, by four coloſſal ſtatues in white marble, of two horſes led by two men; ſuppoſed by ſome, to be repreſentations of Alexander taming Bucephalus; and, according to others, of Caſtor and Pollux. They are placed before the pope's palace, on the Quirinal-hill, and have a noble effect.

It would be more difficult to convey an idea of the ſmaller and leſs regular ſtreets. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, in general, that Rome at preſent exhibits a ſtrange mixture of magnificent and intereſting, common and beggarly, objects; the former conſiſts of palaces, churches, fountains, and, above all, the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehend all the reſt of the city. *Moore's Tr.* i. 391.

But though Rome was anciently much more populous than it is at preſent; it is now one of the fineſt cities in the world. In external ſplendor, and the beauty of its temples and palaces, modern Rome is ſuppoſed to excel the ancient. It has twenty gates, three hundred towers, as many churches, and ſix bridges over the Tiber. The ſtreets are ſpacious and well paved, but they are neither kept clean nor illuminated. There are no lamps lighted in the ſtreets at night; all Rome would be in utter darkneſs were it not for the candles which the devotion of individuals ſometimes place before certain ſtatues of the virgin. Thoſe appear faintly glimmering at vaſt intervals, like ſtars in a cloudy night. The lackeys carry dark lanthorns behind the carriages of people of the firſt diſtinction. The cardinals and other eccleſiaſtics do not chooſe to have their coaches ſeen before the door of every houſe they viſit. In the midſt of this darkneſs, amorous aſſignations in the ſtreet are not unfrequent among the inferior people. When a carriage, with a lanthorn behind it, accidentally comes near a couple who do not wiſh to be known, one of them calls out, *volti la lanterna*, and is obeyed; the carriage paſſing without further notice being taken. Venus has always been particularly reſpected at Rome, on account of her amour with Anchiſes. *Moore's Tr.* i. 388.

Here are two thouſand two hundred palaces, ninety-two pariſhes, forty-one national churches, ſixty-four religious houſes of men, forty of women, and thirty hoſpitals. Among the churches, there are ſeven which, by way of eminence, are called the *ſeven churches*, being eſteemed comparatively more ſacred than the reſt: theſe are St. John de Lateran, St. Peter in the Vatican, St. Paul, St. Mary the Greater, St. Laurence within the Walls, the Holy Croſs of Jeruſalem, and St. Sebaſtian. No city in the world ſurpaſſes, or even equals Rome, for the multiplicity of noble edifices, fine fountains, antiquities, paintings, ſtatues, ſculptures, and curioſities. No place in the world is ſo well provided with fine fountains as Rome, not only from its having excellent ſprings in its own precincts, but being alſo ſupplied with water from other places, by means of ſome ſuperb and ſtupendous aqueducts; of which the principal are thoſe of Aqua Virgine, and Aqua Felice, which are conveyed to it from the diſtrict of Paleſtrina, at the diſtance of twenty-two Italian miles, and do honour to pope Sextus V. the founder. Aqua Paulina, brought from the diſtance of thirty Italian miles, derives its name from Paul V. who re-eſtabliſhed it from its ruins. Theſe pure limpid ſtreams are of ſingular benefit to the city, eſpecially as the water from the Tiber is generally ſo thick and muddy, that even horſes are not watered in it; though, after two or three days ſtanding, it works itſelf clear, and becomes fit for drinking.

The incomparable church of St. Peter, ſeated on the ſide of the Tiber, is one of the wonders of modern architecture. Every traveller is aſtoniſhed at the firſt ſight of this noble ſtructure, its ſpacious area, and the quadruple row of pillars on each ſide.

All who have ſeen St. Paul's in London, may, by an enlargement of its dimenſions, form ſome idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the reſemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined, in many parts with the moſt precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of ſculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excels that to St. Paul's in a ſtill greater proportion, than the former ſurpaſſes the latter either in ſize, or in the richneſs and beauty of the internal ornaments. A magnificent portico advances on each ſide from the front, by which means a ſquare court is formed immediately before the ſteps which lead into the church. The two porticoes form two ſides of the ſquare, the third is cloſed by the front of the church, and the fourth is open. A colonnade, four columns deep, commences at the extremities of the porticoes; and embracing, in an oval direction, a ſpace far wider than the ſquare, forms the moſt magnificent area that perhaps ever was ſeen before any building. This oval colonade is crowned with a baluſtrade, ornamented by a great number of ſtatues; and conſiſts of above three hundred large pillars, forming three ſeparate walks, which lead to the advanced portico, and from that into the church. In the middle of the immenſe area ſtands an Egyptian obeliſk of granite; and to the right and left of this, two very beautiful fountains refreſh the atmoſphere with ſtreams of clear water. The delighted eye glancing over theſe ſplendid objects, would reſt with complete ſatisfaction on the ſtupendous fabric to which they ſerve as embelliſhments, if the facade of this celebrated church had been equal in beauty and elegance to the reſt of the building. But this is by no means the caſe, and every impartial judge muſt acknowledge, that the front of St. Peter's is, in thoſe particulars, inferior to that of our St. Paul's. *Moore's Tr.* i. 399.

The length of St. Peter's, taken on the outſide, is exactly ſeven hundred and thirty feet; the breadth five hundred and twenty; and the height, from the pavement to the top of the croſs, which crowns the cupola,

pola, four hundred and fifty. The grand portico before the entrance, is two hundred and ſixteen feet in length, and forty in breadth. The large dome, with the two cupolas towering from it with ſuch an extenſive circumference, might well paſs for a church without any addition. The inſide of this ſuperb ſtructure may be called a profuſion of beauties, the eye at firſt ſight being quite dazzled; though the more it is ſurveyed, the greater will be the aſtoniſhment of the beholder, on conſidering the ſuperbneſs of the pillars, and the variety of rich integuments; many of which are wrought in baſſo relievo. All the altar-pieces are of the moſt exquiſite Moſaic work. The monuments of the popes, whoſe aſhes are depoſited here, are very grand, compoſed of braſs and marble: but the moſt ſplendid piece of the whole is the *Cathedra Petri*, or papal chair, appointed for the head of the church.

The abbé Dupaty's obſervations on this ſuperb ſtructure, may be conſidered as ſupplementary to thoſe of Dr. Moore:

If I have not yet ſaid any thing of the church of St. Peter, ſays the abbé, it is becauſe no language can poſſibly furniſh expreſſions to ſpeak of it as it deſerves. The ſquare which is before this church is one of the handſomeſt in Europe. In the middle of an immenſe incloſure, ſurrounded by a vaſt portico which ſupports, on four hundred majeſtic columns, two hundred coloſſal ſtatues; between two ſuperb baſons, blackened with bronze and time, whoſe waters, perpetually in motion, ſpout up, ſparkle, fall down again and murmur night and day, a magnificent obeliſk pompouſly rears its head. This obeliſk is of granite, and hewn in Egypt; it was erected here by Sextus V. It is not aſtoniſhing that St. Peter's ſhould become ſo prodigious an edifice. It was projected by the vanity of Julius II. who deſired that his tomb ſhould be a temple; undertaken by the genius of Leo X. who was ambitious of forming one perfect work from the maſterly productions of all the fine arts; and at the end of ſeveral centuries, at length, finiſhed by the character of Sextus V. who wiſhed to finiſh every thing. This is one of the moſt extenſive edifices the world has ſeen. It divides the Vatican mount into two parts; it covers the circus of Nero, on which it is founded; and cloſes up between Rome and the world, the celebrated triumphal way. It is impoſſible to give an idea of the ſenſations which fill the ſoul, on entering, for the firſt time, the church of St. Peter; at finding ourſelves on that extenſive pavement, amidſt enormous pillars, before theſe columns of bronze; at the ſight of all thoſe paintings, of all thoſe ſtatues, of all thoſe mauſolea, of all thoſe altars, and under that dome—within that vaſt circumference; in a word, where the pride of the moſt powerful pontiffs, and the ambition of all the fine arts, have unceaſingly been adding for many centuries, ornaments of granite, gold, marble, bronze, and canvas, increaſing its grandeur, and magnificence, and inſuring its duration. *Dupaty's Tr.* 183.

The Vatican, which joins the cathedral, is a very ſpacious building, but irregular, having twenty-two courts, and ſeveral thouſand rooms; every pope having made ſome addition to it, which has ſwelled it to its preſent magnitude. The famous Vatican library conſiſts of eight large apartments; the number of manuſcripts in it amount to upwards of twenty-five thouſand, and the books are about twenty thouſand. The fineſt pieces of antique ſculpture are to be ſeen in the Vatican. The cabinet of medals is compoſed of Greek and Roman pieces, but the greateſt part of them conſiſts of copper.

The church of St. John of Lateran is one of the ſeven. It ſtands on the ſpot formerly occupied by the palace of Conſtantine the Great; where, after embracing the Chriſtian religion, he built this church, and preſented it to the biſhop of Rome. Here are depoſited vaſt numbers of relics, which St. Helen is ſaid to have brought from the Holy Land, affording the higheſt entertainment to the ſuperſtitious beholder. In the croſs walk behind the church, ſtand two celebrated chairs, which, ſince the diſaſter of pope Joan, have been uſed at the election of popes, for a well-known purpoſe. The Lateran palace was rebuilt, in a very ſtately manner, by Sextus V. In the area before it, ſtands the largeſt obeliſk in Rome, which Conſtantine the Great removed from Egypt, and his ſon ſent to Rome, where it was erected in the *Circus Maximus*; whence Sextus V. after it had been dug out of the ruins, cauſed it to be removed, and erected here.

The author of the Picture of Italy informs us, that though St. Peter excels all other churches in magnificence, that of Laterano maintains the firſt rank, being the moſt ancient in Rome. It is the pope's pariſh as biſhop of Rome; and after his acceſſion to the eccleſiaſtical mitre, he makes it the firſt object of his care to take poſſeſſion of it; and this is done with infinite pomp and ceremony, it being in general the firſt and laſt time that this eminent perſon viſits his pariſh-church. The inhabitants aſſemble when the pope takes poſſeſſion of it, in order to receive the firſt benediction of his new elected holineſs, which is given from a balcony. I ſhall inſert here a very peculiar anecdote relating to the reverend Ganganelli:

When Clement XII. made his entry in this church, Ganganelli was among the crowd as a ſpectator; he mounted upon the baſe of a pillar to have a better ſight of the proceſſion; but a Swiſs guard, with his halberd, gave him ſeveral blows, and drove him from his poſt. How little could this excellent man think that he himſelf was to act the chief part at the next ceremony of this kind, and that he would become the immediate ſucceſſor of him, before whom he was then in humble proſtration with all the people of Rome! What an immenſe diſtance is there between a wretched Franciſcan friar, who goes barefooted, and a pope of Rome, who receives divine worſhip! The remembrance of this occurrence made him ſmile, when he was elected eleven years after, and carried in great ſtate by the ſame pillar. He related this anecdote after the ceremony was ended, the cardinals having aſked him the motive of his ſmiling. *Archenholtz's Tr.* ii. 56.

The *Scala Santa*, or Holy Stairs, by which our Saviour is ſaid to have aſcended into Pilate's houſe, are preſerved in a diſtinct building, with chapels belonging to it. In the ſame quarter ſtands the Holy Croſs of Jeruſalem, another of the ſeven capital churches, and one of the moſt remarkable for its antiquity and relics. St. Mary the greater is alſo one of the ſeven; and the firſt and moſt beautiful of all thoſe dedicated to the Virgin Mary in Rome: containing the ſplendid chapels of pope Sextus V. and pope Paul V. with many other curioſities. Not far from this church is ſeen a beautiful ſtatue of the Virgin Mary, and an Egyptian obelisk. St. Sebaſtian, another of the ſeven churches, is famed for its many relics. The church of St. Pietro in Montorio is adorned with the moſt celebrated picture in the world, Chriſt's transfiguration on the mount, which was Raphael's laſt production.

The catacombs, or ſubterraneous burying grounds, are the moſt ſpacious and beſt preſerved in the whole city. Theſe were the public burying places, for ſuch of the Romans as could not afford the expence of burying; and the Chriſtians, who diſapproved of burying their dead, made uſe of them for the ſame purpoſe.

The principal remains of antiquity are,

The Pantheon, which, though not the largeſt of the Roman temples, is the moſt perfect which now remains.

It has been deſpoiled of every thing that made it rich, ſays the abbé Dupaty: but they have left all that made it great. It has loſt its marbles, its porphyry, its alabaſter, its bronzes; but it has preſerved its dome, its peryſtle, and its columns. The deſign of the pantheon is ſimple and grand: its circular form is happy. Its circumference is majeſtically vaulted with a vaſt cupola. But why all theſe gewgaws of gold and marble? It is difficult to determine who has done the moſt injury to this ancient edifice, the Barbarians who deſpoiled, or the popes who have ornamented it. *Dupaty's Tr.* 131.

I leave to others the taſk of enumerating all the marbles, all the porphyry, and all the granite which enrich the inſide of the Pantheon. It poſſeſſes a much more precious treaſure, the aſhes of Raphael.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the temple of Peace, if we may truſt to the accounts we have of the firſt, and to the ruins of the ſecond, in the camp Vaccino, were both much larger than the Pantheon. In ſpite of the depredations which this laſt has ſuſtained from Goths, Vandals, and Popes, it ſtill remains a beauteous monument of Roman taſte.

I went to the Capitol, ſays the abbé Dupaty: this place, which gave law to the univerſe; where Jupiter had his temple, and Rome her ſenate; from whence of old the Roman eagles were continually flying into every quarter of the globe, and from every quarter of the globe continually winging their way back with victories; whence a ſingle word from the mouth of Scipio, of Pompey, or of Cæſar, quickly reached the moſt diſtant nations, menacing their liberty, and deciding on the fate of kings; where the greateſt men of the republic, in ſhort, ſtill continued to live after their death, in ſtatues, and ſtill to govern the world with the authority of Romans: this place ſo renowned has loſt its ſtatues, its ſenate, its citadel, its temples; it has retained nothing but its name, ſo cemented by the blood and tears of nations, that time has not been able to disjoin the immortal ſyllables of which it is compoſed. It is ſtill called the capitol. At the Capitol, we perceive in the ſtrongeſt light, the inſignificance of all human things, and the power of fortune. I ſeek the place where ſtood the citadel. The Tarpeian rock is more than three-fourths buried. *Dupaty's Tr.* 145.

In my way to the Capitol I met a coach, in which were two recollet friars, the one ſeated backwards, the other forwards, holding between their legs ſomething I could not diſtinguiſh. Every body ſtopped, and ſaluted, with profound reſpect. I aſked to whom this reverence was addreſſed. It is, anſwered one of the ſtanders by, to the *Bambino*, which theſe good fathers are carrying to a prelate, who is very ill, and given over by his phyſicians. I afterwards procured an explanation what this Bambino was. The Bambino is a little wooden Jeſus richly dreſſed. The convent, who has the good fortune to poſſeſs this image, neither has nor needs any other patrimony. As ſoon as any perſon is ſeriouſly ill, they ſend for the Bambino, and always in a coach, for he never goes on foot. Two Recollets conduct, and place him by the ſick man, where they remain, at his expence, until he be either dead or recovers. The Bambino is conſtantly running about; they ſometimes fight who ſhall have him, at the gate of the convent, and tear him from each other; in the ſummer eſpecially, he has extraordinary buſineſs, though he makes them pay dearly for his viſits, on account of the demand, and the hot weather. This is but fair. *Dupaty's Tr.* 123.

As the Pantheon is the moſt entire, the amphitheatre of Veſpaſian is the moſt ſtupendous monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finiſhed by his ſon Titus, and obtained the name of Coloſſeum, afterwards corrupted into Coliſeum, from a coloſſal ſtatue of Apollo which was placed before it.

Among theſe curious remains may be mentioned the equeſtrian braſs ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; the beautiful marble monument of the emperor Alexander Severus; marble buſts of the emperors and their conſorts; three brick arches of the temple of Peace, built by the emperor Veſpaſian, where the emperor Titus depoſited the utenſils he had taken out of the temple of Jeruſalem, after his conqueſt of that city; the coliſeum, or amphitheatre built by the emperor Veſpaſian, the largeſt that ever was built; the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, and of Galienus; the circus of Antoninus Caracalla; the Columna Antonia, repreſenting the principal actions of Marcus Aurelius; Trajan's pillar; the mauſoleum of Auguſtus, in the Strada Pontifici; the remains of the emperor Severus's tomb; the ſtately ruins of Diocleſian's baths; the obeliſks of Seſoſtris and Auguſtus; the Farneſe Hercules, in white marble, of a coloſſian ſize, &c.

With much pleaſantry has Dr. Moore expatiated on the Farneſian Hercules: it has been long admired, ſays he, as an equiſite model of maſculine ſtrength; yet, admirable as it is, it does not pleaſe all the world. I am told that the women in particular find ſomething unſatisfactory, and even odious, in this figure; which, however majeſtic, is deficient in the charms moſt agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the ſon of Jupiter and the beauteous Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farneſe palace turned away from it in diſguſt. I could not imagine what had ſhocked her. She told me, after recollection, that ſhe could not bear the ſtern ſeverity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of thoſe giants that, according to the old romances, carried away virgins, and ſhut them up in gloomy caſtles, than the giant Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared ſhe was convinced this ſtatue could not be a juſt repreſentation of Hercules; for it was not in the *nature of things*, that a man ſo formed could ever have been a reliever of *diſtreſſed damſels*.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

THE BRETON:

A Curious Hiſtory.

FROM DESMOND, A NOVEL.

DID I not name to you a Breton, who had ſomething in his air and manner unlike others of the peaſantry?—Whenever I have obſerved him, he ſeemed to be the amuſement of his fellow labourers; there was an odd quaint kind of pleaſantry about him; and I wiſhed to enter into converſation with him, which I had yeſterday evening an opportunity of doing.—You are not of this part of France, my friend?' ſaid I—' No, monſieur—I am a Breton—And now would return into my own country again, but that, in a fit of impatience, at the exceſſive impoſitions I laboured under, I ſold my little property about four years ago, and now muſt continue to ' courir le monde, & de vivre comme il plaira à Dieu'—Sterne has, I think, tranſlated that to be upon nothing. My acquaintance did not appear to be fond of ſuch *meagre* diet. ' But, pray,' ſaid I, ' explain to me, what particular oppreſſions you had to complain of, that drove you to ſo deſperate, and as it has happened, ſo ill-timed a reſolution.'

' I believe,' replied he, ' that I am naturally of a temper a little impatient; and it was not much qualified by making a campaign or two againſt the Engliſh; the firſt was in a ſhip of war, fitted out at St. Malo's—or, in other words, Monſieur, a privateer; for though I was bred a ſailor, and loved fighting well enough, I was refuſed even as *Enſeigne de vaiſſeau, (midſhipman,)* on board a king's ſhip, *becauſe I was not a gentleman*—My father, however, had a pretty little eſtate, which he inherited from his great, great grandfather—But he had an elder ſon, and I was to ſcramble through the world as well as I could—They wanted, indeed, to make me a monk; but I had a mortal averſion to that trade, and thought it better to run the riſk of getting my head taken off by a cannon ball, than to ſhave it—My firſt *debut* was not very fortunate—We fell in with an Engliſh frigate, with whom, though it was hopeleſs enough to contend, we exchanged a few ſhot, for the honour of our country; and one of thoſe we were favoured with in return, tore off the fleſh from my right leg, without breaking the bone—The wound was bad enough, but the Engliſh ſurgeon ſewed it up, and before we landed, I was ſo well as to be ſent with the reſt of our crew to the priſon at Wincheſter—I had heard a great deal of the humanity of the Engliſh to their priſoners, and ſuppoſed I might bear my fate without much murmuring; but we were not treated the better for belonging to a privateer.—The priſon was over-crouded, and very unhealthy—The proviſions, I believe, might be liberally allowed by your government, but they were to paſs through the hands of ſo many people, every one of which had their advantage out of them, that, before they were diſtributed in the priſon, there was but little reaſon to boaſt of the generoſity of your countrymen. To be ſure, the wiſdom and humanity of war is very remarkable in a ſcene like this, where one nation ſhuts up five or ſix thouſand of the ſubjects of another, to be fed by contract while they live; and when they die, which two-thirds of the number ſeldom fail to do—to be buried by contract—Yes!—out of nine-and-twenty of us poor devils, who were taken in our little privateer, fourteen died within three weeks; among whom was a relation of mine, a gallant fellow, who had been in the former wars with the Engliſh, and ſtood the hazards of many a bloody day—He was an old man, but had a conſtitution ſo enured to hardſhips, and the changes of climate, that he ſeemed likely to ſee many more—A vile fever that lurked in the priſon ſeized him—My hammock (for we were ſlung in hammocks, one above another, in thoſe great, miſerable rooms, which compoſe, what they ſay is, an unfiniſhed palace) was hung above his, and when he found himſelf dying, he called to me to come to him—'’Tis all over with me, my friend,' ſaid he—'*N'importe*, one muſt die at ſome time or other, but I ſhould have liked it better by a cannon ball—Nothing, however, vexes me more in this buſineſs, than that I have been the means of bringing you hither to die in this hole—(for, in fact, it was by his advice, I had entered on board the privateer) however, it may be, you will outlive this confounded place, and have another touch at theſe damned Engliſh.' National hatred, that ſtrange and ridiculous prejudice in which my poor old friend had lived, was the laſt ſenſation he felt in death—He died quietly enough, in a few moments afterward, and the next day I ſaw him tied up between two boards, by way of the coffin, which was to be provided by contract; and depoſited in the *foſſé* that ſurrounded our priſon, in a grave dug by contract, and of courſe very ſhallow, in which he was covered with about an inch of mold, which was by contract alſo, put over him, and ſeven other priſoners, who died at the ſame time!—My youth, and a great flow of animal ſpirits, carried me through this wretched ſcene—And a young officer, who was a native of the ſame part of Britany, and who was a priſoner on parole, at a neighbouring town, procured leave to viſit the priſon at Wincheſter, and enquired me out—He gave me, though he could command very little money himſelf, all he had about him, to aſſiſt me in procuring food, and promiſed to try if he could obtain for me my parole, as he knew my parents, and was concerned for my ſituation—But his intentions, in my favour, were ſoon fruſtrated, for, on the appearance of the combined fleets in the channel, the French officers, who were thought too near the coaſt, were ordered away to Northampton, while, very ſoon afterward, a number of Spaniards, who had among them a fever of a moſt malignant ſort, were ſent to the priſon already over-crowded, and death began to make redoubled havock among its wretched inhabitants—Of ſo dire a nature was the diſeaſe thus imported, that while the bodies that were thrown overboard from the Spaniſh fleet, and driven down by the tide on the coaſts of Cornwall and Devonſhire, carried its fatal influence into thoſe countries, the priſoners who were ſent up from Plymouth, diſſeminated deſtruction in their route, and among all who approached them; thus becoming the inſtruments of greater miſchief, than the ſword and the bayonet could have executed. Not only the miſerable priſoners of war, who were now a mixture of French, Spaniſh, and Dutch, periſhed by dozens every day; but the ſoldiers who guarded them, the attendants of the priſon, the phyſical men who were ſent to adminiſter medicines, and ſoon afterward, the inhabitants of the town, and even thoſe of the neighbouring country began to ſuffer—Then it was that your government perceiving this *bleſſing of war* likely to extend itſelf rather too far, thought proper to give that attention to it, which the calamities of the priſoners would never have excited. A phyſician was ſent down by parliament, to examine into the cauſes of this ſcourge; and in conſequence of the impoſſibility of ſtopping it while ſuch numbers were crowded together, the greater part of the French, whom ſickneſs had ſpared, were diſmiſſed, and I, among others, returned to my own country. I, ſoon after, not diſcouraged by what had befallen me, entered on board another privateer, which had the good fortune to capture two Weſt-India ſhips, richly laden, and to bring them ſafely into l'Orient, where we diſpoſed of their cargoes; and my ſhare was ſo conſiderable, that I determined to quit the ſea, and return to my friends—When, in purſuance of this reſolution, I arrived at home, I found my father and elder brother had died during my abſence; and I took poſſeſſion of the little eſtate to which I thus became heir, and began to think myſelf a perſon of ſome conſequence. In commencing country gentleman, I ſat myſelf down to reckon all the advantages of my ſituation —An extenſive tract of waſte land lay on one ſide of my little domain —On the other, a foreſt—My fields abounded with game—a river ran through them, on which I depended for a ſupply of fiſh; and I determined to make a little warren, and to build a dove-cote. I had undergone hardſhips enough to give me a perfect reliſh for the good things now within my reach; and I reſolved moſt piouſly to enjoy them—But I was ſoon diſturbed in this agreeable reverie—I took the liberty of firing one morning at a covey of partridges, that were feeding in my corn; and having the ſame day caught a brace of trout, I was ſitting down to regale myſelf on theſe dainties, when I received the following notice from the neighbouring *ſeigneur*, with whom I was not at all aware that I had any thing to do.

'The moſt high and moſt powerful *ſeigneur*, Monſeigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Cæſar Eriſpoé, baron de Kermanfroi, ſignifies to Louis-John de Merville, that he the ſaid *ſeigneur* in quality of lord Paramount, is to all intents and purpoſes inveſted with the ſole right and property of the river running through his fief, together with all the fiſh therein; the ruſhes, reeds, and willows that grow in or near the ſaid river; all trees and plants that the ſaid river waters; and all the iſlands and aits within it—Of all and every one of which the high and mighty lord, Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Cæſar Eriſpoé, baron de Kermanfroi, is abſolute and only proprietor—Alſo, of all the birds of whatſoever nature or ſpecies, that have, ſhall, or may, at any time fly on, or acroſs, or upon, the ſaid *fief* or *ſeigneury*—And all the beaſts of chaſe, of whatſoever deſcription, that have, ſhall, or may be found upon it.'—In ſhort, ſir, it concluded with informing me, the ſaid Louis-Jean, that if I, at any time, dared to fiſh in the river, or to ſhoot a bird upon the ſaid *fief*, of which it ſeems my little farm unluckily made part, I ſhould be delivered unto the hands of juſtice, and dealt with according to the utmoſt rigour of the offended laws. To be ſure, I could not help enquiring within myſelf, how it happened, that I had no right to the game thus fed in my fields, nor the fiſh that ſwam in the river? and how it was, that heaven, in creating theſe animals, had been at work only for the great *ſeigneurs!*—What! is there nothing, ſaid I, but inſects and reptiles, over which man, not born noble, may exerciſe dominion?—From the wren to the eagle; from the rabbit to the wild boar; from the gudgeon to the pike—all, all, it ſeems, are the property of the great. 'Twas hard to imagine where the power originated, that thus deprived all other men of their rights, to give to thoſe nobles the empire of the elements, and the dominion over animated nature!—However, I reflected, but I did not reſiſt; and ſince I could no longer bring myſelf home a dinner with my gun, I thought to conſole myſelf, as well as I could, with the produce of my farm-yard; and I conſtructed a ſmall encloſed pigeon-houſe, from whence, without any offence to my noble neighbour, I hoped to derive ſome ſupply for my table. But, alas! the comfortable and retired ſtate of my pigeons attracted the ariſtocratic envy of thoſe of the ſame ſpecies, who inhabited the ſpacious manorial dove-cote of Monſeigneur; and they were ſo unreaſonable as to cover, in immenſe flocks, not only my fields of corn, where they committed infinite depredations, but to ſurround my farm-yard, and monopolize the food with which I ſupplied my own little collection, in their incloſures. As if they were inſtinctively aſſured of the protection they enjoyed as belonging to the *ſeigneur* Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Cæſar Eriſpoé, Baron de Kermanfroi; my menaces, and the ſhouts of my ſervants, were totally diſregarded; till at length, I yielded too haſtily to my indignation, and threw a ſtone at a flight of them, with ſo much effect, that I broke the leg of one of theſe pigeons; the conſequence of which was, that in half an hour, four of the *gardes de chaſſe** of Monſeigneur appeared, and ſummoned me to declare, if I was not aware, that the wounded bird which they produced in evidence againſt me, was the property of the ſaid *ſeigneur*; and without giving me time either to acknowledge my crime, or apologize for it, they ſhot, by way of retaliation, the tame pigeons in my encloſures, and carried me away to the *chateau* of the moſt high and puiſſant *ſeigneur* Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexandre-Cæſar Eriſpoé, baron de Kermanfroi, to anſwer for the aſſult I had thus committed on the perſon of one of his pigeons—There I was interrogated by the Fiſcal, who was making out a *proces verbal*; and reproved ſeverely for not knowing or attending to the fact, ſo univerſally acknowledged by the laws of Britany, that pigeons and rabbits were creatures peculiarly dedicated to the ſervice of the nobles; and that for a vaſſal, ſuch as I was, to injure one of them, was an unpardonable offence againſt the rights of my lord, who might inflict any puniſhment he pleaſed for my tranſgreſſion—That indeed, the laws of Beauvoiſis pronounced, that ſuch an offence was to be puniſhed with death; but that the milder laws of Britany condemned the offender only to corporal puniſhment, at the mercy of the lord—In ſhort, ſir, I got off this time by paying a heavy fine to Monſeigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Gæſar Eriſpoé, Baron de Kermanfroi, who was extremely neceſſitous, in the midſt of his greatneſs.—Soon afterward, Monſeigneur diſcovered that there was a certain ſpot upon my eſtate, where a pond might be made, for which he found that he had great occaſion; and he very modeſtly ſignified to me, that he ſhould cauſe this piece of ground to be laid under water, and that he would either give me a piece of ground of the ſame value, or pay me for it according to the eſtimation of two perſons whom he would appoint; but, in caſe I refuſed this juſt and liberal offer, he ſhould, as lord Paramount, and of his own right and authority, make this pond, by flooding my ground, according to law.

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* *Game-keepers.*

'I felt this propoſal to be inconſiſtent with every principle of juſtice —In this ſpot was an old oak, planted by the firſt de Merville, who had bought the eſtate—It was under its ſhade that the happieſt hours of my life had paſſed, while I was yet a child, and it had been held in veneration by all my family—I determined then to defend this favourite ſpot; and I haſtened to a neighbouring magiſtrate, learned in the law—He conſidered my caſe, and then informed me, that, in this inſtance, the laws of Britany were ſilent, and that therefore, their deficiency muſt be ſupplied by the cuſtoms and laws of the neighbouring provinces—The laws of Maine and Anjou, ſaid he, decide, that the *ſeigneur* of the *fief*, may take the grounds of his vaſſal to make ponds, or any thing elſe, only giving him another piece of ground, or paying what is equivalent in money—As *precedent*, therefore, decides, that the ſame thing may be done in Britany, I adviſe you, Louis-Jean de Merville, to ſubmit to the laws, and, on receiving payment, to give up your land to Monſeigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Cæſar Eriſpoé, Baron de Kermanfroi.

'It was in vain I repreſented that I had a particular taſte, or a fond attachment to this ſpot. My man of law told me that a vaſſal had no right to any taſte or attachment, contrary to the ſentiments of his lord —And, alas!—in a few hours, I heard the hatchet laid to my beloved oak—My fine meadow was covered with water, and became the receptacle for the carp, tench, and eels of Monſeigneur—And remonſtrances and complaints were in vain!—Theſe were only part of the grievances I endured from my unfortunate neighbourhood to this powerful Baron, to whom, in his miſerable and half furniſhed *chateau*, I was regularly ſummoned to do homage 'upon faith and oath'—Till my oppreſſions becoming more vexatious and inſupportable, I took the deſperate reſolution of ſelling my eſtate, and throwing myſelf again upon the wide world—Paris, whither I repaired with the money for which I ſold it, was a theatre ſo new, and ſo agreeable to me, that I could not determine to leave it till I had no longer the means left of playing there a very brilliant part; when that unlucky hour arrived, I wandered into this country, and took up my abode with a relation, a farmer, who rents ſome land of Monſeigneur the Count d'Hauteville, and here I have remained, at times, working, but oftener philoſophiſing, and not unfrequently regretting my dear oak, and the firſt agreeable viſions that I indulged on taking poſſeſſion of my little farm, before I was aware of the conſequences of being a vaſſal of Monſeigneur Raoul-Phillippe-Joſeph-Alexander-Cæſar Eriſpoé, baron de Kermanfroi, and indeed ſometimes repenting that I did not wait a little longer, when the revolution would have protected me againſt the tyranny of my very illuſtrious neighbour.

The

The AVARICIOUS MOTHER.

A MORAL TALE.

POPE ſometimes tells us, that "*rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.*" I have not indeed met with many people of a verſifying turn with a remarkable propenſity to the golden paſſion ; but the love of verſe and the love of money are ſometimes found co-operating in the ſame breaſt. Mrs. W—— was not really one of the *inſpired* train, nor had ſhe ever received any conſiderable favours from Apollo ; but ſhe had always from her cradle a violent propenſity to *make verſes* ; ſhe ſcribbled from morn to night, whenever ſhe could, without being interrupted by a very good, though unpoetical mother, get a pen into her poſſeſſion and ſhe ſcribbled with a readineſs that ſtrongly proved the fertility of her imagination ; but in her fugitive pieces, her haſty productions, ſhe exhibited few marks of the ſoundneſs of her judgment. However, her odes, &c. were not abſolutely contemptible, and as ſhe had a great many friends, ſhe found them very well diſpoſed to fill a ſubſcription for her, which more than anſwered her expectations. The ſums ariſing from the encouragement her propoſals had met with, appeared to *her* ſo *prodigious*, that ſhe was immediately metamorphoſed into a new woman, with regard to her ideas concerning money. Avarice ſucceeded liberality : inſtead of purſuing thoſe extravagant meaſures by which ſhe had from her "lofty diſregard" of economy, reduced herſelf to neceſſitous circumſtances, ſhe began to think of riches as well as rhymes, and became equally poetical and parſimonious. Mrs. W——, at the time of this great revolution in her mind, was a widow. Her huſband had had a poſt under the government, and a pretty ſupplement fortune. To *him* ſhe was a very *good* wife in many ſenſes of the word ; but ſhe almoſt *rhymed* him to death : for by tiring his ears with the repetition of her *dactyles* and *ſpondees*, ſhe drove him from his domeſtic pleaſures, and obliged him to ſearch for that *happineſs* abroad which he could not find at home, while hexameters and pentameters continually diſturbed his auricular organs. Driven from home, to amuſe his wearied mind, he unluckily connected himſelf with a ſet of *choice ſpirits*, who ſoon deſtroyed all his ſober attachments, and gave him ſo high a reliſh for *Bacchanalian* joys that he never was happy, but when he was in their company, and puſhing the bottle about with velocity, as he had not a conſtitution ſufficiently *Herculean* to bear the hard ſervice to which he frequently devoted it. In conſequence, therefore, of his repeated operations with his drinking companions, he killed himſelf in a ſhort time, as effectually as if he had plunged a dagger in his heart, or lodged a brace of bullets in his head.

"Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaſte
As its cold precepts ; wiſe beyond her ſex,
And blooming youth, ſoft as forgiving mercy,
Yet greatly brave, and jealous of her honour."

Without any poetical compliment, Eliza W—— was a very fine girl ; ſhe had a quick underſtanding ; and what is infinitely ſuperior to it, a valuable heart: ſhe was as different from her mother as ſnow is from ebony. During her father's life ſhe had been educated at the politeſt boarding ſchool in town, and having a natural appetite to learn every thing which was taught her, ſhe was ſoon miſtreſs of all the accompliſhments which could be in that ſchool acquired: while her father lived, ſhe alſo made rather a brilliant appearance: for he grudged no expence to ſet off her perſon to the greateſt advantage, fondly imagining that her perſon, attainments, &c. would throw her into a more ſplendid ſphere than that in which he himſelf rolled. At her father's death, however, Eliza's appearance, as far as that appearance depended upon dreſs, was not a little diminiſhed; for Mrs. W——'s total inattention to her family affairs, rendered her *unable* to beſtow a great deal upon the decoration of her daughter's *exterior*; and her ſubſequent attachment to avarice rendered her extremely *unwilling* to pay any regard to it. With her avarice alſo co-operated another paſſion, and that was *envy*. Mrs. W—— had not the ſmalleſt pretenſions to beauty; but ſhe thought herſelf exceedingly handſome, and aſſumed as many airs as if ſhe had really been an *angel*. She, therefore, could not ſee the admiration which her daughter every where excited, without feeling the moſt diſquieting emotions. *With beauty*, Eliza was not vain; nor did the conſciouſneſs of being generally admired for it, make her conceited. She was equally diſcreet and handſome, and her behaviour was, upon all occaſions, exemplary. Among the number of young fellows who diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their aſſiduities about her, there was *one* who made a deep impreſſion upon her heart, and robbed it of its peace. Juſt entered into her nineteenth year, and naturally of a tender diſpoſition, ſhe was forcibly affected by Mr. M—'s inſinuating endeavours to convince her that he loved her with the ſincereſt and the moſt ardent paſſion; ſhe was at once, pleaſingly and painfully affected by them. It gave her the greateſt pleaſure to find that the very man whom ſhe preferred to all his ſex, had given a very flattering preference to *her*; but when ſhe reflected upon the obſtacles which would, *probably*, prevent the union of their *hands*, ſhe ſighed as if her heart would break, and ſpent many, many hours in a ſorrowful ſituation. M— was the third ſon of a gentleman poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate in one of the inland counties: he was with an eminent merchant in the city, a favourite, and in a promiſing way; but in no way to enter prudently into the marriage ſtate. Yet was he ſo thoroughly in love with Miſs W—, that he purſued her with reiterated importunities to make him completely happy. But Eliza conſidered his circumſtances as well as her own, too much to comply with her lover's earneſt deſires; though ſhe wiſhed, at the ſame time, that a compliance with them could be authorized by diſcretion. As M— was quite an honourable lover, he was an enemy to all clandeſtine proceedings: he therefore made Mrs. W—— acquainted with his paſſion for her daughter as ſoon as he found that his *attentions* had been ſucceſsful. The day which he choſe for the diſcloſure of what he could not conceal any longer, proved an unlucky one to him, and a very diſagreeable one to the lady, whoſe conſent he ſolicited; and they were both of them extremely diſappointed. Mrs. W—— was very buſy in a little back parlour, fitted with books and papers, which ſhe called her library, when her maid announced Mr. M—. Having been writing a warm ode to love, and feeling no ſmall prepoſſeſſions in M—'s favour herſelf, ſhe ordered his immediate admittance. On his coming into the room, ſhe gave him a very unexpected reception: ſhe received, him repeating ſome of the lines ſhe had juſt compoſed, with a ſonorous voice, and in a theatrical attitude; hoping, while ſhe delivered them *ore rotundo*, that he would apply them to himſelf; but *his* feelings were during the moments of recitation, widely different from *hers*. In the middle of a ſtanza, in which ſhe had, in her own opinion, diſcovered the true *vis poetica*, ſhe was inexpreſſibly mortified by M—'s ſaying, cooly, "I am ſorry to interrupt you, madam; but as you are not at leiſure, I'll wait on you another day." When he had uttered thoſe few words, he made a polite bow, and moved towards the door, "Stay, ſtay, ſir," cried ſhe, quitting her theatrical attitude, and advancing towards him like a women in her ſober ſenſes, while love kept down her reſentment "ſtay, ſir, you do not interrupt me; there is nothing like the preſent time for buſineſs. Pray take a chair." He obey'd, and ſat down. She ſeated herſelf in the chair which ſtood oppoſite to him, and waited with impatience to hear what he had to ſay to her. "I am come, madam," ſaid he, "to beg a particular favour of you. The happineſs of my future life will be fixed, if you give me an encouraging anſwer: you will doom me to unhappineſs for the remainder of my days, by a diſcouraging reply." Mrs. W—— having vanity enough to imagine from the *timid* manner, in which M— articulated thoſe words, that ſhe had raiſed the wiſhed-for commotion in his breaſt, told him, with an obliging ſmile, "that ſhe was ready to grant any favour he ſhould aſk, as ſhe had too good an opinion of him to believe he would make an improper requeſt." "I hope madam," replied he, "you'll not find any impropriety in it. If your boſom was ever ſuſceptible of the tender paſſion of ——." "Yes, that it was, I aſſure you ſir," anſwered Mrs. W——, and is at this very inſtant. But pray go on," added ſhe. "You'll then, madam," continued he, "make a proper allowance for my feelings." "Certainly, ſir, I know how to make allowance for every body's feelings, I have my feelings too. But pray proceed." "Why then, madam, I hope you'll not refuſe to render me completely happy." "Not if it is in my power, ſir; for I think you are deſerving of happinnſs." "It is certainly in your power, madam, and yet ——." "After what I have ſaid ſir, I think you need not heſitate." "I'll not heſitate madam." "I'll open my heart to you, I will tell you plainly that I am in love with Miſs W——; I'll alſo acquaint you that if you do not conſent to our being indiſſolubly united, you will make me the moſt miſerable of men." This ſpeech affected Mrs. W—— as a ſudden clap of thunder would the weak nerves of a valetudinarian. She ſtarted. "My daughter ſir." "Yes madam, your daughter, I have all the reaſon in the world to believe that ſhe has no averſion to me, and therefore venture to ſolicit your conſent. I ſcorn all unfair dealings. I love Miſs W—— to an extravagent degree; I am not aſhamed to ſay ſo, becauſe her merit is equal to her beauty; but I'll not marry her without your conſent." "Then you'll never marry her," replied Mrs. W——, in a haughty tone. "I am amazed at your impertinence, and intreat you to take yourſelf away immediately; and never to ſet your foot again in this houſe." M— was ſo much aſtoniſhed at ſo unlooked-for an anſwer, that he could not utter a ſyllable: his lips quivered, but he could not ſpeak. After a few unſucceſsful efforts to enquire into Mrs. W——'s motives for ſo preremptory a denial, he retired with ſentiments and ſenſations not eaſily to be deſcribed. When Mrs. W—— had vented her reſentment againſt M— in acrimonious language, with many *Pindaric* tranſitions from her daughter to herſelf, for having ſo cruelly diſappointed her by the avowal of his paſſion for Eliza, ſhe went with ſome precipitation to the young lady's apartment. There, after having ſharply reproved her for daring to encourage M—'s addreſſes, ſhe commanded her in a very deſpotic manner to ſee him no more. Eliza was little leſs aſtoniſhed at her mother's unaccountable carriage than her lover had been; but as ſhe had ever ſhewn herſelf to be the dutiful daughter, and had no deſire to appear in an unfilial light, ſhe aſſured her mother, after having confeſſed *her* partiality in favour of the man who had addreſſed her, that ſhe would not again purpoſely come in Mr. M—'s way. Softened by that anſwer, delivered in a modeſt, humble manner, which rendered it more lenient, Mrs. W—— left her daughter, very well ſatisfied with her behaviour upon the occaſion, as well as her own. Not many days afterwards, Mrs. W—— received a viſit from a man very different in every ſhape from Mr. M—.

Sir George D——, bart. whoſe gallantries in every part of the town, the moſt obſcure corners of it not excepted, had immortalized him as one of Venus's warmeſt votaries, having made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to render himſelf irreſiſtible in Eliza's eyes, determined to have recourſe to the old lady. Preſuming upon his inſinuating powers, he reſolved to plant his batteries againſt the two paſſions which predominated alternately in her boſom. Mrs. W—— had juſt ſtruck off a *ſtrophe* to *Plutus*, and was thinking intenſely about her *antiſtrophe*, when ſhe was rouſed from her *Parnaſſian reverie*, by prodigious raps at the door, not many yards diſtant from her library. Springing from her chair, as if ſhe had been bit by a tarantula, ſhe ran into the paſſage, with her manuſcript in one hand, and her pen in the other, and in *heroic* accents, intreated ſir George to honour her little *muſeum* with his preſence. Sir George extremely glad to find the poetical fit upon her, entered the room to which he was directed by a ſignificant movement of the lady's eyes, with his uſual eaſe, and threw himſelf into a chair. His firſt civilities were addreſſed to Mrs. W—— as a follower of the muſes; and he paid ſo many compliments to her underſtanding, that, being quite inoxicated with the fumes of adulation, ſhe with the ſtrongeſt marks of ſelf-ſatiſfaction preſented her *ſtrophe* to *Plutus* to him, deſiring him to tell her freely his opinion with regard to the *ſentiments* and the *numbers*. Sir George having read the lines preſented to him, with a ſpirit and propriety which gave exceſſive pleaſure to the fair compoſer of them, told her that ſhe was equally happy in the choice of her ſubject and in the execution of it. "You cannot ſay too much in praiſe of riches, my dear madam, without *them* life would be a poor *proſe affair*, by God." As this little ſpeech operated according to his wiſh, Sir George, withany ceremony, declared his paſſion for Miſs Eliza, and by an artful exhibition of ſome bank-notes, prevailed on the *avaricious mother* to connive at his admittance into her daughter's chamber that very night. Mrs. W——, that ſhe might not appear to be acquainted with ſir George's infamous intentions, went to ſleep that very night in the city. As the maid as well as the miſtreſs had been largely bribed, poor Eliza certainly went to reſt in a very dangerous ſituation; of which ſhe was not ſenſible, becauſe the plot againſt her honour had been conducted with a ſecrecy which prevented her from having the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of it. Eliza, having taken up the firſt volume of a ſentimental work, which ſhe had often peruſed with delight, was ſo attached to it that ſhe could not think of undreſſing herſelf. While ſhe was reading with equal attention and pleaſure, the door which ſeparated her chamber from her mother's was opened, and ſir George made his appearance. Sir George ſtopped her, and throwing himſelf at her feet, he implored her, in the moſt obſequious terms, to pardon ſo unſeaſonable an intruſion; to impute his irregular proceeding to the vehemence of his paſſion for her; and to make him the happieſt man in the world by conſenting to gratify deſires which were too impetuous to be denied. Terrified at his concluding words, Eliza, with a tremulous voice, intreated him to leave the room, if he had the leaſt regard for her. Inſtead of complying with her requeſt, he quitted his humble attitude, and ſeizing her hands, gave her ſufficient reaſon to believe that her virtue was in the moſt imminent danger. Dreadfully alarmed at her defenceleſs ſituation; ſhe exerted all the ſtrength ſhe had, broke from him, and flinging up one of the windows which looked into the ſtreet, ſcreamed for help. Fortunately for her, M— happened to paſs under her window juſt at that inſtant. Not doubting but that robbers had occaſioned the ſcreams which pierced him to the ſoul, he, with the aſſiſtance of the watchmen, ſoon forced open the ſtreet door, and flew up ſtairs. To his extreme amazement, he beheld his Eliza ſtruggling with ſir George, and hardly able to articulate a ſyllable, ſir George no leſs ſurpriſed, and vexed to be ſo *impertinently* interrupted, when he was on the point of being bleſſed, turned round fiercely to M—, drew his ſword, and threatened to ſend him to the devil, if he did not immediately decamp. M— not at all intimidated by that ſpeech, nor by the ſight of the weapon, ſteadily replied, "Put up your ſword ſir, and bluſh for having drawn it againſt a man unarmed. Bluſh ſtill more, if you can, for having been found in this diſhonourable ſituation." Without waiting for an anſwer, he then ran to adminiſter conſolation to Eliza; who had ſeated herſelf on the ſide of the bed, giving way to a flood of tears. Sir George, while his adverſary was ſo employed, ſneaked down ſtairs and got out of the houſe as faſt as he could. Eliza, when ſhe was able to ſpeak, poured her thanks to God for her deliverance, and then returned the ſincereſt thanks to Mr. M— for his timely aſſiſtance. During the articulation of her thanks to her protecting lover, ſhe was interrupted by the appearance of the maid, who had concealed ſir George in her miſtreſs's chamber. Sally having felt ſome qualms, threw herſelf before Eliza, upon her knees; and after having begged to be forgiven for what ſhe had done, made an addition to her confeſſion which ſhocked both Eliza and M— in a manner not to be deſcribed. In conſequence of that confeſſion,

M—

M— ſaid every thing in his power to convince Eliza that ſhe was no longer ſafe under her mother's roof, prevailed on her to let him conduct her to the houſe of an aunt of his not far off, from whom ſhe would meet with the kindeſt reception. Mrs. W—— on her return next morning to her own houſe, was almoſt petrified by the news which Sally communicated to her, ſhe comforted herſelf a little, however, by thinking about the notes. But how great was her diſappointment when going to her deſk in order to feaſt her eyes with the ſight of her notes, ſhe could not find them. This ſevere blow, added to the pangs which ſhe endured, when ſhe reflected upon her behaviour to Eliza, bereaved her of her ſenſes, and ſhe died a ſhort time afterwards in a madhouſe raving.

Eliza met with the reception from Mrs. ——, predicted by her lover, and was extremely happy in that lady's friendſhip and acquaintance. To complete her happineſs, Mr. ——, who came into the poſſeſſion of a large fortune by the death of a friend, made her ſoon afterwards his wife. Their love was mutual, and their felicity was uncommon.

An ACCOUNT *of* JAMES QUIN, COMEDIAN.

[*Continued from page* 56.]

FROM the time of Mr. Quin's eſtabliſhment at Drury-lane until the appearance of Mr. Garrick in 1741, he was generally allowed the foremoſt rank in his profeſſion. The elder Mills, who ſucceeded to Booth, was declining; and Milward an actor of ſome merit, had not riſen to the height of his excellence, which, however, was not at the beſt very great; and Boheme was dead. His only competitor ſeems to have been Delane, whoſe merits were loſt in indolent indulgence. The writer already quoted has drawn the character of this actor, compared with that of Mr. Quin, in ſo impartial a manner, that it may not be impertinent to introduce it in this place:

"Quin at Drury-lane houſe, and Delane at Covent-Garden are the Perſonæ Dramatis which are without competitors. They both play the chief characters in the ſame caſt, therefore I ſhall conſider their different characters together. Quin has been many years on the Stage, and has gradually roſe up to that height of reputation he at preſent enjoys. When Drury-lane was under the direction of the late Mr. Rich, he was in the inferior claſs, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, in Cibber's alteration of "Richard the Third," was one of the principal parts he performed.—The caſt of ſeveral plays in print fully prove his abilities were then thought but very inſignificant; however, on a new company ſetting up at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he was engaged in it, and has ever ſince, but more eſpecially on the death of Boheme, gradually roſe to a great degree of favour with the public. Mr. Booth's quitting the Stage ſtill ſet him in a fairer light, and indeed left him without a rival. He had for ſome time appeared without any competitor, when all on a ſudden there appeared at Goodman's-Fields a young tragedian from Dublin.—This was Delane. Novelty, youth, a handſome figure, took off from any ſevere criticiſm on his elocution and action. In ſhort, though ſo far from the polite end of the town, he drew to him ſeveral polite audiences, and became in ſuch a degree of repute, that compariſons were drawn between him and Quin; nor was he without admirers of both ſexes who gave him the preference. He was not inſenſible of this, and determined to leave Goodman's-Fields, and indulge his ambition at one of the Theatres Royal. Quin juſt at that time left Covent-Garden for Drury-lane, and he engaged with Mr. Rich at Covent-Garden, and in two or three years on the Stage gained that ſtation on it, which moſt of the other actors could not attain in many years to. Quin has the character of a juſt ſpeaker, but then it is confined to the ſolemn declamatory way: he either cannot work himſelf into the emotions of a violent paſſion, or he will not take the fatigue of doing it. The partiality of his friends ſay, he can touch the paſſions with great delicacy *if he will:* but general opinion affirms, that he has neither power of voice or ſenſation to give love or pity, grief or remorſe, their proper tone and variation of features. Delane is alſo eſteemed a juſt player; and though he has often a more loud violence of voice, yet, either from an imitation of Quin, or his own natural manner, he has a ſameneſs of tone and expreſſion, and drawls out his lines to a diſpleaſing length: but that loud violence of voice is uſeful to him when anger, indignation, or ſuch enraged paſſions, are to be expreſſed; for the ſhrill loudneſs marks the paſſion which the ſweet cadence of Quin's natural voice is unequal to. In ſuch parts, eſpecially Alexander, Delane pleaſes many; for the Million, as Colley Cibber ſays, are apt to be tranſported when the drum of the ear is ſoundly rattled. But, on the contrary, Quin's ſolemn ſameneſs of pronunciation, which conveys an awful dignity, is charmingly affecting in Cato. Delane is young enough to riſe to greater perfection; Quin may be ſaid now to be at the height of his: if Delane has the more pleaſing perſon, Quin has the more affecting action; both might ſoon appear with more advantage, if they were on the ſame Stage.—The rivalſhip of Delane would give a ſpirited jealouſy to Quin, and force him to exert himſelf; and Quin's judgment would improve the unfiniſhed action of Delane; but they are the Cæſar and Pompey of the Theatres, and one Stage would be incompatible with their ambition; Quin could bear no one on the footing of an equal, Delane no one as a ſuperior."

In the year 1735, *Aaron Hill*, in a periodical paper, called *The Prompter*, attacked ſome of the principal Actors of the Stage, and particularly Colley Cibber and Mr. Quin. "Cibber," ſays Mr. Davies, "laughed, but Quin was angry; and meeting Mr. Hill in the Court of Requeſts, a ſcuffle enſued between them, which ended in the exchange of a few blows."

Mr. Quin was hardly ſettled at Drury-lane before he became embroiled in a diſpute relative to Monſ. Poitier and Madame Roland, then two celebrated dancers, whoſe neglect of duty it had fallen to his lot to apologize for. On the 12th December the following advertiſement appeared in the News papers:

"Whereas on Saturday laſt, the audiences of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane was greatly incenſed at their diſappointment in M. Poitier and Mad. Roland's not dancing, as their names were in the bills for the day; and Mr. Quin, ſeeing no way to appeaſe the reſentment then ſhewn, but by relating the real meſſages ſent from the Theatre to know the reaſons why they did not come to perform, and the anſwers returned: And whereas there were two advertiſements in the Daily Poſt of Tueſday laſt, inſinuating that Mr. Quin had with malice accuſed the ſaid Poitier and Mad. Roland: I therefore think it (in juſtice to Mr. Quin) incumbent on me to aſſure the Public, that Mr. Quin has conducted himſelf in this point towards the abovementioned, with the ſtricteſt regard to truth and juſtice; and as Mr. Quin has acted in this affair in my behalf, I think myſelf obliged to return him thanks for ſo doing,

"CHARLES FLEETWOOD."

After this declaration, no further notice ſeems to have been taken of the fracas. A ſhort time afterwards the delinquent dancers made their apology to the public, and were received into favour.

In the ſeaſon of 1734-5, Mr. Quin performed in Lillo's "Chriſtian Hero," and Fielding's "Univerſal Gallant;" and in the ſucceeding one he firſt performed Falſtaff in the "Second Part of Henry IV." for his own benefit. In 1736-7 he performed in Miller's "Univerſal Paſſion," and in 1737-8 in the ſame author's "Art and Nature." It was in this ſeaſon alſo, that he performed Comus, and had the firſt opportunity of promoting the intereſt of his friend Thomſon, in the tragedy of "Agamemnon."

The friendſhip of Thomſon and Mr. Quin is yet within the recollection of many perſons ſtill living. "The commencement of it," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "is very honourable to Quin, who is reported to have delivered Thomſon (then known to him only for his genius) from an arreſt, by a very conſiderable preſent; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendſhip is not always the ſequel of obligation.

The ſeaſon of 1738-9, produced only one new play in which Mr. Quin performed, and that was "Muſtapha," by Mr. Mallet; which, according to Mr. Davies, was ſaid to glance both at the King and Sir Robert Walpole, in the characters of Solyman the Magnificent and Ruſtan his Vizier.

On the firſt night of its exhibition were aſſembled all the chiefs in oppoſition to the Court; and many ſpeeches were applied by the audience to the ſuppoſed grievances of the times, and to perſons and characters. The play was in general well acted; more particularly the parts of Solyman and Muſtapha by Quin and Milward. Mr. Pope was preſent in the boxes, and at the end of the play went behind the ſcenes, a place which he had not viſited for ſome years. He expreſſed himſelf to be well pleaſed with his entertainment; and particularly addreſſed himſelf to Quin, who was greatly flattered with the diſtinction paid him by ſo great a man; and when Pope's ſervant brought his maſter's ſcarlet cloak, Quin inſiſted upon the honour of putting it on."

It was in the year 1739, on the 9th of March, that Mr. Quin was engaged in another diſpute with one of his brethren; which to one who had been already convicted of manſlaughter (however contemptible the perſon who was the party in the difference might be) could not be viewed by him with indifference. This perſon was no other than the celebrated Mr. Theophilus Cibber, who, at that period, owing to ſome diſgraceful circumſtances relative to his conduct to his wife, was not held in the moſt reſpectable light. Mr. Quin's ſarcaſm on him is too groſs to be here inſerted. It may, however, be read in the "Apology for Mr. Cibber's life," aſcribed to Mr. Fielding. The circumſtances of the duel we ſhall relate in the words of one of the periodical writers of the times. "About ſeven o'clock a duel was fought in the Piazza, Covent Garden, between Mr. Quin and Mr. Cibber; the former pulling the latter out of the Bedford Coffee-houſe, to anſwer for ſome words he had uſed in a letter to Mr. Fleetwood, relating to his refuſing to act a part in King Lear for Mr. Quin's benefit on Thurſday ſe'nnight. Cibber was ſlightly wounded in the arm, and Mr. Quin wounded in his fingers: after each had their wounds dreſſed, they came into the Bedford Coffee-houſe and abuſed one another; but the company prevented further miſchief."

In the ſeaſon of 1739-40, there was acted at Drury-lane theatre, on the 12th of November, a tragedy, entitled "The Fatal Retirement," by a Mr. Anthony Brown, which received its ſentence of condemnation on the firſt night. In this play Mr. Quin had been ſolicited to perform, which he refuſed; and the ill ſucceſs which attended the piece irritated the author and his friends ſo much, that they aſcribed its failure to the abſence of Mr. Quin, and, in conſequence of it, repeatedly inſulted him for ſeveral nights afterwards when he appeared on the ſtage. This treatment at length Mr. Quin reſented, and determined to repel. Coming forward, therefore, he addreſſed the audience, and informed them, "that at the requeſt of the author, he had read his piece before it was acted, and given him his very ſincere opinion of it; that it was the very worſt play he had ever read in his life, and for that reaſon had refuſed to act in it." This ſpirited explanation was received with great applauſe, and for the future entirely ſilenced the oppoſition to him. In this ſeaſon he performed in Lillo's "Elmerick."

On the 1ſt of Auguſt 1740, an entertainment of a peculiar kind was given by Frederick Prince of Wales, father of his preſent Majeſty, in the gardens of Cliefden, in commemoration of the Acceſſion of King George the Firſt, and in honour of the birth of the Princeſs Auguſta, now Ducheſs of Brunſwick. It conſiſted of the Maſque of Alfred, by Thomſon and Mallet; the Maſque of the Judgment of Paris; and ſome ſcenes from Rich's Pantomimes, by him and Lalauze, with dancing by Signora Barbarini, then lately arrived from Paris. The whole was exhibited upon a theatre in the garden compoſed of vegetables, and decorated with feſtoons of flowers, at the end of which was erected a pavilion for the Prince and Princeſs of Wales, Prince George (his preſent Majeſty), and Princeſs Auguſta. The performers in Alfred were Quin, who repreſented the Hermit, Milward, Mills, Salway, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Horton. "The accommodations for the company," ſays Mr. Davies, "I was told, were but ſcanty and ill managed; and the players were not treated as perſons ought to be who are employed by a Prince. Quin, I believe, was admitted among thoſe of the higher order; and Mrs. Clive might be ſafely truſted to take care of herſelf any where." The whole of the entertainment concluded with fireworks made by Dr. Deſaguliers.

The next ſeaſon, that of 1740-41, concluded Mr. Quin's engagement at Drury-lane. In that period no new play was produced; but on the revival of "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice, he performed, for the firſt time, the parts of Jacques and Antonio, having declined the part of the Jew, which was offered to him, and accepted by Macklin. The irregular conduct of the Manager, Mr. Fleetwood, was at this time ſuch, that it can excite but little ſurpriſe that a man like Mr. Quin ſhould find his ſituation ſo uneaſy as to be induced to relinquiſh it. In the ſummer of 1741, Mr. Quin, Mrs. Clive, Mr. Ryan, and Mademoiſelle Chateauneuf, then eſteemed the beſt female dancer in Europe, made an excurſion to Dublin. Mr. Quin had been there before, in the month of June 1739, accompanied by Mr. Giffard, and received at his benefit 126l. at that time eſteemd a great ſum.

On this ſecond viſit, " Mr. Quin opened in his favourite part of Cato, to as crowded an audience as the theatre could contain. Mrs. Clive next appeared in Lappet in " The Miſer." She certainly was one of the beſt that ever played it. And Mr. Ryan came forward in Iago to Mr. Quin's Othello. With ſuch excellent performers, we may naturally ſuppoſe the plays were admirably ſuſtained. Perhaps it will ſcarcely be credited, that ſo finiſhed a comic actreſs as Mrs. Clive could ſo far miſtake her abilities, as to play Lady Townly to Mr. Quin's Lord Townly and Mr. Ryan's Manly; Cordelia to Mr. Quin's Lear and Ryan's Edgar, &c. However, ſhe made ample amends by her performance of Nell, the Virgin Unmaſked, the Country Wife, and Euphroſyne in " Comus," which was got up on purpoſe, and acted for the firſt time in Ireland."

Mr. Quin ſeems to have attended the Dublin company to Cork and Limerick; and the next ſeaſon, 1741-42, we find him performing in Dublin, where he acted the part of Juſtice Balance in " The Recruiting Officer," at the opening of the theatre in October, on a government night. He afterwards performed Jacques, Apemantus, Richard, Cato, Sir John Brute, and Falſtaff, unſupported by any performer of eminence. In December, however, Mrs. Cibber arrived, and performed Indiana to his Young Bevil; and afterwards they were frequently in the ſame play, as in Chamont and Monimia, in " The Orphan;" Comus and the Lady; Duke and Iſabella in " Meaſure for Meaſure;" Fryar and Queen, in ' 'The Spaniſh Fryar;" Horatio and Caliſta, in " The Fair Penitent," &c. &c. with uncommon applauſe, and generally to crowded houſes. The ſtate of the Iriſh ſtage was then ſo low, that it was often found that the whole receipt of the houſe was not more than ſufficient to diſcharge Mr. Quin's engagement; and ſo attentive was he to his own intereſt, and ſo rigid in demanding its execution, that we are told by good authority, he refuſed to let the curtain be drawn up, until the money was regularly brought to him.

He left Dublin in Feb. 1741-2, and on the 25th of March aſſiſted the widow and four children of Milward the actor (who died the 6th of February preceding), and performed Cato at Drury-lane for their benefit. On his arrival in London he found the attention of the theatrical public entirely occupied by the merits of Mr. Garrick, who in October preceding had begun his theatrical career, and was then performing with prodigious ſucceſs at Goodman's-fields. The fame of the new performer afforded no pleaſure to Mr. Quin, who ſarcaſtically obſerved, that " Garrick was a new religion, and that Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again." This obſervation being communicated to Mr. Garrick, he wrote the following Epigram:

Pope *Quin*, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that hereſy corrupts the town:
That Whitfield *Garrick* has miſled the age,
And taints the ſound religion of the ſtage.
" Schiſm," he cries," has turn'd the nation's brain,
" But eyes will open, and to church again!"
Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation,
It is not hereſy, but reformation.

In the ſeaſon of 1742-43, Mr. Quin returned to his former maſter, Rich, at Covent Garden theatre, where he oppoſed Mr. Garrick at Drury-lane; it muſt be added, with very little ſucceſs. But though the applauſe the latter obtained from the public was not agreeable to Mr. Quin, yet we find that a ſcheme was propoſed and agreed to, though not carried into execution, in the ſummer of 1743, for them to perform together for their mutual benefit, a few nights at Lincoln's-inn-fields theatre. On the failure of this plan, Mr. Quin went to Dublin, where he had the mortification to find the fame of Mr. Sheridan, then new to the ſtage, more adverſe to him than even Mr. Garrick's had been in London. Inſtead of making a profitable bargain in Dublin, as he hoped, he found the managers of the theatres there entirely indiſpoſed to admit him. After ſtaying there a ſhort time, he returned to London, without effecting the purpoſe of his journey, and in no good humour with the new performers.

The ſeaſon of 1743-44, Mr. Quin, we believe, paſſed without any engagement, but in that of 1744-5, he was at Covent Garden again, and performed King John in Cibber's "Papal Tyranny." The next year ſeems to have been devoted to repoſe—whether from indolence, or inability to obtain the terms he required from the Managers, is not very apparent. Both may have united. It was ſome of thoſe periods of relaxation that gave occaſion to his friend Thomſon, who had been gradually writing the "Caſtle of Indolence" for 14 or 15 years, to introduce him into "The Manſion of Idleneſs," in this ſtanza:

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age;
  But, call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
  And rous'd him like a gyant from his ſleep.

Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap.
  With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: Now the heat he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlightened judgment takes.

He had the next ſeaſon, 1746-7, occaſion to exert himſelf, being engaged at Covent Garden along with Mr. Garrick. "It is not, perhaps," ſays Mr. Davies, "more difficult to ſettle the covenants of a league between mighty monarchs, than to adjuſt the preliminaries of a treaty in which the high and potent princes of a theatre are the parties. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin had too much ſenſe and temper to ſquabble about trifles. After one or two previous and friendly meetings, they ſelected ſuch characters as they intended to act, without being obliged to join in the ſame play. Some parts were to be acted alternately, particularly Richard III. and Othello." The ſame writer adds: "Mr. Quin ſoon found that his competition with Mr. Garrick, whoſe reputation was hourly increaſing, whilſt his own was on the decline, would ſoon become ineffectual. His Richard the Third could ſcarce draw together a decent appearance of company in the boxes, and he was with ſome difficulty tolerated in the part, when Garrick acted the ſame character to crowded houſes, and with very great applauſe.

"The town had often wiſhed to ſee theſe great actors fairly matched in two characters of almoſt equal importance. The Fair Penitent preſented an opportunity to diſplay their merits, though it muſt be owned that the balance was as much in favour of Mr. Quin, as the advocate of virtue is ſuperior in argument to the defender of profligacy.

"The ſhouts of applauſe when Horatio and Lothario met on the ſtage together (14th Nov. 1746), in the ſecond act, were ſo loud, and ſo often repeated, before the audience permitted them to ſpeak, that the combatants ſeemed to be diſconcerted. It was obſerved, that Quin changed colour, and Garrick ſeemed to be embarraſſed: and it muſt be owned, that theſe actors were never leſs maſters of themſelves than on the firſt night of the conteſt for pre-eminence. Quin was too proud to own his feelings on the occaſion; but Mr. Garrick was heard to ſay, "'Faith, I believe Quin was as much frightened as myſelf."

"The play was repeatedly acted, and with conſtant applauſe, to very brilliant audiences; nor is it to be wondered at; for, beſides the novelty of ſeeing the two rival actors in the ſame tragedy, the Fair Penitent was admirably played by Mrs. Cibber."

It was in this ſeaſon that Mr. Garrick produced "Miſs in her Teens," the ſucceſs of which is ſaid by Mr. Davies to have cauſed no ſmall mortification to Mr. Quin. He, however, did not think it prudent to refuſe Mr. Garrick's offer of performing it at his benefit; and accordingly the following letter was prefixed to all Mr. Quin's Advertiſements:

"SIR,

"I am ſorry that my preſent bad ſtate of health makes me uncapable of performing ſo long and ſo laborious a character as Jaffier this ſeaſon. If you think my playing in the farce will be of the leaſt ſervice to you, or any entertainment to the Audience, you may command

"Your humble ſervant,

March 25. "D. GARRICK."

It was this ſeaſon alſo in which "The ſuſpicious Huſband" appeared. The part of Mr. Strickland was offered to Mr. Quin, but he refuſed it; and in conſequence it fell to the lot of Mr. Bridgewater, who obtained great reputation by his performance of it.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *on* EXTRAVAGANCE *and* AVARICE.

SOME rich men ſtarve to-day for fear of ſtarving to-morrow, (as a man leaps into the ſea to avoid being drowned) and the indigent often conſume in an hour what they may feel the want of a year: as if old people hoarded money becauſe they cannot want it, and young men threw it away becauſe it is neceſſary to their ſubſiſtence.

If covetouſneſs reſembles a dropſy; extravagance reſembles madneſs; and it would be as juſt to preſcribe laws for extravagants, as guardians for ideots.

We daily ſee young flaunters in gilt chariots, daſhing the dirt upon wiſer people; then preſently after walking the ſtreets and receiving the dirt of others.

The hoarding miſer torments himſelf, and the ſpendthrift puniſhes the innocent. The hoarder heaps up for others; and the prodigal ſcatters what others had heaped. The hoarder thinks ſo much of the time to come, as to forget the preſent; the ſquanderer has his thoughts ſo much taken up with the preſent, as to forget the future. The firſt lives as if he were never to die, and the laſt as if he had but a day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable members of ſociety; the one occaſioning a ſtoppage in the circulation, and the other an hæmorrhage. The hoarding miſer is like a fog that infeſts the air; the prodigal reſembles an outrageous ſtorm that overturns all in its way. The hoarder paſſes reſtleſs nights, though he has nothing to fear; the ſquanderer ſleeps ſound, and leaves want of repoſe to his creditors. The hoarding miſer is a ridiculous creature, and the prodigal a noxious animal.

When we are young, we keep for old age; when we are old, we ſave for death. A prodigal makes a pompous funeral, and devours the reſt.

The character of covetouſneſs is what a man acquires more through ſome niggardlineſs, or ill grace, in little and inconſiderable things, than in expenſes of any conſequence. A very few pounds a year would eaſe a man of the ſcandal of avarice.

Coveting what we need not, takes from us the true uſe and fruition of what we already have.

Conſidering a miſer's fears, his ſtarting ſleeps; that while he has all the anxious and diſtracting cares and vexations that attend the poſſeſſion of an eſtate, he is ſo bewitched as to undergo all the inconveniences of poverty; his condition is ſo very wretched, that one of the greateſt curſes a man can wiſh him is, that he may live long.

He is rich enough that needs neither flatter nor borrow, and truly rich that is ſatiſfied: want lies in deſire.

Sordid ſelfiſhneſs contracts and narrows our benevolence, and cauſes us, like ſerpents, to infold ourſelves within ourſelves, and to turn out our ſtings to all the world beſides.

Hiſtory tells us of illuſtrious villains, but there never was an illuſtrious miſer in nature.

It is as diſagreeable to a prodigal to keep an account of his expences, as it is to a ſinner to examine his conſcience; the deeper they ſearch the worſe they find themſelves.

There cannot be a more ridiculous folly than to ſpend high, in confidence of reverſions and diſtant expectations.

There are ſome people who are badly lodged, lie hard, wear wretched cloaths, and eat the worſt of meat; who deprive themſelves of the ſociety of men, and live in a continual ſolitude; who are in pain for the time preſent, paſt, and to come; whoſe lives are a perpetual penance; who have cunningly found out the moſt troubleſome way to perdition: I mean the covetous.

Miſers miſtake gold for their good, whereas it is only a means of attaining it.

Avarice is more oppoſite to œconomy than liberality.

Extreme avarice always makes miſtakes. There is no paſſion that oftner miſſes its aim; nor on which the preſent has ſo much influence in prejudice of the future.

A covetous rich man may be ſaid to freeze before the fire; to be a mere dog in a wheel, that toils to roaſt meat for other men's eating.

The BASS-SINGER *of* ST. HILARY.

IN the church of St. Hilary de Poitiers, there was not long ſince one of the choir, who being a lively companion, a merry ſongſter, and a jolly toper withal, (a circumſtance not unfrequent among theſe gentry) was always a welcome gueſt among the canons, prebends, &c. of St. Hilary, who never failed to invite him, for their amuſement, to their entertainments. Nay, ſo great was the familiarity with which they treated him, that he did not doubt but that there was not one among them who had not his intereſt as much at heart as his own; he, therefore, would frequently ſay to one or other of them ſeparately, "Sir, you well know how long I have ſerved your church, and with how much care and zeal; it muſt be ſurely time I was better provided for;—I entreat you, Sir, do me the favour to repreſent my caſe in the chapter;—I aſk for no great matter:—you, gentlemen, have all good places; one equal to the leaſt of yours will do for me." His requeſt was always well taken, and well attended to; every one, whilſt apart, giving him a favourable anſwer, and agreeing, that his demand was not only reaſonable, but very moderate.—"Nay," ſaid ſome of them to him, "ſhould the chapter not think fit to agree to your petition, rather than you ſhould go unrewarded, I would willingly allow you to receive a ſhare of my own benefice—could I afford it." But at the end of every ſitting of the chapter, when he applied to his friends, the anſwers he received were, "Wait a little, we don't forget you;—the firſt vacant place is your's.—A vacancy happens;—alas! this is ſo trifling, they cannot think of giving him ſo inconſiderable a gift. Another happens, but this is ſo valuable, it would appear evil in the eyes of the world to give him ſuch a place, who was but one of the choir; beſides it had been promiſed to the nephew of one to whom the chapter was much obliged. But, as for the next vacant benefice, he might already reckon it as his own. With ſuch fine words and promiſes did they, from time to time, amuſe the poor baſs-ſinger; who continued to amuſe them, although he obtained no reward. Nevertheleſs, he was always making ſome preſent, according to his ſmall abilities, to one or another of thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to poſſeſs moſt intereſt;—his preſents conſiſted of fruits, fowl, pigeons, partridges, or whatever the ſeaſon afforded, which the ſinger of baſs purchaſed at the market for the purpoſe, always, however, aſſuring them they coſt him nothing:—and always were they accepted.

At laſt, the poor choiriſter, diſcovering that he was not a whit the better for all this, but that he was loſing his time, his labour, and his money, determined to be duped no longer; and to ſhew them the opinion he entertained of them. To do this, he contrived to collect together five or ſix crowns; and whilſt this was doing, which required ſome time, he conducted himſelf with the utmoſt reſpect and caution towards his pretended patrons. When his hoard was compleated, he went to the principal of them, and intreated them, one after the other, to grant him the honour of dining with him, at his own houſe, the following Sunday; telling them, that having been in their ſervice nine or ten years, he could not do leſs than invite them once to dinner; that indeed he could not treat them quite ſo well as he wiſhed, but his exertions ſhould not be wanting to give them pleaſure. They all promiſed him their company, but they were all ſo careful and provident, that they failed not, each of them, to have his dinner provided for him in his own kitchen, ſuſpecting they might fare but badly with the poor baſs chaunter, as they were more diſpoſed to truſt to his voice than his kitchen. At dinner time each ſends his diſh to our choiriſter, who cries out to the ſervant who brought them, "How, my friend! does your maſter mean to offend me?—does he expect to find ill fare at my houſe?—he need not have ſent this." Nevertheleſs he received all, emptying every diſh as it was brought into a large tureen, placed for the purpoſe in one corner of the kitchen. At laſt, behold the gueſts themſelves arrive, and place themſelves at the table according to their rank: their hoſt placed before them the firſt courſe, which was the tureen which they had all ſo generouſly aſſiſted in filling. The forbidding appearance of this diſh may be gueſſed when the reader is told, that one had ſent a rabbit ſmothered in onions, another a capon ſtewed in ſaffron, one a roaſt fowl, another a boiled one, and another a baſon of ſoup. They viewed this curious aſſemblage, but none could find courage to attack it, each waiting for his ſeparate diſh, not perceiving they were already before them. Our hoſt, in the mean time, was running backwards and forwards, ſeeming to be much engaged in accommodating them. At laſt, their patience being exhauſted, they exclaimed, with one voice, "My noble baſs-ſinger, take away this meſs, and bring in our own proviſion."—"It is here before you, gentlemen," ſaid he.—"Ours! it cannot be."—"Believe me, it is, my worthy gueſts.—See," ſaid he, to one of them, "your capon," and to another, "your rabbit; here, ſir, is your roaſt fowl, and here, ſir, is your boiled one."—"Vile ſinger of baſs!" retorted every gueſt, "is it thus you preſume to treat the dignitaries of your church?"—Said one, "I have not had a better diſh of ſoup this twelvemonth paſt, than that which I ſent."—"Ay," ſays another, "nothing could be more excellent than my larded capon; I wiſh I had been fortunate enough to have dined at home."—"Gentlemen," anſwered the hoſt, as ſoon as a little ſilence was obtained, "if theſe diſhes you favoured me with were ſo excellent, how happens it that in ſo ſhort a time they ſhould be ſo entirely ſpoiled?—I have kept them near the fire, and covered up as cloſe as poſſible; I do not ſee how I could have done better."—"Fool, who told you to mix them together?" replied a diſappointed canon, "did you not know that they would by this become unfit for eating?—for however good they might have been while ſeparate, when mixed together they are worth nothing."—"Truly," rejoined the choiriſter, "I find it is ſo; and this leſſon I ought to have learnt before, from what I have perceived reſpecting yourſelves, my honoured gueſts; for when you are ſeparate, nothing can be more charming and delightful; you promiſe mountains of gold; all nature ſmiles to him whom you encourage with hopes; but when you are all in your aſſembly, you are too much like this ſalmagundi of mine," pointing to his tureen of ſoup. "Ah, ah," ſaid they, "now we underſtand you;—but by this joke we loſe our dinner."—"Not ſo, neither, gentlemen," ſaid he, and immediately brought in the dinner which he had prepared at his own coſt; of which they ate heartily, drank freely, and afterwards went home highly entertained with the wit of their baſs-ſinger, whom they very ſoon appointed to a ſituation which would enable him to ſpend his days in eaſe and comfort.

Ye merry fellows, who, at the expence of your health and fortune, contribute to the amuſement of every company to which you are invited; and ye unfortunate condidates for the favours of great men——*remember the baſs-ſinger of St. Hilary!*

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

[*Continued from page* 56.]

THE father ſoon returned, and proceeded with his narrative as follows:

"During the whole twelve months of Matilda's noviciate, no intercourſe of any kind had paſſed betwixt her and Albert, who continued under the protection of this houſe, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all the other tranſactions which I have now related: yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he reſolved once more to attempt ſome means of gaining admittance into her convent. With this view he made a journey thither in the diſguiſe of a peaſant; and on the very morning on which his miſtreſs had eſcaped, he preſented himſelf at the gate.

"Conrad, who had, by letter from the abbeſs, been informed that her priſoner was fled, was deſired to come immediately, and deviſe ſome excuſe to the ſiſters for what had happened; for, although both to Conrad and Thereſa the fact was evident enough, yet the ſiſter nuns were diſtracted in conjectures: till, by one of thoſe artful ſtretches of aſſurance which conſummate villainy finds it eaſy to exert, Conrad recommended

commended a plauſible expedient.—And now *religion* (that conſtant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked) preſented itſelf as the only reſource in this emergency. Thereſa was taught to ſay, for the preſent, that ſhe had no doubt the ſinful reluctance of Matilda to receive the veil had excited the wrath of heaven; and that ſhe was miraculouſly ſnatched away, or, perhaps, annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony at which ſhe muſt that day have aſſiſted.

" This plan had been ſettled, and Conrad was going, with all haſte, in purſuit of the fugitive, when, at the outer gate, he met the pretended peaſant.—The penetrating eye either of love or hatred ſoon diſcover a friend or enemy, however carefully diſguiſed——Conrad and Albert knew each other——Inſtantly the flames of hatred, jealouſy, and fury, kindled in their boſoms; and Conrad, ſeizing Albert by the throat, exclaimed, " I have caught the villain, the ſacrilegious raviſher!" A ſevere ſtruggle enſued, in which Conrad drew his ſword; but Albert, who had no weapon, dexterouſly wrenched the inſtrument from the hand of Conrad, and plunged it in his boſom—The villain fell; while Albert fled with the utmoſt precipitation from the bloody ſcene, and returned in the evening to this convent.

" How ſhall I deſcribe (ſaid the good old monk) the contraſt betwixt the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us!—Then innocence, faintly enlightened by a gleam of hope, ſmiled on his features, as he cheerfully bid us adieu, and ſaid, " Perhaps I may again hear tidings of Matilda;—ſhould the will of heaven deny me happineſs with her, I will come back reſigned, and dedicate my future life to holy meditation void of guilt."—But now, he returned breathleſs and pale, his hands beſmeared with blood, his limbs trembling; he could only utter in faultering words, " Save me, reverend fathers! ſave me from juſtice, from myſelf, if poſſible!—Behold a murderer!"

" Some hours elapſed before we could collect from him the circumſtances of a crime which had produced this extreme degree of horror and compunction in a mind ſo virtuous and innocent as that of Albert; and having heard the whole, in which he took all the blame to his own haſty conduct, we promiſed him protection; and endeavoured, though in vain, for two whole days to ſpeak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inſpire confidence in the boundleſs mercy of his God. On the third day, we were diverted from this arduous taſk by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs; the poor animal, who had been out all day, was reſtleſs, and ſhewed evident marks of a deſire that we ſhould accompany him to the relief of ſome poor wretch, who was unable to reach the convent.

" Father Jerome and I reſolved to follow him; and we proceeded about half a mile, when we turned from the beaten track, guided by our dog, to a retired glen where human feet had hardly ever trod before. Here, on a rock which projected over a dreadful precipice, ſat an unhappy, half-diſtracted object;—I need not tell you it was Matilda. She had crept, with wondrous difficulty, up a ſteep aſcent to a ledge of rock which overhung a fearful chaſm:—the very recollection of the place freezes my blood! When we firſt diſcovered her ſhe was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew, which grew from a fiſſure in the rock above, and which half ſhaded her melancholy figure.

"The dog followed her ſteps; but Jerome and I, unable to aſcend a path ſo dangerous, ſtood, unobſerved by her, at a little diſtance, on the oppoſite ſide of the glen.

"When Matilda firſt perceived the dog, ſhe looked with wildneſs round her; then fixing her eyes with tenderneſs on the animal, ſhe ſaid, "Are you returned to me again?—and are you now my friend?—Fie! fie upon it! ſhall even dogs ſeduce the helpleſs!—Perhaps you repent of what you would have done.—You look piteouſly!—Poor brute! you know I followed you all the day long, and would have followed you for ever, but you led me to a deteſted convent!—thither Matilda will not go—Why ſhould *you* lead me to a priſon?—A dog cannot plead *religion* in excuſe for treachery!"

"She pauſed; then taking a roſary of pearls from her ſide, ſhe fantaſtically wound it about the dog's neck, ſaying, "I have a boon to aſk, and thus I bribe you; theſe precious beads are your's: now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and ſee all the world—Then I ſhall know whether my Albert ſtill be living—Ah no! it cannot be! for then Matilda would be happy! and that can never, never be!" She then burſt into a flood of tears, which ſeemed to give her ſome relief.

"When I thought ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed, Jerome and I diſcovered ourſelves. On this ſhe ſhrieked, and hid her face; but, calling to her, I ſaid, "Albert is ſtill alive." She looked at us, till, by degrees, ſhe had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, ſhe ſeized him by the throat and would have daſhed him down the precipice, ſaying, "Ah, traitor! is it thus thou haſt betrayed me?"—But the animal ſtruggled and got from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried, "Here I am ſafe, deceitful monſters! ſafe from the tyranny of your religious perſecution; for if you approach one ſingle ſtep, I plunge into this yawning gulph, and ſo eſcape your power.—Ha! ha! ha!" Then, recovering from a frantic laugh, ſhe ſaid, "Yet tell me, did you not ſay that Albert lives?—Oh! that ſuch words had come from any lips but thoſe of a falſe monk.—I know your arts; with *you* ſuch falſhoods are religious frauds; this is a pious lie to enſnare a poor helpleſs linnet to its cage: but I tell you, cunning prieſts! here I defy you; nor will I ever quit this rock, till Albert's voice aſſures me I may do it ſafely."

"You will eaſily imagine (continued the monk) the ſituation of Jerome and myſelf. Ignorant then of the manner in which Matilda had eſcaped, we could only know from her words and actions that it was ſhe herſelf, and her ſenſes were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one falſe ſtep would daſh her headlong down the dreadful chaſm that parted us, at length I ſaid, "Gentle maid, be comforted; Albert and Matilda may yet be happy." Then leaving Jerome concealed among the buſhes to watch the poor lunatic, I haſtened to the convent to relate what I had ſeen.

"Meanwhile Matilda looking with vacant ſtare around her, from time to time repeated my words, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy!*" then pauſing, ſhe ſeemed delighted with the ſound re-echoed from the rocks, again repeating "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy!*" ſtill varying the modulations of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt, deſpair, or hope alternately prevailed in her diſordered mind."

At this intereſting period of the narrative, the venerable father was a ſecond time called out, and promiſed to conclude this ſtory when he returned.

[*To be continued.*]

A Curious Anecdote of PEPIN, *King of* FRANCE, *the Father of the Emperor* CHARLEMAGNE.

THE perſon of Pepin was ſo far from having any thing majeſtic in it, that it was rather the contrary. In point of ſtature, we are told, that he wanted ſix inches of five feet, whence he was ſurnamed the ſhort; but, in regard to ſize, he was of ſuch a make, as procured him likewiſe the appellation of Pepin the fat. The monk of St. Gal, among many idle ſtories, has preſerved one of this prince, which moſt of the hiſtorians have tranſcribed, and which indeed ought to be preſerved. Pepin had been informed, that ſome of his principal commanders had made themſelves merry with his perſon: he invited them, therefore, to a ſpectacle at Ferriers, which, in that age, was not uncommon. This was a combat between a lion and a bull. The king was ſeated on his throne, and all his great officers about him, when the beaſts were let out. The lion immediately leaped out upon the bull, and brought him to the ground, and was on the point of ſtrangling him, 'Which of you,' ſaid Pepin, 'will make that beaſt let go his prey?'—His great lords gazed in ſilence. 'That taſk muſt be mine,' added Pepin; and, deſcending from his royal ſeat, he advanced with his ſword drawn, directly towards the beaſts. The lion, turning his eyes towards him, began to raiſe himſelf upon the bull, when, at a ſingle blow, the king divided the head from the body. As he turned to his throne, he ſaid, without any emotion, 'David was a little man, and yet he triumphed over Goliah; Alexander too was a little man, but his arm was ſtronger, and his heart more intrepid, than thoſe of many of his captains, who were taller and handſomer than he.'—We may, from theſe remarks, with great certainty infer, that this founder of the ſecond race of French kings had great perſonal merit, and might, therefore, have deſerved a more honourable inſcription than that which is placed upon his tomb, '*Cy giſt le pere de Charlemagne.*—Here lies the father of Charlemagne.' It is true, this ſecond race are ſtyled Carlovingians; but it is not decided, whether in honour of Charles Martel, the father of Pepin, or of Charles the Great, his ſon. Be that as it will, Pepin atchieved what the one left imperfect, and opened the path to glory, which the other purſued with ſo much applauſe.

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

A DRAMATIC PIECE, IN ONE ACT,

Firſt performed at the Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market, on Saturday, July 7, 1792.

BY WALLEY C. OULTON.

Chagrin,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Chagrin,	Mrs. Powell.
Squire Hairbrain,	Mr. R. Palmer.	Sophia,	Miſs Heard.
Bellamy, -	Mr. Williamson.	Dorothy,	Miſs Fontenelle.
Robin, -	Mr. Wewitzer.		
Crop, -	Mr. Farley.	A Porter, &c.	

SCENE, *A VILLAGE.*

Scene I.—*A Parlour at Mr.* Chagrin's.

Enter Mr. Chagrin, Mrs. Chagrin, *and* Sophia.

Chagrin. OOUNS! you won't let me ſpeak—

Mrs. Chag. Mr. Chagrin, you won't liſten to me—

Chag. 'Sdeath, wife, what do you mean by flying into theſe paſſions? I won't bear it—damn me—I won't bear it. You want to impoſe upon the gentleneſs of my temper, and mar the happineſs of my dear child.—

Sophia. Happineſs!

Chag. Yes, Sophia—this very day you ſhall be married to the rich Squire Hairbrain, in ſpite of your tears and objections—then you'll be miſtreſs of a fine houſe, and have a huſband, child, who won't be at home with you—no, not ſix hours in the week. There's happineſs for you!

Mrs. Chag. Well, in my opinion—

Chag. Hold your tongue, Madam.

Mrs. Chag. Oh! I'm not ſaying a word one way or other; but I think Mr. Bellamy, notwithſtanding his poverty, would make a much better huſband.—Sophia can't love the Squire—I'll ſay no more—How can you be ſuch a brute, then—

Chag. Brute!—brute! you old impudent huſſey, ar'n't you aſham'd of calling names?—Bellamy!—What is this Mr. Bellamy?—A writer, forſooth, a ſcribbler of plays and farces—Ouns! did you ever hear of an author's being rich?

Sophia. Mr. Bellamy's merit is ſo great, I have not the leaſt doubt but in time he would riſe.

Chag. Riſe! O yes—from a ſecond floor to a garret, I dare ſay.

Mrs. Chag. Well, but Mr. Chagrin—

Chag. Fire and faggots! you are always in a paſſion when I propoſe any thing. Sophy, my good girl, make haſte to pack up your things, and ſend them to the Squire's houſe.—From this moment you ſhall be ſubſervient to his will, and obey all his commands. To-day is fix'd for the wedding, and I would not upon any account there ſhould be a diſappointment.

Sophia. Dear papa, why ſo exact to a moment? Conſider the laſt day that was appointed for this marriage—the Squire himſelf made a a frivolous apology, becauſe one of his favourite dogs was loſt.

Chag. So he did—Ha! ha! ha! that's his way—All in good humour.

Mrs. Chag. He a lover!—why he has not paid her more than three viſits, though the acquaintance commenc'd ſix weeks ago.—I am not ſaying a word.

Chag. Well, is not this humour all for the better? If he is ſo very indifferent now—why gads curſe he'll be ten times more ſo after marriage—of courſe, child, he'll never be jealous—he'll never kill you with kindneſs.—Oh, Sophy, your happineſs will be ineffable.

Sophia. Heigho!—I am ready, Sir, to obey your orders; and, notwithſtanding my late partiality for Mr. Bellamy, look upon Squire Hairbrain as my deſtined huſband.

Chag. That's a good girl—a good girl—but don't ſay I force your inclinations, as your talkative mother did.

Mrs. Chag. Talkative!

Chag. Damn it—will you hold your tongue?—Well, child?

Sophia. I flatter myſelf, Sir, as I am now ready to obey, you will be kind enough to indulge me in an humble wiſh.

Chag. O! my dear Sophy, I'll grant you any requeſt—any requeſt at all—ſo it does not encroach upon my reſolutions.

Sophia. Then give me leave, Sir, to apprize the Squire of the ſeveral preſents I have received from Mr. Bellamy, with your permiſſion, in the days of his affluence, particularly the laſt token of affection—that admirable painting of Cupid, which he preſented as an emblem of his love.

Chag. Oh yes!—you may put them all into the trunk with your clothes, little Cupid, and all.—And now, Sophia, you muſt lay aſide your ſheepiſhneſs and modeſty—you muſt be more free and affable—indeed, child, you are addicted to too much taciturnity of late.

Mrs. Chag. It becomes young ladies to be ſilent, Mr. Chagrin.

Chag. Aye, and old women, too, Mrs. Chagrin.

Mrs. Chag. Lord! I was not ſaying a word—not I—Oh, here comes Mr. Crop, the Squire's groom.—Now, pray Mr. Chagrin, let me ſpeak to him, and do you leave the room———

Chag. Leave the room!—no, Madam, I'll ſtay where I am, and ſpeak to him myſelf.

Enter Crop.

So, Mr. Crop.

Crop. Your ſervant, Sir.—My maſter is juſt returned from hunting, and expects his bride home to-day. It muſt be to-day, he ſays, as the weather is ſo bad he can have no ſport abroad, and he wiſhes to attend the races to-morrow.

Chag. Ha! ha! ha! free and eaſy—that's his way. Oh! you'll be a happy woman, Sophy.—Pray, Mr. Crop, be ſo kind as to attend my daughter—You muſt deliver a letter for her to the Squire, and take charge of a trunk—Sophy, you may give the key of it to Mr. Crop, for he is an honeſt fellow, as you wiſh his maſter to ſee the contents of it before the wedding.

Sophia. Heigho!

Mrs. Chag. The weather ſo bad, he can have no ſport abroad! well, I think it the moſt impudent meſſage I ever heard in all my life.

Chag. Ouns, woman!—Hold your tongue—won't you let me ſpeak a word—muſt you have all the diſcourſe to yourſelf?—'Sdeath, you'll ſcarcely permit me to utter a ſyllable.

Mrs. Chag. Sure!——

Chag. See, now! let me ſpeak, I ſay—Fire and faggots! I never heard ſuch a noiſy woman in all my life!—Why juſt now you wanted me to leave the room, that your clapper might run on, click, clack, without any interruption.

Mrs. Chag. No, indeed——

Chag. Hold your tongue—Bid me leave the room!—Go along, I ſay—go about your buſineſs, and help the girl to pack up her things. ——Come, Mr. Crop.—Ouns, you are the moſt unmannerly, moſt rude——Damn me, go along, go along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Parlour in* 'Squire Hairbrain'*s Houſe.*

Enter Dorothy, *with a Child in her Arms, and* Robin.

Robin. You can't ſtay here, upon my honour.—I expect my young miſtreſs home every minute.—You muſt go about your buſineſs.

Dor. No; I wool ſtay and ſee the intended bride, that's what I wool. —I thinks it my duty, Robin, to let her know what a rogue the 'Squire is, and ſhew her his child, whom he won't ſee nor provide for.—Where is he?—what's come of him?

Robin. Very buſy—particularly engaged—feeding his dogs.

Dor. Feeding his dogs!—What a brute!—He had better feed his own child, or give a ſmall maintenance for the woman he has ruinated.

Robin. Huſh, Dorothy, huſh!—The wedding is to be to-day.—I am promiſed new clothes on the occaſion, and a preſent.—Now, do you ſee, Dolly, if you ſhould put a ſtop to the marriage by any raſh clamour or imprudent behaviour—Heigho!—there will be an end to all my hop'd-for perquiſites.

Dor. I don't care for that—I wool ſee the bride—I am bent on it.—Ah! notwithſtanding his riches, take my word, 'Squire will turn out a poor deſpicable wretch.

Robin. Egad, Dolly, that may be verified this minute, for he may take it in his head to turn out you.

Dor. Let'n, let'n, if he dare.

Robin. [*Aſide.*] 'Sdeath, how ſhall I get her away. Egad, I muſt promiſe like great folks, and forget it.—Hark ye, Dolly, if you'll make no noiſe till the wedding be over, I'll—I'll ſhare my perquiſites with you.

Dor. Eh!——

Robin. You ſhall go halves in what I get.

Dor. Well, Robin, I'll think upon it.

Robin. That's a good woman, Dolly.—'Sdeath, here's ſomebody coming—Step aſide, my dear Dolly; you muſt not be ſeen.

[Dolly *retires.*

Enter Crop, *and a Porter with a Trunk.*

Crop There, lay it down—a heavy load.—Here, Robin, give this letter to maſter, and tell him Miſs Sophia's trunk is here—while I give this poor fellow ſomething to drink.—*(Gives* Robin *a letter.)*—[*Exit* Robin.]——Stay, I had better leave the key in the trunk, for fear my maſter may wiſh to ſatisfy his curioſity—*(Puts the key in it.)*—There, now it will do.—Now, my good fellow, come along with me into the kitchen, and I'll give you a horn of ale and a bit of cold chine; 'twill do you good, my boy, this cold morning, after your journey. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Dorothy.

Dor. Miſs Sophia's trunk!—I don't care—Fleſh nor blood can't bear it.—No matter for Robin's coaxing, I wool let this poor woman know what a falſe-hearted rogue of a huſband ſhe is about taking—ſhe'll certainly be here by and by—ſo as child is faſt aſleep, and key left in trunk, ecod I'll put'n in it—as ſoon as Miſs ſees it, there'll be a fine rumpus I warrant me.—In caſe the poor baby ſhould light on miſhap, I'll be within earſhot howſomdever.

[*Puts the child in the trunk and ex.*

Enter 'Squire Hairbrain *with a letter in his hand;* Robin *following.*

'Squire. (Singing.) " Hark away! hark away! all nature looks gay," &c.—Oh! for to-morrow!—Five thouſand upon Neck or Nothing—Five thouſand!—Damme! I ſhall ſurely win.—*(Sings.)* " Hark away! " hark away!"—Cæſar is a fine dog—a fine dog indeed—I wiſh I had his picture drawn.

Robin. Sir, you have not read the letter from your miſtreſs yet—Miſs Sophia.

'Squire. That's true—Egad I forgot it—I'm longing to hear what ſhe ſays—Hem!——Oh! Robin, take care that I'm up early in the morning—I have promiſed my friends to be with them before light.

Robin. But you know, Sir, you are to be married to-night, Sir.

'Squire. Poo—no matter for that—there will be great ſport to-morrow—Five thouſand upon Neck or Nothing!—Oh! let me ſee—what is this letter about.—*(Sings.)* " Hark away! Hark away! all nature " loo"—*(Reading.)* Um—um—um—" But previous to any engagement, I think proper to ſay, that, with the approbation of my father, I have had repeated viſits from Mr. Bellamy."—Mr. Bellamy!——

Robin. Sir, is not that the gentleman you expect will call by and bye.

'Squire. I dare ſay it is—He inquir'd laſt week at our club, if I had any commands to London, and promis'd to tranſact ſome buſineſs for me there.—Pray has the oſtler rubb'd down the mare yet?

Robin. Yes, Sir, but you have forgot to finiſh the letter.

'Squire. Egad, that's true.—Robin, be ſure I am call'd up early in the morning.—Where was I—*(Reads.)* " Repeated viſits from Mr. " Bellamy, which from an honeſt partiality on my ſide were then encouraged, though now prudently declin'd.—I take the liberty alſo " of adding, that in the trunk, wherein I have put my clothes, you

“ will find what ſome time ago I receiv'd from Mr. Bellamy as a token
“ of affection, when I thought it no crime to love that amiable young
“ man. This, Sir, with candour and ſincerity, I impart before I
“ am your Sophia.”——Aye, aye, ſhe's mine—So ho, ſo ho.—yoax, yoax—Puſs is ſtarted—ſhe's taken!—Huzza!

Robin. Sir, I wiſh you joy of your ſucceſs.

'Squire. Come, Robin, let us ſee what ſhe has receiv'd from this Bellamy as a token of affection. (Robin *opens the trunk.*

'Squire. Zounds! what's here?——A child!

Robin. (*Takes out the child.*) Why, to be ſure, the greateſt token of affection that can be. (*Child cries.*

'Squire. I am thunderſtruck!—Is this a proof of her modeſty and honour?—(*Child cries.*)—Damn me, theſe are pretty doings.—(*Child cries.—'Squire ſtopping his ears.*)—Take that thing away—take it away, Robin.—give it to the houſemaid.—(Robin *carries off the child.*)—What a miſerable wretch I ſhould be if that child was mine.—(*Child cries without.*)—There, there!—O! what diſcord when compared to the harmony of the hounds.—(*Re-enter* Robin.)—Token of affection—Damn the fellow, and his token too—Who is he!—What is he, I wonder?

Robin. Why, Sir, I think they call him an author, Sir, well known for his abilities.

'Squire. Damn his abilities!—He is the author of miſchief—I won't ſee him when he calls—yet—yes, I will; I'm reſolved to hear what he ſays—But I muſt contrive ſome means to be off this match——Egad I ſhould be aſham'd to ſhew my face at the hunt—my brother ſportſmen would laugh deviliſhly at me—Ha! ha! ha!—Damnation!

(*Knocking at the door.*

Robin. Sir, here is Mr. Bellamy—Pray be pacified—I'll ſhew him up. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Well, I don't know what ails me; but this affair makes me feel very fooliſh.—Egad, I ſhou'd cut a pretty figure to be call'd father during the honeymoon.

Enter Bellamy, *preceded by* Robin.

Bel. (*Bowing.*) Mr. Hairbrain, I kiſs your hands.

'Squire. (*Aſide.*) Hem!—Condeſcending enough after kiſſing my miſtreſs.

Bel. Are your letters ready, Sir?—I go to London this evening.

'Squire. Sir, I—I don't think I ſhall have any occaſion to trouble you now; but I am equally obliged to you for all your favours.

Bel. Sir, any ſervice I can render, you are exceedingly welcome to. —I muſt be in town to-night, as a new play of mine is ſhortly to make its appearance.

'Squire. Egad, your works do make an appearance.

Bel. I confeſs I have produced a few things with tolerable ſucceſs—my little offſpring are in a thriving condition.

'Squire. The devil they are.—Pray, Sir, have you many?

Bel. Yes, indeed, Sir; and one thing I can boaſt of, I am never guilty of plagiary, for I wou'dn't be the father of a child that was not mine.

'*Squire*. (*Aſide.*) Damme! that's a broad hint; but I'll have at him.——You know Mr. Chagrin's daughter, I preſume, Sir?

Bel. Yes, Sir, I do; or rather, Sir, I did, for I am now determined to forget her.

'*Squire.* Pray, Sir, how long were you acquainted with that young lady?

Bel. Sir, ſhe was in London about twelve months ago—it was on my account that ſhe was ſuddenly forc'd to go into the country.

'*Squire.* On your account!—

Bel. Yes, Sir—her inexorable father obliged her to this retirement.

'*Squire.* For a very good reaſon, faith, retirement was neceſſary.

Bel. However, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to content myſelf with this idea, that my once belov'd will have a richer huſband, and I hope, Sir, a worthier, as the young lady, I underſtand, is to be your wife.

'*Squire.* "Hark away!—Hark away!" (*Singing.*)

Bel. I ſhall ſet out immediately for London to prepare my play for the Public.

'*Squire.* To prepare your play?

Bel. Yes, Sir; I now intend to put my bantling upon its legs.

'*Squire.* Pray, Sir, how old may this bantling be?

Bel. Why, Sir, I deſign'd it about twelve months ago.

'*Squire.* I thought ſo.

Bel. The plot was ſoon ſettled.

'*Squire.* So it ſeems, faith.

Bel. And the laſt act was concluded about a dozen weeks ſince.

'*Squire.* Damn'd impudent fellow—[*Aſide.*]

Bel. The ſcene I fix'd in London—for London is ſuch a gay place——

'*Squire.* Yes, yes, there's fine ſport there—fine intrigues.

Bel. So there are—and that's the reaſon for my preferring it, as I am very happy in my love ſcenes.

'*Squire.* Well, Sir, as your love ſcenes are ſo damned clever, it would be a thouſand pities ever to baulk them.

Bel. Sir, you are very polite.—I'm exceedingly fond of the tuneful ſiſters.

'*Squire.* Tuneful ſiſters; ſome of his girls who ſing very well, I ſuppoſe. [*Aſide.*]

Bel. With them I paſs away my time and entertain myſelf.

'*Squire.* Upon my ſoul it's very entertaining; But pray, Sir, are not you indebted to Sophia for ſome of your bantlings, as you call them.

Bel. Why, faith, Sir, I owe ſeveral to her aſſiſtance.

'*Squire.* Several!—Oh dear?

Bel. I wiſh'd much to conſult with her about another, which I have partly in my head.

'*Squire.* Zounds, Sir, I'll hear no more—Pray go on, if you pleaſe, Sir—I beg pardon—I'm all attention.

Bel. Perhaps, Sir, you look upon me ſtill as a rival.

'*Squire.* No, no—not at all—(*Sings.*)—"All nature looks gay——"

Bel. Sir, be aſſured I ſhall conquer my ill-fated love, though, at the ſame time, I acknowledge how much I admire the young lady's modeſty and good nature.

'*Squire.* Modeſty!—Good nature!—the latter is indiſputable indeed.

Bel. I have endeavoured, Sir, to paint her character in my new play.

'Squire. And pray is there a little one in it?

Bel. A little one!—Really, Sir, all characters can't be equally good—Our beſt poets will introduce little ones to increaſe their work—but I ſee the young lady coming.—Excuſe me, Sir—the ſight of my dear Sophia, (eſpecially here) would only remind me of former times—I'll ſtep into the next room till ſhe departs. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Very pretty—very pretty indeed!—Marry Sophia! Not I—when I do, may I break my neck at a hunt, or——

Enter Robin.

Robin. Miſs Sophia, Sir.

'Squire. Ouns, Robin, ſtay—I'll ſeize an opportunity, before Mr. Chagrin comes, to be off this marriage without the old gentleman's knowledge.—I'll make theſe young lovers elope, and pretend to be damn'd angry at it afterwards—therefore don't mind my rage—it will be all in good humour, and if I command a purſuit, be ſure to evade it and diſobey.

Robin. Never fear, Sir—I'll diſobey you in every thing.

'Squire. That's a good fellow.

Robin. There's nothing you command that I'll do.

'Squire. Right, right, and tell Crop the ſame.

Robin. But Miſs Sophia——

Squire. Oh! I forgot—admit her.—[*Exit* Robin]—Now for a ſight of this young lady—Well, I wonder how ſhe can look me in the face.

Enter Sophia, *preceded by* Robin.

Sophia. Heigho!—how my heart beats!—'Squire, you received a letter, I preſume!

'Squire. Oh!—Yes, I received your letter, my dear.

Sophia. You will excuſe my writing, I hope—but really I am ſo diffident and timid, I knew I ſhould be unable to ſpeak to you on this ſubject.

'Squire. Oh! Miſs, I know you are very modeſt.

Sophia. Having eſteemed Mr. Bellamy, and being obliged to marry you, I thought it my duty to reveal that paſſion, and what I have received from the young gentleman.

'Squire. Aye, the token of affection, my dear.

Sophia. Yes, Sir.

'Squire. Pray, my dear, is it a-a-a boy?

Sophia. Did not you obſerve, Sir?—it was a ſweet little Cupid.

'Squire. A ſweet little Cupid!—Very baſhful indeed. [*Aſide.*

Sophia. He alludes to the picture, I find—[*Aſide*] I have made this declaration, Sir, to prevent any jealouſy which might occur hereafter—perhaps you may think I was too nice and punctilious, for writing on ſo frivolous an occaſion; but, as I ſaid before, I thought it my duty, though the cauſe was a little one.

'Squire. Though the cauſe was a little one.—Now, my dear, you know your father has ordered you to obey me.

Sophia. Heigho!—I know it.

'Squire. Then I command you to marry Mr. Bellamy this minute —nay, never ſtare—I inſiſt upon your compliance.—Mr. Bellamy.— *(Calling.)*

Enter Bellamy.

Here take your Sophia, loſe no time; make haſte before Mr. Chagrin comes.

Bel. Is it poſſible? Are you indeed ſerious?

'Squire. Aye, aye, away with you, and don't appear till the buſineſs is over—I ſhall be very angry—but—

Bel. Dear, Sir, this ſo unexpected.

'Squire. I know it is—but no matter—make haſte—begone—here's ſomebody coming.—*(Puſhes* Sophia *and* Bellamy *out.)*—There now, my mind is eaſy—Egad I was upon a a wrong ſcent before.

Dor. *(Without)* But I muſt and wool come in.

'Squire. Hey dey!

Enter Dorothy.

Dor. So I ſuppoſe by this time ſhe has ſeen it—*(Goes to the trunk and miſſes the child)*—Where's my poor babe that I left in Miſs's trunk?

'Squire. What! your's, Dorothy?

Dor. Aye, I wanted your new Leady to ſee it.

'Squire. Death and hell! I have been deceived—Dear Dolly go about your buſineſs. Your child's below ſtairs—there's money for you. —Go—go.

Dor. Well, 'Squire, I be a going. You give me this to get ſhut of me.—Ah! 'Squire! Squire! if half the gold, great folks beſtow on poor girls, they have brought to ſhame, was given out of compaſſionating, and not to ſuit their own convenience, I'll be bold to ſay their conſciences would not fare the worſe for it. [*Exit.*

'Squire. Pſhaw! what's all this to Sophia! ſtole away! ſhe's loſt! but perhaps I can recover her.—Robin! Robin!

Enter Robin.

Seize her, my boy—Seize her—Stole away—make haſte—Seize her —my beauty—ſtole away.

Robin. Yes, Sir, I'll find your beauty.—He's always raving about his Cæſar, and damme, its the ugheſt beauty in the all world—[*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

'Squire. I hope he may ſucceed in the chace.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Chagrin.

Chag. Ha! my dear ſon-in-law—ſhake hands.

'Squire. Stole away!—I have loſt her—Bellamy has got her.

Chag. How!—my daughter ſtole?

Mrs. Chag. Lord, I'm very glad of it.—I'm not ſaying a word, huſband.

Chag. Zounds, Madam, this is your doing.

Mrs. Chag. Lord, huſband!——

Chag. Hold your tongue, I ſay, and don't be flying into ſuch a damn'd paſſion. *(ſtamping.)*

'Squire. Stole away!—Death and hell!

Enter Robin.

Robin. Not ſtole away—your beauty is ſafe.

'Squire. Indeed!—Where? where?

Robin. In the cellar, Sir—it had a large bone in its mouth, and ſnarl'd like the very devil.

'Squire. Snarl'd!—What—Sophia—my miſtreſs?

Chag. My daughter in the cellar, with a large bone in her mouth!

Robin. Miſtreſs! Daughter!—Lord, no—but—Cæſar, the great dog—your little beauty, Sir.

'Squire. 'Sdeath and hell; I meant Sophia—ſtole away—Death and hell!

Robin. Oh aye—I underſtand—my maſter's pretending to be in a paſſion now—[*Aſide.*]

'Squire. Run, run!—Take the brown mare out of the ſtable, and purſue them—quick—

Robin. [*Aſide*] Now this is the time I'm to diſobey him.

'Squire. Run, run.

Robin. Hem!—here I ſhall ſit. (*Seats himſelf on the trunk.*)

Chag. Ouns! why don't you obey your maſter?

Robin. So I do, Sir, ſo I do.

'Squire. Damnation! make haſte.

Robin. Well—hang me if I know whether you are in earneſt or not.

'Squire. I am in earneſt—Zounds!—I am—fly—purſue them.

Robin. Admirably acted upon my ſoul! Bravo!

'Squire. Hell and fire!

Robin. Ha! ha! ha!

Chag. What, do you laugh at our misfortunes?—By heavens, I have a mind to kick you. (*Kicking him.*

Robin. Dear Sir, I was only laughing at my maſter.

'Squire. Laughing at me! then I'll puniſh you as I would my dog, ſirrah—pull your ears. (*Pulling his ears.*

Robin. Bah! I was not laughing at all, Sir.——Damn it, if this is done in good humour, it does not ſuit my humour at all. (*Aſide.*

Enter Bellamy *and* Sophia.

Bel. Mr. Chagrin, permit me to introduce Mrs. Bellamy to you. At the ſame time to thank the 'Squire for ——

'Squire. Huſh! huſh!—Come, Mr. Chagrin, you muſt forgive them.

Mrs. Chag. Aye, do now, huſband.

Chag. Pray, wife, hold your tongue.——What, 'Squire, are you ſatisfied?—then I muſt be of courſe.

Bel. Then my happineſs is complete—and I truſt, Mr. Chagrin, that, in conſenting to an union where hearts are already join'd, you will have better conſulted your child's welfare than in binding her in the rigid chains of intereſted matrimony.——I think, too, the adventures of this half hour will furniſh me with ample materials for a one-act piece, which, if ever repreſented on the ſtage, I hope to find the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries,

ALL IN GOOD HUMOUR.

ACCOUNT *of a* NEW FARCE *called* YOUNG MEN AND OLD WOMEN.

Tranſlated from Le Mechant, *of* Gresset, *a French Comedy.*

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

THE plot of this farce is founded on this ſingle incident:—Mr. Sylvan and Miſs Prejudice were engaged to each other, in early infancy, by their parents, who, to ſecure their union when they ſhould arrive at years of maturity, bound themſelves to adhere to their engagement, under ſevere penalties. The farce opens juſt as young Sylvan (whoſe father is deceaſed) has arrived from his travels, and Mr. Knaveſtone, the friend of Sylvan, had been captivated by the beauty of Miſs Prejudice, and was in hopes of obtaining her hand, although he had not declared his paſſion. Deſperate at the probability of loſing his miſtreſs, Knaveſtone on ſeeing Sylvan, and finding him to be a lover of great delicacy, alarms his jealouſy, and endeavours to excite his diſguſt againſt his miſtreſs, by baſe inſinuations, and a falſe deſcription of her manners and morals. Vexed and diſappointed at hearing ſuch an account of his deſtined wife, and determined never to give his hand where he could not give his heart, Sylvan haſtily decides to forfeit the eſtate that the father of Miſs Prejudice ſtood pledged to aſſign to him on the marriage of his betrothed daughter, and to reject her immediately. Knaveſtone artfully plays upon his foible, and adviſes him to purſue ſuch a line of conduct as ſhould provoke the father to reject Sylvan, in conſequence of which he would eſcape the forfeiture he was himſelf bound to make. Sylvan falls into the ſnare; and hearing that he had nothing more to do than to affect the fantaſtic dreſs and extravagantly fooliſh behaviour of a modern town fop, and to abuſe old Sir Samuel's pictures, houſe, and grounds; prepares accordingly for his firſt viſit, where he makes a moſt ridiculous figure, ſwears the pictures are mere Engliſh daubings, and lumber, the houſe a maſs of deformity and inconvenience, and that the gardens and grounds afford a precious proof of bad taſte and extreme folly. His conduct to the young lady is equally prepoſterous; and the ſcheme, altogether, produces its full effect in diſguſting the father and daughter, but not without affording Sylvan reaſon to doubt the truth of Knaveſtone's deſcription, and convincing him of the great beauty and good ſenſe of Miſs Prejudice. The more he reflects, the more he is convinced of the impoſition, and Knaveſtone confirms his ſuſpicion by peremptorily refuſing any explanation of the full extent of his meaning. The reſt of the farce turns on Sylvan's endeavours to recover the good opinion of the father and daughter, which, having caſt off his aſſumed character, he is happy enough to effect in his own, and the farce concludes with the detection of Knaveſtone's deceit, and the union of Sylvan and Miſs Prejudice.

NOURADIN AND FATIMA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN one of the moſt beautiful vallies that lies upon the borders of the capital of the Eaſt, lived Jezdad, an inoffenſive ſhepherd; he had but one child, and having been bereft of his wife for many years, his whole ſtock of tenderneſs was beſtowed on Fatima. Though fortune had not been laviſh of her gifts to the father of Fatima, yet he wanted not the neceſſaries or comforts of life; his cottage was clean, and furniſhed with every thing uſeful; his fields and flocks ſupplied them with food and raiment. Fatima was coarſe in her perſon, but ſhe was chearful and good-natured: She roſe with the feathered ſongſters, and, while performing the duties of her ſtation, carolled forth ſome ſimple ditty in wild untutored notes. Her whole ſtudy was to pleaſe her father, and to prepare his meals. She never repined at hard labour, and a ſmile from Jezdad was like a cordial to revive her ſpirits. When oppreſſed with fatigue, ſhe would aſſiſt, unaſked, in the moſt laborious employments; and at eve, by the pale light of Cynthia, ſhe would lightly trip with her young companions, while her father played on the flagelet. The mind of Fatima was as calm as the delights of Paradiſe.

One day ſhe was ſent to the grand vizier's with fruits for his favourite, and was conducted by an eunuch into the garden, where the beautiful Semira was repoſing on a bed of roſes, clad in all the pomp of eaſtern magnificence, while two ſlaves were fanning her to reſt. Fatima had never before ſeen aught but ſimplicity. She was filled with wonder and aſtoniſhment at the ſurpriſing beauty and grandeur of Semira, and as ſhe gazed, envy and diſcontent crept into her hitherto guileleſs boſom.

She returned home with a mind totally changed from what it was; her rural paſtimes no more delighted—labour was now a trouble. She had been a witneſs to the eaſe and indolence of Semira; if ſhe caught a glimpſe of her own ſhadow in the ſtream ſhe turned from it with horror and diſguſt. Her days were joyleſs, and her nights ſpent in moaning and bewailing her unhappy lot. The colour fled from her cheeks, and ſhe became the picture of deſpair.

One evening, deaf to the ſolicitations of her young companions, ſhe retired to a thick grove, and, inattentive to the diſtant notes of the flagelet, thus found vent for her grief:

"Oh! wretched Fatima, unhappy maid! Why was I born to know ſo hard a fate, to eat the bread of labour, and ſleep upon a peaſant's homely couch; while Semira is ſurrounded with ſplendour, is ſerved by kneeling ſlaves, and ſleeps on a bed of down!—And why has nature denied me thoſe raviſhing beauties it has ſo bountifully ſhowered on her; her eyes ſo ſparkling, her lips ſo tempting red, and then her hand and arm ſo finely turned, ſo delicately white!—Oh! why was I not lovely as Semira, and favourite to the grand vizier?—But my own being is intolerable, I will no longer bear it, but in yon limpid ſtream loſe at once myſelf, and the remembrance of Semira."

She roſe from the ground, and was haſtening toward the brook, when the genii Nouradin appeared, and thus addreſſed her:

"Thy complaints are juſt, O Fatima! and if thou wilt relinquiſh thy home, and forſake thy father, thou ſhalt enjoy the utmoſt extent of thy wiſhes."

Fatima complied, and the genii touching her with his wand, and ſprinkling her with myſtic water, ſhe was transformed into a beautiful virgin, and was conveyed into the garden of one of the palaces belonging to the grand vizier.

The beautiful Semira had the day before offended her lord, and was no longer a favourite. Fatima attracted the notice of the vizier; he took her into the palace, he clothed her with rich ſilks, adorned her with jewels, and ſhe ſupplied the place of the degraded Semira.

Fatima now thought herſelf the happieſt among the happy; but the vizier was paſſionate, capricious, and exceedingly cruel. It was not long before ſhe found that the favourite of the grand vizier lived only in ſplendid ſlavery. But though, ſaid ſhe, often to herſelf, though the grand vizier's favourite is miſerable, how ſuperlatively happy muſt be the favourite ſultana of my lord the emperor. Oh! could I but fill that envied place, how ſoon ſhould the imperious vizier ſuffer for his barbarity to me. Again did the boſom of Fatima experience all the miſeries of diſcontent; the vaulted roofs, ſpacious gardens, the rich preſents of the vizier no longer charmed; ſhe ſighed for the enſigns of royalty, and her pillow was nightly bedewed with her tears.

One evening ſhe retired to an arbour at the extremity of the garden, and throwing herſelf on the bank where ſhe had firſt ſeen Semira, thus poured forth her complaints:

"Oh! miſerable Fatima! how hard a lot is thine!—Condemned to drag out a wretched life with a man who ſtudies only his own gratification, and expects me to be the ſlave of his caprice and paſſion.—Oh! could I but get from this deteſted place, I would fly to my lord the emperor, and bow myſelf low in the duſt before him my charms might captivate his royal heart, and I might nobly reign empreſs of the Eaſt."

As ſhe ſpoke theſe words a ſudden light entered the arbour, and the genii Nouradin appeared before her.

"Beautiful Fatima," ſaid he, "forbear your complaints; the prophet permits you to enjoy your wiſh; then riſe, and inſtantly follow me."

The genii inſtantly tranſported her to the emperor's palace, and placed her along with a number of beautiful virgins, which were the next morning to be ſhewn to the emperor, that he might chooſe a favourite.

In the morning, the emperor paſſed through the apartment, and his choice fell upon Fatima. She was clothed in all the enſigns of royalty, led in ſtate to the moſque, and, in a few hours after, heard herſelf proclaimed empreſs of the Eaſt.

But deluded Fatima, to the idea of royalty had connected the ideas of youth and beauty. How ſurpriſed was ſhe to find the emperor old, ugly, and deformed in his perſon, moroſe in his diſpoſition, and jealous to an extreme. She ſhrunk from him with horror, and contracted ſo ſettled an averſion to his perſon, that it was not all the grandeur and pomp that attended her could compenſate for her being obliged to ſuffer his loathed embraces.

Among the ſlaves that attended on Fatima was the beautiful Zynina, who had long with envious eyes beheld the enſigns of royalty beſtowed on others, and only watched an opportunity to ingratiate herſelf with the emperor; to this end ſhe artfully cultivated the friendſhip of the new queen, and, by degrees, drew from her the reaſon of her tears and dejection. This intelligence was inſtantly conveyed to the emperor, with the addition of Fatima's heart being dedicated to another. The emperor willing to be convinced of the ſincerity of Zynina's declaration, deſired to be concealed in an apartment adjoining to the queen's, where he might eaſily hear any thing that paſſed between her and the deceitful ſlave, who immediately returned to her miſtreſs, and renewed the converſation. Fatima, glad to unburthen her almoſt breaking heart, was eaſily led to confeſs her ſettled averſion to her lord; and that death itſelf would be preferable to her preſent ſituation. "Then death be thy portion!" cried the enraged emperor, furiouſly ruſhing into the room, and lifting his glittering ſcymitar.

Fatima fell upon her knees, and, burſting into a flood of tears, cried, "Oh! that I was an humble cottager, and had never known the pangs that wait on greatneſs!" At that inſtant ſhe found herſelf clad in her former homely apparel, ſtanding by her father's cottage, when the genii again appeared, and thus addreſſed her:

"Fatima, I have ſhewn you the vanity of human wiſhes; learn from hence to be content with the allotments of Providence: Whatever be your ſituation in life, ſubmit to it without repining, and know, that our holy prophet, who ordereth all things in this terreſtrial globe, knoweth what is beſt for mortals; therefore, fulfil the reſpective duties of thy ſtation to the beſt of thy power; envy not the wealth or ſplendor of another, but humbly take the bleſſings within thy reach, enjoy them, and be thankful."

THE VAGARIST.

[*Continued from page 26.*]

N° III.

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1792.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

THAT notable diſcoveries and great improvements have been made in the arts and ſciences ſince the commencement of the preſent century, cannot be denied; but whether the manners of ſociety, have been as much, or at all, bettered is a moot point. A ſkin-deep refinement, I confeſs, has taken place, but are the men of the preſent day better citizens, fathers, huſbands, ſons or friends; and the women better wives, daughters or companions, than the laſt generation? I ſhall not anſwer, leaſt my opinion on the ſubject ſhould have more of prejudice than truth in it; for I feel within me, like moſt of my cotemporaries who are advanced in years, a bias in favour of my youthful days. In the autumn of our exiſtence we recollect with partiality the vernal ſeaſon, when the ſcene of life was new, when the meadows had a lovelier verdure, the flowers were more fragrant and had livelier tints; the ſun was more reſplendant, and its earth-born progeny, the gem, ſhone with a brighter blaze; the thruſh and linnet had more melody in their ſongs, and the loud notes of the air-poiz'd lark were more exhilarating.

Leaving, for this day, the grave ſpeculation with which I began this paper, I ſhall, like a true Vagariſt, follow the laſt thought.—If ruſtic ſcenes were thus more pleaſing, human nature was not leſs ſo in its external appearance; the ſuperiority, I think, was evident compared with the preſent day, even in its boaſted taſte for the fripperies of dreſs and faſhion.—Are the flimſey muſlins and the feathered heads that fill the modern drawing rooms, to be compared with the majeſtic mants, the gold and ſilver ſilks, the rich laces and the ſplendid points, that gave luſtre to the females in high life? While the ſword with its rich dangling knot, the Dreſden ruffle, the bag and ſolitaire, the laced coat, the ſplendid knee taſſel, and the diamond buckle, decorated the man of faſhion.—And in a humbler ſphere, what could exceed, the graceful *negligee*, the ſmart *pet-en-l'air*, the captivating night-gown ſtretched on the pocket-hoop, while the charms of an unpainted face under the modeſt coverture of a chip hat, were irreſiſtible: how ſhewy were their lads too, when the laced *Kevenhuller* or ſmarter *Nivernois* beaver; the vellum button-hole and the broidered veſt, were ſported in the Marlborough Green or College Park? It was an era of gaiety, innocence and reaſon; for the young men of thoſe days, were as ſedulous to ſtore their minds as to ornament their perſons; but now where folly don't reign paramount, all is art, coquetry, or intrigue.

The companions of my youth wanted neither vivacity nor ſpirit, yet all our time was not devoted to frivolity: ſometimes we read together, and often rambled through the country, freely communicating our thoughts either on general or moral ſubjects, and when we parted it was ſeldom without improvement. I cannot without grief review the changes which this little group of juvenile friends have undergone: the greater number, after years chequered by viciſſitudes, have ſunk into the grave, and how altered are the ſurvivors, in ſentiments, temper, and diſpoſition? Some, who in purſuit of pleaſure launched on the ſea of diſſipation, toſſed by adverſity and buffeted by misfortune, have gained a wretched haven, that deſtitute of comfort only protracts a miſerable exiſtence.

Others more ſerious and ſyſtematic, with unremitting toil have courted wealth as the means of ſocial pleaſures and rational enjoyments. Theſe means have been obtained, but long ago the object has vaniſhed from their ſight, or if a ſickly remembrance of it ſtill lingers in their minds, fruition is deferred to a day that never will arrive; for habit has, with adamantine chains, indiſſolubly bound them to the faſcinating droſs.

I ſhall conclude theſe deſultory thoughts with an account of two of my old comrades of the laſt mentioned deſcriptions.

Dick Rattle was a lad of remarkable vivacity and fire, he had wit, good nature and affability; he was an excellent ſcholar and a moſt agreeable companion; he had few foibles and leſs vices; his perſon was elegant, he ſung well, and danced to admiration; he was idolized by his acquaintances, and happy was the party where Dick Rattle made one.—Alas! theſe good qualities were his ruin.

His father, who had ſome intereſt, had deſigned him for the church, but Dick had no call for a clerical life; the father ſaw it, and acquieſced in Dick's predilection for the bar; accordingly a ſhort time after he had taken his degree in the univerſity, he took his leave of us, and ſet off with many recommendatory letters for London to enter himſelf in the Temple. In two months after his departure his father died, leaving him a ſmall but unincumbered patrimony of 400*l.* a year, which might have been greater, but for indulgence to this his only ſon, whom he idolized, and œconomy made no part of the catalogue of Dick's virtues, ſo far from it, that before he went to the Temple, his father to clear off his ſon's debts in Dublin and give him a hundred pieces in his pocket, had ſold a handſome freehold.

Dick heard the news of his father's death with unfeigned ſorrow, the impreſſion of which was ſtill evident on his countenance three months after when he returned to Dublin to ſettle his affairs. He did not ſtay long with us, London and its pleaſures had faſcinated him, and we could eaſily perceive, that however his head was improved by his ſtudies there, his heart had gained nothing.

For the ſix months that ſucceeded, we had frequent letters from him; their ſtyle and matter were at firſt highly amuſing, for he had an admirable way of deſcribing incidents; we laughed heartily at the ſcenes he deſcribed, though they were rather of a looſer complexion than we were in the habit of either relating or approving: from this period we had very few letters, and theſe were ſhort nor did they abound with his wonted hilarity. At laſt he diſcontinued writing. For ſome time we heard nothing about him, until we ſaw in Pue's Occurrences, a newſpaper then publiſhed in Dublin, his lands and tenements in the county of Dublin advertiſed for ſale by Barry Colles, a celebrated law-agent of that time.

The reſt of Dick's ſtory was obtained by piecemeal from ſuch of our acquaintances as viſited London, by which we heard that Dick's turn for diſſipation, throwing him into company with men of every deſcription, he met with companions that not only encouraged every vicious diſpoſition, but by degrees led him to play:—he was honeſt, he was unſuſpecting, and was conſequently ruined; and by the time he was completely beggared, his love for play was unſurmountable. His gaiety with his innocence now forſook him; the artleſs dupe became the deſigning ſharper, and he liſted with a group of black-legs. Some years after this I met him one day in St. James's Park, with tears in his eyes he confeſſed to me his degraded ſituation, and that it was come to that paſs, that he muſt play or ſtarve. Since my return to Dublin I have heard, that ſome time after I ſaw him, he was thrown into the King's Bench priſon, where he died of a broken heart.

Frank Foreſight was in many reſpects the contraſt of the unfortunate Dick Rattle: plain in his perſon, and ſtill plainer in his manner, we admired him only for his eccentricities:—whatever was propoſed, he nicely weighed every poſſible contingence before he would join in it. If he happened to foretell rain, he chuckled at our being wet to the ſkin. We were ſometimes angry with him, but as he often kept us out of ſcrapes, but as he was a kind of butt to crack our jeſts on, and always joined in the laugh againſt himſelf, we bore with his oddities.

Early in life he embarked in a laborious occupation, the profits of which were ſmall but certain; he was as fond as any one of us of convivial pleaſures, if they did not coſt much; yet declared that if ever he acquired a competence he would to its utmoſt limit indulge himſelf. This competence he fixed at five hundred pounds a year. It was not many years until Frank had attained this point, by which time he had eſtranged himſelf from all ſociety where money was not to be made. While things were at this ſtage, happening one day to overtake him on a road near town, we entered into converſation, I aſked him when did he intend to put his project into execution? (for he ſtill lived in the contracted ſtile I firſt knew him.) I am determined, anſwered he, to do it next year, and make myſelf happy with my old friends. Another and another now paſſed by, and Frank ſtill drudged on; for avarice has now taken full poſſeſſion of his groveling ſoul, it has ſwallowed up, like a devouring monſter, all the vices and virtues in his compoſition. Intenſe application and perpetual anxiety, have affected his frame, for a chronicle diſorder has ſeized him, but the demon within him, more powerful than his infirmities, urges him to the purchaſe of another hundred of Bank Stock, or with palſied hands to add another guinea to the heap: while he crawls upon the earth a torment to himſelf, and a burthen to his family.

U.

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

IN LONDON.

TRAVELLING MEMORANDUMS, *made in a Tour upon the Continent of Europe, in the years* 1786, 1787, *and* 1788; *by the Honourable Lord Gardenſtone. Sewed,* 3*s.*

IF the reader ſhould take up this volume with the moderate expectation of being agreeably amuſed, rather than of receiving any very important information, he will ſuffer no diſappointment. It is pleaſing to accompany a *good humoured* and intelligent traveller through the ſeveral ſtages of his journey, and to liſten to a detail of particulars, which become intereſting as part of the general narrative. This noble traveller relates, with the eaſe of a gentleman, ſuch occurrences as, in the courſe of his tour, he thought worthy of a place in his memorandum-book. He perhaps details the ordinary incidents of travelling more minutely than ſome readers might wiſh: but theſe particulars may be found very uſeful to the traveller; and they are mixed with facts and remarks of a more general nature, ſufficient to make the book, on the whole, very entertaining. From theſe miſcellaneous obſervations, we ſhall ſelect a few paſſages.

In the country of Provence he found a long-eſtabliſhed uſage, ſimiliar to the cuſtoms and manners of the Highlands of Scotland:

'During the ſeaſon of harveſt, and their vintages, the inhabitants of the mountainous part of this country, and of the adjoining villages, aſſemble in bodies or hordes, and paſſing through the low countries, and fertile diſtricts, they perform vintage and harveſt work for very moderate wages.—Many of them continue to be employed, in the induſtrious towns and villages, during winter, and return home when the ſpring advances.—If we form our opinion of theſe vagrant ſocieties from their innocence and jollity, they ſay, and I believe juſtly, that we muſt rank them among the happieſt of mankind, for this is the life of nature.—They laugh and ſing, and dance, without vice, exceſs of any kind, or irregular gratifications.—Though they lye promiſcuouſly for moſt part in barns and outhouſes, the chaſtity of their wives and young girls is leſs ſuſpected than in the ranks of affluent and indolent life, with all the reſtraints of pious or polite education.'

The inhabitants of Marſeilles our traveller deſcribes as a people enjoying an extraordinary and enviable meaſure of public proſperity and private happineſs:

'They reckon above two hundred thouſand inhabitants;—yet the progreſs of building and population goes on rapidly.—Though the Old Town is ill built, and indeed very naſty, it is moſtly inhabited by a numerous, uſeful, and uncorrupted body of people;—fiſhermen, and their families.—They ſtill preſerve the ſimple manners, induſtry, and frugality of their remote anceſtors.—Strangers may eaſily diſtinguiſh them from the reſt of the people by their dreſs;—the ruddy freſhneſs of their complexions, and by the appearance of their perſons, which are viſibly more hardy and robuſt.—They have been for ages paſt all memory an incorporated body, and have enjoyed certain privileges, which are regularly confirmed by letters patent from every king after his acceſſion.—In particular, they chuſe their own judges, who are four in number, and are called *Les prudes hommes*.

'The charge of a law-ſuit before them, by regulation ſtrictly obſerved, cannot exceed two-pence halfpenny ſterling to each party, and this ſum is conſigned when they enter the court.—Thoſe ruſtic natural judges, ſelected by the people ſubject to their juriſdiction, have maintained an uniform reputation for the good ſenſe and integrity of their determinations.'——

'On the Sabbath-day, after divine ſervice is over, they, it is thought very properly, hold their courts of juſtice here. This day, with my uſual companion, I attended two of them; firſt, in the town hall, where I ſaw the Echevins, or magiſtrates, and their aſſeſſors, ſitting in judgment. They tried and determined, both with proper deliberation and diſpatch, ſeveral cauſes relative to the peace, good order, and police. I was next conducted to the *ſalle*, or chamber, where thoſe remarkable judges, called *les prudes hommes*, hold their courts.—All the four judges were preſent.—I was really charmed with the artleſs manner, the ſimple dignity, and the unaffected ſolemnity of their appearance. I verily thought I ſaw in all their faces a great degree of natural ſagacity and integrity;—and I doubted not but their community had ſelected their fitteſt men.—They have no dreſs or robe of diſtinction.—Sheakeſpear ſays,—" Robes and furr'd gowns hide all defects."—Theſe artificial ornaments of power and office are unneceſſary, when natural merit and and probity in public ſervice command reſpect.—They obſerve no forms;—they admit no pleaders;—but they hear and interrogate the parties, and, if neceſſary, examine witneſſes; like the Roman *judices pedanei*, they determine in the moſt ſummary manner, and parties are generally ſatisfied. Theſe judges had antiently a juriſdiction to try criminal caſes, and even to inflict capital puniſhment; but their power has for a long time been limited to the preſervation of the peace among fiſhers, and to all civil queſtions concerning fiſheries within a certain territory. In all competent caſes, their determinations are final, and without any appeal.—My conductor told them that I was a judge in a far diſtant country;—upon which they all paid reſpects to me in a very obliging manner.—One of them attended me, to ſhew and deſcribe ſome ornaments and pictures in their hall, which I did not admire.—He was the ſenior judge, and an excellent looking man; but he ſpoke a ſort of Patois language, which I did not underſtand without my interpreter.'

ANECDOTES *of the* DELBOROUGH FAMILY; *a Novel. By Mrs.* GUNNING. 12*mo.* 5 *Vols.* 15*s. ſewed.*

THIS novel, as an exhibition of portraits freely ſketched from real life, will be peruſed with pleauſure. Inſtead of giving an outline of the plot, which is contrived with little art, and would afford little amuſement, we ſhall extract two or three paſſages; which will at once entertain the reader, and ſhew how attentively the authoreſs has obſerved, and how capable ſhe is of deſcribing, faſhionable manners.

The character of Lady Dorothy Petting, aunt to the principal hero of the ſtory, is thus deſcribed:

' A worthy huſband and a beautiful infant, the only child ſhe ever bore, neither of whom at this time exiſted, had, when living, ſhared only a portion of her heart, the moſt conſiderable part was occupied by dogs, monkeys, birds, and ſquirrels, of theſe ſhe was extravagantly fond.

' Here were all dogs, monkeys, birds, and ſquirrels of faſhion, their educations were after the moſt faſhionable model, they had different maſters to inſtruct them how to counteract and totally deſtroy the handywork of nature, how to twiſt and turn in all the various diſtortions of art; her dogs muſt ſtand erect, her monkeys exhibit in a minuet, her birds ſing by note, and her ſquirrels having no capacities for thoſe polite accompliſhments, were taught the more ſimple qualification of obedience, which for ſo inſenſible an animal was no ſmall undertaking, but to their own credit the glory of their maſter be it ſpoken, they gained ſo much by his inſtructions, that they would ſit on their lady's toilet, neſtle in her muff, or creep into her pocket with as much docility as a good ſoldier obeys the commands of his adjutant. In ſhort, through this whole polite and happy family, nothing was neglected but their morals; could any thing be more like people of faſhion!

' Beſides this extraordinary fondneſs for the animal creation, Lady

Dorothy had other paſſions equally ridiculous, though their gratification was ſometimes attended with leſs harmleſs conſequences.

'Next to ſeeing her dear little family in perfect health and ſpirits, her darling joy proceeded from having it ſaid in all companies, that Lady Dorothy Petting had brought about a marriage between ſuch an heireſs and ſuch a Lord, or ſuch a Lady and the rich heir of a Sir William, a Sir John, or a Sir Michael. This paſſion for match-making gave her infinite conſequence with the young of both ſexes, they flocked in crowds to her houſe, from the very ſame motives for which her houſe was open to receive them.

'Miſtaken good nature and a fooliſh vanity were her Ladyſhip's incentives to ſo ſtrange a conduct, ſhe really was not ill tempered, and thought it mightily praiſe-worthy to aſſiſt Providence in bringing together thoſe whom her diſcernment made her ſee, or imagine that ſhe ſaw, deſtined for each other; often, very often, ſhe totally miſtook its purpoſe, ſo that it ſeldom happened but her officious ſervices were repaid with execrations of the huſband, and reproaches of the wife, perhaps the only point they ever agreed on, was a moſt violent hatred for the perſon by whoſe means they had been united, and in this ſingle inſtance their hearts were always in perfect uniſon.'

Among other female characters, who make a conſiderable figure in the ſtory, are Lady Selina Dangle, who is ſo overwhelmed with faſhionable buſineſs, as to be wholly incapable of finding a ſingle day to devote to the amuſement of an infirm parent; and her ſiſter Lady Margaret Devero, married to a private gentleman, 'whoſe overgrown wealth had made his want of nobility pardonable by the Angrave family,' but which, in the judgment of Lady Selina, was degraded beyond redemption by this plebeian alliance. Between theſe ladies, paſſes the following characteriſtic dialogue:

'It was half after two o'clock when Lady Selina, with the light ſtep of a Sylph, aſcended the ſtair-caſe that led to her ſiſter's dreſſing room, humming as ſhe tripped along.

"Whither, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?"

'She found Lady Margaret lounging on a ſofa, wrapped up in her dreſſing gown, with the breakfaſt things before her, ſipping her tea, and ſpelling over a newſpaper.

'Lord, ſiſter! cried ſhe, running to the glaſs, and adjuſting her hair, are you unwell, or what ails you? Why, I breakfaſted two hours ago. How are your babes? Where was you laſt night? Is your good man in ſwaddling cloaths yet?

'You talk ſo faſt, and aſk ſo many queſtions, Selina, replied Lady Margaret, laying down the newſpaper, that I hardly know how to anſwer, or where to begin. Pray, child, do I look as if I was ill? No, indeed, there is nothing the matter with me. I was laſt night playing faro at Lady Simpleton's, and did not come home till five. I ſuppoſe the children are well, if not I ſhould certainly have heard it. You know I never ſee them but at dreſſing time. I hardly know what account to give you of poor Mr. Devero. Juſt before I went out yeſterday the doctors ſaid he had the gout in his ſtomach: however, I have ſent this morning, and they tell me it is got down into his feet again, ſo I hope he will get better.

'As Lady Selina did not aſk queſtions with any view of information, ſhe filled up the time, in which it was her ſiſter's turn to ſpeak, with looking over a pile of viſiting cards, and as many more of invitations, with which the table was covered, till Lady Margaret came to a period, when ſhe did not omit to ſeize on the occaſion, by telling her ſhe had almoſt ſtopped a coach in the Park yeſterday, ſo very like Mr. Devero's, that ſhe expected her Ladyſhip was in it; but that, luckily, before ſhe pulled the ſtring, to diſpatch her footman with a meſſage, ſhe looked again, and diſcovered it had a Marquis's coronet, which, to to be ſure, added ſhe, is the only thing wanted, my dear ſiſter, to make your's the fineſt carriage that ever was ſeen.

'And that will not be long wanting, Lady Selina, retorted Lady Margaret, colouring like crimſon. Mr. Devero is determined to get himſelf created; you will ſee his name in the next liſt of peers, I aſſure you.

'Dear me! Well, I am vaſtly glad to hear it. Baron, what will he call himſelf? for you know he can be but a Baron at firſt. How happy I ſhall be when he gets above that diminutive rank. I wiſh with all my heart they would make him into a Duke at once.

'Oh! child, I know you wiſh us prodigious well; I ſhall therefore intruſt you with a ſecret that will complete your joy: Mr. Devero, from one ſtep to another, is promiſed as high up as a Marquiſate, and a ducal coronet of courſe will, in due time, terminate our demands on court favours. Lady Margaret bridled her head at the concluſion of this ſpeech, and Lady Selina looked as if ſhe did not believe it.'

Many other female characters in high life are drawn with equal ſpirit. The following domeſtic ſcene is humourouſly ſketched:

'Where have you been, Mr. Devero, you are always out of the way when I have the leaſt inclination to ſee you? go and look at my picture, Sir Joſhua has juſt ſent it home, and if you do not allow it to be charming, you forfeit all pretenſions to taſte; it would have been odious, if I had conſented to your propoſition, and had the children drawn in the ſame piece!

'Such was the queſtion, information, and obſervation, with which Lady Margaret Devero received her huſband on his return home from his morning excurſion on horſeback; he was a man of few words, and fewer ideas, but he had an honeſt heart, with juſt enough underſtanding to find out, that if a private gentleman has the good fortune to unite himſelf to a lady of quality, and would afterwards wiſh to preſerve the ſpirit of a man, it ſhould be bottled up like a choice cordial, and the cork never drawn in his own family.

'Mr. Devero meekly ſaluted his wife, and meekly followed her to the drawing room, at the head of which ſtood the moſt beautiful whole length of a moderately handſome woman, that the gallantry of a painter, or the pencil of flattery ever executed; it was, in fact, as much a repreſentation of a Venus, a Minerva, a Pigmy, or the modern Giant of the Burning Mountains, as of Lady Margaret.

'Well, Mr. Devero, did you ever ſee any thing ſo enchanting? ſuch a likeneſs too! ſo exquiſitely ſtriking! pray look at the languiſhing ſoftneſs of my eyes, and the ſweet dimple on each ſide my mouth, one would actually think I was going to ſpeak, but you never ſay any thing; pray, ſir, are you ſilent from diſapprobation, or from aſtoniſhment?

'Certainly the latter: beſides, I am trying to trace the reſemblance.

'Trying, and are you ſo very ſtupid as not to have found it?

'It is not my fault, Madam; if Sir Joſhua had been more juſt, I ſhould have found the explanation leſs difficult.

'You really think then, paſſing her arm through his, with a ſmile of entire approbation, that he has not done me juſtice? on ſome occaſions, I do not know any body that can diſtinguiſh better than yourſelf, and I confeſs you have corrected my firſt haſty opinion, for I now think it might have admitted of ſome alteration, and if Sir Joſhua had made my arms, a little fuller, my eyes rather more open, my ſkin whiter, with a ſomething of additional colour in my cheeks, and the vermillion of my lips a little heightened, it would have been ſtill more maſterly, and the likeneſs better preſerved.

'This critique being deciſively eſtabliſhed, without a further reference to the judgment of her huſband, they returned to her Ladyſhip's dreſſing room, ſhe convinced that there might have been a more advantageous likeneſs, and he, that there was no likeneſs at all.

OBSERVATIONS AND REMARKS IN A JOURNEY THROUGH SICILY AND CALABRIA, *in the Year* 1791: *with a Poſtſcript, containing ſome Account of the Ceremonies of the laſt Holy Week at Rome, and of a ſhort Excurſion to Tivoli. By the Rev.* BRIAN HILL, *A. M. late of Queen's College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Earl of Leven and Melvill,* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. Boards.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the almoſt innumerable travels, already publiſhed, deſcriptive of Italy and Sicily, every new writer, endowed with the ſpirit of obſervation, proves that the ſubject is not exhauſted. The variable ſtate of thoſe countries, ariſing from circumſtances in ſome meaſure peculiar to themſelves,—we mean the tremendous earthquakes, by which they are ſo often agitated,—continually affords matter for new deſcriptions and new reflections. The recent effects of theſe dreadful convulſions of nature in Sicily and Calabria are well painted by Mr. Hill; who, we think, has delineated the characteriſtic features, both phyſical and moral, of thoſe intereſting countries, as ſucceſsfully as any preceding traveller. As the gloſs of novelty, however, is conſiderably worn off from the merely deſcriptive part of the work, we ſhall inſert, as a ſpecimen of Mr. Hill's eaſy and agreeable manner of writing, part of a letter from Catania, which will probably appear very intereſting to many of our readers:

'Mr. Brydone, in the hiſtory which he gives of this wonderful mountain, (Ætna,) inſinuates, that it is of much greater antiquity than the world itſelf, according to the Moſaic account. As a proof of this bold conjecture, he obſerves, vol. i. p. 124, 125, that a ſtream, of lava which flowed two thouſand years ago, is "as yet only covered with a very ſcanty vegetation;" and concluding that the vegetative proceſs is always ſimilar, dates the age of the mountain according to the various ſtrata of lava and ſoil that have been diſcovered. “ Near a vault (ſays he) which is now thirty feet below ground, and has probably been a burial place, there is a draw-well, where there are ſeveral ſtrata of lavas, with earth to a conſiderable thickneſs over the ſurface of each ſtratum. Recupero has made uſe of this as an argument to prove the great antiquity of the eruptions of his mountain: for if it requires two thouſand years or upwards to form but a ſcanty ſoil on the ſurface of a lava, there muſt have been more than that ſpace of time betwixt each of the eruptions which have formed theſe ſtrata. But what ſhall we ſay of a pit they ſunk near to Iaci of a great depth? They pierced through ſeven diſtinct lavas, one under the other, the ſurfaces of which were parallel, and moſt of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth. Now (ſays he) the eruption which formed the loweſt of theſe lavas, if we may be allowed to reaſon from analogy, muſt have flowed from the mountain at leaſt fourteen thouſand years ago.”

‘ As I have a much greater veneration for the writings of Moſes, confirmed by the teſtimony of the moſt ancient authors, of Chriſt and his apoſtles, and of the whole body of the Jewiſh nation, than for the teſtimony of one Sicilian author, plauſible as his account may appear, I muſt beg leave to make a few obſervations againſt this ſuppoſed antiquity of the mighty Etna.

‘ In the firſt place, Mr. Brydone ſuppoſes Signior Recupero, whom he calls “ “ *the hiſtoriographer of Etna*,” a very competent judge of the circumſtances above related, and ſeems to take upon truſt the greater part of what that volcanic philoſopher has thought proper to advance. Admitting that gentleman to poſſeſs a very conſiderable ſhare of knowledge, we may yet hazard a conjecture in ſuppoſing that his obſervations have been chiefly confined to the regions of Etna, and in that caſe he might poſſibly miſtake other dark ſtrata, in the well at Iaci, of whoſe nature he was unacquainted, for thoſe of lava *. However, without calling in queſtion either the veracity or the knowledge of the canonic Recupero, Mr. Brydone himſelf furniſhes ſufficient matter to refute his own hypotheſis. “ Our landlord at Nicoloſi, (ſays he) gave us an account of the ſingular fate of the beautiful country near Hybla, at no great diſtance from hence. It was ſo celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Paſſi, till it was overwhelmed by the lava of Etna; and having then become totally barren, its name was changed by a kind of pun to Mal Paſſi. In a ſecond eruption, by a ſhower of aſhes from the mountain, *it ſoon reaſſumed* its ancient beauty and fertility, and for many years was called Bel Paſſi.” How ſoon? I apprehend in a much ſhorter ſpace than two thouſand years; and as Iaci appears to be as near the mountain as Bel Paſſi, why may not ſome of the ſeven layers be fertilized by the ſame cauſe? Again, page 125, ſpeaking of the progreſs of vegetation, he ſays, “ This progreſs, I ſuppoſe, is *often* greatly accelerated by ſhowers of aſhes from the mountain, as I have obſerved in ſome places the richeſt ſoil, to the depth of five or ſix feet, and upwards; and ſtill below that nothing but rocks of lava." Speaking of a convent of Benedictine monks, p. 147, he writes, "Their garden is the greateſt curioſity: although it be formed on the rugged and barren ſurface of the lava, it has a variety and neatneſs ſeldom to be met with. The walks are broad and paved with flints, and the trees and hedges (which, by the bye, are in a bad taſte, and cut into a number of ridiculous ſhapes) thrive exceedingly. The whole ſoil muſt have been brought from a great diſtance, as the ſurface of this lava *(only one hundred and fifty years old)* is as hard and bare as a piece of iron." Why might not ſoil have been brought to cover former lavas as well as this? When it is conſidered how extremely populous theſe parts were in former ages; it may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the people would uſe their ntmoſt induſtry to refertilize the lands which the lava overflowed. If ſuch an event can happen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, I ſee no reaſon for rejecting this Moſaic regiſter of the world's age.

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* ‘ *Near Viterbo there is a hill that ſeems to be compoſed of volcanic matter, though there are no other marks of any volcano in the neighbourhood. Indeed, the appearance of the hill itſelf, which is a low, long bank, is a ſufficient proof that it was neither thrown up, nor conſiſts of lava run into that form.*’

'But there is another objection yet unanſwered, we read, p. 189, 190, "I obſerved, that this region of Etna, like the former, is compoſed of lava; but this is now covered ſo deep with earth, that it is no where to be ſeen but in the beds of the torrents. In many of theſe it is worn down by the water to the depth of fifty or ſixty feet, and in one of them ſtill conſiderably more. What an idea does not this give of the amazing antiquity of the eruptions of this mountain!" But it is extraordinary, that a country ſo rent as this is by repeated earthquakes, ſhould abound with deep chaſms, through which the water would run as the moſt natural paſſage, without requiring ages *to wear itſelf* away? I did not particularly attend to this circumſtance in my road, but I muſt have croſſed all the ſtreams that flow between the mountain and the ſea, and do not remember one deep chaſm all the way. There is indeed one conſiderable river that runs through a bed of very ancient lava, which evidently appears to have been worn by the attrition of the water, but it is by no means ſo deep as to require above 2 or 3000 years for the purpoſe. All theſe circumſtances taken together, I ſhall remain an infidel to infidelity till ſtronger evidence againſt the writings of Moſes be brought to light.'

This performance is written, throughout, with perſpicuity, and is enlivened with ſuch a portion of ſimple ornament as ſuits the epiſtolary ſtyle. Modeſty, cheerfulneſs, philanthropy, and piety, characterize the reflections of this amiable and reſpectable writer.

INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE. *Containing Sublime Traits and lively Sallies of Wit of that Monarch; digeſted into Chronological Order, and forming a complete Picture of the Life of that amiable and illuſtrious Hero. Tranſlated from the French. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 6s.*

THE editor of theſe anecdotes profeſſes to have arranged them in ſuch order, as to preſent to the reader the ſubſtance of the hiſtory of that great perſonage to whom they relate. He ſpeaks of the collection as the chain of the important acts of his life, diſencumbered from the details, the connections, and the tedious ſneſs, of narration. Thoſe details, and that connection, which, in the judgment of this writer, form the tedious ſneſs of narration, appear to us to be the very circumſtances which conſtitute the chain of hiſtory, and render it intereſting. Perſonal anecdotes are moſt pleaſing, when introduced in their proper place by a ſkilful biographer. Jewels never appear ſo ſplendid, as when ſet in the crown to which they belong. However, when thrown in confuſion, on the table, they are ſtill jewels, and therefore worth gathering up. From theſe brilliants, we ſhall make up a ſmall *bouquet*, for the gratification of our readers:

'The King had a mind to ſhew, in a moment, the different tempers of his Miniſters to a foreign Ambaſſador. He ſent for them, one after another, and ſaid to them; *Here is a beam that threatens to fall.* Villeroy, without even looking up at it, adviſed the King to have it changed immediately. Jenin, after ſurveying it attentively, confeſſed that he did not perceive any fault in it; but that, to prevent accidents, it ought to be examined by perſons ſkilled in ſuch matters. Sully anſwered abruptly, "Sire, who is it that could have put you in this flurry? the beam will laſt longer than either you or I."—'

'Henry always ſhewed great intrepidity and generoſity towards his enemies, even to thoſe who, ſtimulated by a fanatic zeal, wiſhed to take away his life. The hiſtorian Le Grain records an adventure which happened to this Monarch with one Captain Michau, who had pretended to deſert from the Spaniſh ſervice, and go over to that of Henry, in order to find an opportunity of aſſaſſinating him. One day, ſays that hiſtorian, as Henry was hunting in the foreſt of Ailas, he perceives Captain Michau at his heels, well mounted, and with a couple of piſtols cocked and primed: the King was alone, no aſſiſtance was at hand, as it is the cuſtom of hunters to be ſcattered from one another. Henry, ſeeing Michau approach, ſaid, in a bold and determined manner, *Captain Michau, alight; I want to try whether your horſe be as good a one as you ſay he is.* Michau obeyed; the King mounted his horſe, and, taking the two piſtols, ſaid, *Haſt thou a mind to kill any one? I have been told that thou hadſt a deſign to kill me; but it is in my power to kill thee, if I choſe.* As he ſaid this, he fired the two piſtols into the air, and ordered Michau to follow him. The Captain, after many excuſes, took his leave in two days after, and never again made his appearance.—'

'When Henry was only yet king of Navarre and Duke of Albert, he reſided at Nerac, a little town in Gaſcony. He lived like a plain gentleman, and hunted often in the Landes, a diſtrict abounding in all ſorts of game. In the midſt of the diverſion, he frequently went to reſt himſelf, and take ſome refreſhment, at the cottage of a *Berret;* (this is a name given to the peaſants of Béarn, from a woollen bonnet of a particular ſhape, which they generally wear.) No ſooner did this new *Philemon* and his wife perceive the King coming at a diſtance, than they haſtened forward to meet him; and, each taking one of his hands, repeated, in their *Patois**, with ſatisfaction pictured in their countenances, *Good morrow, my Henry; Good morrow, my Henry.* They led him in triumph into their cot, and made him ſit down on a bench. The Berret went to draw

* '*The low dialect of the country.*

draw ſome of his beſt wine, his wife brought in her wooden tray ſome bread and cheeſe. Henry, more pleaſed with the good will and the ſimplicity of his hoſts, than he would have been with the moſt delicate entertainment, ate with a good appetite, and converſed with them familiarly upon matters ſuited to their capacity. When this meal was at an end, he took leave of the good couple, promiſing to come to them as often as the chace ſhould lead him to that quarter; which frequently was the caſe. After he had obtained peaceable poſſeſſion of the throne of France, the Berret and his wife heard the event with a degree of joy which is not eaſy to expreſs. They recollected that he had eaten of their cheeſes with pleaſure; and, as that was the only preſent in their power to offer him, they packed up two dozen of the beſt in a pannier. The Berret determined to be the carrier himſelf, embraced his wife, and departed. At the end of three weeks he arrived in Paris, ran directly to the Louvre, ſaid to the centinel in his dialect, *I want to ſee our Henry, our wife ſends him ſome fromages de vache* †. The centinel, ſurpriſed at the ſtrange dreſs, and ſtill more at the jargon of the man, which he did not underſtand, ſuppoſed he was a fool, and puſhed him back, giving him ſome knocks with his fuſil. The Berret, in great trouble, and already repenting of his journey, goes down into the court yard, and aſks himſelf what could have drawn upon him ſo unpleaſant a reception, when he was come with a preſent to the King? After conſidering a long time, it at laſt came into his head, that it was becauſe he ſaid *fromages de vache*; and he was determined to correct his miſtake. While the good man is occupied in theſe reflections, Henry, happening to look through the window, ſees the Berret walking in the court. His dreſs, which was known to him, ſtruck him immediately; and, yielding to his curioſity, he ordered the peaſant to be called up. The latter throws himſelf at the King's feet, embraced his knees, and ſays to him affectionately, *Good morrow, my Henry, our wife ſends you ſome fromages de bœuf* ‡. The King, aſhamed that one of his countrymen ſhould make ſo groſs a blunder in the preſence of the whole court, ſtooped down, and ſaid to him in a low voice, *Say, fromages de vache*. The peaſant, ſtill thinking of the treatment he had received, made anſwer in his Patois; "I would not adviſe you, my Henry, to ſay *fromages de vache*; for I made uſe of that mode of ſpeaking at the door of your chamber, and a great wag, dreſſed in blue, gave me a ſcore of knocks with his fuſil, and the like might happen to you." The King laughed exceedingly at the ſimplicity of the good man, accepted his cheeſes, loaded him with favours, and made his fortune, and that of all his family.'—

'When Henry was entreated to take more care of his perſon than he had done, and not to go ſo often alone or ill-attended, he anſwered, "Fear ought never to find admiſſion into a royal breaſt. The man who dreads death will make no attempt upon me; the man who deſpiſes life will be always maſter of mine, though I were encompaſſed with a hoſt of guards. I recommend myſelf to God when I riſe and when I lie down; I am in his hands; and, after all, the tenor of my life is ſuch, as to leave me no juſt cauſe for diſtruſt: it belongs only to tyrants to live in perpetual terror."

THE

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† '*Cheeſe made of cow's milk.*'

‡ '*Ox cheeſe.*'

THE WHISTLE.

A TRUE STORY.

Written by Dr. Franklin to his Nephew.

WHEN I was a child, at ſeven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a *whiſtle*, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered, and gave all my money for one: I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my *whiſtle*, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers and ſiſters, and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the reſt of the money—and they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whiſtle* gave me pleaſure.

This however was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing on my mind, ſo that often when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *don't give too much for the whiſtle*;—and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whiſtle.*

When I ſaw one too ambitious of court favours, ſacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it; I have ſaid to myſelf, *this man gives too much for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *he pays, indeed*, ſays I, *too much for his whiſtle.*

If I knew a miſer who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſures of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip, for the ſake of accumulating wealth; *Poor man*, ſays I, *you do, indeed, pay too much for your whiſtle.*

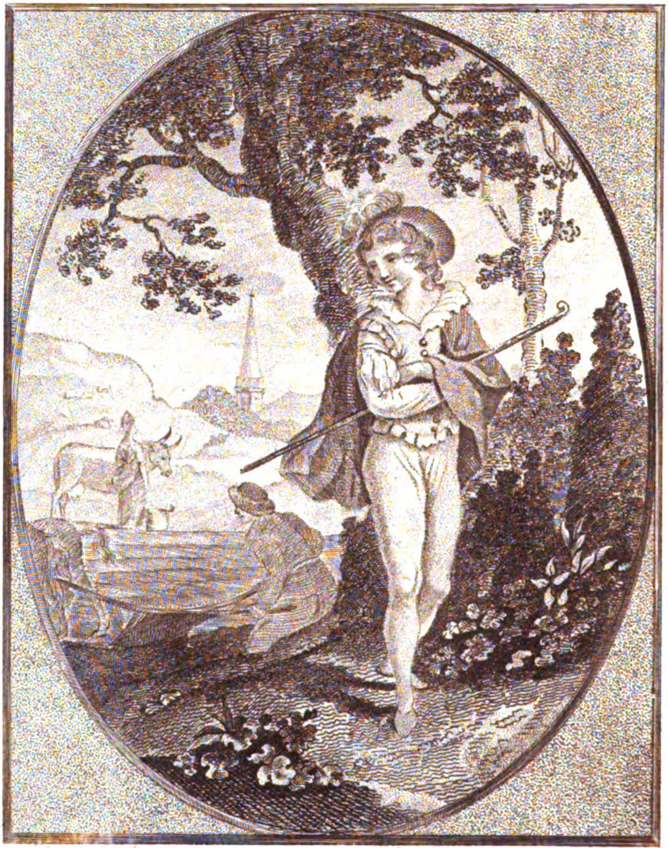
When I meet with a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations, and ruining his health in the purſuit; *Miſtaken man*, ſays I, *you are providing pain for yourſelf inſtead of pleaſure,—you give too much for your whiſtle.*

If I ſee one fond of fine cloaths, fine houſes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in priſon; *Alas!* ſays I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw a beautiful, ſweet tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a huſband; *What a pity it is*, ſays I, *that ſhe has paid ſo much for a whiſtle.*

In ſhort, I conceived, that great part of the miſeries of mankind were brought upon them by the falſe eſtimates they had made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whiſtles.*

POETRY.



I. Ford, Sculp^{c}

MORNING.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row Elms, on hillocs green.

Miltons Allegro.

Engraved for the Sentimental & Masonic Magazine.

POETRY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.
FROM
MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN, ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED.

TO hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull Night;
From his watch tow'r in the ſkies
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine;
While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before.
Oft liſtening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill;
Sometime walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the Plowman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſcithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
While the landſcape round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.

THE SNOW-DROP AND PRIMROSE.

A PRIMROSE, ever ſweet to view,
Beſide a lovely Snow-drop grew.
They were the boaſted pride of Spring,
Fann'd by the zephyr's balmy wing;
Each thought itſelf the choiceſt flow'r
That ever drank the ſpangled ſhow'r;
And vied for beauty, ſought for praiſe,
Beneath the ſun's reſplendent rays.
At length the Snow-drop, fraught with ire,
Began to vent its jealous fire.
'You, Primroſe! are not bleſt as I,
'Who can delight each gazing eye;
'Superior beauties I may claim,
'But you were born to meet diſdain!
'That yellow tinge which courts the air,
'Is nothing but the type of care!
'Review my innocence and worth,
'Know that I ſprung from purer earth;
'While you from coarſer mould aroſe—
'The truth your ſallow viſage ſhows;
'A grov'ling paltry flow'r, and pale,
'The jeſt of ev'ry nipping gale!
'I am the youthful Poet's theme,
'Of me the bard delights to dream;
'In lofty verſe he ſings my praiſe,
'And paints me in his choiceſt lays;
'But you, the early bud of care,
'Are never ſeen to flouriſh there!"
The Primroſe heard, with modeſt ear,
And 'Flow'r,' it ſaid, 'tho' ſprung ſo near,
'I ſtill coeval praiſe may claim,
'Nor was I born to meet diſdain!
'Know that we both, tho' now ſo gay,
'Shall ſoon be loſt, and fade away;
'And if for beauty's meed you vie,
'What boots it? ſince next eve you die!

'The Roſe is lovely to behold,
'The Cowſlip too, which boaſts of gold,
'The Tulip and the Lilly fair,
'All yield their fragrance to the air,
'But ſoon their beauty fades away,
'And then, proud Snow-drop, what are they?'
Celia, be wiſe, from pride refrain,
Nor of your matchleſs face be vain!
Beauty is ſhort, and ſoon you'll find,
The greateſt centers in the mind.
Let Virtue be your ſov'reign guide,
Make her your friend, your boaſt and pride;
Then will the brighteſt deed be done,
And all the beauties ſhine in One.

TO A POET

IN LOVE WITH HIS COOKMAID.

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori. HOR.

BY conſcious Genius rais'd above the crowd,
Lov'd by each Muſe, with every grace endow'd,
Can greaſy charms fill Poets with deſire?
Love's torch be lit at their own kitchen fire?
Hymen indignant views the ſtrange embraces,
Behind their fans the coy Nine hide their faces.

Oh would ſome Caravagio's * faithful art
Paint the ſweet form that now ſubdues thy heart;
Rich pearly drops her glowing cheeks adorn,
As on the red roſe ſhine the dews of morn.
To bring her lovely ſhape more fair to view,
In the back ground be ſhelves and dreſſer too;
Round let the enſigns of her ſkill appear,
There the bright ſpit, the ready gridiron here;
Then ſhall each Venus now ſo precious held,
By Venus Culinaria be excell'd!

Yet Satire hold! unblam'd let Poets follow
Th' example of their patron god Apollo.
For he full oft, compell'd by mighty Love,
Forſook for meaner flames the courts above,
And Daphne's ſelf, whom when they chanc'd to quarrel,
The angry god ſaw chang'd into a laurel,
Perhaps was one of that alluring band
Who turn the whirling mop with dext'rous hand.

What tho' th' aſpiring Bard in garret high
Sublimely bold holds converſe with the ſky,
While far below the humbler Cook-maid plies
Her various taſks on roaſt-meat, puddings, pies;
Yet cloſe allied a ſtrong reſemblance reigns
In the Cook's labours and the Poet's ſtrains.
And ſhall not equal praiſe crown each compeer,
While *that* our *palate* tickles, *this* our *ear*?

If proud he ſtrides along the Epic field,
Where all the Nine their mingled laurels yield,
She joins in Callipee and Callipaſh,
Fiſh, fleſh, and fowl, in one promiſcuous haſh;
If he to rural ſubjects condeſcends,
So milk and eggs ſhe into cuſtard blends;
If with whipt-ſyllabub ſhe charms our ſight,
His love-ſongs are as frothy and as light;
Short and high-ſeaſoned, more ſevere than civil,
His Epigram is very like her Devil;
While Elegy's ſoft notes, attun'd to woe,
Plaintive and thin like French ſoup maigre flow;
Ragouts ſhe has where as in quaint-wrought Ode
Much time and patient labour are beſtow'd;
Extempore diſhes for occaſions ſudden,
And Moral Eſſays in hard Suſſex pudding.

Thus ſhines a powerful ſympathy diſplay'd
Triumphant o'er the Poet and the Maid.
Hence ye cenſorious! for in Scandal's ſpite
I hail the bantling that now ſprings to light.
Sweet child! be thine whate'er can charm the heart,
The father's genius and the mother's art.
E'en now methinks thine infant hands aſpire
To wield the poker, and to ſtring the lyre;
Half Cook, half Poet, great ſhall be thy fame,
To blend both characters thy glorious aim:
Thrice welcome union, for this truth is clear,
That if we do not *eat* we cannot *bear*.

THE

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* *A celebrated painter of low life.*

THE SOCIAL FIRE.

WHEN beating rains and piercing winds
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And force them to retire—
How ſweet they paſs their time away,
In ſober talk or ruſtic play,
Beſide the ſocial fire.

There many a plaintive tale is told
Of thoſe who, ling'ring in the cold,
With cries and groans expire!
The mournful ſtory ſtrikes the ear,
They heave the ſigh, they drop the tear,
And bleſs the ſocial fire.

The legendary tale comes next,
With many an artful phraſe perplext,
That well the tongue might tire;
The windows ſhake, the ſhutters crack,
Each thinks the ghoſt behind his back,
And hitches to the fire.

Or now, perhaps, ſome homely ſwain,
Who fann'd the lover's flame in vain,
And glow'd with warm deſire,
Relates each ſtratagem he play'd
To win the coy diſdainful maid,
And eyes the ſocial fire.

To theſe ſucceeds the jocund ſong,
From lungs leſs muſical than ſtrong,
And all to mirth aſpire;
The humble roof returns the ſound,
The ſocial can moves briſkly round,
And brighter burns the fire.

Oh! grant, kind Heav'n! a ſtate like this,
Where ſimple ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis all that I require;
Then, then—to ſhare the joys of life,
I'd ſeek a kind indulgent wife,
And bleſs my ſocial fire!

WRITTEN BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS,

JULY 24, 1792.

INSCRIBED TO ——

BOUNDING Billow, ceaſe thy motion,
Bear me not ſo ſwiftly o'er;
Ceaſe thy roarings, foamy Ocean,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my boſom beating,
Varying paſſions wildly reign;
Love, with proud Reſentment meeting,
Throbs, by turns, with joy and pain.

Joys, that far from foes I wander,
Where their arts can rage no more!
Pain, that woman's heart grows fonder
When her dream of bliſs is o'er.

Far I go, where Fate ſhall lead me,
Far acroſs the reſtleſs deep,
Where no ſtranger's ear ſhall hear me,
Where no eye for me ſhall weep.

Proud has been my fatal paſſion,
Proud my injur'd heart ſhall be;
For each thought, each inclination,
Still ſhall prove me—worthy thee!

Not one ſigh ſhall tell my ſtory;
Not one tear my cheek ſhall ſtain:
Silent grief ſhall be my glory;
Griefs, that *ſtoop not to complain!*

Yet, e'er far from all I treaſur'd,
*******, ere I bid adieu;
Ere my days of pain are meaſur'd,
Take the ſong that's ſtill thy due.

I have lov'd thee—*dearly* lov'd thee;
Thro' an age of worldly woe!
How *ungrateful* I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exit ſhow!

Ten long years of anxious ſorrow,
Hour by hour, I counted o'er;
Looking forward, till to-morrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

Wealth and ſplendor could not charm me,
Rank poſſeſs'd no lure for ME,
Nor could *threats* or *fears* alarm me,
Save *the* FEAR *of loſing Thee!*

When the ſtorms of Fortune preſs'd thee,
I have wept to ſee THEE weep;
When relentleſs cares diſtreſs'd thee,
I have lull'd thoſe CARES to ſleep.

Think, when all the world forſook thee,
When with grief thy ſoul was preſs'd,
How to theſe fond arms I took thee—
How I claſp'd thee to my breaſt!

Often haſt thou ſmiling told me,
Wealth and pow'r were trifling toys,
When thou fondly did'ſt enfold me,
Rich in love's luxuriant joys!

Fare thee well—*ungrateful Rover,*
Welcome Gallia's hoſtile ſhore!
Now the breezes waft me over;
Now we part—TO MEET NO MORE!

JULIA.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT:

A PASTORAL.

By THOMAS DERMODY.

MY Lucy was charming and fair,
Love ſhot every ſhaft from her eyes,
So ſweet, ſo commanding her air,
It could ſoften, at once, and ſurpriſe;
Such pity, ſuch tenderneſs play'd,
Serene, in her face, in her mind!
But the viſion of hope is decay'd,
Though the ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

My flute was melodious and ſoft,
The joy of the paſtoral throng,
The linnet would join from aloft,
And Lucy embolden the ſong;
My cheeks (which pale ſorrow will fade)
Were the red roſe and lily combin'd,
But the viſion of hope is decay'd,
Though the ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

Paſt pleaſures no more ſhall beguile,
Sad dreams rend the pinions of ſleep,
When I look on her beauty, I ſmile,
When I look on her ſcorn, I muſt weep.
Ungrateful! what vows haſt thou made,
Vows, fickle and falſe as the wind,
The viſion of hope is decay'd,
But its ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

Ah! fair as the bloſſoms of ſpring,
Ah! how could that boſom be ſold?
More love lay in Corydon's ring,
More wealth, than in Floridel's gold.
The dotard now wooes my ſweet maid,
Now feels ev'ry rapture refin'd,
The viſion of hope is decay'd
But its ſhadows ſtill linger behind.

No more to my flocks will I ſing,
No more tend the calls of the fold,
No more ſhall the glad vallies ring,
Since affection is barter'd for gold.
I will fly, with deſpair, to ſome ſhade,
I will die, on ſome rude rock reclin'd,
The viſion of hope is decay'd,
And nought but its ſhadows behind.

EPIGRAM.

For the Sentimental and Maſonic Magazine.

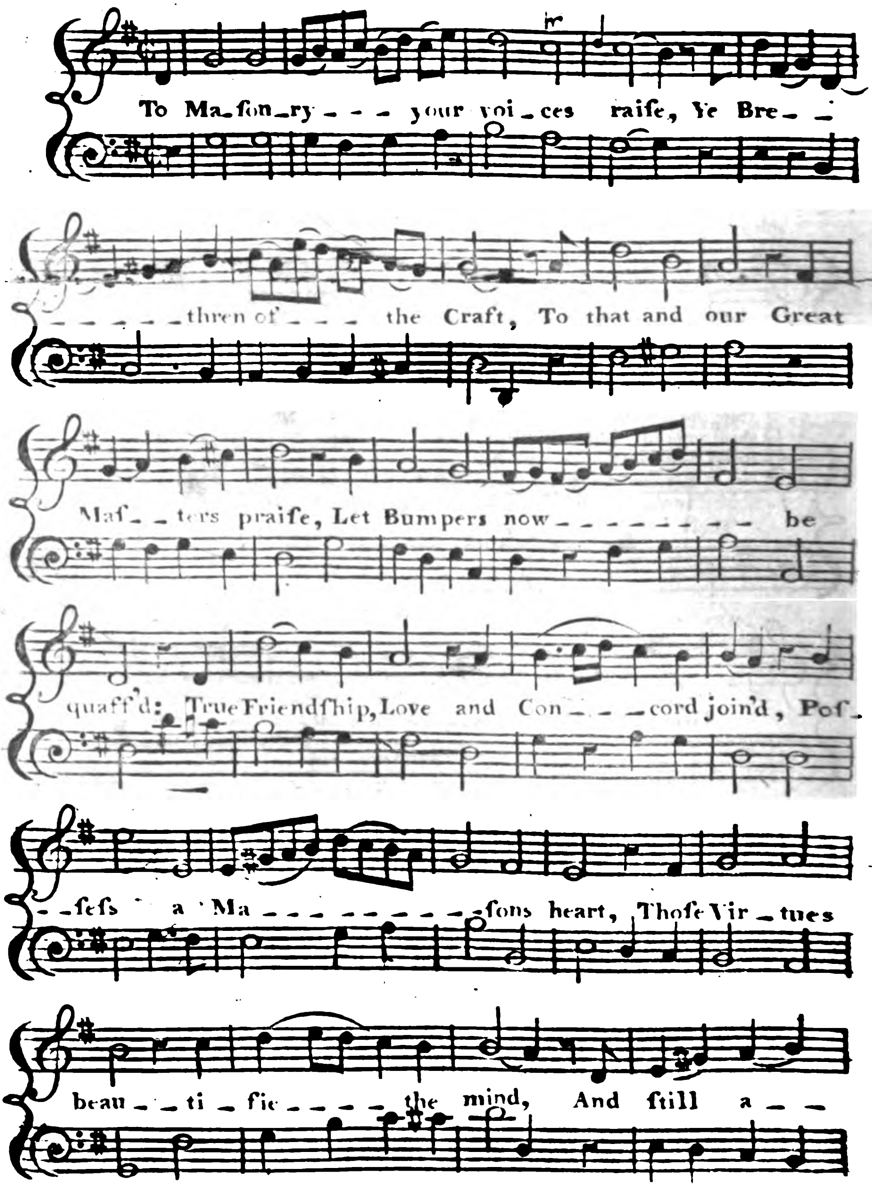
A BLOOD of the town in his lounge accoſts CURRAN,
'See my boots, for the faſhion I give up to no man.
'*There's your ſort!—they* '*re the Go*, for all your dry grinning,'
"Yes," anſwer'd the wit, "but there's too much Calf in 'em."

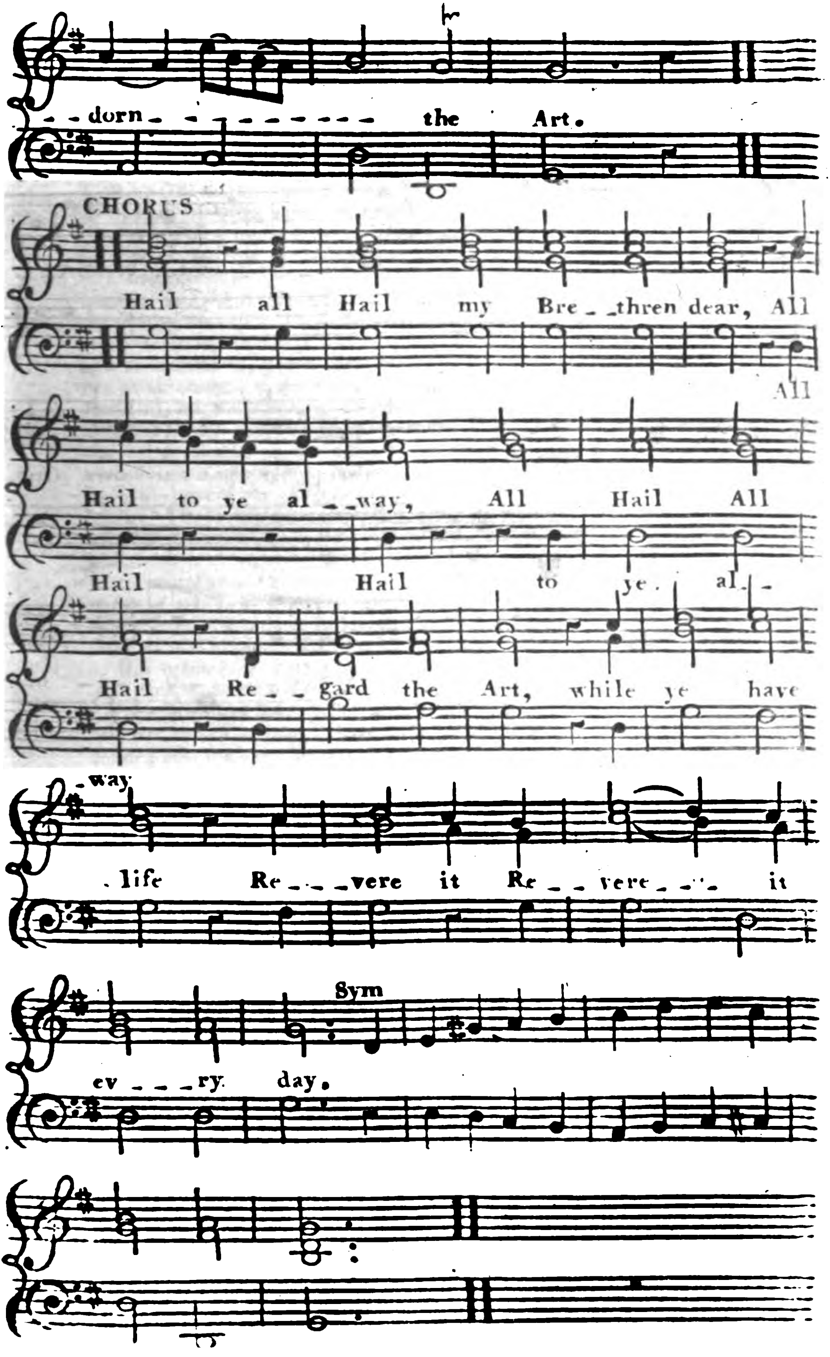
EPITAPH.*

BENEATH this ſtone lies Shrewſbury Peg,
Who had no *Iſſue* but in her leg;
And furthermore, to ſhew her cunning,
While one leg *ſtood* ſh'had t'other *running*.

* A country lad, in the town of Shrewſbury, having buried his ſiſter, was deſirous of fixing a tomb-ſtone over her grave, with a ſuitable epitaph; but as he had not any ingenious turn in the poetic way, he was obliged to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of the parſon of the pariſh, to whom he imparted his intention.—The prieſt aſked him if there was any remarkable circumſtance in her life worth recording, and if ſhe had any *Iſſue*—"O yes," ſaid the clown, "ſhe had an *Iſſue* in her leg."—"Well," ſaid the parſon, "your buſineſs will be done immediately," and wrote the above epitaph.

THE *Maſter's* SONG


To Ma_ſon_ry - - - your voi_ces raiſe, Ye Bre_ _
- - - - - - thren of - - - the Craft, To that and our Great
Maſ_ _ters praiſe, Let Bumpers now - - - - - - - - - - be
quaff'd: True Friendſhip, Love and Con_ _ _cord join'd, Poſ-
- -ſeſs a Ma - - - - - - - - - - ſons heart, Thoſe Vir_tues
beau_ _ti_fie - - - - the mind, And ſtill a_ _


- - dorn - - - - - - - - - - the Art.
CHORUS
Hail all Hail my Bre - - thren dear, All
All
Hail to ye al - - way, All Hail All
Hail Hail to ye. al -
Hail Re - - gard the Art, while ye have
- way
- life Re - - - vere it Re - - vere - - - it
Sym
ev - - - ry day.

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

Continuation of CHAP. I. *from page* 96.

FRANCE at this time preſents the awful and intereſting picture, of a great nation labouring under the complicated calamities of a diſtreſsful war on its frontier againſt a combination of mighty potentates, whilſt its boſom is convulſed with inteſtine broils, and torn by the aſperity of contending factions.

Theſe factions are generally claſſed under three heads, the JACOBINS, the FEUILLANS, and the ARISTOCRATES. The two firſt are under the direction of clubs who derive their names from the conventual halls where they meet in Paris: the Jacobins are republicans of the American ſchool, with principles inimical to every idea of monarchy, however coerced, and as ſuch think the conſtitutive aſſembly did not go far enough, in not having annihilated every veſtige of regal authority: the Feuillans, on the contrary, though ſtrenuous ſupporters of the conſtitution, as accepted by the king and ſworn to by the people, look back with ſome regret at the faded ſplendor of the old nobility, and think that a third eſtate, carefully modelled, has nothing in it hoſtile to liberty. As to the Ariſtocrates, they are the ſecret abettors of the emigrated princes, and the determined enemies of the revolution. The operations of this laſt party are attempts by private intrigue to diſſeminate diſcontent, to foment inſurrections, and if they cannot overthrow the new government, at leaſt clog its wheels. Of this party are the non-juring clergy, men whoſe character and ſituation, in a peculiar manner, enables them to work upon the minds of many by ſophiſtry and miſrepreſentation. To theſe men the Jacobins, who are the predominant faction in the National Aſſembly, attribute all the commotions that have diſtracted the kingdom ſince the revolution; and in conſequence of this opinion, a ſhort time after the commencement of hoſtilities with the Auſtrians, a decree was propoſed for their baniſhment or proſcription, and another for the ſecurity of Paris from the violence of inteſtine or external attacks from their abettors, that a camp of twenty thouſand national guards ſhould immediately be formed near the city. Both theſe decrees were warmly oppoſed by the Feuillans; the firſt as a dereliction of the conſtitution, being a ſentence without trial, and an indiſcriminate puniſhment of the innocent with the guilty, and as a meaſure not warranted by neceſſity, the common law being ſufficient to puniſh the diſturbers of the public tranquillity, and traitors of every deſcription: The other, they contended, was alarming in the higheſt degree to the friends of liberty, an army in the vicinity of a ſenate being incompatible with the freedom of diſcuſſion, and creating fear of danger among the people, for which there was no foundation. The decrees, however, were paſſed by large majorities, and preſented to the King for his ſanction; but here the ruling faction was not ſo ſucceſsful, for the ſanction was refuſed by the King, by giving them his ſuſpenſive *veto*, purſuant to the powers veſted in him by the conſtitution.

The Jacobins, enraged at this diſappointment, railed loudly againſt the executive power, and the epithets treaſon and traitors were indiſcriminately and publicly applied to the councils and perſons of their opponents, among whom the King was not ſpared. This produced an event which had nearly been fatal to the revolution, and might have deluged Paris with the blood of its inhabitants.

On the 20th of June in the forenoon, the directory of the department of Paris appeared at the bar of the National Aſſembly, and repreſented, that in defiance of the law a great number of armed citizens were aſſembled, and that although there could be no doubt but that the object of the greater part was to give a new teſtimony of their zeal for liberty and attachment to their repreſentatives, it was to be feared that ſome of them meant in this array to preſent an addreſs to the king, which ought to be received but in the form of a petition, preſented by unarmed citizens.

Immediately after, this armed multitude arrived at the door, and requeſted permiſſion to paſs in order before the Aſſembly, ſaid they would prove by their conduct how ill-founded were the aſſertions that imputed to them an intention of diſturbing the public peace.

The Aſſembly reſolved that they ſhould be admitted.

They then preſented a petition, profeſſing their attachment to the conſtitution and the law, complaining of the inactivity of the army, and the high national court, and praying leave to retain their arms till the conſtitution ſhould be finiſhed. They then paſſed through the hall, to the number of from 12 to 15,000 men, women, and children.

The Aſſembly upon this reſolved, that a deputation of twenty-four of its members ſhould inſtantly depart for the Thuilleries, and ſurround the King's perſon; they were accordingly nominated and left the hall.

In the mean time, the multitude having forced their way into the palace of the Thuilleries, tumultuouſly entered into the royal preſence. They found the King ſurrounded by grenadiers of the national guard, and ſhortly after the deputation from the National Aſſembly with the mayor of Paris appeared, who having ſucceſſively exhorted the populace to retire, they at laſt complied, after having loudly called for the ſanction of the two popular decrees, and preſented their inſulted monarch with a red bonnet, which he courteouſly put on, ſaying, at the ſame time, *vive la nation*.

The day following a proclamation, reciting the particulars of this unexampled outrage, appeared in theſe words:

" Frenchmen cannot hear without concern, that a multitude excited by ſome factious perſons, came with arms in their hands into the King's palace, drawing a piece of cannon even into the guard-room; that they broke open the doors of his apartment with axes, and there audaciouſly abuſing, by aſſuming the name of the nation, attempted to obtain by force the ſanction which his majeſty had conſtitutionally refuſed to two decrees.

" The King oppoſed the menaces and inſults of thoſe factious perſons only by his conſcience and his love for the public weal.

" The King does not know at what point they would ſtop; but he thinks it right to inform the French nation, that violence, to whatever exceſs it may be carried, ſhall never tear from him his conſent to whatever he ſhall think contrary to the public intereſt. He expoſes, without regret, his own peace, and his perſonal ſafety; he gives up even without pain, the enjoyment of the rights which belong to all men, and which the law ought to reſpect in him as well as in all citizens; but as the hereditary repreſentative of the French nation, he has ſevere duties to fulfil, and though he will make the ſacrifice of his own repoſe, he will not ſacrifice his duties.

" If thoſe who wiſh to overthrow the monarchy have need of one crime more, they may commit it. In the criſis in which he finds himſelf, the King will, to the laſt moment, give to all the conſtituted powers the example of that courage and firmneſs which can alone ſave the empire. In conſequence he orders all the adminiſtrative and municipal bodies to watch over the lives and properties of the people.

" Given at Paris, the 22d of June, 1792, the 4th year of Liberty.

Signed " LOUIS.
And under " TERIER."

However deplorable the phrenzy of inſubordination, that could inſpire the actors and inſtigators of ſuch riotous and outrageous proceedings, may be, yet it does not appear univerſally to prevail in Paris, nor throughout the kingdom; but, on the contrary, the ſenſible and moderate part of the community lament them, as may be gathered from the aſſociation of the citizens of Paris to prevent their repetition, which appeared the 22d of June; and the inſtructions to the citizens by the department publiſhed the following day; which laſt the reader may find in a note *.

The

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* *Inſtruction to the Citizens of Paris by the Department.*

" Citizens—ſecret enemies of the public weal, mingled among you, wiſh to make you ſerve their purpoſes.

" Our enemies have need to have the King out of the Kingdom. They dare not carry him off—they wiſh, therefore, that you ſhould force him to fly.

" They know that almoſt all the Powers of Europe, aſſured of the King's perſonal liberty, refuſed to unite with the King of Hungary to make war on us; and they

The Jacobins have been charged with the diſorders in Paris on the 20th, as a ſcheme to compel the King to ſanction the popular decrees. Their friends in the National

they are ſolicitous, at leaſt, to make theſe Kings believe that his Majeſty is not free, in order that they may draw them into the league againſt us.

“ They know that the popular magiſtrates are charged to guarantee in the midſt of us reſpect for the laws, and they hoped to deſtroy and vilify theſe magiſtrates, by placing them between the neceſſity of extreme rigour, or the opprobrium of inactivity in the preſence of crimes.

“ They know that all enlightened citizens, who underſtand the Conſtitution, are devoted to its defence, and they deſire to ſeparate them and the Conſtitution from the uninformed multitude—nay, they even wiſh to bring them to a trial of ſtrength the one with the other, and to light up a civil war.

“ In fine, they know that the cauſe of liberty, which is the cauſe of equality, cannot be better defended in the eyes of other nations, than by the wiſdom and dignity of the French people, and they wiſh to diſhonour a part of that people by exciting mobs in which they may dexterouſly mingle themſelves to accompliſh their ends.

“ They wiſh to make you demand from the King the revocation of the Veto, which he has pronounced on two decrees, and you do not ſee, that if the King had yielded to the demand of armed thouſands aſſembled, and threatening him in his palace, he would thereby have declared to all Europe that he was not free.

“ They force you to penetrate into his dwelling, which is ſurely not leſs ſacred than each of your own. They tell you the doors are not ſhut againſt us, and they break them open before your eyes: they tell you—the King ſhall be reſpected, and you believe them, becauſe you feel reſpect for his Majeſty in your hearts, but yet in your preſence they offend and outrage him.

They ſtrive to make you believe that the ſovereignty which belongs to the entire French people, is the particular property of the Fauxbourg which they excite, and of the groupes which aſſemble round them. They aſſure you that the Conſtituted Powers ought to humble, and that they ſhall humble before you. Citizens—this language is a ſnare; our enemies know well that the magiſtracies, conſtituted by the people at large, and appointed by the citizens, cannot yield to illegal crowds, and the traitors hope, that in the midſt even of an irritated people, they may with impunity ſtrike mortal blows at the Magiſtrates of the People.

“ They dare to tell you alſo, that you are all the national force, ſuch as it exerted in 1789, and that nothing can reſiſt you—Citizens, this is another ſnare. In 1789 there burſt forth an inſurrection, a *powerful* inſurrection, becauſe it was general, and becauſe it ſpread over all the empire—an *holy* inſurrection, becauſe it was directed againſt oppreſſion, becauſe there exiſted no powers conſtituted by the people, nor conferred either by themſelves or their repreſentatives. At this day every thing is changed. There can now ariſe nothing but ſeditious tumults, and revolts puniſhable by the laws, and eaſy to be repreſſed. And why?—Becauſe we have a Conſtitution—becauſe every Frenchman has ſworn to it—becauſe it is juſt that he ſhould keep his engagements—becauſe the great majority will always be faithful to their oath—and becauſe they are determined to puniſh the factious.

“ Theſe factious tell you, that the Conſtitution is bad, and that it muſt be changed on the inſtant, without the forms preſcribed by the Conſtitution itſelf—the army at Coblentz does not ſay any thing elſe! Citizens, every thing which tends to deſtroy the Conſtitution tends to a counter-revolution. Liberty is deſtroyed if the nation ſhall concert with inteſtine factions, the ſame as if it concerted with our external enemies.

“ Citizens, theſe external enemies menace our frontiers; their force is formidable—the union and the exertion of ours is neceſſary—peace muſt reign among ourſelves, if we wiſh to have energy againſt them. It is upon them that, without diſtraction, we muſt fix our eyes and turn our arms; it is the frontier, it is under the ſtandard that flies in the midſt of our armies, that we ought all to haſten, and rally like brothers, to defend the cauſe of freedom againſt tyranny.

“ Given in the Council of the Department of Paris, the 23d June,
the 4th year of Liberty.
Signed “ La Rochefoucauld, Preſident.
“ Blondel, Secretary.”

National Aſſembly, though compoſing a large majority thereof, ſeemed aſhamed of the buſineſs, and when, on the next day, Bigot, one of the members, moved a decree, "That, henceforth, no body of armed citizens ſhould be permitted, under "any pretence whatever, to preſent themſelves at the bar, file off in the preſence "of the National Aſſembly, or preſent themſelves to any Conſtitutional Authority "whatever."—It paſſed unanimouſly.

An inquiry was alſo inſtituted in the council of the department of Paris, to take into conſideration the conduct of PETION, the mayor, on that memorable day; when, after mature deliberation, it was declared,

"That the Council General of the Commons, upon the demand made to them to authoriſe the citizens of the Fauxbourghs St. Antoine and St. Marcel to meet in arms on the 20th of June, paſſed to the order of the day, from the conviction that ſuch meeting would be illegal.

"That the Mayor of Paris, notwithſtanding ſuch refuſal, audaciouſly did authoriſe ſuch meeting.

"That he did not apprize the Directory of the authority which he gave to ſuch meeting.

"That he did not take proper meaſures to prevent the ſerious conſequences which it had produced.——Therefore reſolved,

"The Mayor of Paris ſhould be ſuſpended, and that, in conformity to the 32d article of the firſt title of the Municipal Code of Paris, a municipal officer ſhould be named to exerciſe, *ad interim*, the functions of mayor."

To this many other reſolutions were added, tending to prevent and diſſipate all ſeditious meetings. The whole were ſigned by La Rochefoucauld, preſident, and Blondel, ſecretary.

The ſuſpenſion accordingly took place, but his party was too powerful (for he is an avowed Jacobin) to let it continue long: in three days he was reſtored to the exerciſe of his functions.

The diſtractions of this ill-fated metropolis, were not in the leaſt alleviated, by the unexpected arrival there of general De la Fayette from the army. He immediately appeared at the bar of the Aſſembly, where having obtained permiſſion to ſpeak, he addreſſed the Aſſembly in the following words:

"Some doubts having been entertained as to the reality of my letter of the 16th†, "I come to avow it. I have been reproached with having written in the midſt of "my camp. I come here as a ſingle citizen, to confirm thoſe ſentiments which I "have already expreſſed. I have left the honourable rampart, which the affection "of my fellow-ſoldiers had formed around me, to demand in the name of all the "honeſt citizens of the kingdom, that you will preſerve whole and entire the "Conſtitution which has been confided to your care.—The diſaſtrous event of the "20th has ſpread conſternation every where, and particularly in the army—that "where I have the honour to command, where the ſoldiers, the ſubalterns, and "ſuperior officers form but one, has already preſented me the moſt energetic addreſs upon this moſt ſtrange violation of all laws. I have ſtopped this addreſs "by the order which I preſent you a copy of, and by a ſecond, which I join to the "firſt; I have tranquillized thoſe who have demanded *whether* they are *really defending the cauſe of Liberty?*

"It is time, gentlemen, that you confirm by wiſe laws, the liberty and independence of the Legiſlative Body and the King, againſt all ſorts of factions, and "that by making them tremble, you will alſo terrify thoſe who call for the *Stranger* "to enforce the return of ſlavery. *I demand a Decree of Accuſation againſt the Authors* "*and Inſtigators of the events of the 20th, as a vengeance juſtly due to the inſulted Majeſty* "*of the nation.* I come here to denounce this ſect which I have already inculpated, "and to beſeech the Aſſembly not to ſuffer the Conſtitution to be torn by enemies "at home, while ſo many brave citizens are ſhedding their blood to defend it on "the frontiers."

The general then retired, and a violent debate enſued. His conduct in quitting the army, to intermeddle with the civil government and the legiſlative authority, was highly reprobated by the Jacobin ſide of the houſe, and as warmly applauded by the Feuillans; Guadet ſtood forward as his accuſer, while Raimond nobly defended him: at laſt Guadet moved, "That the miniſter ſhould be ordered to ſtate

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† *A letter that reprobated the factions which agitate Paris.*

“ whether M. La Fayette had a *congé* to leave his army.” The queſtion on the motion being put, there appeared for it 234, againſt it 339. On its rejection Raimond moved, “ that general La Fayette's petition ſhould be referred to the “ new commiſſion.”—This laſt was agreed to without a diſſenting voice. Two days after La Fayette left Paris and returned to the army.

The French forces had now penetrated into the duchy of Brabant, by the way of Menin, as far as Courtray; the deſign of which movement was, as it afterwards appeared, to favour an expected revolt of the inhabitants. The ſcheme proved abortive; for, on the 1ſt of July, a letter from Mareſchal Luckner, dated 29th of the preceding month, was communicated by the war miniſter to the National Aſſembly; in which letter the Mareſchal obſerves, that his march into the enemy's country had been attended with no ſucceſs in promoting an inſurrection in Brabant, notwithſtanding that the whole country was covered with his troops in the open country from Lamery to Bruſſels and Bruges, where it was entirely free from any hoſtile force; the people were ſo far from joining the French ſtandard, they had every where ſhewn an inimical diſpoſition, and in ſome places had actually fired on his ſoldiers. In ſuch circumſtances, continued the mareſchal, it would be highly imprudent, with an army of twenty thouſand men, being the number his conſiſted of, to remain longer in the country of an enemy who had a ſuperior force: for which reaſon he had determined to retreat to his former poſts, within the French frontiers, and there make ſuch diſpoſitions as were moſt eligible to cover them from the attacks of the enemy.

Accordingly early in the morning of the 30th June the French army, in three diviſions retreated, unmoleſted, towards their former poſts, and in three or four days reſumed their ſtations at Valenciennes, Liſle and Dunkirk. The expediency of this movement was rendered abſolute on the day after it took place, by certain accounts from Coblentz, that a diviſion of the Pruſſian army, under the command of the Duke of Brunſwick, had arrived there.

The ſtorm, whoſe thunders had rolled at a diſtance from the people of France, was now approaching, and threatened to add the calamities of war to the turbulence of internal commotion.—Dangers, ſo iminent, gave a momentary check to the diſtracting violence of the contending factions in the National Aſſembly. On the 3d of July the abbé Lamourette, biſhop of Lyons, one of the members, ſaid it was time that the ſenſe of the houſe ſhould be definitely known. “ There are,” added he, “ two parties here, one wiſhing a republican government only, the other meditating the eſtabliſhment of two chambers: but let the real friends of the Conſtitution we have ſworn to teſtify their ſentiments by riſing with me from their “ ſeats.” The whole Houſe roſe! The two parties ſtepping forward into the ſpace which divided them, cordially embraced, and mixing together ſeated themſelves promiſcuouſly.——This unexpected coalition was immediately notified to the King by a deputation, who, on their return, informed the houſe that his Majeſty was coming. The King ſhortly after entered the Aſſembly, and, taking his ſeat, thus addreſſed them:

“ Gentlemen,

“ No ſpectacle can be more affecting to me than that general re-union of opinion and ſentiment which has now taken place. This re-union I have long deſired—at laſt my wiſh is fulfilled, the Nation and the King form only one. The Conſtitution will now become that point of union, around which all Frenchmen will aſſemble, in order to protect it, and the King will always ſet them the example.”

The Preſident replied:

“ Sire,

“ This memorable epoch muſt inſpire with the greateſt pleaſure all the friends of liberty. It is a dreadful epoch for its enemies—henceforth the nation is invincible. In vain tyrants conſpire againſt liberty.”

Both theſe ſpeeches were received with the loudeſt applauſe.

The King made ſome efforts to anſwer, but was ſo much affected that he could only ſay, in a tone which indicated the utmoſt emotion, “ The pleaſure which I feel is delicious.” He then retired, accompanied by a deputation, and the Sitting roſe, amidſt the exclamations of *Vive la Nation! Vive la Liberté! Vive le Roi!*

On the 11th of July the Aſſembly, purſuant to the form preſcribed by the conſtitutional code, voted "THE COUNTRY IN DANGER;" after which, addreſſes to the people and to the army were unanimouſly agreed to †.

The emigrant princes, diſperſed in various cantonments in the electorate of Treves, were, on the arrival of the Pruſſians, permitted to embody their followers, and

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† To the People.

"Numerous bodies of troops are advancing towards our frontiers. All thoſe who abhor liberty are arming againſt our Conſtitution.

"Citizens, our country is in danger!

"Let all thoſe who are to have the honour of marching the firſt to defend all that they hold moſt dear, always remember that they are Frenchmen, and freemen; let their fellow-citizens maintain at home the ſafety of perſons and of property; let the magiſtrates of the people watch attentively; let all, with the calm courage which is the attribute of true force, wait for the ſignal of the law before they act, and our country will be ſaved."

On the motion of M. Vergniaud, the Aſſembly voted the following Addreſs to the French, on the dangers of their country.

"Citizens,

"Your Conſtitution reſtores the principles of eternal juſtice. A league of Kings is formed to deſtroy it. Their battalions are advancing; they are numerous, under rigorous diſcipline, and long practiſed in the art of war. Do you not feel a noble ardour inflame your courage? Will you ſuffer hords of foreigners, like a deſtructive torrent, to overflow your fields? Will you ſuffer them to ravage your harveſts; to waſte your country by burning and cruelties: in a word, to load yourſelves with chains dyed in the blood of all you hold moſt dear?

"Our armies are not yet complete: an indiſcreet ſecurity too ſoon reſtrained the ardour of patriotiſm. The levies of recruits ordained have not been ſo completely ſucceſsful as your repreſentatives had hoped. Internal troubles, added to the difficulty of our ſituation, cauſe our enemies to give themſelves up to vain hopes, which to you are an inſult.

"Haſten, Citizens: ſave liberty, and vindicate your glory.

"The National Aſſembly declares that our country is in danger.

"Beware, however, of thinking that this declaration is the effect of a terror unworthy of the Aſſembly, or of you. You have taken the oath, To live free or die. The Aſſembly knows that you will keep it, and ſwears to ſet you the example: but the queſtion is not to brave death, we muſt conquer, and you can conquer, if you abjure your hatreds, if you forget your political diſſentions, if you unite in the common cauſe, if you watch with indefatigable activity your internal enemies, if you prevent all the diſorders and all the acts of violence to individuals which they excite; if ſecuring within the kingdom the empire of the laws, and anſwering by well ordered movements the call of your country, you fly to the frontiers, and to our camps, with the generous enthuſiaſm of liberty, and the profound ſentiment of the duties of ſoldier-citizens.

"Frenchmen, four years engaged in a ſtruggle againſt deſpotiſm, we advertiſe you of your dangers, in order to invite you to the efforts neceſſary to ſurmount them. We ſhew you the precipice, what glory awaits you when you ſhall have overpaſſed it! The eyes of nations are fixed upon you; aſtoniſh them by the majeſtic diſplay of your force, and of a grand character. Union, reſpect for the laws, for the chiefs, for the conſtituted authorities, courage unſhaken, and ſoon will victory crown with her palms the altar of liberty; ſoon will the nations who are now arming againſt your conſtitution covet to unite themſelves with you by the ties of a ſweet fraternity; ſoon conſolidating, by a glorious peace, the baſis of your government, you will reap all the fruits of the revolution; and in preparing your own happineſs, you will have prepared the happineſs of poſterity."

To the ARMY.

"Brave Warriors,

"The National Aſſembly has juſt proclaimed the danger of our country; this is to proclaim the force of the Empire; this is to announce, that French youth will ſoon flock round the ſtandard of Liberty. You will teach them to conquer; you will point them the road to glory.

"On

and encamp on the plain of Saint Paulin near the city of Treves. Their force, when thus collected, was eſtimated at about eight thouſand foot and ſix thouſand horſe.

The annual ceremony of the federation at Paris, on the 14th of this month, drew near; a day expected with inconceivable anxiety, not only throughout France, but by all Europe, as pregnant with ſome fatal cataſtrophe or direful event. The day arrived, and all paſſed without the leaſt accident, tumult or diſturbance.

Though almoſt all the old governments in Europe are unqueſtionably inimical to the French revolution, Ruſſia, Pruſſia, Auſtria and Sardinia, are the only powers who have, by overt acts, manifeſted their hoſtility: Spain and England have, it is true, declared their neutrality, but their pacific profeſſions have been preceded and accompanied by circumſtances that unequivocally indicate, that the cabinets of Madrid and London, far from friendly to the change in France, are reſtrained from joining the confederacy againſt that kingdom ſolely by political inexpedience. The miniſters of each country have ſhewn fears of the innovating contagion, unbecoming the dignity of mighty kingdoms: the philoſopher might ſmile at the folly of a proclamation againſt the garrulity of knife grinders and the politics of tinkers, in a nation of unlettered bigots, if he could ſee without pain, groſs miſrepreſentations of facts, low invectives and wretched fabrications, paid for from the national purſe of the moſt enlightened country in the world.

Spain has of late ſomewhat relaxed its rigidity reſpecting France and its politics; the new miniſter, count D'Aranda, having declared the determination of his court, to adhere to the alliance with France, and reſcinded an ordinance which prohibited the entry of foreign news-papers into the kingdom.

Since the death of the late Emperor of Germany, the tranſactions of his ſucceſſor, except the routine of his acceſſion, his coronation at Buda, and his election to the imperial purple, on the 5th of July at Frankfort, exhibit but one commanding feature, that of his taking the lead in the confederacy to overturn the new conſtitution of France: warlike preparations, and the march of the Auſtrian armies towards the Rhine and Low Countries, occupying the councils at Vienna.

While the continent of Europe is thus unhappily agitated, the Britiſh iſles continue to enjoy the bleſſings of peace; their agriculture improving, their manufactures encreaſing, their commerce progreſſively advancing, and their public credit greater than at any former period. This was the ſtate of the Britiſh empire on the 15th of June laſt, when the King went to the Houſe of Peers, at Weſtminſter, and put an end to the ſeſſion of parliament by a ſpeech from the throne *.

A fortnight

"On the ſignal of danger to your country, you will feel your ardour redoubled. Warriors, let diſcipline guide your motions; that alone is the guarantee of victory. Have that calm and cool courage with which the ſenſe of your force ought to inſpire you.

"A true army is an immenſe body put in motion by a ſingle head. It can do nothing without a paſſive ſubordination of rank to rank, from the ſoldier up to the general. Warriors, imitate the devotion of Daſſas, and the courage of the brave Pie. Merit the honours which your country reſerves for thoſe who fight for her; they will be worthy of her and of you.

"Forget not that it is your Conſtitution that is attacked. The object is to make you deſcend from the glorious rank of freemen! Well! Brave warriors, the Conſtitution muſt triumph, or the French nation muſt be covered with indelible diſgrace.

"From all parts your fellow citizens are preparing to ſecond you. Doubt not of it: there is not a Frenchman who heſitates; there is not one who, in theſe days of peril and of glory, riſks diſhonouring his life by a baſe and ſhameful inaction. How unhappy will be the man who cannot on ſome future day ſay to his children and his fellow citizens—"I too fought when our liberty was attacked. I ſhared the glory of the day on which the French arms triumphed over our enemies. I defended the ramparts of the city, which they attacked in vain; and on ſuch a day I bled for my country, for liberty, and equality."

* The King's ſpeech was in theſe words:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I cannot cloſe the preſent ſeſſion of parliament without returning you my particular thanks for the attention and diligence with which you have applied yourſelves

to

A fortnight after the riſing of the Houſes of Parliament, the Veſtal frigate arrived at Portſmouth from Madras, with very important diſpatches from Earl Cornwallis, being the minutes of what happened in the peninſula of India, ſince the laſt accounts tranſmitted to Europe.

They ſtate, that on the 5th of February laſt, the army under his lordſhip's command, encamped in view of Tippoo's forces, at a place about ſeven miles to the northward of Seringapatam. The enemy's camp was on the bank of a river ſtrongly fortified by art and nature, having on one ſide a number of well-conſtructed redoubts mounted with cannon, and on the other ſeveral ſwamps and ravines. This camp Lord Cornwallis determined to attack on the night of the ſixth; for which purpoſe he diſpoſed his army in three diviſions; that on the right he committed to general Meadows; the left to colonel Maxwell, while he took upon himſelf the command of the centre. His orders were, that the right and centre diviſions ſhould directly attack the camp, from which, if the enemy was driven, they were to be purſued acroſs the river into the iſland of Seringapatam, and there take poſt: the left diviſion was directed, if the attack of the camp was ſucceſsful, to take poſſeſſion of the neighbouring heights, and alſo paſs the river.

The centre and the left diviſion ſucceeded, but the right, under general Meadows, by ſome accident having diverged from the line of march, approached a ſtrong work of the enemy, which the commander in chief had not intended ſhould then be attacked, as from its ſituation it muſt have fallen in conſequence of the enemy's camp being forced: the work, however, was aſſaulted, and after an obſtinate reſiſtance, carried by the right diviſion. This operation occaſioned a delay, that in leſs fortunate circumſtances might have proved fatal to the expedition.

This ſignal victory, attended with the happieſt conſequence, as ſhall anon be related, it appears was gained with inconſiderable loſs; for by the general's return it appears there were but 108 killed, 381 wounded, and 44 miſſing, in all 533. On the other hand, the ſpoil that fell to the victors, conſiſted in forty pieces of iron, and thirty-four of braſs ordnance, 2500 iron ſhot, and 5000 filled cartridges.

Two days after the action, lieutenants Chalmers and Naſh, with three other Europeans, taken by Tippoo's forces at Coimbatore, arrived in the Britiſh camp with a letter from the Sultan to Lord Cornwallis: in this letter Tippoo writes, that purſuant to his lordſhip's deſire he had ſent him lieutenant Chalmers, with his people and property, taken at Coimbatore, and that he had ſent with them his confidential ſervant Mahomed Ally to treat of pacific matters.

A nego-

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to the diſpatch of the public buſineſs, and eſpecially to the important objects which I recommended to your conſideration.

"Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

"The readineſs with which you have granted the neceſſary ſupplies, and the freſh proof which you have given of your conſtant affection for my perſon and family, in enabling me to provide for the eſtabliſhment of my ſon, the duke of York, call for my warmeſt acknowledgment. I have alſo obſerved, with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, the meaſures which you have adopted for the diminution of the public burdens; while you have, at the ſame time, made additional proviſion for the reduction of the preſent national debt, and eſtabliſhed a permanent ſyſtem for preventing the dangerous accumulation of debt in future.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,

"I have ſeen with great concern the commencement of hoſtilities in different parts of Europe. In the preſent ſituation of affairs, it will be my principal care to maintain that harmony and good underſtanding which ſubſiſt between me and the ſeveral belligerent powers, and to preſerve to my people the uninterrupted bleſſings of peace. And the aſſurances which I receive from all quarters, of a friendly diſpoſition toward this country, affording me the pleaſing hope of ſucceeding in theſe endeavours.

"The recent expreſſions of your uniform and zealous attachment to the eſtabliſhed government and conſtitution, leave me no room to doubt, that you will, in your ſeveral counties, be active and vigilant to maintain thoſe ſentiments in the minds of my faithful people, and I have the happineſs of receiving continued and additional proofs of their juſt ſenſe of their numerous and increaſing advantages which they now enjoy under the protection and diſtinguiſhed favour of Providence."

A negotiation was accordingly opened, which concluded on the 22d of February, by the ſignature and exchange of preliminary articles of pacification, as follow:

I. One half of the dominions which were in the poſſeſſion of Tippoo Sultan at the commencement of the preſent war, ſhall be ceded to the allies, adjacent to their reſpective boundaries, and agreeably to their ſelection.

II. Three crores and thirty lacks of Sicca rupees, ſhall be paid to the allies, agreeably to the following particulars, viz.

First, One crore and ſixty-five lacks ſhall be paid immediately in pagodas, or gold mohurs, or rupees of full weight and ſtandard, or in gold or ſilver bullion.

Second, The remainder, one crore and ſixty-five lacks, at three inſtalments, not exceeding four months each, in the three coins before mentioned.

III. All ſubjects of the four ſeveral powers, who may have been priſoners from the time of the late Hyder Ally Khan to the preſent period, ſhall be fairly and unequivocally releaſed.

IV. Until the due performance of the three articles above mentioned, two of the three eldeſt ſons of Tippoo Sultan ſhall be given as hoſtages, on the arrival of whom a ceſſation of hoſtilities ſhall take place.

V. When an agreement, containing the articles above written, ſhall arrive, bearing the ſeal and ſignature of Tippoo Sultan, counter agreements ſhall be ſent from the three powers; and after the ceſſation of hoſtilities, ſuch a definitive treaty of perpetual friendſhip, as ſhall be ſettled by the ſeveral parties ſhall be adjuſted and entered into.

According to theſe ſtipulations, on the 27th of the ſame month the firſt payment mentioned in the ſecond article was made, and two of Tippoo's ſons, one aged eleven and the other ſeven years, magnificently attended, entered the Britiſh camp: a ſalute of nineteen guns announced the arrival of the illuſtrious hoſtages; they were received by Lord Cornwallis in his tent from the hands of the ſultan's vakeel, Gullam Ally Beg, who on preſenting them ſaid, "Theſe children," pointing to the young princes, whom he then preſented, "were this morning the ſons "of the ſultan, my maſter: their ſituation is changed, and they muſt now look "up to your lordſhip as their father."

The tender and affectionate manner in which his lordſhip received them, ſeemed to confirm the truth of the expreſſion.

Before they took leave, his lordſhip preſented a gold watch to each of them as a mark of his regard.

The next morning his lordſhip made them a viſit at their tents, which are pitched near to the left of Tippoo's redoubts. The body guard and ſpearmen of the princes formed an avenue of conſiderable extent from the tent of ceremony, which is ſpacious and very magnificent. His lordſhip alighted at the end of the avenue, and walked up to the tent, ſaluted as he paſſed by the princes guards. They met his lordſhip at the entrance, and by their reſpectful behaviour, ſhewed that they held in pleaſing remembrance the kind attention his lordſhip had ſhewn to them. At the extremity of the tent, and ſomewhat elevated, a number of chairs were placed; here his lordſhip ſeated himſelf with the eldeſt prince on his right hand, and the younger on his left. Sir John Kennaway ſat on one ſide of the princes, and Mr. Cherry on the other, as his lordſhip's interpreters. The vackeels of Tippoo, of whom one was the perſon ſent ſome time ago on an embaſſy to Conſtantinople, and thoſe of the Nizam and the Mahrattas arranged themſelves in the ſame order, ſo that the whole formed a ſemicircle.

After a converſation of about an hour, in which the Conſtantinople ambaſſador bore a conſiderable ſhare, his lordſhip embraced the princes, and gave to the eldeſt a fuſee richly mounted, and to the youngeſt an elegant caſe of piſtols; in return, each of them preſented his lordſhip with a ſword, who immediately afterwards withdrew, leading a prince in each hand to the extremity of the rich carpet, which was ſpread on the ground, and embracing them with the utmoſt cordiality.

This happy termination of the war in India was attended with one diſagreeable occurrence. The accidental aberation of the right wing of the army, under general Meadows, from its intended line of march, together with the loſs of lives and delay that followed, as has been mentioned, affected that gallant officer to an inexpreſſible degree, it wounded his mind in the tendereſt part, he thought his reputation blaſted, and his well-earned laurels torn from his brow: the gloom of a regretful melancholy involved his ſoul, obſcured his reaſon, and abandoned him to deſpair, in a paroxyſm of which, a few days after the attack of Tippoo's camp, when he returned from an airing on horſeback, and was retired into his tent, he diſcharged the contents of one of his holſter piſtols into his body, but not finding the fatal purpoſe effected, he had juſt preſented the other piſtol to his temple, when ſome officers alarmed at the report of the firſt, ruſhed in and ſeized his hand. A long and friendly expoſtulation enſued, and at laſt the gentlemen prevailed on him to deſiſt from his raſh deſign. Surgeons were immediately procured, who, on examining the wound, which was in one of his ſides, found only the wadding of the piſtol in it, the bullets with which it had been loaded, having, while the General rode, fallen into the holſter, to which fortunate circumſtance, the life of this brave man is preſerved to his country.

When the deſperate inſurrection of the negroes that rages in the French ſettlements on the iſland of Hiſpaniola, firſt broke out, it alarmed the governments of all the other Weſt India iſlands, with apprehenſions that the flame of rebellion might be kindled among them; but by early and judicious precautions, the dangerous contagion has been obviated, and the diſorders remain confined to the iſland where they originated: the Britiſh iſles conſequently enjoy all the advantage that cultivation and commerce can adduce: Granada alone has taſted the cup of calamity, the effects of an accidental fire in its chief town, which it nearly reduced to aſhes. The loſs is eſtimated at upwards of one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds.

Ireland, though forming a conſiderable part of the Britiſh empire, not being the reſidence of the King and his miniſters, has, in reſpect to foreign affairs, no political character; the hiſtory therefore of this country is confined to its internal ſtate, its government, and its domeſtic occurrences.

This iſland, which of all the European ones, yields only in magnitude and population, to Great Britain, but exceeds that and every other in local advantages and fertility, has, ſince the aſſumption of its people to the freedom of trade and conſtitution, in the years 1780 and 1782, advanced rapidly in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Writers on huſbandry in the laſt and preſent centuries, have been of opinion, that from the moiſture of the Iriſh climate, it could only be a country of paſturage, facts have overthrown this hypotheſis, as tillage has ſo encreaſed for ſome years paſt, that the wheat raiſed in the kingdom, has not only been ſufficient for the conſumption of the inhabitants, but a quantity equal to that conſumption exported to other countries. The linen manufacture, for ſo many years the ſupport of Ireland, ſo as by way of eminence to be called, the ſtaple commodity, continues to extend itſelf to an aſtoniſhing degree; that of woollens is in a ſtate of improvement; and cotton fabrics riſe in every province. The trade to the Weſt-Indies, North America, and Spain has alſo prodigiouſly encreaſed.

Notwithſtanding this ſtate of proſperity, a great majority of the people are diſcontented with their political condition.

The cauſes aſſigned for theſe diſcontents are chiefly,

I. That honours, lucrative employments, and penſions, are conferred on the unworthy, for the avowed purpoſe of ſupporting miniſterial majorities in the houſes of parliament.

II. That ſeats in parliament are ſold for money, or given to perſons for corrupt pupoſes, inſtead of being filled by men duly elected by a majority of unbiaſſed ſuffrages.

III. That the Roman Catholics of Ireland, although compoſing two-thirds of the inhabitants, are denied elective franchiſe, and otherwiſe incapacitated.

How far theſe objections to the preſent ſyſtem of government are founded, is a diſcuſſion which the writer of theſe ſketches muſt decline, as inconſiſtent with his plan of a curſory narrative.

The ſtrength of adminiſtration, has hitherto been ſufficient to baffle every attempt in parliament to effect any change of meaſures reſpecting the two firſt objects; as to the laſt, ſome relaxation of the laws againſt Roman Catholics, and the holding out an expectation that ſomething further would be done for them at a convenient time, had kept the people of that deſcription in a patient acquieſcence to the deciſions of government; and, it is probable they would have remained ſo, if the French revolution, one of whoſe fundamental principles is, equality of rights, and perfect toleration to every citizen in the ſtate, had not happened. The concuſſion of this great event was felt in Ireland, it agitated the minds of the people, and impreſſed the Roman Catholics with an idea, that the time was come for an entire dereliction of the incapacities they laboured under: they formed ſocieties and appointed committees for the purpoſe of obtaining conſtitutional redreſs, while the preſs groaned with their publications.

But the Roman Catholics of Ireland were not left alone to urge their pretenſions. Their complaint of not being repreſented in parliament, was connected with the principle of a reform in the legiſlature; its friends, therefore, imagined they would acquire much additional energy by a coaleſcence with ſo great a part of the nation; who, however, differing in other points, agreed in the one object of an equal repreſentation. A phenomenon enſued, and Ireland ſaw the Calviniſts of the North, ſtretching their friendly hands to the Romaniſts of the South.

The time for opening the parliamentary ſeſſion of 1792, was approaching, and, although there had not been time ſufficient to direct the buſineſs, a petition was prepared, and on the 20th of February preſented to the Houſe of Commons. The meaſure was premature, and the whole power of adminiſtration oppoſed it, aſſiſted by a number of independent members, who reſiſted any change which they conceived might weaken or endanger what they ſtiled the Proteſtant aſcendancy.—The petition was rejected by a very great majority.

The citizens of Dublin, like thoſe of every free corporation, are divided into parties: in this city it conſiſts in the friends and oppoſers of adminiſtration. Of the latter deſcription is Mr. James Napper Tandy, a gentleman, who, for ſome years, has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſteadily oppoſing the meaſures of the Iriſh miniſters. This has gained him a popularity that would have raiſed him to the firſt municipal honours, if not oppoſed by miniſterial influence. His exertions, therefore, have been confined within the ſpheres of a Member of the Common Council, and a Volunteer Commander.

Mr. Tandy, early in the buſineſs, took an active and decided part with thoſe who deſired a removal of the incapacities the Roman Catholics laboured under: this occaſioned his Majeſty's Solicitor General, (Mr. Toler) in the above-mentioned debate on the petition, to make ſome ludicrous alluſions to Mr. Tandy's perſon; this laſt conſidering it as an inſult, ſent, on the next day, a gentleman (Col. Smith) to demand an explanation from Mr. Toler;—he peremptorily refuſed to give any;—he was told the conſequences might be diſagreeable: Mr. Toler ſaid he expected they would, ſhewed piſtols on the table, and expreſſed a deſire the matter ſhould be ended as ſoon as poſſible, to prevent the interference of magiſtrates. Mr. Smith went back to Mr. Tandy, and returning in leſs than an hour, informed Mr. Toler, “that his friend would proceed no farther in that line, but, that it was now no “no longer a private affair, but a matter of public concern, he would therefore put “it into the public prints.” Mr. Smith then withdrew.

In the evening of the ſame day, the Right Hon. Mr. James Cuffe complained to the Houſe of Commons, of Mr. Tandy's conduct, as a violation of its privileges; on which it was reſolved, “That James Napper Tandy ſhould be taken into the “cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms forthwith, and brought to the bar.”

Before the Houſe adjourned to the next day, the Speaker informed the members, that, purſuant to their order, he had iſſued a warrant for the apprehending of Mr. Tandy; that a meſſenger had found him at a houſe in Chancery-lane, and ſhewed him the warrant, but that Mr. Tandy, under the pretence of going into a parlour for his hat, had eſcaped through a back window, and had not ſince been found. On this the Houſe reſolved, “That James Napper Tandy had been guilty of a groſs “contempt of its privileges: that an addreſs be preſented to the Lord Lieutenant, “to iſſue a proclamation for his apprehenſion; and that James Napper Tandy in “demanding an explanation from a member of words ſpoken in this Houſe, was “guilty of a groſs breach of privilege.” It was alſo reſolved, on the motion of the Attorney General (Mr. Arthur Wolfe) that *he*, “his Majeſty's Attorney General, “be directed to proſecute ſaid J. N. Tandy for the ſaid offence.”

[*To be continued.*]

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

AT Springfield Caſtle, Co. of Limerick, the Lady of Lord Muſkerry of a ſon. —At Turbotſtown, Co. of Weſtmeath, Lady Tereſa Deaſe of a daughter.—At Stephen's Green, the Lady of the Earl of Mountcaſhel of a ſon and heir.

MARRIAGES.

HENRY Coulſon, Eſq; one of the Maſters in Chancery, to Lady Tracton, relict to the late Lord Tracton, L. C. J.—Demoivre Spedding, Eſq; M. D. of Bray, Co. of Wicklow, to Miſs Deey, of Montgomery-ſtreet.—Samuel Pieſley, Eſq; M. D. of Newtown Mt. Kenedy, Co. of Wicklow, to Miſs F. Richards, of the Co. of Wexford.—At Ravenſdale, Mr. Bart. Doran to Miſs Ann Deegan.—Mr. Thomas Dawſon, of Chapel-izzod, Attorney, to Miſs Irwin, of Queen-ſtreet. —At Ennis, Mr. James Gallery, Merchant, to Miſs Boland.—Mr. Joſeph Whitty to Miſs Sarah Davies.—At Ennis, Mr. John Spelliſy to Miſs Loughane.—At Kells, Mr. John O'Neil, Brewer, to Miſs Charleton.—Mr. Thomas M'Cready, of Bride-ſtreet, to Miſs Meldrum.—The Rev. John Stack, late Senior Fellow of T. C. D. to Miſs Barker, of Broomfield, Co. of Kildare.

DEATHS.

IN Grafton-ſtreet, Mrs. Williamſon.—At Kinegad, Mr. Joſeph Coyne.—In the Co. of Tipperary, Solomon Cambie, Eſq.—At Bruff, the Rev. Richard Story. —At Rathkeal, the wife of Mr. Francis Holmes.—The widow Minchin, of Anna, in the Co. of Tipperary.—Doctor Quinan.—At Enniſcorthy, in the Co. of Wexford, Mr. Richard Sparrow, ſurgeon.—At Waterford, the widow of the late Alderman Alcock.—In Exchequer-ſtreet, the wife of Mr. Rea, printer.—Harcourt Lightburne, Eſq; ſteward of the Blue-coat-hoſpital.—At Waterford, Mrs. Jane Sealy.—At Limerick, Miſs Foſbery, daughter to Henry Foſbery, Eſq; of Cartoun, and Mr. Peter M'Mahon.—At Leddington, Co. of Cork, Mr. Walter Atkins.—At Caſtledrum, Miſs Giles.—At Miltown, near Tralee, the Rev. Mr. Rourke.—Major Davis.—On Ormond-quay, Mr. Edward Kilbee.—At Cork, Mr. John O'Brien.—At Limerick, Arthur Adams, Eſq; Landwaiter.—At Dramaham, in the Co. of Leitrim, John O'Brien, Eſq.

PROMOTIONS.

FIFTH Regiment of Dragoons. Mr. George Broome to be Cornet, vice Jones, promoted.—Mr. Iſaac M'Taggard to be Surgeon, vice Fraſer, reſigned.

12th. Mr. William Dunſcombe to be Cornet, vice Cooke, promoted.—The Hon. Pierce Butler to be Cornet, vice S. R. Butler, reſigned.

14th. Captain Mungo Noble, from 10th Foot on Britiſh Eſtabliſhment, to be Captain, vice Melefont, exchanged.

23d Regiment of Foot. Lieutenant John M'Evers to be Captain-Lieutenant, vice Pryce, reſigned.

27th. Cornet Arthur Richard Baron Dillon, from 7th Dragoon Guards, to be Lieutenant, vice Eſſpinaſſe, deceaſed.—Mr. Oliver Nugent to be Enſign, vice Chatterton, promoted.

35th. Captain-Lieutenant Joſeph French to be Captain, vice Haig, reſigned.—Lieutenant Adam Hay to be Captain-Lieutenant.—Enſign Wm. Howe Campbell to be Lieutenant.—Mr. George Jackſon to be Enſign.

39th. Enſign Henry Warner Horsfall to be Lieutenant, vice Kellet, reſigned.—Mr. William Brydges Neynoe to be Enſign.

40th. Mr. Thomas Danſer to be Enſign, vice Dalrymple, promoted.

41ſt. Enſign William Godley from the 5th Foot to be Lieutenant, vice Lord Blayney, promoted.

56th. Mr. Michael Henry Lynch to be Enſign, vice O'Neil, promoted.

Thomas Tweedy and Thomas Truelock, Eſqrs. to be Aldermen of the City of Dublin, in the place of James Sheil and Philip Crampton, deceaſed.—John Shaw, Eſq; to be Mayor, William Clarke and John Forſter, Eſqrs. Sheriffs of Kilkenny. —Benjamin Friend, Eſq; Mayor, Ralph Weſtrop and Henry Brady, Eſqrs. Sheriffs of Limerick.—Edmond Beaſley, Eſq; to be Steward to the Blue-coat-hoſpital in the room of H. Lightburne, deceaſed.

THE SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC MAGAZINE,

FOR *SEPTEMBER*, 1792.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
A REPRESENTATION OF DR. JOHNSON IN HIS STUDY:
THE EVENING,
FROM AN ELEGANT DESIGN,
AND
A PASTORAL BALLAD, SET TO MUSIC.

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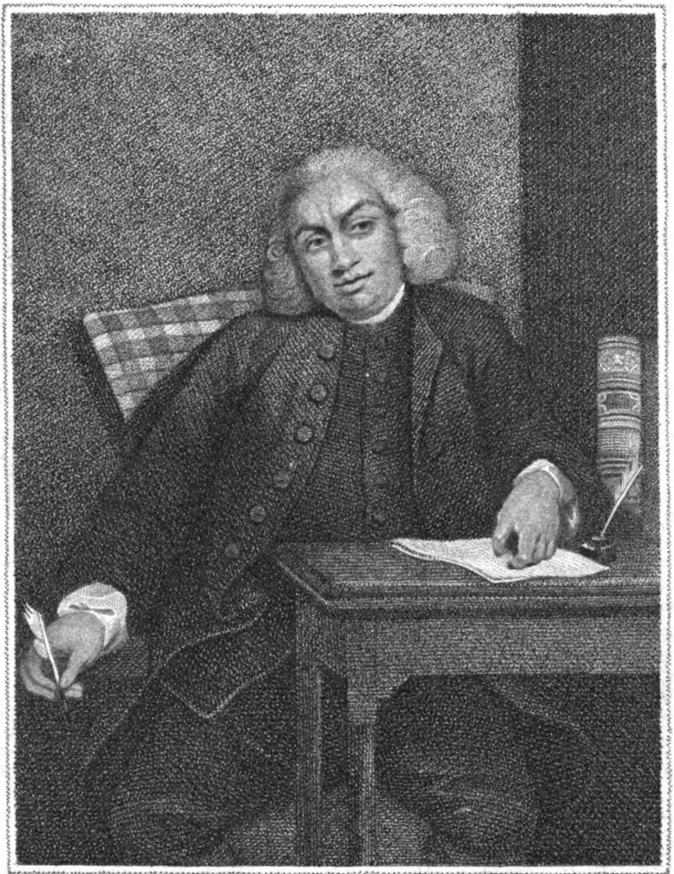
OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter to the Vagariſt, *containing the Adventures of* Lindamira, came to hand. It abounds with wit and ſatire that would render it highly acceptable, if diveſted of its indelicate, not to ſay obſcene, colouring.

The 4th Number of the Vagariſt *ſhall appear in our next.*

The Friar's Tale *in our next.*



Sir Josh. Reynolds Pinxt. 1756. H. Brocas Sculp.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *SEPTEMBER*, 1792.

Account of the COURTSHIP *and* MARRIAGE *of the celebrated* DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

From the Dublin Edition of Boswell*'s Life of* Johnson.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A REPRESENTATION OF THE DOCTOR IN HIS STUDY, ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED.

JOHNSON had from his early youth, been ſenſible to the influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge ſchool, he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verſes, which I have not been able to recover; and I am aſſured by Miſs Seward, that he conceived a tender paſſion for Miſs Lucy Porter, daughter of the lady whom he afterwards married. Miſs Porter was ſent very young on a viſit to Litchfield, where Johnſon had frequent opportunities of ſeeing and admiring her; and he addreſſed to her the following verſes, on her preſenting him with a noſegay of myrtle:

"What hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
"Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate:
"Thy myrtle, enſign of ſupreme command,
"Conſign'd by Venus to Meliſſa's hand;
"Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
"Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
"In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
"In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain;
"The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
"Th' unhappy lovers' grave the myrtle ſpreads:
"O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
"And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart!
"Soon muſt this bough, as you ſhall fix his doom,
"Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb."

His juvenile attachments to the fair ſex were, however, very tranſient; and it is certain, that he formed no criminal connection whatſoever. Mr. Hector, who lived with him in his younger days in the utmoſt intimacy and ſocial freedom, has aſſured me, that even at that ardent ſeaſon his conduct was ſtrictly virtuous in that reſpect; and that though he loved to exhilarate himſelf with wine, he never knew him intoxicated but once.

In a man whom religious education has ſecured from licentious indulgences, the paſſion of love, when once it has ſeized him, is exceedingly ſtrong; being unimpaired by diſſipation, and totally concentrated in one object. This was experienced by Johnſon, when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, after her firſt huſband's death. Miſs Porter told me, that when he was firſt introduced to her mother, his appearance was very forbidding: he was then lean and lank, ſo that his immenſe ſtructure of bones was hideouſly ſtriking to the eye, and the ſcars of the ſcrophula were deeply viſible. He alſo wore his hair, which was ſtraight and ſtiff, and ſeparated behind; and he often had, ſeemingly, convulſive ſtarts and odd geſticulations, which tended to excite at once ſurpriſe and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was ſo much engaged by his converſation that ſhe overlooked all theſe external diſadvantages, and ſaid to her daughter, "this is the moſt ſenſible man that I ever ſaw in my life."

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnſon, and her perſon and manner, as deſcribed to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleaſing to others, ſhe muſt have had a ſuperiority of underſtanding and talents, as ſhe certainly inſpired him with a more than ordinary paſſion; and ſhe having ſignified her willingneſs to accept of his hand, he went to Lichfield to aſk his mother's conſent to the marriage, which he could not but be conſcious was a very imprudent ſcheme, both on account of their diſparity of years, and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnſon knew too well the ardour of her ſon's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppoſe his inclinations.

I know not for what reaſon the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a reſolution was taken that it ſhould be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom ſet out on horſeback, I ſuppoſe in very good humour. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk uſed archly to mention Johnſon's having told him, with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love-marriage upon both ſides," I have had from my illuſtrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn. "Sir, ſhe had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantaſtical notion that a woman of ſpirit ſhould uſe her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at firſt ſhe told me that I rode too faſt, and ſhe could not keep up with me; and, when I rode a little ſlower, ſhe paſſed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the ſlave of caprice; and I reſolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore puſhed on briſkly, till I was fairly out of her ſight. The road lay between two hedges, ſo I was ſure ſhe could not miſs it; and I contrived that ſhe ſhould ſoon come up with me. When ſhe did, I obſerved her to be in tears."

This, it muſt be allowed, was a ſingular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnſon, though he thus ſhewed a manly firmneſs, proved a moſt affectionate and indulgent huſband to the laſt moment of Mrs. Johnſon's life; and in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondneſs for her never ceaſed, even after her death.

LIFE OF SIR HENRY VANE.

SIR HENRY VANE, who made a conſiderable figure in the laſt century, was the eldeſt ſon of Sir Henry Vane, of Hadlow, in Kent. He was born about the year 1612, and received his education at Weſtminſter-ſchool. When he attained to the age of ſixteen, he was admitted a gentleman commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and after this he reſided ſome time in France and Geneva, from the latter of which he brought back with him a ſtrong prejudice againſt the government and liturgy of the church of England. His father, then controller of the houſehold, and a privy counſellor to King Charles I. was extremely angry at his entertaining ſuch principles; and it being ſuggeſted to the king that the heir of a conſiderable family had conceived a diſlike to the ceremonies of the church, Biſhop Laud, in conformity with his majeſty's wiſhes, took him ſeverely to taſk; and though he ſeemed to treat him gently at firſt, he concluded harſhly enough againſt him in the end; but in what manner we are not exactly informed.

Finding himſelf therefore uncomfortable at home, and being of a giddy diſpoſition, he joined himſelf, in 1634, to ſome non-conformiſts, and went over to the infant colony of New England, in America, which at that time was a receptacle for diſcontented minds, and filled with people who profeſſed almoſt every kind of religion. His father was at firſt averſe to his taking this voyage; but the king being informed of his ſon's inclination, obliged him to conſent to his being abſent for three years. His deſign, as he pretended, was to begin a ſettlement on the banks of the river Connecticut.

He had ſcarcely landed, when his abilities recommended him to notice, and at the next election of magiſtrates for the colony of Maſſachuſets, he was choſen governor. As he was, however, a hot-headed young man, without experience, and an enthuſiaſtic rigid puritan, he created amongſt the people a thouſand ſcruples of conſcience, of which they had never before entertained any idea. He openly eſpouſed the Antinomian doctrines, and gave ſo much encouragement to thoſe preachers who ſpread them, as might have occaſioned ſome diſturbance, had not the ſober thinking part of the inhabitants, obſerving his conduct, concerted ſuch meaſures amongſt themſelves as put an end to his government at the next election.

Some time after he returned privately to England, about 1639, and ſeeming then to be much reformed from his extravagancies, he married, with his father's approbation, Miſs Frances Wray, a lady of a reſpectable family in Lincolnſhire. Through his father's influence with Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who at that time was Lord High Admiral of England, he was about the ſame period joined with Sir William Ruſſel in the office of treaſurer of the navy, a place of conſiderable truſt and profit. Having ſoon riſen into notice on account of his talents and abilities, he was choſen by the burgeſſes of the town of Kingſton upon Hull one of their repreſentatives in the parliament, which met at Weſtminſter, April 13, 1640, and again in the long parliament, which began on the 3d of November the ſame year.

In June, 1640, he received the honour of knighthood from King Charles I.; but thinking both his father and himſelf ill uſed by the court, he oppoſed Charles and all his meaſures with the utmoſt virulence.

During the Earl of Strafford's trial, he communicated a very material paper, which he privately took from his father's ſtudy. This paper contained the following words, reſpecting the war with Scotland—“Borrow 100,000*l.* of the city of London; go on vigorouſly to levy ſhip money; your majeſty having tried the affection of your people, you are abſolved and looſe from all rule of government, and to do what power will admit. Your majeſty having tried all ways, and being refuſed, ſhall be acquitted before God and man. And you have an *army* in Ireland that you may employ to reduce *this kingdom* to obedience, for I am confident the Scots cannot hold out five months.” What was accounted the moſt criminal in theſe words was the propoſal of bringing an *army* out of Ireland to reduce *this kingdom* to obedience; by which the Earl's enemies underſtood England: but if he ſpoke any ſuch words, he plainly meant Scotland, which was then in a ſtate of rebellion; for, as he ſaid in his defence, how could the word *this* reaſonably imply England, becauſe England was not out of the way of obedience, and becauſe there never was the leaſt intention of landing the Iriſh army in that country.

On the 26th of February, 1640-1, Sir Henry carried up to the Houſe of Lords the articles of impeachment againſt Archbiſhop Laud; and in June, 1643, he was nominated one of the aſſembly of divines. The following month he was appointed one of the commiſſioners of parliament to Scotland, to negociate a treaty with that nation, and to engage them in the intereſt and ſervice of parliament. Theſe commiſſioners ſet out on the 20th of July, and arrived at Leith on the 22d of September following. Sir Henry, on his return to London, made a report of all their proceedings to the Houſe of Commons. He, among the reſt, took the covenant, which was indeed principally his contrivance, on the 22d of September, and ſubſcribed it next to Oliver Cromwell. About this time he found means to ſupplant Sir William Ruſſel, and to get himſelf appointed ſole treaſurer of the navy, which place he held till the firſt wars between the Engliſh and the Dutch. While in that office he ſhewed, as we are told, a very uncommon example of honour and integrity. The fees being then four-pence in the pound, which, on account of the war, amounted to little leſs than 30,000*l.* a year, Sir Henry conſidered this ſum as too much for a ſubject, and generouſly gave up the patent he had for life from King Charles I. to the parliament, and requeſted only 2000*l.* a year for an agent, whom he had bred up to the buſineſs, ſuffering the remainder to go to the public. This was accordingly done, and the cuſtom of giving a fixed ſalary to the perſon who holds that office has continued ever ſince.

About the beginning of the year 1645, he was one of the commiſſioners from the parliament at the treaty of Uxbridge, and he was preſent in the ſame capacity at the Iſle of Wight, but he always profeſſed himſelf an enemy to peace.

Having been always unſettled in matters of religion, when the Independents ſprung up he declared himſelf one of their leaders, and afterwards veered about with every new wind of doctrine, becoming in ſucceſſion Preſbyterian, Independent, Anabaptiſt, Fifty-Monarchyman, &c. &c.

In June, 1649, he was one of the commiſſioners ſent to the army to acquaint them what the parliament had done for their ſatisfaction, and to perſuade them to comply with the wiſhes of that body. It does not, however, appear that he had any ſhare in the king's trial or death; but after theſe events he was one of the moſt zealous partiſans of the commonwealth.

In 1649, and the three following years, he was appointed one of the council of ſtate; and in 1652 he was for ſome time preſident of that council, being then alſo one of the commiſſioners of the navy. Towards the latter end of the year 1651 he had been nominated one of the commiſſioners ſent to Scotland, in order to introduce the Engliſh government there, and to effect an union between the two kingdoms; but Sir Henry, for his part, ſowed only diſſenſion among the contending parties of the clergy in that country. To embroil affairs, and have every thing unſettled, except perhaps a commonwealth with great latitude and libertiniſm, ſeems indeed to have been his natural deſire, as well as earneſt endeavour. When Cromwell, therefore, ſet about uſurping the ſupreme authority, he became one of his moſt violent oppoſers, and ſtrained every nerve to ſupplant and even to ruin him.

He was one of the great oppoſers of the diſſolution of the long parliament, and continuing his exertions againſt Cromwell, the latter ſummoned him, in 1656, to appear before him in council. After ſome delays, he at length appeared, and was charged by the Protector with diſaffection to the government, which he had clearly ſhewn in a book lately publiſhed by him with a ſeditious intention, entitled, *A healing Queſtion propoſed and reſolved.* Sir Henry did not diſown his diſſatisfaction with the then preſent ſtate of affairs, and owned, at the ſame time, that he wrote the book above-mentioned. Cromwell therefore ordered him to give ſecurity before a limited day, that he would not diſturb the peace of the nation, or elſe to ſtand committed. When the time was expired, he again appeared before the council, and delivered into Cromwell's own hand another paper, containing the reaſons of his diſapproving the uſurpation, together with a friendly advice to the Protector to return to his duty, and ſome juſtification of his own conduct with regard to the public. But notwithſtanding all this, and various reaſons alledged by him as an excuſe for not giving the required ſecurity, one of which was the ſummons ſent him to appear in parliament, he was ſent priſoner to Cariſbrook caſtle, in the Iſle of Wight.

Being releaſed thence on the 31ſt of December, 1656, he repaired to London, where he experienced a perſecution of another kind. Cromwell finding that his ſcheme of throwing him into priſon had not been attended with ſucceſs, he privately encouraged ſome of the army to take poſſeſſion of certain foreſt walks belonging to him near Raby caſtle; and gave orders alſo to the Attorney General, under pretence of a flaw in his title, to file a bill againſt him in the Exchequer. This was done with a view of making him produce his title; and had that been accompliſhed, it was hoped that by the ingenuity of the lawyers ſome defect might have been found in it, which might have forced him into a compliance; but he was privately informed at the ſame time, that he ſhould be freed from this or any other inquiſition, and obtain whatever he could deſire, in caſe he would ſubmit to the authority of the Protector. He remained inflexible, howevevr, during all Oliver's time, and during that alſo of his ſucceſſor Richard, againſt whom there were many meetings of the chief partiſans of the commonwealth at Sir Henry's houſe, near Charing-croſs.

In 1659, great endeavours were uſed to keep him out of Richard's parliament; and, by direction, the returning officers at Hull and Briſtol would not return him, though, as is ſaid, he had the majority. Yet he was at length choſen for Whitchurch, in Hampſhire, through the intereſt of Robert Wallop, Eſq. In that aſſembly, he and other republicans laboured to overturn the ſettlement of a Protector and two Houſes of Parliament, and to introduce a commonwealth. By their abilities they ſoon leſſened Richard's power, and gained an aſcendancy over his party, to which a warm ſpeech of Sir Henry's is ſaid to have not a little contributed. This ſpeech was in theſe words—" Mr. Speaker, among all " the people of the univerſe I know none who have ſhewn ſo much zeal " for the liberty of their country as the Engliſh at this time have done; " they have, by the help of Divine Providence, overcome all obſtacles, " and have made themſelves free. We have driven away the *hereditary* " *tyranny* of the houſe of Stuart at the expence of much blood and " treaſure, in hopes of enjoying *hereditary liberty*, after having ſhaken " off the yoke of kingſhip; and there is not a man amongſt us who " would have imagined that any perſon would be ſo bold as dare to " attempt the raviſhing from us freedom, which coſt us ſo much blood " and ſo much labour. But ſo it happens, I know not by what " misfortune, we are fallen into the error of thoſe who poiſoned the " emperor Titus, to make room for Domitian, who made away " Auguſtus, that they might have Tiberius, and changed Claudius for " Nero. I am ſenſible theſe examples are foreign from my ſubject, " ſince the Romans in thoſe days were buried in lewdneſs and luxury; " whereas the people of England are now renowned all over the world " for their great virtue and diſcipline; and yet ſuffer an ideot, without " courage, without ſenſe, nay without ambition, to have dominion in " a country of liberty. One could bear a little with *Oliver Cromwell*, " though contrary to his oath of fidelity to the parliament, contrary to " his duty to the public, contrary to the reſpect he owed to that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he uſurped the government. His merit was ſo extraordinary, that our judgments, our " paſſions, might be blinded with it. He made his way to empire by " the moſt illuſtrious actions; he had under his command an army that " had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general. But as for *Richard Cromwell* his ſon, who is he? What are " his titles? We have ſeen that he had a ſword by his ſide, but did he " ever draw it? And what is of more importance in this caſe, is he fit to " to get obedience from a mighty nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet we muſt recognize this man as our king, under " the title of Protector! a man without birth, without courage, without conduct. For my part I declare, Sir, it ſhall never be ſaid that I " made ſuch a man my maſter."

[*To be continued.*]

After

To the EDITOR *of the* SENTIMENTAL *and* MASONIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WE have not had time to be particularly acquainted with your taſte as yet, reſpecting the choice of ſubjects; but if I may venture to form any judgment from your candid propoſals, and the firſt number of your Magazine, I think you appear much attached to thoſe ſerious reflections, which, to borrow an expreſſion from yourſelf, have an equal tendency to "improve the head and mend the heart."

As I laſt night lay ſpeculating on the moſt probable means of *making a fortune*, which, though long a favourite ſpeculation, I have not yet been able to reduce to practice: ſome connexion of ideas brought acroſs my mind that ſcriptural injunction, "Lay not up treaſures on earth." The words I recollected to have repeatedly heard and ſeen; but had never thought any thing about them—had never fixed any certain ideas to them; and now, for the firſt time, began to enquire what was the meaning of thoſe words, or if they had any meaning at all.

Certainly, ſaid I, (as I proceeded in my ſoliloquy) the words muſt have ſome meaning or other. The ſource of wiſdom is the author of them; and as this is one of thoſe precepts which the great pattern of perfection thought neceſſary to record for our advantage, it muſt contain ſomething very important for us to know and practiſe.—I went on —"Lay not up for yourſelves treaſures on earth!"—How ſhall we reconcile this with another injunction of equal authority?—"Be diligent in buſineſs."—*This* appears to counteract the former precept;—riches being almoſt the unavoidable conſequence of diligence in buſineſs. —It certainly cannot be the intention of thoſe words to prohibit our *getting* all the riches we poſſibly can by honeſt induſtry.—When in our dealings we take no advantage of either the *ignorance* or *neceſſity* of another—all we can *thus* gain muſt be ſtrictly conſiſtent with our duty.

But farther: It muſt alſo be unqueſtionably innocent, as well as prudent, after we have *gained*, to *ſave* all we poſſibly can.—To abridge every unneceſſary expence in every inſtance.—To have every thing we require, as the poet expreſſes the idea:

———"Neither in exceſs;
"Nor ſcandalouſly mean."

Content with the conveniencies and comforts of life, to avoid its ſuperfluities—For—

"To my new courts ſad thought does ſtill repair,
"And round my gilded roofs hangs hovering care."

But after we have both *gained* and *ſaved* as much as in our power, under the above reſtrictions, we ought, in the third place—to *give* all we can.—There is no other way than this to act agreeably to the above precept:—for, if after *getting* and *ſaving* all we can, we ſhould think of *laying up* the treaſures we have gained, we then break the command in queſtion with a witneſs.

Indeed where is the man that does not break it?—Rather what man ever thinks about it at all?—It might juſt as well be out of the Bible; for no man thinks himſelf in the leaſt concerned in it.—As I believe the Scriptures, I therefore go regularly to church; where I have heard almoſt every *other* divine precept explained and enforced; but *this* I never remember to hear a word about in my life. Preachers all agree to forget it; and both preachers and people unanimouſly agree to break this command as much and as often as they poſſibly can.—Lay up, lay up by all means—place it in the bank—you do not want it yourſelves, and do any thing with it—bury it rather than give it to thoſe that have occaſion for it.—This is all the rage; yet, while we think, talk, and act in this manner, we profeſs to believe the Bible!—We call ourſelves Chriſtians—and at the ſame time we intentionally, uniformly, and with all the powers of body and mind, act in direct oppoſition to one of the plaineſt commands of him after whoſe name we are called!—We lay up money in *heaps;* and when we can keep it no longer ourſelves, we generally leave it—but to whom?—to thoſe who want it? to thoſe whom it would relieve from indigence and diſtreſs? No: but to thoſe, who, from their preſent ſtate of independency, are moſt likely to preſerve the precious hoard undiſturbed. While we live, we are content to ſuffer our brethren of mankind—ſometimes our neareſt relations, to pine away in want and miſery, rather than beſtow on them what, to ourſelves, is as uſeleſs as the ſtones in the ſtreets: and when we can ſtay no longer here, we cautiouſly prevent them from enjoying it after we are gone. What a paſſport muſt this be to the other world! What a recommendation to that Heaven whoſe laws we have paid ſuch attention to!

With regard to moſt of the Divine commandments, whether relating to the heart or life, the natives of Afric or America, ſtand much on a level with the people called Chriſtians. The Chriſtians obſerve them (except in a few inſtances) *very near* as much as the Heathens. For inſtance: the generality of the natives of Great Britain and Ireland—commonly called Chriſtians, are as temperate and ſober as the generality of the Heathens near the *Cape of Good Hope.*—And ſo the *Dutch* or *French* Chriſtians are *nearly* as humble and as chaſte as the *Choctaw* or *Cherokee-Indians.*—When we compare the bulk of the nations in *Europe* with thoſe in *America,* it is not eaſy to aſcertain on what ſide the ſuperiority lies:—at leaſt the native *American* has not much the advantage: But with reſpect to the command before us, the caſe is very different.—Here the Heathen has greatly the pre-eminence. He reſerves—he lays up nothing, unleſs it be, as much corn at one ſeaſon of the year as he will require before that ſeaſon returns.—This precept, therefore, the Heathens do conſtantly and punctually obſerve—*They lay up for themſelves no treaſures on earth*—No ſtores of gold or ſilver: But how do the Chriſtians obſerve, what they profeſs to receive as a command of their great *Law-giver?* Not at all; not in any degree;—it might as well be ſtill hid in its original *Greek* for any notice we take of it.

But ought we not to provide for our own children, &c.? Certainly we ought—this it is our bounden duty to do, even upon the principles of heathen-morality. Every man ought to provide the conveniencies and comforts of life for his family, and alſo to put them in a capacity of providing theſe for themſelves when he is gone and no more ſeen.—I ſay, of providing *theſe*—the *conveniencies* of life; not the ſuperfluities;—and that too by "diligence in buſineſs"; for it is no man's duty to furniſh them, any more than himſelf, with the means of *luxury* and *idleneſs*.

Nor do I think we are prohibited, by any means, from laying up what is needful for the proſecution of our buſineſs, in ſuch a meaſure as to anſwer the purpoſes juſt ſpecified.—Firſt, we ought to "owe no man any thing."—Second, we ought to procure for ourſelves the conveniencies of life.—Third, to furniſh thoſe who immediately depend on us with them while we live; and with the means of procuring them when we no longer want them.—Thoſe ends being anſwered, what remains belongs not to us—it belongs to the indigent and diſtreſſed; and if we lay it up in a uſeleſs heap, or ſquander it in ſuperfluity, we not only act irreligiouſly, but as fooliſhly as one that refuſes the cordial to his ſick friend, which he cannot drink himſelf without inflaming his blood.—For this is the caſe with ſuperfluous money; if you give it to thoſe who want, it is a cordial: if you ſpend it upon yourſelf in ſomething you do not want, it only inflames and diſorders your mind.

Equally inexcuſable are thoſe who *lay up* what they do not require for any reaſonable purpoſes.—This is beautifully expreſſed by a late and well known author in the following words—"If a man had hands, and eyes, and feet, that he could give to thoſe who wanted them; if he ſhould lock them up in a cheſt inſtead of giving them to his brethren who were blind and lame, ſhould we not juſtly reckon him an inhuman wretch? If he ſhould rather chuſe to amuſe himſelf with hoarding them up, than entitle himſelf to an eternal reward by giving them to thoſe who wanted eyes and hands—might we not juſtly reckon him mad?

Now money has very much the nature of eyes and feet—if therefore we lock it up in cheſts, while the poor and diſtreſt want it for their neceſſary uſes, we are not far from the cruelty of him, who chuſes to hoard up the hands and eyes, rather than give to thoſe that want them." Such men are daily robbing the poor, the hungry, the naked, wronging the widow and the fatherleſs, and making themſelves accountable for all the want, affliction and diſtreſs which they may, but do not remove. Alas! what account can we give to Him whoſe goods we are the appointed ſtewards of!

W—— S——.

ACCOUNT *of* JAMES QUIN, COMEDIAN.

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AT the end of this ſeaſon Mr. Quin retired to Bath, a place which he uſed to deſcribe as "a good convenient home to lounge away the dregs of life in," and which he had then probably determined on for his retreat. No harmony had ſubſiſted between him and his Manager, Rich. He had, therefore, left London without renewing his engagement, and perhaps with no concern about its being renewed.

As Mr. Garrick had bargained for a ſhare of Drury-lane Theatre, he might ſuppoſe that his own performance would be of more importance to Mr. Rich than it had been, and might, in conſequence, expect to make better terms. If this laſt was the caſe, he deceived himſelf, as Rich ſullenly permitted him to continue at Bath, without making him any overtures. At length the month of November arrived, when he thought it prudent to afford the manager an opportunity of offering ſome propoſal to him. He therefore wrote to him the following laconic note:

"I AM at Bath.
"Yours,
"QUIN."

Which Rich as laconically anſwered in the following words:

"STAY there and be damned,
"Yours,
"RICH."

He therefore continued during the winter at Bath unemployed. Thomſon, in a letter to his friend Paterſon, written about May 1748, charges Mr. Garrick with being inſtrumental in preventing Mr. Quin's appearance this ſeaſon.—"Coriolanus," ſays he, "has not yet appeared upon the ſtage from the little dirty jealouſy of Tullus; I mean of him who was deſired to act Tullus, towards him who can alone act Coriolanus. Indeed, the firſt has entirely jockeyed the laſt off the ſtage for this ſeaſon; but I believe he will return on him the next ſeaſon like a giant in his wrath." And the Author of a pamphlet publiſhed at this period, and addreſſed to Mr. Garrick, ſays, "'Tis confidently reported, you might have engaged Mr. Quin; nay, 'tis ſaid he offered himſelf to you, and that the firſt people of faſhion have preſſed you to receive him." In March 1748 happened the dreadful fire in Cornhill, which gave Mr. Quin an opportunity of diſplaying his readineſs to ſuccour diſtreſs. On the 6th of April he performed Othello, at Covent-Garden, for the benefit of the ſufferers (having come on purpoſe from Bath), which produced 218l. 12s. 4d. Soon afterwards he had a benefit himſelf. On the 27th Auguſt he loſt his friend Thomſon, and for the ſeaſon of 1748-9 he enliſted again under the banners of Rich. On the 13th of January 1748-9, the orphan tragedy of "Coriolanus" was produced at Covent Garden, in which Mr. Quin played the principal character, and ſpoke Lord Lyttelton's celebrated prologue, "which," ſays Cibber, or Shiells, "had a very happy effect on the audience. Mr. Quin was the particular friend of Thomſon, and when he ſpoke the following lines, which are in themſelves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance roſe at once to his imagination, while the tears guſhed from his eyes:

He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear,
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)—
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such generous freedom, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it, but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in theſe lines had a fine effect in ſpeaking; Mr. Quin here excelled himſelf; he never appeared a greater actor than at this inſtant, when he declared himſelf none :—it was an exquiſite ſtroke to nature, art alone could hardly reach it. Pardon the digreſſion, reader, but we feel a deſire to ſay ſomewhat more on this head. The poet and the actor were friends—it cannot then be quite foreign from the purpoſe to proceed. A deep-fetched ſigh filled up the heart-felt pauſe—grief ſpread o'er all the countenance; the tear ſtarted to the eye, the muſcles fell, and

“ The whiteneſs of his cheek
“ Was apter than his tongue to ſpeak his tale.”

They all expreſſed the tender feelings of a manly heart, becoming a Thomſon's friend. His pauſe, his recovery, were maſterly; and he delivered the whole with an emphaſis and pathos worthy the excellent lines he ſpoke; worthy the great poet and good man whoſe merits they painted, and whoſe loſs they deplored.” This account is confirmed by Mr. Murdoch, the writer of Thomſon's life, who ſays, “ My lord Lyttelton's prologue was admired as one of the beſt that had ever been written; the beſt ſpoken it certainly was. The ſympathizing audience ſaw, that then indeed Mr. Quin was no actor; that the tears he ſhed were thoſe of real friendſhip and grief.” Dr. Johnſon alſo obſerves, mentioning this prologue, “ that Quin, who had long lived with Thomſon in fond intimacy, ſpoke it in ſuch a manner, as ſhewed him to be on that occaſion no actor.”

Juſt before the performance of Coriolanus an honour had been conferred upon Mr. Quin, which he ſome years afterwards recollected with no ſmall degree of exultation. On the 4th of January Cato was performed at Leiceſter Houſe, by the direction of Frederick Prince of Wales, in which his preſent Majeſty, Prince Edward, Princeſs Auguſta, and Princeſs Elizabeth, acted the parts of Portius, Juba, Marcia, and Lucia. The inſtruction of the young performers and the conduct of the rehearſals were given to Mr. Quin, and, if we are not miſtaken, he was afterwards rewarded with a penſion for his ſervice. It was intended that Lady Jane Gray ſhould have been repreſented by the ſame performers, and accordingly that play was revived at Covent-Garden in Dec. 1750, but for ſome reaſon the intended exhibition did not take place.—When Mr. Quin heard of the graceful manner in which his Majeſty repeated his firſt ſpeech to his parliament, he cried out, “ Ay, “ I taught the boy to ſpeak.” Prince Frederick, perhaps through the means of Thomſon and Lyttelton, was a warm patron of Mr. Quin. He generally uſed to attend his benefit, and all the plays he commanded, unleſs on ſome very particular occaſion, were confined to Covent-Garden Theatre, in compliment to this actor. This attention in his Royal Highneſs was ſo beneficial to Mr. Quin, that his ſalary in the laſt ſeaſon of his performance, we are told, was equal to a thouſand pounds.

We are now arrived at that period. The ſeaſon of 1750-51 opened with a very powerful company at Covent-Garden, conſiſting of Mr. Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Quin, Mrs. Woffington, Mr. Macklin, &c. The combined ſtrength of this aſſemblage of theatrical talents, it is ſaid, alarmed Mr. Garrick ſo much, that he wiſhed to detach Mr. Quin from the party, but having had the command at Covent-Garden, he did not wiſh to be controuled by Mr. Garrick; he therefore continued with his old maſter Rich, upon higher terms than had ever been paid to any actor. His benefit was on the 18th of March, three days before the death of the prince of Wales, by whoſe command, though he was not preſent at the performance, Othello was acted;—Othello, by Mr. Barry; Iago, Mr. Quin; and Deſdemona, Mrs. Cibber. It is recorded, that notwithſtanding the novelty of this change in the performers, Othello being Quin's uſual part, the houſe was by no means a crowded one; on the contrary, it was very thinly attended. On the 20th May Mr. Quin performed Horatio, in "The Fair Penitent," and with that character concluded his performances as a hired actor.

He now put in execution his plan of retiring to Bath, but came to London the two ſucceeding years, to perform Falſtaff for the benefit of his old friend Ryan. The laſt time of his appearance on the Stage was the 19th of March 1753, on which night, the ſtage, pit, and boxes, were all at the advanced price of 5s. The next year, finding himſelf diſabled in ſome meaſure, by the loſs of his teeth, from renewing his former aſſiſtance, he declined it altogether, ſaying, in his uſual blunt manner, "By G— I will not whiſtle Falſtaff for any body, but I hope the town will be kind to my friend Ryan; they cannot ſerve an honeſter man." He exerted, himſelf, however, among his friends, and diſpoſed of many tickets for him, and continued his attention to the laſt period of Ryan's life. Mr. Davies ſays, that to make up the loſs of his annual performance, he preſented his friend with no leſs a ſum than five hundred pounds.

By the retirement of Mr. Quin the ſtage ſuſtained a great loſs; the characters in which he particularly excelled falling into the hands of actors whoſe talents were very inadequate to their proper repreſentation. In his principal tragic parts he was ſucceeded by Sparks, but in the character of Falſtaff he left no repreſentative. As Mr. Garrick, in a prologue to "Florizel and Perdita," ſpoken in 1756 at Drury-lane, truly obſerved,

"But ſhould you call for Falſtaff, where to find him?
He's gone, nor left one cup of ſack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eaſtcheap come;
He's gone—to jeſt, and laugh, and give his ſack at home.

Mr. Quin had always been attentive to the dictates of prudence, which enabled him to aſſert a character of independence while he continued on the ſtage, and ſecured to him a competent proviſion when he quitted it. There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that he repented withdrawing from the public eye, though in 1760 poor old Naſh was impoſed upon to imagine that Mr. Quin had formed a deſign of ſupplanting him in his poſt of Maſter of the Ceremonies at Bath. In 1761 Mr. Quin's theatrical abilities were again canvaſſed by the frequenters of the theatres, on the occaſion of Mr. Churchill's introducing him into "The Roſciad," in the following manner:

"Quin from afar, lur'd by the ſcent of fame,
A Stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil to Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own;

For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms of the day,
Who ne'er thoſe maſters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded veterans, who with partial tongue
Extol the times when they themſelves were young,
Who, having loſt all reliſh for the Stage,
See not their own defects, but laſh the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applauſe
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.

" Far be it from the candid Muſe to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead,
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt while Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;
Tho' we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place,
Yet real worth of every growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe, nor muſt we, Quin, forget thee there.

" His words bore ſterling weight, nervous and ſtrong,
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along:
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach,
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.

" Speech! Is that all? And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote,
And in ſix months my dog ſhall howl by note.
I laugh at thoſe who, when the ſtage they tread,
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With ſtrict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while paſſion halts behind;
To ſyllable diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence—fools may feel;
But, ſpite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel muſt feel themſelves.

" His eyes, in gloomy ſockets taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul:
Heavy and phlegmatic he trode the ſtage,
Too proud for tenderneſs, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow ſhines in tears,
Or Row's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the ſame caſt of features he is ſeen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame ſcene, which without paſſion flows,
With juſt deſert his reputation roſe;

Nor leſs he pleas'd when on ſome ſurly plan
He was at once the actor and the man.

"In Brute he ſhone unequalled: all agree,
Garrick's not half ſo great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd ſcenes are brought to view,
With equal praiſe the actor labour'd too;
For ſtill you'll find, trace paſſions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the ſtoic and the brute.
In fancy'd ſcenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment ſink the man.
In whate'er caſt his character was laid,
Self ſtill, like oil, upon the ſurface play'd.
Nature, in ſpite of all his ſkill, crept in,
Horatio, Dorax, Falſtaff—ſtill 'twas QUIN."

While Mr. Quin continued on the ſtage there was no great intimacy between him and Mr. Garrick, but when all competition for pre-eminence had ceaſed, it was no difficult matter for them to unite on terms of friendſhip. Both of them often ſpent their ſummers at Chatſworth, the ſeat of the Duke of Devonſhire; and one evening being accidentally left by themſelves, Mr. Quin made the firſt overture towards a friendly intercourſe, by enquiring after the health of Mrs. Garrick, for which he expreſſed a very ſolicitous regard. After this his viſits at Hampton were frequent. The laſt time was in the ſummer of 1765, juſt after Mr. Garrick's return from Italy. While at this ſeat of hoſpitality, an eruption came out on his hand, which the faculty ſeemed to fear would turn to a mortification, and occaſion the loſs of it. This circumſtance affected his ſpirits, and is ſuppoſed to have thrown him into a hypochondria, which brought on a fever, that carried him off when he was out of all danger on account of his hand.

During his illneſs he had taken ſuch large quantities of bark, as to occaſion an inceſſant drought, which nothing could aſſwage; and being willing to live as long as he could without pain, he diſcontinued taking any medicines for upwards of a week before his death; and during this period was in good ſpirits. The day before he died he drank a bottle of claret, and being ſenſible of his approaching end, he ſaid, "He could wiſh that the laſt tragic ſcene were over, though he was in hopes he ſhould be able to go through it with becoming dignity." In this hope he was not diſappointed; he died at his houſe at Bath on Tueſday 21ſt January, 1766, about four o'clock in the morning, and on the Friday following was interred in the Abbey Church at Bath, where a monument was erected, on which the following lines, written by Mr. Garrick, were inſcribed:

"That *tongue* which ſet the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are thoſe *eyes*, the harbingers of wit,
Which ſpoke, before the tongue, what Shakſpeare writ.
Cold are thoſe *hands*, which, living, were ſtretch'd forth
At Friendſhip's call, to ſuccour modeſt worth.

Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be taught,
(Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happieſt mould, however caſt)
To his complexion thou muſt come at laſt.

D. Garrick.

The following is a copy of his laſt will and teſtament:

"I James Quin, now reſiding in Bath, in the county of Somerſet, Gent. do make and ordain this my laſt will and teſtament;

"That is to ſay, after my funeral expences and debts paid, I give and bequeath unto Mr. Thomas Nobbes, oilman, in the Strand, London, five hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Charles Lowth, at the King's Head, in Paternoſter-row, London, five hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Thomas James Quin, ſon of Dr. Henry Quin, Phyſician, in Dublin, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Dr. Anthony Relhan, Phyſician, now living in Southampton-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, two hundred pounds.

"I give and bequeath, *as by a very fooliſh promiſe*, to Daniel Leckie, my gold repeating watch, chain, and ſeals.

"To Mrs. Penelope Lepage, and to Mrs. Sarah Lepage, ſingle, or married, both nieces to the late Mrs. Forreſter, fifty pounds each, or the whole hundred pounds to the ſurvivor.

"Unto William Grinſil, one of the Arts Maſters of Bridewell Hoſpital, in London, five hundred pounds.

"To Mr. Daniel Rich, of Sunning, near Reading, in the county of Berks, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Thomas Gainſborough, limner, now living at Bath, fifty pounds.

"Unto the wife of Walter Nugent, a firſt Lieutenant in the Marines, fifty pounds.

"Unto Mr. Jeremiah Pierce, ſurgeon, in Bath, my gold-headed crutch cane.

"Unto the Honourable Mr. John Needham, of Iver, near Uxbridge, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Captain Robert Hughes, brother to the Commiſſioner at Portſmouth, fifty pounds.

"Unto Mrs. Mary Simpſon, landlady of the centre houſe in Pierpoint-ſtreet, in Bath, one hundred pounds; to be paid by my Executors into her own hands, independent of all her creditors whatſoever.

"Unto Mr. Edward Parker, wine-merchant, in Bath, twenty guineas.

"It is my will, that all the above legacies be paid and diſcharged within three months after my deceaſe.

"It is alſo my will to be privately interred.

"All the reſt and reſidue of my eſtate, both real and perſonal, of what nature or kind ſoever, I give unto the abovesaid Mr. Thomas Nobbes, and Mr. Charles Lowth, to enjoy to their uſe and behoof, to ſhare alike half and half. And I do hereby conſtitute and appoint the aboveſaid Thomas Nobbes, Charles Lowth, and Edward Parker, to be

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the Executors of and to this my laſt will and teſtament, hereby revoking and declaring void all former wills by me made.

" In witneſs whereof, I the ſaid James Quin have, to this my laſt will and teſtament, contained in one ſheet of paper, and written with my own hand, ſet my hand and ſeal, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-five.

" Witneſſes, " JAMES QUIN. (L. S.)"

" HANBURY PETTINGAL.

" JOSEPH PHILLOTT."

[*Some further Particulars will conclude this account in our next.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* SENTIMENTAL *and* MASONIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH in the addreſs prefixed to the firſt number of your entertaining ſelection, you hold out your publication, like the bow of Ulyſſes, " to the learned, the witty, and ingenious," to try their ſtrength with; yet from the variety of ſubjects you have preſented to your readers, and the philanthropic complexion of your work, I preſume, that any obſervations that may tend to promote the agriculture, manufactures, or commerce of this country, however deſtitute of what is called wit, or poſſeſſing but a moderate ſhare of ingenuity, may be thought not unworthy of a place in your Magazine.

The ſubject, Mr. Editor, which with your ſubmiſſion I ſhall treat upon, viewed as a commercial object will, I flatter myſelf, if duly conſidered, be found of great importance to this country. It is an inquiry or more properly obſervations on the current coin, and on the foreign ſpecie or bullion, in the kingdom of Ireland, and the neceſſity of eſtabliſhing a mint, to obviate the loſs which the foreign and domeſtic trade of this country ſuſtains from the depreciation of coin and bullion.

I do not mean to write an eſſay upon the nature and operation of money or the precious metals, as the ſtandard of commercial barter; its nature and importance in this reſpect is too well underſtood by thoſe I write for, to require any elucidation that I might give it.

In the year 1773 the current gold coin in Great Britain and Ireland being found, from natural wear and fraudulent practices, reduced in value, its reformation became an object of the king and legiſlature; in conſequence of which the deficient coin was called in by proclamation, and in England exchanged without delay or loſs to the holder. At or about this time a total ſtop was put to the currency of foreign coin, hitherto current by tale in general circulation, and when called in, was there received from the holders of ſuch foreign money at full value, notwithſtanding any deficiency in weight.

In Ireland however the ſame regard was not had to the public convenience; the current gold coin, deficient in weight, was either partially or not at all exchanged at the treaſury, but was then and has been ever ſince bought up by money changers, at an average loſs of 12½ per cent. to the unfortunate holder; and thus, while the people of Ireland laboured under a diſadvantage not ſuffered by thoſe of England, they partook in its plenitude with that laſt country the inconvenience it ſuffered by the ſtop put to the circulation of foreign coin; rendered ſtill more grievous to Ireland, as there was no mint to ſell their foreign coin or bullion at, by which its tranſmiſſion to England, &c. for ſale, incurred a further loſs of 4 per cent.

But if, from what I have ſtated, great inconvenience and loſs has accrued to Ireland, for want of a mint whereat to ſell or exchange its foreign gold coin or bullion, a much greater loſs and inconvenience is ſuffered by the want of it reſpecting ſilver bullion.

When the regulations of 1773 and 1774 were made in England reſpecting the gold, ſomething alſo was done reſpecting the ſilver coin, but not by any means with the ſame effect; for it appears, that though for a ſeries of years ſince that time ſilver was at a very low price, no ſilver coinage (if we except a trifling number of ſhillings, coined as it were more for card counters than circulation) was iſſued, and Great Britain and Ireland accommodated with no other ſilver coinage than the bare ſuccedaneums which paſs for (want of better) ſhillings and ſixpences.

It is not the object of this letter to enter into an inveſtigation of the *non*-coinage of ſilver in England, but I ſhall only obſerve, that the loſs to the commercial intereſt (in which I include thoſe of agriculture and manufactures) is much aggravated in this reſpect by the want of a mint, and the abſurdity on one hand of proſcribing the circulation of foreign ſilver coin at its intrinſic value, and admitting that of baſe money of no value, or if of any, 40 per cent. under its denomination; and that this is the caſe at all the revenue compters in the kingdom, at the treaſury, at the banks, and at every public office, no man will deny.

But this is not all: It is a matter of notoriety, that the kingdom of Ireland receives as payment for its products and manufactures great quantities of foreign ſilver coin, which there being neither mint or circulation to diſpoſe of at its full value, he is neceſſitated to ſell or tranſmit to England at a loſs of ſix per cent. which is evidently an operation in that ratio againſt the trade of Ireland.

The copper coin current in Ireland at this time is alſo a very great grievance, and more to be lamented, as operating in a peculiar manner on the induſtry and morals of the lower claſs, from the loſs the poor continually ſuffer by bad halfpence, and the temptation the want of a national mint holds to the profligate among them to counterfeit halfpence, the emolument of which is conſtantly ſpent by them in drunkenneſs and vice.

If this letter meets your approbation, I ſhall in another letter, againſt your next publication, purſue this intereſting ſubject.

HIBERNICUS.

LETTER *from the* COUNTESS DOWAGER *of* NITHSDALE* *to her Siſter the* COUNTESS *of* TRAQUAIR, *giving an Account of the* EARL's *Eſcape out of the Tower in* 1716.

[*From Tranſactions of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, Vol. I.*]

DEAR SISTER,

MY Lord's eſcape is now ſuch an old ſtory that I have almoſt forgotten it; but ſince you deſire me to give you a circumſtantial account of it, I will endeavour to recal it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I poſſibly can; for I owe you too many obligations to refuſe you any thing that lies in my power to do.

I think I owe myſelf the juſtice to ſet out with the motives which influenced me to undertake ſo hazardous an attempt, which I deſpaired of thoroughly accompliſhing, foreſeeing a thouſand obſtacles which never could be ſurmounted but by the moſt particular interpoſition of Divine Providence. I confided in the Almighty God, and truſted that he would not abandon me, even when all human ſuccours failed me.

I firſt came to London upon hearing that my Lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the ſame time informed, that he had expreſſed the the greateſt anxiety to ſee me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to conſole him till I arrived. I rode to Newcaſtle, and from thence took the ſtage to York. When I arrived there the ſnow was ſo deep, that the ſtage could not ſet out for London. The ſeaſon was ſo ſevere, and the roads ſo extremely bad, that the poſt itſelf was ſtopt: However, I took horſes and rode to London through the ſnow, which was generally above the horſe's girth, and arrived ſafe and ſound, without any accident.

On my arrival, I went immediately to make what intereſt I could among thoſe who were in place. No one gave me any hopes; but all, to the contrary, aſſured me, that, although ſome of the priſoners were to be pardoned, yet my Lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reaſon of this diſtinction, I could obtain no other anſwer, than that they would not flatter me: But I ſoon perceived the reaſons which they declined alledging to me. A Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very conſiderable party; a man whoſe family had always ſignalized itſelf by its loyalty to the Royal Houſe of Stuart, and who was the only ſupport of the Catholics againſt the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeeble ſacrifice to the oppoſite party. They ſtill retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own caſtle of Calaverock to the very laſt extremity, and ſurrendered it up only by the expreſs command of his Royal Maſter. Now having his grandſon in their power, they were determined not to let him eſcape from their hands.

Upon this I formed the reſolution to attempt his eſcape, but opened my intentions to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert meaſures, I ſtrongly ſolicited to be permitted to ſee my Lord, which they refuſed to grant me, unleſs I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not ſubmit to, and alledged for excuſe, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reaſon of my refuſal was, not to put it out of my power to accompliſh my deſigns: However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to ſee my Lord, till the day upon which the priſoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed for the laſt week to ſee and take our leave of them.

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* *This ſenſible, ſpirited lady, who ſaved her huſband's life, and preſerved the family-eſtate for her ſon, was the daughter of William Marquis of Powis.*

By the help of Evans, I had prepared every thing neceſſary to diſguiſe my Lord, but had the utmoſt difficulty to prevail upon him to make uſe of them: However, I at length ſucceeded, by the help of Almighty God.

On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thurſday, our petition was to be preſented to the Houſe of Lords, the purport of which was, to intereſt the Lords to intercede with his Majeſty to pardon the priſoners. We were, however, diſappointed the day before the petition was to be preſented; for the Duke of St. Alban's, who had promiſed my Lady Derwentwater to preſent it, when it came to the point failed in his word: However, as ſhe was the only Engliſh Counteſs concerned, it was incumbent upon her to have it preſented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke ſtill promiſed to preſent the petition; but for fear he ſhould fail, I engaged the Duke of Montroſe, to ſecure its being done by the one or the other. I then went in company of moſt of the Ladies of Quality who were then in town, to ſolicit the intereſt of the Lords as they were going to the Houſe. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he deſired me not to ſpeak to him, yet promiſed to employ his intereſt in our favour, and honourably kept his word; for he ſpoke in the Houſe very ſtrongly in our behalf. The ſubject of the debate was, Whether the King had the power to pardon thoſe who had been condemned by Parliament? And it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's ſpeech that it paſſed in the affirmative: However, one of the Lords ſtood up and ſaid, that the Houſe would only intercede for thoſe of the priſoners who ſhould approve themſelves worthy of their interceſſion, but not for all of them indiſcriminately. This ſalvo quite blaſted all my hopes; for I was aſſured it aimed at the excluſion of thoſe who ſhould refuſe to ſubſcribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my Lord would never ſubmit to; nor, in fact, could I wiſh to preſerve his life on ſuch terms.

As the motion had paſſed generally, I thought I could draw ſome advantage in favour of my deſign. Accordingly, I immediately left the Houſe of Lords, and haſtened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and ſatisfaction, I told all the guards I paſſed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the priſoners. I deſired them to lay aſide their fears, for the petition had paſſed the Houſe in their favour. I then gave them ſome money to drink to the Lords and his Majeſty, tho' it was but trifling; for I thought, that if I were too liberal on the occaſion, they might ſuſpect my deſigns, and that giving them ſomething would gain their good humour and ſervice for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having ſo many things in my hands to put in readineſs; but in the evening, when all was ready, I ſent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my deſign of attempting my Lord's eſcape as there was no proſpect of of his being pardoned; and this was the laſt night before the execution. I told her, that I had every thing in readineſs, and that I truſted ſhe would not refuſe to accompany me, that my Lord might paſs for her. I preſſed her to come immediately, as we had no time to loſe. At the ſame time I ſent for a Mrs. Morgan, then uſually known by the name of Hilton, to whoſe acquaintance my dear Evans has introduced me, which I look upon as a very ſingular happineſs. I immediately communicated my reſolution to her. She was of a very tall and ſlender make; ſo I begged her to put under her own ridinghood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as ſhe was to lend her's to my Lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; ſo that ſhe was not only of the ſame height, but nearly of the ſame ſize as my Lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceaſed talking, that they might have no leiſure to reflect. Their ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment, when I firſt opened my deſign to them, had made them conſent, without ever thinking of the conſequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the firſt I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was allowed to take in one at a time. She brought the clothes that were to ſerve Mrs. Mills, when ſhe left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what ſhe had brought for my purpoſe, I conducted her back to the ſtair caſe; and, in going, I begged her to ſend me in my maid to dreſs me; that I was afraid of being too late to preſent my laſt petition that night, if ſhe did not come immediately. I diſpatched her ſafe, and went partly down ſtairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when ſhe was going to bid her laſt farewel to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed deſired her to do it, that my Lord might go out in the ſame manner. Her eye-brows were rather inclined to be ſandy, and my Lord's were dark, and very thick: However, I had prepared ſome paint of the colour of her's to diſguiſe his with. I alſo brought an artificial head-dreſs of the ſame coloured hair as her's; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to ſhave. All this proviſion I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my ſlight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not ſo ſtrictly on the watch as they uſually had been; and the more ſo, as they were perſuaded from what I had told them the day before, that the priſoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my Lord's chamber; and, in paſſing through the next room, in which there were ſeveral people, with all the concern imaginable, I ſaid, My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haſte, and ſend me my waiting-maid: ſhe certainly cannot reflect how late it is: She forgets that I am to preſent a petition to-night; and if I let ſlip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Haſten her as much as poſſible; for I ſhall be on thorns till ſhe comes. Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, ſeemed to compaſſionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiouſly opened the door. When I had ſeen her out, I returned back to my Lord, and finiſhed dreſſing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as ſhe came in, that my Lord might the better paſs for the Lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more ſo, becauſe he had the ſame dreſs which ſhe wore. When I had almoſt finiſhed dreſſing my Lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; ſo I reſolved to ſet off. I went out leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I ſpoke to him in the moſt piteous and afflicting tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then ſaid I, My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and, if ever you made diſpatch in your life, do it at preſent: I am almoſt diſtracted with this diſappointment. The guards opened the doors, and I went down ſtairs with him, ſtill conjuring him to make all poſſible diſpatch. As ſoon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel ſhould take notice of his walk; but I ſtill continued to preſs him to make all the haſte he poſſibly could. At the bottom of the ſtairs I met my dear Evans, into whoſe hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readineſs before the Tower to conduct him to ſome place of ſafety, in caſe we ſucceeded. He looked upon the affair ſo very improbable to ſucceed, that his aſtoniſhment, when he ſaw us, threw him into ſuch conſternation, that he was almoſt out of himſelf; which Evans perceiving, with the greateſt preſence of mind, without telling him any thing, leſt he ſhould miſtruſt them, conducted him to ſome of her own friends, on whom ſhe could rely, and ſo ſecured him, without which we ſhould have been undone. When ſhe had conducted him, and left him with them, ſhe returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himſelf from his aſtoniſhment. They went home together; and having found a place of ſecurity, they conducted him to it.

In the mean while, as I had pretended to have ſent the young Lady on a meſſage, I was obliged to return up ſtairs, and go back to my Lord's room, in the ſame feigned anxiety of being too late; ſo that every body ſeemed ſincerely to ſympathize in my diſtreſs. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really preſent, and anſwered my own queſtions in my Lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were converſing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themſelves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off alſo. I opened the door, and ſtood half in it, that thoſe in the outward chamber might hear what I ſaid; but held it ſo cloſe that they could not look in. I bid my Lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that ſomething more than uſual muſt have happened, to make Evans negligent on this important occaſion, who had always been ſo punctual in the ſmalleſt trifles; that I ſaw no other remedy than to go in perſon; that, if the Tower were ſtill open when I finiſhed my buſineſs, I would return that night; but that he might be aſſured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myſelf I ſhould bring favourable news. Then, before I ſhut the door, I pulled through the ſtring of the latch, ſo that it could only be opened on the inſide. I then ſhut it with ſome degree of force, that I might be ſure of its being well ſhut. I ſaid to the ſervant as I paſſed by, who was ignorant of the whole tranſaction, that he need not carry in candles to his maſter till my Lord ſent for hin, as he deſired to finiſh ſome prayers firſt. I went down ſtairs, and called a coach. As there were ſeveral on the ſtand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in caſe my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my Lord was ſafe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

I diſcharged the coach, and ſent for a ſedan chair, and went to the Ducheſs of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to preſent the petition for me, having taken my precaution againſt all events, and aſked if ſhe were at home; and they anſwered, that ſhe expected me, and had another Ducheſs with her. I refuſed to go up ſtairs, as ſhe had company with her, and I was not in a condition to ſee any other company. I begged to be ſhewn into a chamber below ſtairs, and that they would have the goodneſs to ſend her Grace's maid to me, having ſomething to ſay to her. I had diſcharged the chair, leſt I might be purſued and watched. When the maid came in, I deſired her to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to her Grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her, that this was my only reaſon for not coming up ſtairs. I alſo charged her with my ſincereſt thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to preſent my petition. I added, that ſhe might ſpare herſelf any further trouble, as it was now judged more adviſeable to preſent one general petition in the name of all: However, that I ſhould never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her Grace, which I would return very ſoon to acknowledge in perſon.

I then deſired one of the ſervants to call a chair, and I went to the Ducheſs of Montroſe, who had always borne a part in my diſtreſſes. When I arrived ſhe left her company to deny herſelf, not being able to ſee me under the affliction which ſhe judged me to be in. By miſtake, however, I was admitted, ſo there was no remedy. She came to me; and, as my heart was in an ecſtacy of joy, I expreſſed it in my countenance as ſhe entered the room. I ran up to her in the tranſport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely ſhocked and frighted; and has ſince confeſſed to me, that ſhe apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myſelf, till I communicated my happineſs to her. She then adviſed me to retire to ſome place of ſecurity, for that the King was highly diſpleaſed, and even enraged at the petition that I had preſented to him, and had complained of it ſeverely. I ſent for another chair; for I always diſcharged them immediately, leſt I might be purſued. Her Grace ſaid ſhe would go to court, to ſee how the news of my Lord's eſcape were received. When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an exceſs of paſſion, and ſaid he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without ſome confederacy. He inſtantly diſpatched two perſons to the Tower, to ſee that the other priſoners were well ſecured, leſt they ſhould follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, ſome upon another: the Ducheſs was the only one at court who knew it.

When I left the Ducheſs, I went to a houſe which Evans had found out for me, and where ſhe propoſed to acquaint me where my Lord was. She got thither ſome few minutes after me, and told me, that when ſhe had ſeen him ſecure, ſhe went in ſearch of Mr. Mills, who, by the time had recovered himſelf from his aſtoniſhment; that he had returned to her houſe, where ſhe had found him; and that he had removed my Lord from the firſt place, where ſhe had deſired him to wait, to the houſe of a poor woman, directly oppoſite to the guard-houſe. She had but one ſmall room up one pair of ſtairs, and a very ſmall bed in it. We threw ourſelves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and ſome bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us ſome more in her pocket the next day. We ſubſiſted on this proviſion from Thurſday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my Lord to the Venetian Ambaſſador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his ſervants concealed him in his own room till Wedneſday, on which day the Ambaſſador's coach and ſix was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My Lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the leaſt ſuſpicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambaſſador's ſervant) hired a ſmall veſſel, and immediately ſet ſail for Calais. The paſſage was ſo remarkably ſhort, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have ſerved better if his paſſengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the caſe. Mr. Mitchell might have eaſily returned without being ſuſpected of having been concerned in my Lord's eſcape; but my Lord ſeemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at preſent a good place under our young maſter.

This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the perſons concerned in it, as I could poſſibly give you, to the beſt of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it.

For my part, I abſconded to the houſe of a very honeſt man in Drury Lane, where I remained, till I were aſſured of my Lord's ſafe arrival on the continent. I then wrote to the Ducheſs of Buccleugh (every body thought till then that I was gone off with my Lord), to tell her, that I underſtood I was ſuſpected of having contrived my Lord's eſcape, as was very natural to ſuppoſe; that, if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I ſhould be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me: but that a bare ſuſpicion, without proof, could never be a ſufficient ground for my being puniſhed for a ſuppoſed offence, though it might be motive enough to me to provide a place of ſecurity; ſo I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with ſafety about my buſineſs. So far from granting my requeſt, they were reſolved to ſecure me if poſſible. After ſeveral debates, Mr. Solicitor General, who was an utter ſtranger to me, had the humanity to ſay, that, ſince I ſhowed ſo much reſpect to Government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any ſearch after me: upon which it was decided, that if I remained concealed, no further ſearch ſhould be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I ſhould be ſecured. But that was not ſufficient for me, unleſs I could ſubmit to expoſe my ſon to beggary. My Lord ſent for me up to town in ſuch haſte, that I had no time to ſettle any thing before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers: I dared truſt them to nobody. My houſe might have been ſearched without warning, conſequently they were far from being ſecure there. In this diſtreſs, I had the precaution to bury them under ground; and nobody but the gardener and myſelf knew where they were. I did the ſame with other things of value. The event proved, that I had acted prudently; for, after my departure, they ſearched the houſe; and God knows what might have tranſpired from theſe papers.

All theſe circumſtances rendered my preſence abſolutely neceſſary, otherwiſe they might have been loſt; for, though they retained the higheſt preſervation, after one very ſevere winter; for when I took them up, they were as dry as if they came from the fire-ſide; yet they could not poſſibly have remained ſo much longer without prejudice. In ſhort, as I had once expoſed my life for the ſafety of the father, I could not do leſs than hazard it once more for the fortune of the ſon. I had never travelled on horſeback but from York to London, as I told you; but the difficulties did not now ariſe from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, but from the fear of being known and arreſted. To avoid this, I bought three ſaddle-horſes, and ſet off with my dear Evans and a very truſty ſervant, whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the ſmalleſt inns on the road that could take in a few horſes, and where I thought I was not known; for I was thoroughly known in all the conſiderable inns on the north road. Thus I arrived ſafe at Traquair, where I thought myſelf ſecure; for the Lieutenant of the county being a friend of my Lord's would not permit any ſearch to be made for me, without ſending me previous notice to abſcond. Here I had the aſſurance to reſt myſelf for two whole days, pretending that I was going to my own houſe with the leave of the Government, and ſent no notice to my own houſe, leſt the Magiſtrates of Dumfries might make too narrow inquiries about me: ſo they were ignorant of my arrival in the country till I were at home, where I ſtill feigned to have permiſſion to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I ſent for all my neighbours, and invited them to come to my houſe. I took up my papers at night, and ſent them off to Traquair. It was a peculiar ſtroke of providence that I made the diſpatch I did, for they ſoon ſuſpected me; and, by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to ſay to the Magiſtrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would inſiſt upon ſeeing my leave from Government. This was bruited about; and when I was told of it, I expreſſed my ſurpriſe that they had been ſo backward in coming to pay their reſpects; But, ſaid I, better late than never: Be ſure to tell them that they ſhall be welcome whenever they chooſe to come. This was after dinner; but I loſt no time to put every thing in readineſs, but with all poſſible ſecreſy; and the next morning before day-break I ſet off again for London with the ſame attendants; and, as before, I put up at the ſmall inns, and arrived ſafe once more.

On my arrival, the report was ſtill freſh of my journey into Scotland, in defiance of their prohibition. A Lady informed me, that the King was extremely incenſed at the news; that he had iſſued orders to have me arreſted; adding, that I did whatever I pleaſed, in deſpite of all his deſigns; and that I had given him more anxiety and trouble than any woman in all Europe. For which reaſons, I kept myſelf as cloſely concealed as poſſible till the heat of theſe rumours had abated. In the mean while, I took the opinion of a very famous Lawyer, who was a man of the ſtricteſt probity; he adviſed me to go off as ſoon as they had ceaſed ſearching for me. I followed his advice; and about a fortnight after, I eſcaped without any accident whatever.

The reaſon he alledged for his opinion was this, That although, in other circumſtances, a wife cannot be proſecuted for ſaving her huſband; yet in caſes of high treaſon, according to the rigour of the law, the head of a wife is reſponſible for that of a huſband; and as the King was ſo highly incenſed, there could be no anſwering for the conſequences, and he therefore intreated me to leave the kingdom.

The King's reſentment was greatly augmented by the petition which I had preſented, contrary to his expreſs orders; but my Lord was very anxious that a petition might be preſented, hoping that it would be at leaſt ſerviceable to me. I was in my own mind convinced that it would anſwer no purpoſe; but, as I wiſhed to pleaſe my Lord, I deſired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the King's hands, notwithſtanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the firſt day I heard that the King was to go to the Drawing-room, I dreſſed myſelf in black, as if I had been in mourning, and ſent for Mrs. Morgan (the ſame who accompanied me to the Tower); becauſe, as I did not know his Majeſty perſonally, I might have miſtaken ſome other perſon for him. She ſtaid by me, and told me when he was coming. I had alſo another Lady with me; and we three remained in a room between the King's apartment and the drawing-room ſo that he was obliged to go through it: And, as there were three windows in it, we ſat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could paſs. I threw myſelf at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Counteſs of Nithſdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my perſon. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the ſkirt of his coat, that he might ſtop and hear me. He endeavoured to eſcape out of my hands; but I kept ſuch ſtrong hold, that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the Drawing-room. At laſt one of the Blue Ribbons who attended his Majeſty took me round the waiſt, whilſt another wreſted the coat out of my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thruſt into his pocket fell down in the ſcuffle, and I almoſt fainted away though grief and diſappointment.

One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and as I knew that it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bedchamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to preſent to his Majeſty. Fortunately for me, it happened to be my Lord Dorſet, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, ſhe went into the

Drawing-room, and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciouſly. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the Prince; but as ſoon as ever the game was over he read it, and behaved, as I afterwards learned, with the warmeſt zeal for my intereſt, and was ſeconded by the Duke of Montroſe, who had ſeen me in the anti-chamber, and wanted to ſpeak to me. But I made him a ſign not to come near me, leſt his accquaintance might thwart my deſigns. They read over the petition ſeveral times, but without any ſucceſs; but it became the topic of their converſation the reſt of the evening; and the harſhneſs with which I had been treated ſoon ſpread abroad, not much to the honour of the King. Many people reflected, that they had themſelves preſented petitions to the late King, and that he had never rejected any, even from the moſt indigent objects; but that this behaviour to a perſon of my quality was a ſtrong inſtance of brutality.

Theſe reflections, which circulated about, raiſed the King to the higheſt pitch of hatred and indignation againſt my perſon, as he has ſince allowed: For, when all the Ladies, whoſe huſbands had been concerned in the affair, preſented their petition for dower, mine was preſented among the reſt; but the King ſaid I was not entitled to the ſame privilege; and, in fact, I was excluded; and it was remarkable, that he would never ſuffer my name to be mentioned. For theſe reaſons, every body judged it prudent for me to leave the kingdom; for, ſo long as this hatred of the King ſubſiſted, it was not probable that I could eſcape from falling into his hands. I accordingly went abroad.

This is the full narrative of what you deſired, and of all the tranſactions which paſſed relative to this affair. Nobody living, beſides yourſelves, could have obtained it from me; but the obligations I owe you, throw me under the neceſſity of refuſing you nothing that lies in my power to do.

As this is for yourſelves alone, your indulgence will excuſe all the faults which muſt occur in this long recital. The truth you may depend upon. Attend to that, and overlook all deficiencies.

My Lord deſires you to be aſſured of his ſincere friendſhip.—I am, with the ſtrongeſt attachment, my dear ſiſter, your's moſt affectionately,

(Signed)

WINEFRED NITHSDALE.

CLAUDINE.

A SWISS TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE FLORIAN.

HAPPENING in the month of July 1788 to be at Ferney, which ever ſince the death of Voltaire has reſembled one of theſe deſerted caſtles which were formerly inhabited by Genii, I reſolved to pay a viſit to the famous Glaciers of Savoy. A friend, and inhabitant of Geneva, had the goodneſs to accompany me. It is not my intention to deſcribe our journey: in order to ſuit the preſent taſte, it would be neceſſary that I ſhould

I ſhould adopt that ſtyle, exalted, ſublime, unintelligible to the profane, which a ſentimental traveller, after he has advanced two leagues on his journey, cannot poſſibly do without: I muſt ſpeak of nothing but my feelings, my ſuſceptibilities, and my extatic ſenſations, but I muſt confeſs that thoſe phraſes, although now ſo common, ſtill ſound ſtrange to my ears. I have ſeen *Mont Blanc*, *the frozen ſea*, and *the ſource of the Averon*. I long contemplated in ſilence thoſe dreadful rocks, covered with hoar froſt; thoſe points of ice which pierce the clouds; that large river, which is called *a ſea*, arreſted in the midſt of its courſe, whoſe ſolid billows appear as if ſtill in agitation; that immenſe vault formed by the accumulated ſnows of ſo many ages, from whence there iſſues a foaming torrent, forcing in its courſe huge blocks of ice over the rocky precipices. The whole ſcene impreſſed on my mind a mingled ſenſation of terror and melancholy: methought I beheld the horrid ſcene of nature without a ſun, abandoned to the fury of the God of tempeſts. Whilſt contemplating theſe pleaſing horrors, I gave thanks to the Eternal Creator of all things for having rendered them ſo uncommon; and I longed for the moment of my departure, that I might return to the valley, the beautiful valley of Maglan *. There did I expect to conſole my ſaddened eyes, in travelling ſlowly through a beautiful country; in contemplating on the banks of the Arva thoſe rich carpets of verdure, thoſe tranquil woods, thoſe enamelled meadows, thoſe cottages, thoſe ſcattered houſes, in which my imagination pictured an old man ſurrounded by his family, a mother ſuckling her child, or two young lovers returning from the altar. Such are the views moſt agreeable to my eyes; theſe are the ſcenes which affect my heart—which give riſe to pleaſing recollections, and to agreeable deſires.

Oh my good friend Geſner, you thought, indeed, as I do; you who, born in the moſt varied, the moſt pictureſque country in the world, the beſt calculated to furniſh you with deſcription infinitely varied, you never, like ſo many others, abuſed the art of deſcription, nor ever thought that a landſcape, however brilliant its colours, could do without figures. You ſang the ſhady woods, the verdant fields, the limpid ſtreams; but ſhepherds and rural ſwains were never wanting to inculcate leſſons of love, of piety, or of beneficence. Reading you, the pleaſed eye runs over the landſcape which you have deſcribed; and the mind, ſtill more delighted, is meliorated by uſeful precepts, and enjoys a delicious calm.

Such were the ideas that employed my mind while deſcending from Montanverd on my return from the frozen ſea. After two hours of a painful journey, I arrived at the fountain where I had reſted in the morning. There I again wiſhed to repoſe myſelf; for though I am no admirer of torrents, I am very fond of fountains; beſides, I was extremely fatigued. I entreated my brave and honeſt guide, Francis Paccard, to ſit down by me, and we began an excellent converſation concerning the manners, the character, and the mode of living, of the inhabitants of Chamouny. I was pleaſed with the good Paccard's account of thoſe ſimple manners about which it is ſo pleaſing to converſe were it only to regret them, when a beautiful girl came and offered me a baſket of cherries.

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* *A charming valley on the banks of the Arva, which is paſſed on the road to Chamouny.*

ries. I took them and paid her for them. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, Paccard ſaid to me, laughing, "About ten years ago, in the very ſpot where we now are, it coſt one of our young peaſants very dear for coming to offer a baſket of fruit to a traveller." I begged of Paccard to relate the ſtory. "It is ſomewhat long," ſaid he; "I have learned the moſt minute circumſtances of it from the Curate of Salenches, who himſelf bore a conſiderable part in it." I preſſed Paccard to relate to me what he had heard from the Curate of Salenches; and being both ſeated on the ground, leaning our backs againſt two aſh-trees, and eating our cherries, Paccard thus began his tale:

"You muſt know, Sir, that our valley of Chamouny, ten years ago, was not ſo celebrated as it is now-a-days. Travellers did not then come to give us their gold for the ſake of looking at frozen ſnow and picking up our pebbles. We were poor, ignorant of evil, and our wives and daughters, employed in the cares of the family, were ſtill more ignorant than ourſelves. I mention this that you may have ſome charity for the fault of Claudine. The poor child was ſo ſimple that it was an eaſy matter to deceive her.

"Claudine was the daughter of Old Simon, a labourer at Prieure*. This Simon, whom I knew well, for he has only been dead two years, was the Syndic of our pariſh. All the country reſpected him for his probity; but his character was naturally ſevere: he pardoned nothing to himſelf, and very little to others: he was equally eſteemed and feared. If any of our neighbours had quarrelled with his wife, or drank a glaſs too much on a holiday, he would not have dared to ſpeak to Simon the whole week. When he paſſed even the children ſtopped their noiſe; they took off their hats, and never returned to their amuſements till M. Simon was at a diſtance.

"Simon had remained a widower ſince the death of Madelene his wife, who had left him two daughters. Nanette, the eldeſt, was well enough; but Claudine, the youngeſt, was an angel of beauty.—Her handſome round countenance—her black eyes full of animation—her thick eyebrows—her little mouth, the very picture of that cherry—her appearance of innocence and gaiety, made all the young men of our village her admirers; and when on a Sunday ſhe joined the dance, with a veſt of blue cloth cloſely fitted to her fine ſhape, her ſtraw hat ornamented with ribbons, and her little cap, which could hardly contain her beautiful hair, it was who ſhould have the honour to dance with Claudine.

"Claudine was only fourteen; her ſiſter Nanette was nineteen, and commonly remained at home to look after the affairs of the family. Claudine, as being the youngeſt, took care of the flock which grazed on Montanverd. She carried with her her dinner and her diſtaff, and paſſed the day in ſinging, in ſpinning, or chatting with the other ſhepherdeſſes. In the evening ſhe came home to Simon, who read ſome portion of the Bible to his daughters, gave them his bleſſing, and then all the family went to bed.

"About that time ſtrangers began to viſit our Glaciers. A young Engliſhman of the name of Belton, the ſon of a rich merchant of London, in paſſing through Geneva to go to Italy, had the curioſity to make the tour of Chamouny. He ſtopped at Madame de Couteran's†, and the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, he aſcended Montanverd to ſee the frozen ſea, conducted by my brother Michael, who is now deacon of the guides. He returned about eleven, and reſted himſelf as we do by the ſide of this fountain, when Claudine, who tended her ſheep juſt by, ſeeing him very much heated, came to offer the fruit and milk ſhe had for her dinner. The Engliſhman thanked her, looked at her very attentively, and offered her five or ſix guineas, which Claudine refuſed; but poor Claudine did not refuſe to take Mr. Belton to ſee her flock, which ſhe had left among theſe lofty trees. He deſired the guide to wait for him, and departed with Claudine. He was abſent for two long hours. As to the ſequel of their converſation, I cannot indeed repeat it to you, as nobody heard it. It is ſufficient to know that Mr. Belton ſet out the ſame evening, and that Claudine, on her return home to her father, appeared penſive and melancholy, and had on her finger a beautiful emerald which the Engliſhman had given her. Her ſiſter aſked her where ſhe got that ring: Claudine anſwered that ſhe had found it. Simon, with a diſcontented air, took the ring and carried it to Madame de Courteran, in order to diſcover the perſon who had loſt it. No traveller ever claimed it. Mr. Belton was already far off, and Claudine, to whom the emerald was returned, became every day more melancholy.

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* *The principal village of the valley of Chamouny.*

“ Five or ſix months thus paſſed away. Claudine, who every evening returned with reddened eyes, at length reſolved to confide in her ſiſter Nanette. She confeſſed that the day ſhe met Mr. Belton on Montanverd, Mr. Belton had told her that he was in love with her—that he meant to ſettle at Chamouny never more to leave it, and to marry her. “ I believed it,” added Claudine, “ for he ſwore it to me more than a hundred times. He ſaid, that buſineſs obliged him to return to Geneva; but that in a fortnight he would again be here; that he would buy a houſe, and that our marriage ſhould take place immediately. He ſat down beſide me, embraced me, called me his wife, and gave me this beautiful ring as the token of our marriage. I dare not tell you any more, my ſiſter, but I have many fears; I am very ill; I weep all day; in vain do I fix my eyes on the road to Geneva, there is no appearance of Mr. Belton !”

“ Nanette, who was juſt married, preſſed poor Claudine with queſtions. At length, after many tears, ſhe learned that the Engliſhman had baſely betrayed this ſimple and unhappy girl, and that Claudine was with child.

“ What was to be done? How was it poſſible to announce this misfortune to the terrible M. Simon? To conceal it from him was impoſſible. The good Nanette did not augment the deſpair of her ſiſter by uſeleſs reproaches: ſhe even endeavoured to conſole her, by expreſſing hopes of a pardon which ſhe knew would not be obtained. After long conſideration Nanette, with her conſent, went to find our good Curate, and confided to him the whole ſecret—begged of him to mention it to her father—to endeavour to appeaſe his wrath, and try to ſave the honour, or at leaſt the life, of the unhappy victim of deceit. Our Curate was much hurt at the news; he, however undertook the taſk, and repaired to the houſe of Simon at the time when he was ſure Claudine would be upon Montanverd.

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† *The well-known name of the miſtreſs of the moſt ancient inn at Chamouny.*

"Simon was as uſual reading the Old Teſtament. Our good curate ſat down by him, and began to talk of the beautiful ſtories which are contained in that divine book; he dwelt particularly on that of Joſeph when he pardons his brethren—on that of the great king David when he pardons his ſon Abſalom, and many others I do not know, but are well known to the Curate.—Simon was of the ſame opinion. The Curate ſaid, that God had given us thoſe examples of mercy, that we in like manner, being compaſſionate to others, might at the laſt day, expect to find mercy from the Father of All. All this was ſaid in a much better manner than I can tell it to you; but you may eaſily conceive that our Curate endeavoured to prepare the old man for the reception of his bad news. He was long comprehending him—at laſt he did, and ſtarting up, pale, and trembling with rage, he ſeized the muſket with which he uſed to hunt the chamois, and was ruſhing forth to kill his daughter. The Curate threw himſelf upon him, and diſarmed him; and by rouſing his attention to the duties of a Chriſtian, by lamenting his misfortune, and ſharing in his grief, he at length prevailed ſo far, that old Simon, whoſe eyes had been hitherto dry, his lips pale, and his whole frame convulſed, ſunk back into his chair, covered his face with his two hands, and burſt into tears.

"The Curate allowed him to weep for ſome time without ſaying a word; at length he wiſhed to conſult with him relative to the meaſures it was neceſſary to take, in order to ſave the honour of Claudine;—but Simon interrupted him. "Maſter Curate," ſaid he, "it is impoſſible to ſave that which is loſt; every means that we could take would render us more culpable, by obliging us to tell lies. The unhappy wretch muſt no longer remain here; ſhe would be the ſcandal of us all, and the puniſhment of her father; let her be gone, Maſter Curate; let her live, ſince infamy can live, but let me die far diſtant from her: let her depart this very day; ſhe muſt leave this country, and never let her again preſent herſelf before my grey hairs, which ſhe has diſhonoured."

"The Curate tried to ſoften Simon, but his efforts were in vain. Simon repeated the poſitive order for the departure of Claudine. Our good old Curate was going away in ſadneſs, when the old man ran after him, brought him back into his apartment, and ſhut the door; then putting into his hands an old purſe of leather, containing fifty crowns, "Maſter Curate," ſaid he, "this wretch will be in want of every thing. —Give her theſe fifty crowns, not as from me, beware of that, but as a charity from yourſelf.—Tell her, that it is the goods of the poor, which compaſſion induces you to beſtow on vice;—and if you could write to any one in her favor, or give her a letter of recommendation—I know your goodneſs, and I neither wiſh to hear or to ſpeak any more about her."

"The Curate anſwered him by a ſqueeze of the hand, then ran to meet Nanette, who was waiting for him in the ſtreet, more dead than alive. "Go inſtantly," ſaid he, "and pack up all your ſiſter's clothes, and bring them to my houſe." She obeyed with tears in her eyes, being but too ſure of what had happened, and put into Claudine's bundle the little money ſhe was miſtreſs of. She then returned to the Curate, who related to her the converſation he had with Simon, and gave her a long letter for the Curate of Salenches, and ſaid to her, "My dear child, you muſt this very day conduct your ſiſter to Selenches; give her this purſe, and this letter to my good brother. Accompany her to the village, and then return to your father, who has occaſion for your wiſdom and virtue to leſſen the chagrin produced by the conduct of your ſiſter." Nanette, ſighing, went in queſt of her ſiſter on Montanverd. She found Claudine ſtretched weeping on the ground; but when ſhe heard that her departure muſt be immediate, ſhe ſcreamed, and tore her hair, repeating continually, "I am baniſhed with my father's curſe!—Kill me! my ſiſter, kill me! or I will thow myſelf over this precipice." Gradually ſhe became more calm, by promiſing that things might ſtill be made up. At length Claudine reſolved to ſet out, and at night-fall they took the road to Salenches, avoiding our village, where, notwithſtanding the darkneſs, poor Claudine would have thought that evey one ſaw her crime painted in her face.

"It was a melancholy journey, as you may eaſily imagine, nor did they arrive till break of day. Nanette took her leave of Claudine before they entered the village, and, after preſſing her a long while to her boſom, left her, being nearly as miſerable as her unhappy ſiſter.

"As ſoon as Claudine found herſelf alone, all her courage deſerted her; ſhe hid herſelf in the mountain, and paſſed the whole day without taking any nouriſhment; but when the night drew on, her fears forced her towards the village, where ſhe enquired for the houſe of the Curate, and knocked ſoftly at the door, which was opened by an old houſekeeper.

"Claudine ſaid ſhe came from M. the Curate of Prieure. The houſekeeper led her directly to her maſter, who was then alone, eating his ſupper by the corner of his fire. Without uttering a word, or lifting her eyes, Claudine, with a trembling hand, delivered the letter, and, whilſt the Curate drew near the light in order to read it, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and dropped on her knees near the door. The Curate of Salenches is a good and a worthy man, and is reſpected as a parent by his whole pariſh. When he had finiſhed the letter, and turning his head ſaw this young girl on her knees, and bathed with tears, he alſo wept. He raiſed her, praiſed the ſincerity of her repentance, gave her hopes of pardon for a fault that had coſt her ſo many tears, and obliged her to eat in ſpite of her refuſal, and calling his governeſs, deſired her to prepare a bed for Claudine."

[*To be continued.*]

ACCOUNT *of the* TRIAL *by* ORDEAL *among the* HINDUS.

By ALI IBRAHIM KHAN, *Chief Magiſtrate at* BENARES.

Communicated by WARREN HASTINGS, *Eſq.*

THE modes of trying offenders by an appeal to the Deity, which are deſcribed at large in the Mitacſhera, or comment on the Dherma Saſtra, in the chapter of oaths, and other ancient books of Hindu law, are here ſufficiently explained, according to the interpretation of learned Pandits, by the well-wiſher to mankind, Ali Ibrahim Khan.

The word Divya in Sanſcrit ſignifies the ſame with pariciha or parikhya in Bhaſha, kaſam in Arabic, and ſaucand in Perſian; that is, an oath, or the form of invoking the Supreme Being to atteſt the truth of an allegation; but it is generally underſtood to mean the trial by ordeal, or the form of appealing to the immediate interpoſition of the Divine Power.

Now this trial may be conducted in nine ways: firſt, by the balance; ſecondly, by fire, thirdly, by water; fourthly, by poiſon; fifthly, by the Coſha, or water in which an idol has been waſhed; ſixthly, by rice; ſeventhly, by boiling oil; eighthly, by red hot iron; ninthly, by images.

I. Ordeal by the balance is thus performed. The beam having been previouſly adjuſted, the cord fixed, and both ſcales made perfectly even, the perſon accuſed and a Pandit faſt a whole day; then, after the accuſed has been bathed in ſacred water, the homa or oblation, preſented to fire, and the deities worſhipped, he is carefully weighed; and, when he is taken out of the ſcale, the Pandits proſtrate themſelves before it, pronounce a certain mentra or incantation, agreeably to the Saſtras, and, having written the ſubſtance of the accuſation on a piece of paper, bind it on his head. Six minutes after, they place him again in the ſcale; and, if he weigh more than before, he is held guilty; if leſs, innocent; if exactly the ſame, he muſt be weighed a third time; when, as it is written in the Mitacſhera, there will certainly be a difference in his weight. Should the balance, though well fixed, break down, this would be conſidered as a proof of his guilt.

II. For the fire-ordeal an excavation, nine hands long, two ſpans broad, and one ſpan deep, is made in the ground, and filled with a fire of pippal wood; into this the perſon accuſed muſt walk bare-footed; and, if his feet be unhurt, they hold him blameleſs; if burned, guilty.

III. Water-ordeal is performed by cauſing the perſon accuſed to ſtand in a ſufficient depth of water, either flowing or ſtagnant, to reach his navel; but care ſhould be taken that no ravenous animal be in it, and that it be not moved by much air: a Brahman is then directed to go into the water, holding a ſtaff in his hand; and a ſoldier ſhoots three arrows on dry ground from a bow of cane: a man is next diſpatched to bring the arrow which has been ſhot fartheſt: and after he has taken it up, another is ordered to run from the edge of the water; at which inſtant the perſon accuſed is told to graſp the foot or the ſtaff of the Brahman, who ſtands near him in the water, and immediately to dive into it. He muſt remain under water till the two men who went to fetch the arrows are returned; for, if he raiſe his head or body above the ſurface before the arrows are brought back, his guilt is conſidered as fully proved. In the villages near Benares, it is the practice for the perſon who is to be tried by this kind of ordeal to ſtand in water up to his navel, and then, holding the foot of a Brahman, to dive under it as long as a man can walk fifty paces very gently: if, before the man has walked thus far, the accuſed riſe above the water, he is condemned; if not, acquitted.

IV. There are two ſorts of trial by poiſon. Firſt, the Pandits having performed their homa, and the perſon accuſed his ablution, two retti's and a half, or ſeven barley-corns, of viſhanaga, a poiſonous root, or of ſanc'hya, that is, white arſenic, are mixed in eight maſhes, or ſixty-four retti's, of clarified butter, which the accuſed muſt eat from the hand of a

Brahman: if the poiſon produce no viſible effect, he is abſolved; otherwiſe condemned. Secondly, the hooded ſnake, called naga, is thrown into a deep earthen pot, into which is dropped a ring, a ſeal, or a coin: this the perſon accuſed is ordered to take out with his hand; and, if the ſerpent bite him, he is pronounced guilty; if not, innocent.

V. Trial by the Coſha is as follows: the accuſed is made to drink three draughts of the water in which the images of the Sun, of Devi, and other deities, have been waſhed for that purpoſe; and if, within fourteen days, he has any ſickneſs or indiſpoſition, his crime is conſidered as proved.

VI. When ſeveral perſons are ſuſpected of theft, ſome dry rice is weighed with the ſacred ſtone called ſalgram; or certain ſlocas are read over it; after which the ſuſpected perſons are ſeverally ordered to chew a quantity of it: as ſoon as they have chewed it, they are to throw it on ſome leaves of pippal, or, if none be at hand, on ſome b'hurja patra, or bark of a tree from Nepal to Caſhmir. The man from whoſe mouth the rice comes dry or ſtained with blood, is holden guilty; the reſt are acquitted.

VII. The ordeal by hot oil is very ſimple: when it is heated ſufficiently, the accuſed thruſts his hand into it; and if he be not burned, is held innocent.

VIII. In the ſame manner they make an iron ball, or the head of a lance, red-hot, and place it in the hands of the perſon accuſed; who, if it burn him not, is judged guiltleſs.

IX. To perform the ordeal by dharmarch, which is the name of the ſloca appropriated to this mode of trial, either an image named Dharma, or the genius of Juſtice, is made of ſilver, and another, called Adharma, of clay or iron, both of which are thrown into a large earthen jar, and the accuſed having thruſt his hand into it, is acquitted if he bring out the ſilver image, but condemned if he draw forth the iron: or, the figure of a deity is painted on white cloth, and another on black; the firſt of which they name dharma, and the ſecond adharma: theſe are ſeverally rolled up in cow-dung, and thrown into a large jar without having ever been ſhewn to the accuſed; who muſt put his hand into the jar, and is acquitted or convicted, as he draws out the figure on white, or on black, cloth.

It is written in the comment on the Dherma Saſtra, that each of the four principal caſts has a ſort of ordeal appropriated to it; that a Brahman muſt be tried by the balance, a Cſhatriya by fire, a Vaiſya by water, and a Sudra by poiſon; but ſome have decided, that any ordeal, except that by poiſon, may be performed by a Brahman, and that a man of any caſt may be tried by the balance: it has been determined, that a woman may have any trial except thoſe by poiſon and by water.

Certain months and days alſo are limited in the Mitacſhera for the different ſpecies of ordeal; as Agrahan, Pauſh, Magh, P'halgun, Srawan, and B'hadr for that by fire; A'ſwin, Cartic, Jaiſht, and A'ſhadh, for that by water; Pauſh, Magh, and P'halgun, for that by poiſon; and regularly there ſhould be no water ordeal on the Aſhtemi, or eighth, the Cheturdaſi, or fourteenth day of the new or full moon, in the intercalary month, in the month of B'hadr, or Sanaiſcher, or Saturday, and on Mangal, or Tueſday: but whenever the magiſtrate decides that there ſhall be an ordeal, the regular appointment of months and days needs not be regarded.

The Mitacſhera contains alſo the following diſtinctions: in caſes of theft or fraud to the amount of a hundred gold mohrs, the trial by poiſon is proper; if eighty mohrs be ſtolen, the ſuſpected perſon may be tried by fire; if forty, by the balance; if from thirty to ten, by the image-water; if two only, by rice.

An inſpired legiſlator, named Catyayana, was of opinion, that though a theft or fraud could be proved by witneſſes, the party accuſed might be tried by ordeal: he ſays too, that, where a thouſand pana's are ſtolen, or fraudulently withheld the proper trial is by poiſon; where ſeven hundred and fifty, by fire; where ſix hundred and ſixty-ſix, and a fraction, by water; where five hundred, by the balance; where four hundred, by hot-oil; where three hundred, by rice; where a hundred and fifty, by the Coſha; and where one hundred, by the dharmarch, or images of ſilver and iron.

The mode of conducting the ordeal by red-hot balls, or heads of ſpears, is thus particularly deſcribed in the commentary on Yagyawelcya.

At day-break the place where the ceremony is to be performed, is cleared and waſhed in the cuſtomary form; and at ſun-riſe, the Pandits, having paid their adoration to Ganeſa, the god of Wiſdom, draw nine circles on the ground with cow-dung, at intervals of ſixteen fingers; each circle containing ſixteen fingers of earth, but the ninth either ſmaller or larger than the reſt: then they worſhip the deities in the mode preſcribed by the Saſtra, preſent oblations to the fire, and having a ſecond time worſhipped the gods, read the appointed mentra's. The perſon to be tried then performs an ablution, puts on moiſt clothes, and, turning his face to the eaſt, ſtands in the firſt ring, with both his hands fixed in his girdle: after this the preſiding magiſtrates and Pandits order him to rub ſome rice in the huſk between his hands, which they carefully inſpect; and if the ſcar of a former wound, a mole, or other mark appear on either of them, they ſtain it with a dye, that, after the trial, it may be diſtinguiſhed from any new mark. They next order him to hold both his hands open and cloſe together; and, having put into them ſeven leaves of the trembling tree, or pippal, ſeven of the ſami or jend, ſeven blades of darbha graſs, a little barley moiſtened with curds, and a few flowers, they faſten the leaves on his hand with ſeven threads of raw cotton. The pandits then read the ſlocas which are appointed for the occaſion; and, having written a ſtate of the caſe and the point in iſſue on a Palmyra-leaf, together with the mentra, preſcribed in the Veda, they tie the leaf on the head of the accuſed. All being prepared, they heat an iron ball, or the head of a lance, weighing two ſer and a half, or five pounds, and throw it into water; they heat it again, and again cool it in the ſame manner: the third time they keep it in the fire till it is red-hot; then they make the perſon accuſed ſtand in the firſt circle; and, having taken the iron from the fire and read the uſual incantation over it, the Pandits place it with tongs in his hands. He muſt ſtep gradually from circle to circle, his feet being conſtantly within one of them, and when he has reached the eighth, he muſt throw the iron into the ninth, ſo as to burn ome graſs, which muſt be left in it for that purpoſe. This being performed,

formed, the magiſtrate and Pandits again command him to rub ſome rice in the huſk between both his hands, which they afterward examine; and, if any mark of burning appear on either of them, he is convicted; if not, his innocence is conſidered as proved. If his hand ſhake through fear, and by his trembling any other part of his body is burned, his veracity remains unimpeached; but if he let the iron drop before he reach the eighth circle, and doubt ariſe in the minds of the ſpectators, whether it had burned him, he muſt repeat the whole ceremony from the beginning.

A NEW *and* ACCURATE DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* ROME.

From the United Accounts of all the modern Travellers.

[*Continued from page* 126.]

WITHOUT ſuch powerful ſupport as that of the fair ſex, I ſhould not have expoſed myſelf to the reſentment of connoiſſeurs, by any expreſſion which they might conſtrue and attack upon this favourite ſtatue; but, with their ſupport, I will venture to aſſert, that the Farneſe Hercules is faulty both in his form and attitude: the former is too unwieldy for active exertion, and the latter exhibits vigour exhauſted. A reſting attitude is ſurely not the moſt proper in which the all-conquering god of ſtrength could be repreſented. Reſt implies fatigue, and fatigue ſtrength exhauſted. A repoſing Hercules is almoſt a contradiction. Invincible activity, and inexhauſtible ſtrength, are his characteriſtics. The ancient artiſt has erred, not only in giving him an attitude which ſuppoſes his ſtrength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the ſtrength itſelf, the character of which ſhould not be paſſive, but active. *Moore's Tr.* ii. 10.

Here are a great number of magnificent palaces, the moſt remarkable of which are thoſe of the Farneſe and Borgheſe. Moſt of the houſes are of brick; but thoſe belonging to perſons of ſuperior rank, have the doors, windows, and ſupporters of free-ſtone. Two thirds of the habitations belong to the churches, convents, and alms-houſes.

There are no theatrical entertainments permitted in this city, except during the carnival; but they are then attended with a degree of ardour, unknown in capitals whoſe inhabitants are under no reſtraint. Every kind of amuſement, in this gay ſeaſon, is followed with the greateſt eagerneſs. The natural gravity of the Roman citizens is changed into a mirthful vivacity. This ſpirit ſeems gradually to augment from its commencement, and is in its height in the laſt week of the ſix which comprehend the carnival. The citizens then appear in the ſtreets maſked, in the characters of harlequins, pantaloons, punchinellos, and all the fantaſtic variety of a maſquerade. This humour ſpreads to men, women, and children; deſcends to the loweſt ranks, and becomes univerſal. Even thoſe who put on no maſk, and have no deſire to remain unknown, reject their uſual cloaths, and aſſume ſome whimſical dreſs. The ſtreet called the

Corſo is the great ſcene of theſe maſquerades. Young people often aſſume the long beard, tottering ſtep, and other concomitants of old age; the aged chooſe the bib and rattle of childhood. Towards the duſk of the evening, the horſe-race takes place. Maſking and horſe-races are confined to the laſt eight days; but there are theatrical entertainments of various kinds during the whole ſix weeks of the carnival.

The ſerious opera is moſt frequented by people of faſhion, who generally take boxes for the whole ſeaſon. The audience, ſays Dr. Moore, ſeem to lend a more profound and continued attention to the muſic than at Venice. This is probably owing to the entertainment being a greater rarity in the one city than in the other; for I could perceive that the people of faſhion, who came every night, began, after the opera had been repeated ſeveral nights, to abate in their attention, to receive viſitors in their boxes, and to liſten only when ſome favourite airs were ſinging; whereas the audience in the pit preſerve the moſt perfect ſilence, which is only interrupted by gentle murmurs of pleaſure from a few individuals, or a univerſal burſt of applauſe from the whole aſſembly. I never ſaw ſuch genuine marks of ſatisfaction diſplayed by any aſſembly on any occaſion whatever. The ſenſibility of ſome of the audience gave me an idea of the power of ſounds, which the dulneſs of my own auditory nerves could never have conveyed to my mind. At certain airs, ſilent enjoyment was expreſſed in every countenance; at others, the hands were claſped together, the eyes half ſhut, and the breath drawn in with a prolonged ſigh, as if the ſoul was expiring in a torrent of delight. One young woman in the pit called out, *O Dio, dove ſono! che piacer via caccia l' alma?* "O God, where am I? what pleaſure raviſhes my ſoul!"

On the firſt night of the opera, after one of theſe favourite airs, an univerſal ſhout of applauſe took place, intermingled with demands, that the compoſer of the muſic ſhould appear. Il Maeſtro! Il Maeſtro! reſounded from every corner of the houſe. He was preſent, and led the band of muſic; he was obliged to ſtand upon the bench, where he continued, bowing to the ſpectators till they were tired of applauding him. One perſon, in the middle of the pit, whom I had remarked diſplaying great ſigns of ſatisfaction from the beginning of the performance, cried out, "He deſerves to be made chief muſician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels!" This expreſſion would be thought ſtrong in any country; but it has peculiar energy here, where it is a popular opinion, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge of muſic. *Moore's Tr.* ii. 83.

This is the only town in Italy that I have arrived at yet, ſays Mrs. Piozzi, where the ladies fairly drive up and down a long ſtreet, by way of ſhewing their dreſs, equipages, &c. without even a pretence of taking the freſh air. Here at Rome the holy, the ſtreet is all our Corſo; a fine one doubtleſs, and called the *Strada del Popolo* with infinite propriety, for, except in that ſtrada (ſtreet) there is little populouſneſs enough God knows. Twelve men to a woman even there, and as many eccleſiaſtics to a layman: all this however is fair, when celibacy is once enjoined as a duty in one profeſſion, and encouraged as a virtue in all. Where females are ſuperfluous, and half prohibited, it were as fooliſh to complain of the decay of population, as it was comical in Omai, the Southern American

Savage, when he lamented that no cattle bred upon their iſland; and one of our people replying, that they left ſome beaſts on purpoſe to furniſh them, he anſwered, "Yes, but the idol worſhipped at Bala-bola, another of the iſlands, inſiſted on the males and female living ſeparate: ſo they had ſent him the cows, and kept only the bulls at home." *Piozzi's Tr.* i. 407.

The ſame literary lady obſerves, that the exceſſive lenity of all Italian ſtates makes it dangerous to live among them; a ſeeming paradox, yet certainly moſt true: and whatever is evil in this way at any other town, is worſe at Rome; where thoſe who deſerve hanging, enjoy almoſt a moral certainty of never being hanged; ſo unwilling is every one to detect the offender, and ſo numerous the churches to afford him protection if diſcovered. *Piozzi's Tr.* i. 421.

Buffas, burlettas, are not neglected, though they are not ſo regularly attended by people of faſhion. The prohibition of female performers renders the amuſement of the Roman theatres very inſipid. The natural ſweetneſs of the female voice is ill ſupplied by the artificial trills of wretched caſtratos; and the awkward agility of robuſt ſinewy fellows, dreſſed in women's cloaths, is a moſt deplorable ſubſtitution for the graceful movements of elegant female dancers.

The Italians, in general, very ſeldom take the trouble of ſitting for their pictures. They conſider a portrait as a piece of painting, which engages the admiration of nobody but the perſon it repreſents, or the painter who drew it. Thoſe who are in circumſtances to pay the beſt artiſts, generally employ them in ſome ſubject more univerſally intereſting, than the repreſentation of human countenances ſtaring out of a piece of canvas. Pompeio Battoni is the beſt Italian painter now at Rome. His taſte and genius led him to hiſtory painting, and his reputation was originally acquired in that line; but by far the greater part of his fortune, whatever that may be, has flowed through a different channel. His chief employment, for many years paſt, has been painting the portraits of the young Engliſh, and other ſtrangers of fortune, who viſit Rome. There are artiſts in England, ſuperior in this, and every other branch of painting, to Battoni. They, like him, are ſeduced from the free walks of genius, and chained, by intereſt, to the ſervile drudgery of copying faces. Beauty is worthy of the moſt delicate pencil; but, gracious heaven! why ſhould every periwig-pated fellow, without countenance or character, inſiſt on ſeeing his chubby cheeks on canvas?

The condition of the Jews at Rome, is ſtill more miſerable here than in other parts of Chriſtendom. They are in number about ſeven thouſand, and are only allowed to inhabit one particular quarter of the city, in which every night they are ſhut up. Theſe wretches are condemned once a week, to hear a ſermon, in which a miſſionary loads them with inſults; and, for the ſlighteſt inattention, a ſbirre beſtows on them a caning.

Every Jew who is not preſent at this ſermon muſt pay a fine. If a Jew has ever ſuffered the words, "*I will turn Chriſtian,*" to eſcape his lips, he is inſtantly ſent, for two years, to be inſtructed by the prieſt; and, ſhould he afterwards ſhew ever ſo much regret, ſo much the worſe for him; he muſt remain his time. It may be well imagined that the condition of the Jews at Rome is truly wretched; their ſituation borders immediately on converſion, on the one hand, and death on the other.

How ſtrange the reflection! The Jews are perſecuted to force them to embrace Chriſtianity to extend the religion of Chriſt; yet, if the perſecution ſucceeded, Chriſtianity would be deſtroyed. The faith of the Chriſtian requires the incredulity of the Jew. It is aſked: When will the Jews be converted to Chriſtianity? I aſk: When will Chriſtians be converted to toleration?

When, O ye who call yourſelves Chriſtians, will you ceaſe to ſubſtitute your capricious rigours in the place of divine juſtice! Ye, who amid your misfortunes are perpetually complaining of fate, of heaven, of men and kings, think on the Jews! *Dupaty's Tr.* 295.

Dupaty's obſervations on the general manners of the Romans are ingenious: At Rome, ſays he, there are, properly ſpeaking, but three claſſes of perſons: the pope, the clergy, and the people. All the clergy are hurried away by one univerſal attraction towards the ſupreme dignities, not excepting even the tiara. All who are not clergy, remain in their original ſtation: princes, marquiſſes, advocates, farmers, artiſts, merchants, ſervants, and beggars; theſe are the people.

The nobility at Rome poſſeſs little more than the importance and ſplendour they derive from the antiquity of their families: they do not here, as in other countries, load the people with the acceſſary and enormous weight of claiming every office or employment, in aſpiring to which they may rival each other, nor have they that inconceivable multitude of opportunities for oppreſſion.

All honour and power are united in the clergy; and it is from connections more or leſs intimate, with the more or leſs conſiderable members of that body, that all ſecondary importance and ſubaltern authority flow. The greateſt portion of wealth is poſſeſſed by them; the price of that heaven they formerly put up to ſale.

Of the thirty-ſix thouſand houſes Rome is eſtimated to contain, twenty thouſand are poſſeſſed in mortmain. For a number of ages, mortmain has been continually inheriting; and, having no heirs, muſt in the end acquire, that is to ſay uſurp all property.

I forgot to obſerve that every houſe on which a cardinal has placed his arms, becomes a place of refuge for creditors againſt judicial executions. Theſe aſylums are very numerous; ſome cardinals make a traffic of them. Impunity is a revenue at Rome. The power derived from religion has preſerved rather more authority; but it has greatly ſuffered by three cauſes equally powerful, the multitude of indulgences, the facility of obtaining abſolutions, and habit.

The territorial wealth is very inconſiderable in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, and certainly would not ſuffice to maintain its inhabitants. But Rome has her bulls, her ceremonies, her ruins; ſhe has her name, which is the richeſt of all her ruins. Rome, therefore, is unable to export any part of her productions, or manufactures, to the general market of Europe; ſhe conſumes them; ſhe can only pay Europe, in ſhort, with gold, for indulgences have no longer currency.

Not but this city, if agriculture and the arts were here more flouriſhing, might alſo become commercial; but theſe are in a moſt deplorable ſtate.

The ſoil, however, is eager to produce. Very little art and labour would obtain every ſpecies of grain or fruit, from the ſalts of the earth, and the rays of that ſun, which now generate nothing but diſtempers.

The number of inhabitants at Rome is eſtimated at one hundred and ſeventy thouſand ſouls. They reckon near ten thouſand mendicants, or poor. Menial ſervants are ſtill more numerous. The ſecular or regular clergy may be eſtimated at a ſixth part of the whole. Such is the ſtate of profeſſional celibacy, that upwards of five women are reckoned to one man: this may perhaps, ſerve to enable us to judge of the libertiniſm of Rome. The cultivation of the mind is here as much neglected as that of the earth; the mind therefore hardly produces any thing at Rome but juriſprudence, medicine, theology, and ſonnets. The beſt education of the girls is to have received none. The multitude at Rome poſſeſs little reaſon, a tolerable ſhare of wit, and a great deal of imagination; years beget habits here, but do not beſtow experience.

None of the phyſical wants of the people of Rome have any ſuperfluity; but they are all ſupplied with what is neceſſary, and that which is neceſſary, is very trifling. Hunger is not violent, one daily repaſt ſuffices; and fruits, vegetables, ſome fiſh, and a little meat, ſuffice for this one repaſt. Thirſt demands and conſumes very little wine, but a great quantity of lemons and of ice. As for clothing, the climate and the faſhion reduce this to a mere covering: every body not naked is clothed.

I aſked a curate, how he could ſuffer the groſs ſuperſtitions which diſhonour divine worſhip here, and expoſe it to the contempt and ridicule of other countries? "To make a little religion go down with it" anſwered he. So then, ſaid I to him, you act like Moliere, who wrote his *Medecin malgré lui* to paſs off his *Miſanthrope*. Our good curate burſt into a laugh and replied: "Theſe people are incapable of regarding any thing but what is an object of their ſenſes; a pure religion would not be ſubſtantial enough for them; they muſt touch it, they muſt handle it, they muſt ſee it; it muſt be mingled with ſuperſtition."

I then remonſtrated to him on the extreme indulgence ſhewn to libertiniſm and debauchery. "If we are," ſaid he, "ſo eaſy with reſpect to love, it is for the intereſt even of religion; were we more ſevere on that article, chriſtianity itſelf would be abandoned. We have more than once made experiments of rigour, which met with very bad ſucceſs."

You are ſtill a pagan, replied I, you ſacrifice to the ſun.

"True," ſaid he, "to the ſun, and to celibacy. Forced celibacy is ſo conſiderable here, that we cannot avoid ſhewing it a kind of reſpect; it would be dangerous to drive it to deſpair." I was a witneſs yeſterday evening of a ſingular ſcene of devotion: I ſaw a prodigious number of people, mounting on their knees, the ſteps of the *Ara Cæli*; each muttering ſome prayers; one to gain a prize in the lottery, another to obtain a huſband, and a third to move the heart of a miſtreſs; ſuch, our good prieſt aſſured me, are the objects of theſe fervent petitions. I could not refrain from laughing aloud. "Why, what is there in that," ſaid the curate? "While thus employed, theſe people are doing no miſchief, and religion ſubſiſts."—As does alſo your income, my reverend friend, replied I. Two circumſtances contribute eſpecially to the happineſs of the Romans. Religion, by its abſolutions, always throws a veil over the paſt, and, by its promiſes, gives a favorable colouring to the future: The common people are thoſe who fear the leaſt, and hope the moſt. They poſſeſs at once the blindeſt and moſt commodious religion. Let them but be preſent regularly at their religious ceremonies, that is to ſay ſacred theatrical exhibitions, and pronounce habitually certain words, and they have no doubt of heaven. They have no occaſion to endeavour to refine their ſentiments and ideas, and ſtruggle all their lives with paſſion. The temperature of their religion is as mild as that of their ſky. The Roman poſſeſſing but a moderate degree of ſenſibility, and that always of a very indeterminate nature, is very rarely unhappy, and never greatly ſo.

That which renders a people illuſtrious, in the eyes of other nations, does not always conſtitute their happineſs. It is with nations as with individuals, who are almoſt always miſerable, from thoſe very qualities, which give them their ſplendour and render them objects of envy. To conclude: the Romans greatly reſemble thoſe moderate, peaceable and obſcure men, whom nobody is tempted to envy, who are neither amiable, nor uſeful, whom you would be ſorry to reſemble, with whom you would not wiſh to live; but who nevertheleſs are happy. *Dupaty's Tr.* 245.

A DISSERTATION ON BULLS.

[*From Dr. Gregory's Philoſophical and Literary Eſſays.*]

BULLS ſometimes proceed from a perſon's attention being ſo thoroughly ingroſſed by one object, that he can think of nothing elſe; nor, conſequently, perceive even the ſimpleſt and moſt obvious relations of that object to others: but more frequently, I apprehend, they proceed from the oppoſite circumſtances; too little attention, too quick thought, and an imperfect and confuſed apprehenſion of many things together; which, without more time, and ſtricter attention, can neither be properly diſtinguiſhed, nor rightly comprehended, in point of thought; nor, conſequently, can they be expreſſed in words with ſufficient clearneſs and preciſion.

If it be true, as from its being very generally aſſerted and believed I preſume it is in ſome meaſure, that the Iriſh nation excels in this kind of compoſition, for to my certain knowledge it has not acquired an abſolute monopoly of the commodity, I conceive that it is to be explained and accounted for on the ſimple principle which I am here conſidering.

To attribute it to any natural defect in the intellectual powers of a great people, would, in the firſt place, be illiberal in the higheſt degree; and, in the ſecond place, would be abſurd. But I think it may reaſonably be attributed to that peculiar rapidity of thought, and that eagerneſs and impetuoſity of character and conduct, which I preſume the Iriſh themſelves will acknowledge to be juſtly their national character.

Such a peculiarity, whatever may have been its origin, whether moral and political circumſtances in diſtant ages, affecting whole tribes of men, or the accidental, but natural ſingularity of character, of one individual, or of one family, of great influence and extenſive connections, may have become general and permanent, in conſequence of the powerful influence of inſtinctive involuntary imitation in early life, and of long habit in more advanced years; which are two of the ſtrongeſt and moſt general principles in human nature. It may therefore be conſidered as an inſtance ſtrictly analagous to all other peculiarities of manner, and in ſome meaſure even of character, which are often characteriſtic, not only of individuals and of families, but of whole nations; as, for example, ſedateneſs or levity, taciturnity or loquacity, ſlow or quick ſpeaking, provincial and national accents; all of which are in a great meaſure acquired, and often firmly rivetted, by the tendency to involuntary imitation, and the force of eſtabliſhed habit.

The bull, in whatever nation or language it may occur, I conſider as the extreme caſe, or *ne plus ultra,* of inaccurate and imperfect thinking; on which very account it affords the beſt illuſtration of the nature and cauſes of ſuch inaccuracies and imperfections of thought, and of the means of correcting them.

If the train of thought were made ſo ſlow in any perſon, that there ſhould be time to attend to every object, and every circumſtance of relation involved in any common and complex operation of thought, (for moſt common operations of thought are complex) and if, by any expedient whatever, the perſon were made to attend duly to every one of them, either in ſimultaneous combination, or in very quick ſucceſſion, according to the circumſtances of different caſes, I think it would be as impoſſible for him to make a bull, as to deny an axiom of geometry, or the concluſion of a good ſyllogiſm.

We hear and read of many wonderful bulls of the truly practical kind, altogether independent of language, and plainly founded in thought alone; ſuch as, ſending expreſs for a phyſician to come without delay to a patient who was in the utmoſt danger, and telling the doctor in a poſtſcript of the letter addreſſed and actually ſent to him, not to come, as the patient was already almoſt well again; or obſerving gravely, when this ſtory was told, that it was right to add ſuch a poſtſcript, as it ſaved the ſending another expreſs to countermand the doctor; or incloſing a thin ſixpence in a ſnuff-box, that it might not be again to ſeek when it was wanted to open the box, the lid of which was ſtiff; or realiſing Hogarth's ingenious emblem, in one of his election-prints, by cutting away cloſe to the tree the bough on which the perſon who cut it ſat himſelf; which I once ſaw ſucceſsfully performed; and, for the honour of my own country, I muſt ſay that it was in Scotland, and by a Scotchman, who narrowly eſcaped breaking his neck by ſo doing; or what may fairly be reckoned the *maximum* of bulls, and *inſtar omnium*, a gentleman, when his old nurſe came begging to him, harſhly refuſing her any relief, and driving her away from his door with reproaches, as having been his greateſt enemy, telling her that he was aſſured he had been a fine healthy child till ſhe got him to nurſe, when ſhe had changed him for a puny ſickly child of her own. If I am rightly informed, France has the honour of having produced this immenſe and unparalleled bull; which is indeed *perfectum expletumque omnibus ſuis numeris et partibus,* and perfect of its kind.

At firſt view, it might be thought that men who could fall into ſuch abſurdities in their ſpeech or conduct had not the ordinary faculties of mankind: but this would be a great miſtake. There was probably no natural defect in their intellectual powers; nor any imperfection in their mode of uſing them, either habitually or on the occaſions ſpecified, but what it was in their own power to correct almoſt in an inſtant. No laborious effort, or what could be called patient thinking, would be requiſite for that purpoſe; nor any thing more than an eaſy degree of attention to thoſe circumſtances which ſhould have been conſidered. This ſimple expedient would inſtantly enable them to perceive, nay, would make it impoſſible for them not to perceive, not only the impropriety of their words and actions, but the incongruity and abſurdity of their firſt haſty thoughts, as clearly as mathematicians perceive that a part is leſs than the whole. Surely a man who could not by ſuch means be made in half a minute to perceive the bull he made, would be as much a monſter, and as great a curioſity, as one who could not ſee that the whole was greater than its part.

ANECDOTE OF A DISINTERESTED WOMAN.

ABOUT the year 1720, ſignora Teſi was a celebrated performer in Italian operas, and a popular ſinger. At thirty years of age, ſhe was connected with a German count of high rank and great diſtinction, whoſe fondneſs for her encreaſed by poſſeſſion to ſuch a degree, that he formed the reſolution to marry her; although high birth, more particularly in that country, is conſidered as an indiſpenſable quality in a wife.

The enamorato had no ſooner declared his intention to the object of his paſſion, than ſhe uſed every argument in her power to diſſuade him from it; by laying before him the many diſagreeable conſequences which would reſult from ſuch an alliance; but all in vain; he adhered to his reſolution, and would not be denied. Signora Teſi finding all remonſtrances vain, left him one morning, repaired to a neighbouring ſtreet, and addreſſing a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, proferred to give him fifty ducats if he would marry her; but on the expreſs condition that he ſhould not cohabit with her. The poor fellow, ſurpriſed and overjoyed, readily accepted the conditions on which he ſhould become her nominal huſband, and they were immediately married in due form. The enamoured count preſently renewed his ſolicitations; when his fair one aſſured him that it was now utterly impoſſible for ſuch an union to take place, as ſhe was at that time the wife of another; a ſacrifice which ſhe had made to *his* family and *his* fame.

When Dr. Burney ſaw this ſingular woman at Vienna, in the year 1772, ſhe was more than eighty years of age, and had long quitted the ſtage. Although ſhe had lived many years with a man of great rank in Vienna, of near her own age, yet ſhe was then in high favour with the empreſs-queen, in whoſe reign the court of Vienna was formed upon the ſtricteſt principles of female virtue. Probably the generoſity of the act was conſidered as an atonement for the inſtances of illicit intercourſe, and the latter connexion, might, in the judgment of charity, be ſuppoſed to have nothing in it which was criminal, but to be a mere ſentimental connexion.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

IN DUBLIN AND LONDON.

The AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY; *or, a View of the preſent Situation of the* UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. *By* JEDIDIAH MORSE. *Third Edition. 8vo. 7s. 7d. boards.* John Jones, *Dublin.* 1792.

THE whole of this volume offers ſo many objects of novelty and importance, that it is impoſſible to follow the author in detail. We would recommend very ſtrongly the work to our readers, as containing the moſt correct and comprehenſive account of America in general that probably exiſts. A ſhort analyſis of the plan, with ſome information of curioſity and utility, we may be allowed perhaps to add.

After the uſual geographical introduction, and the explanation of terms, our author gives an acconnt of the diſcovery of America, a general deſcription of the continent, with a chronological view of the diſcoveries and ſettlements, as well as the diviſions of North America.

The general account and hiſtory of the United States, which follow, are highly inſtructive and entertaining. It is impoſſible, to follow Mr. Morſe particularly; but we ſhall extract ſome curious remarks from what he has obſerved reſpecting the 'face of the country,' with a view to the queſtion, how far the low land to the eaſt of the Allegany mountains, is in reality new ground gained from the ſea?

'1. It is a fact, well known to every perſon of obſervation who has lived in, or travelled through the ſouthern ſtates, that marine ſhells, and other ſubſtances which are peculiar to the ſea-ſhore, are almoſt invariably found by digging eighteen or twenty feet below the ſurface of the earth. A gentleman of veracity told me, that in ſinking a well many miles from the ſea, he found, at the depth of twenty feet, every appearance of a ſalt marſh, that is, marſh graſs, marſh mud, and brackiſh water. In all this flat country, until you come to the hilly land, wherever you dig a well, you find the water, at a certain depth, freſh and tolerably good; but if you exceed that depth two or three feet, you come to a ſaltiſh or brackiſh water that is ſcarcely drinkable, and the earth dug up reſembles, in appearance and ſmell, that which is dug up on the edges of the ſalt marſhes.

'2. On and near the margin of the rivers are frequently found ſand-hills, which appear to have been drifted into ridges by the force of water. At the bottom of ſome of the banks in the rivers, fifteen or twenty feet below the ſurface of the earth, are waſhed out from the ſolid ground, logs, branches, and leaves of trees; and the whole bank, from bottom to top, appears ſtreaked with layers of logs, leaves, and ſand. Theſe appearances are ſeen far up the rivers, from eighty to one hundred miles from the ſea, where, when the rivers are low, the banks are from fifteen to twenty feet high. As you proceed down the rivers towards the ſea, the banks increaſe in height, but ſtill are formed of layers of ſand, leaves, and logs, ſome of which are entirely ſound, and appears to have been ſuddenly covered to a conſiderable depth.

‘ 3. It has been obſerved, that the rivers in the ſouthern ſtates frequently vary their channels; that the ſwamps and low grounds are conſtantly filling up; and that the land in many places annually infringes upon the ocean. It is an authenticated fact, that no longer ago than 1771, at Cape Lookout, on the coaſt of North Carolina, in about latitude 34° 50′, there was an excellent harbour, capacious enough to receive an hundred ſail of ſhipping at a time, in a good depth of water. It is now entirely filled up, and is ſolid ground. Inſtances of this kind are frequent along the coaſt.

‘ It is obſervable, likewiſe, that there is a gradual deſcent of about eight hundred feet, by meaſurement, from the foot of the mountains to the ſea board. This deſcent continues, as is demonſtrated by ſoundings, far into the ſea.

‘ 4. It is worthy of obſervation, that the ſoil on the banks of the rivers is proportionably coarſe or fine according to its diſtance from the mountains. When you firſt leave the mountains, and for a conſiderable diſtance, it is obſervable that the ſoil is coarſe, with a large mixture of ſand and ſhining heavy particles. As you proceed towards the ſea, the ſoil is leſs coarſe, and ſo on in proportion as you advance the ſoil is finer and finer, until, finally, is depoſited a ſoil ſo fine, that it conſolidates into perfect clay; but a clay of a particular quality, for a great part of it has intermixed with it reddiſh ſtreaks and veins like a ſpecies of *ochre*, brought probably from the *red lands* which lie up towards the mountains. This clay, when dug up and expoſed to the weather, will diſſolve into a fine mould, without the leaſt mixture of ſand or any gritty ſubſtance whatever. Now we know that running waters, when turbid, will depoſit, firſt, the coarſeſt and heavieſt particles, mediately, thoſe of the ſeveral intermediate degrees of fineneſs, and ultimately, thoſe which are the moſt light and ſubtle; and ſuch in fact is the general quality of the ſoil on the banks of the ſouthern rivers.

‘ 5. It is a well known fact, that on the banks of Savannah river, about ninety miles from the ſea in a direct line, and one hundred and fifty or two hundred as the river runs, there is a very remarkable collection of oyſter-ſhells of an uncommon ſize. They run in a north-eaſt and ſouth weſt direction, nearly parallel with the ſea coaſt, in three diſtinct ridges, which together occupy a ſpace of ſeven miles in breadth. The ridges commence at Savannah river, and have been traced as far ſouth as the northern branches of the Altamaha river. They are found in ſuch quantities, as that the indigo planters carry them away in large boat loads, for the purpoſe of making lime-water, to be uſed in the manufacture of indigo. There are thouſands and thouſands of tons ſtill remaining. The queſtion is, how come they here? It cannot be ſuppoſed that they were carried by land. Neither is it probable that they were conveyed in canoes, or boats, to ſuch a diſtance from the place where oyſters are now found. The uncivilifed natives, agreeable to their roving manner of living, would rather have removed to the ſea ſhore, than have been at ſuch immenſe labour in procuring oyſters. Beſides, the difficulties of conveying them would have been inſurmountable. They would not only have had a ſtrong current in the river againſt them, an obſtacle which would not have been eaſily overcome by the Indians, who have ever had a great averſion to labour, but could they have ſurmounted this difficulty, oyſters, conveyed ſuch a diſtance, either by land or water in ſo warm a climate, would have ſpoiled on the paſſage, and have become uſeleſs. The circumſtance of theſe ſhells being found in ſuch quantities, at ſo great a diſtance from the ſea, can be rationally accounted for in no other way, than by ſuppoſing that the ſea-ſhore was formerly near this bed of ſhells, and that the ocean has ſince, by the operation of certain cauſes not yet fully inveſtigated, receded. Theſe phœnomena, it is preſumed, will authoriſe this concluſion, that a great part of the flat country which ſpreads eaſterly of the Allegany mountains, had, in ſome paſt period, a ſuperincumbent ſea; or rather that the conſtant accretion of ſoil, from the various cauſes before hinted at, has forced it to retire.'

Theſe facts are of great importance in inveſtigating the natural hiſtory of the eaſtern ſtates. They certainly authoriſe the author's concluſion, and it will only remain to enquire, whether the irruption of the ſea, to form the gulph of Mexico, be of an æra to account for the change; or whether the quantity of water be ſufficient to explain it. We think it much more probable, that the appearance of the land is the effect of a more ſudden and more violent convulſion, though what that may have been muſt be left to conjecture. If we combine, however, the antient traditions of a continent, overwhelmed in the Atlantic, of a large tract in that ſea where the bottom is ſtill reached by ſoundings, with the vaſt extent of territory left in America by the ocean, at a period probably not more diſtant, theſe events may appear to illuſtrate each other.

Among other ſubjects of curioſity treated of in this work, is the alligator of America; of which we ſhall tranſcribe our author's deſcription.

'The alligator is a ſpecies of the crocodile; and in appearance one of the uglieſt creatures in the world. They are amphibious, and live in and about creeks, ſwamps, and ponds of ſtagnant water. They are very fond of the fleſh of dogs and hogs, which they voraciouſly devour when they have opportunity. They are alſo very fond of fiſh, and devour vaſt quantities of them. When tired with fiſhing, they leave the water to baſk themſelves in the ſun, and then appear more like logs of half rotten wood thrown aſhore by the current, than living creatures; but upon perceiving any veſſel or perſon near them, they immediately throw themſelves into the water. Some are of ſo monſtrous a ſize as to exceed five yards in length. During the time they lie baſking on the ſhore, they keep their huge mouths wide open till filled with muſketoes, flies, and other inſects, when they ſuddenly ſhut their jaws and ſwallow their prey.

'The alligator is an oviparous creature. The female makes a large hole in the ſand near the brink of a river, and there depoſits her eggs, which are as white as thoſe of a hen, but much larger and more ſolid. She generally lays about an hundred, continuing in the ſame place till they are all depoſited, which is a day or two. She then covers them with the ſand, and the better to conceal them, rolls herſelf not only over her precious *depoſitum*, but to a conſiderable diſtance. After this precaution, ſhe returns to the water, and tarries until natural inſtinct informs her that it is time to deliver her young from their confinement; ſhe then goes to the ſpot, attended by the male, and tearing up the ſand, begins to break the eggs; but ſo carefully that ſcarce a ſingle one is injured, and a whole ſwarm of little alligators is ſeen crawling about. The female then takes them on her neck and back, in order to remove them into the water; but the watchful birds of prey make uſe of this opportunity to deprive her of ſome, and even the male alligator, who indeed comes for no other end, devours what he can, till the female has reached the water with the few remaining; for all thoſe which either fall from her back, or do not ſwim, ſhe herſelf eats; ſo that of ſuch a formidable brood, happily not more than four or five eſcape.

'Theſe alligators are the great deſtroyers of the fiſh in the rivers and creeks, it being their moſt ſafe and general food: nor are they wanting in addreſs to ſatisfy their deſires. Eight or ten, as it were by compact, draw up at the mouth of a river or creek, where they lie with their mouths open, whilſt others go a conſiderable diſtance up the river, and chace the fiſh downward, by which means none of any bigneſs eſcape them. The alligators being unable to eat under water, on ſeizing a fiſh, raiſe their heads above the ſurface, and by degrees draw the fiſh from their jaws, and chew it for deglutition.

'Before the ſetting in of winter, it is ſaid, not without evidence to ſupport the aſſertion, that they ſwallow a large number of pine knots, and then creep into their dens, in the bank of ſome creek or pond, where they lie in a torpid ſtate through the winter without any other ſuſtenance than the pine knots.'

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION; *with Remarks on ſome of its principal Articles; in which their Importance in a Political, Moral, and Religious Point of View, is illuſtrated; and the Neceſſity of a Reformation in Church and State in Great Britain enforced. By* BENJAMIN FLOWER. *8vo. 6s. Boards. London.*

IN reviewing a work, like the preſent, abounding with evident marks of good intention, replete with ſound argument, and written in a clear and manly ſtyle, it would be ſomething worſe than ſuperfluous, it would be unjuſt, both to the public and the author, to encroach on our narrow limits by launching forth in praiſe of a publication, whoſe praiſe will be more unequivocally and more effectually ſecured, by bringing forward as much of it as our ſpace will permit, to ſpeak for itſelf. We ſhall therefore only detain our readers, while we inform them, that, beſide a copy of the French Conſtitution, and ſome introductory obſervations, Mr. Flower's book contains five chapters. In the firſt two, the author vindicates thoſe general fundamental principles of government on which the French legiſlators proceeded; and points out ſuch of their *civil* regulations, more eſpecially on the ſubject of popular repreſentation, as he thinks chiefly merit the notice of his countrymen, and furniſh matter for their inſtruction and improvement. In the next two, he illuſtrates the excellence of ſeveral *eccleſiaſtical* regulations made by the French Aſſembly, and contraſts them with thoſe defects in our own religious eſtabliſhment which have been long acknowledged, and lamented, by many worthy men, both in and out of the church; he juſtly extols the noble and liberal ſyſtem of toleration adopted in France; and he gives ſome inſtances of the good effects with which it has been already attended. In the remaining chapter, Mr. Flower makes a few general remarks on the proceedings of the French Aſſembly, and on the writings of Mr. Burke; and concludes with an earneſt and affectionate call to his countrymen, to exert themſelves in obtaining a *Reformation*, as the only effectual ſtep to prevent and keep off a *Revolution*; into all the horrors of which ‘the intemperate zeal of republicaniſm on the one hand, and the obſtinate depravity of the legiſlature [our author's words,] on the other, ſeem equally deſirous to drive us.

After expatiating on many of thoſe advantages which reſult from the new plan of repreſentation adopted in France, Mr. Flower thus proceeds:

‘The laſt excellence which I ſhall notice in the French repreſentation is, the means made uſe of to preſerve the legiſlative body pure, and free from corruption. I ſhall only mention the principal, which is, the excluſion of thoſe perſons who are in poſſeſſion of places and employments under the crown; who receive penſions, and who are ſuppoſed to poſſeſs ſuch influence, or to be under the power of influence, ſo that the virtue of the legiſlature may be endangered. “Miniſters, and other agents of the executive power, removable at pleaſure; commiſſioners of the national treaſury; collectors and receivers of direct contributions; ſuperintendants of the collection, or management of indirect contributions and national domains, and thoſe who, under any denomination whatever, are attached to the employs of the military or civil houſehold of the king”—are not ſuffered, while holding ſuch employments, to be members of the legiſlature[*]. “The members of the preſent national aſſembly, and ſucceeding legiſlatures,—cannot be advanced to the miniſtry, nor receive any offices, gifts, penſions, ſalaries, or commiſſions from the executive power, or its agents, during the continuance of their functions, nor during two years after having finiſhed the exerciſe of them[†].” Concerning theſe articles, I think it muſt ſtrike every one, that they are moſt admirably calculated to prevent undue influence, and to preſerve the legiſlature pure and uncorrupt. The king's miniſters, although they have admiſſion into the national aſſembly, have places aſſigned them, and are always to be heard when they demand it on objects relative to their adminiſtration, or when they ſhall be required to give information, or even on objects foreign to their adminiſtration, if the aſſembly thinks fit[‡], have no further buſineſs with that body. The members are left to their own free choice to determine on all matters as their conſciences may direct. National affairs are neither forwarded, ſuſpended, or negatived in the legiſlative body, by the miniſters of the crown, who have the buſineſs of their own proper departments to attend to, and to which, by the conſtitution, they are to confine themſelves. Their time is employed, as it ought to be, in the fulfilling the duties of their office, and their abilities are without interrup-

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‘[*] *Conſtitution, p.* 36. [†] *Ibid. p.* 53. [‡] *Ibid. p.* 66.’

tion devoted to the moſt honourable ſervice, to which thoſe of miniſters can poſſibly be, the ſervice of their country.

‘ If from the French, we now turn our attention to the Britiſh legiſlature, what do we there behold? The firſt object which ſtrikes a ſpectator is, that famous place in the Houſe of Commons, called the Treaſury Bench. Here we find ſeated, the firſt lord of the treaſury and chancellor of his majeſty's exchequer, with a band of placemen, his chief ſupporters, on each ſide. All public buſineſs of importance is ſuſpended, until this great man makes his entrance. He is the grand ſuperintendant and director of the houſe, and the buſineſs of his chief treaſury ſecretary (among other *important* objects) is to watch, and to take care that his maſter has a proper majority to ſupport his meaſures. That miniſter is reckoned the compleateſt ſtateſman, who by any means whatever can beſt manage the houſe, and have the largeſt majority of its members at his diſpoſal. If we look a little farther into the Houſe of Commons, we ſhall ſee an hoſt of placemen and penſioners; of dependants on the crown, and on the miniſters. All theſe men, from the higheſt to the loweſt, are allowed not only ſeats, but votes on every occaſion; they are ſo numerous, ſo conected, and ſo united, that any attempt to enforce meaſures which do not meet with their approbation, is almoſt always fruſtrated. A ſecret hiſtory of the adminiſtrations of this country, for a century paſt, and of the means the major part of them have uſed to preſerve the Houſe of Commons in due order, would be a great curioſity, and might tend to open the eyes of the public more than a thouſand arguments. It is a pity we have not a few more ſuch inſtructive publications, as the Diary of the late Lord Melcombe. In this celebrated performance, we have courtiers and miniſters, and their various ſchemes fairly and impartially expoſed to view. We there find what conſtitutes merit with a miniſter; and are ſhewn the methods by which men may reach the pinnacle of miniſterial ambition. His Lordſhip was himſelf a courtier and a ſtateſman, and he lets us occaſionally into the receſſes of his own heart. He informs us of the terms he made with the miniſter of that day. When ſoliciting a place, he took care to remind him repeatedly, that “ He could give his majeſty ſix members for nothing,” truſting that the miniſter would not forget his generoſity in “ offering boroughs *for nothing*, when they were a commodity ſo particularly marketable :” at the ſame time, he gives us in part to underſtand the meaning of ſuch an expreſſion. “ I ſaw (ſays his Lordſhip) the Duke of Newcaſtle, and told him that in theſe matters [elections] thoſe who would take money I would pay, and not bring him a bill; *thoſe who would not take money, he muſt pay*, and I recommended my two parſons of Bridgewater and Weymouth, *Burroughs* and *Franklin*. He entered into my views very cordially, and aſſured me that they ſhould have the firſt crown livings that ſhould be vacant in their parts, if we would look out and ſend him the firſt intelligence.’

In a note, Mr. Flower obſerves that the above quotations from Lord Melcombe fully explain the meaning of the phraſe, *alliance between church and ſtate*. At the cloſe of his compariſon between the French and Engliſh repreſentation, he draws the following parallel between the mode of conducting general elections in the two countries:

'From the compariſon which I have drawn between the French and the Engliſh repreſentation, I have little doubt but every impartial reader will ſee the neceſſity of adopting, at leaſt, ſome of the principles of the former, in the latter. Should any one heſitate on the ſubject, I muſt requeſt his attention, while I conſider the nature of a general election in one country, and in the other. Some of the enemies of a parliamentary reform, have objected to the extending the right of voting, becauſe of the riot and confuſion which may attend popular elections. The ſame objection might with the ſame propriety be urged againſt every popular election. But we may be aſſured, that where any riot or confuſion takes place, it is owing to the want of a proper mode, by which electors, however numerous, might freely, and yet peaceably give their ſuffrages. I was lately at a general election at Paris, at a time when confuſion of ſome ſort might have been expected, government being in a ſtate of derangement, and the conſtitution not being finiſhed. Upwards of ſeventy thouſand citizens exerciſed the right of voting *. By dividing the city into ſections, and by various excellent regulations, notwithſtanding the election laſted upwards of a month, all was peace; and order reigned univerſally. So far from rioting and drunkenneſs, there was not even that conviviality, without which we know not how to conduct an election in England. My good ſocial friends, with whom I have canvaſſed in this country, will pity me when I inform them, that although I was a little active in my enquiries with the citizens and electors of Paris; although there were twenty-four deputies elected, I could not find one who gave an election dinner; nor was I able to diſcover one open houſe, where I could mingle with the citizens, and ſit down to a bottle of wine, to drink ſucceſs to a favourite candidate. The truth is, the French are not fond of their repreſentatives purchaſing their ſeats, for fear they ſhould afterwards reimburſe themſelves, by ſelling their conſtituents. A general election is therefore begun, carried on and completed, without expence, throughout the kingdom.

'It is with reluctance that I now turn to a general election in England; where, all circumſtances conſidered, it is a matter of doubt, whether the ſeptennial exerciſe of our rights is a curſe, or a bleſſing. Every one muſt agree, that in a moral point of view, nothing can be more alarming, or more diſgraceful, than the conduct of candidates and electors, at ſuch a period. That corruption, which during the continuance of the Houſe of Commons is a ſtanding pool, now ſwells and ruſhes forth, in a mighty, reſiſtleſs, overflowing torrent. Miniſters and candidates, and voters, are bought and ſold, as truly, and as literally, as horſes, oxen, and ſwine, in Smithfield market. Thoſe perſons, who have purchaſed eſtates (ſold ſometimes by public auction) with valuable contingencies, *alias* boroughs, annexed to them, now riſe into importance. The grand buſineſs of the miniſter of the crown, and his agents, is to ſecure as many boroughs as poſſible; and if a borough-holder will ſell himſelf to advantage, now is the time. There are certain perſons, called jobbers, whoſe buſineſs it is to watch the market, and to give information accordingly. The prices are various, according to the parties, or ſituations of the different traders. The late Lord Cheſterfield having met with a diſappointment from ſome *great man*, who had promiſed him a ſeat for his ſon Mr. Stanhope, writes to the latter as follows: "Since that (diſappointment) I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for ſome venal borough: and I ſpoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five and twenty hundred pounds for a ſecure ſeat in parliament; but he laughed at my offer; and ſaid, that there was no ſuch thing as a borough to be had now: for that the rich Eaſt and and Weſt Indians had ſecured them all, at the rate of three thouſand pounds at leaſt; but many at four thouſand; and two or three that he knew at five thouſand."—

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* *Theſe ſeventy thouſand active citizens chuſe nine hundred electors; who elect twenty four deputies to the aſſembly, as repreſentatives for the city. The number of ſections into which the city is divided, and into which the primary voters are diſtributed when they exerciſe their functions, is forty-eight.* Rev.

'In another letter his Lordſhip writes, "Elections here have been carried to a degree of phrenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has coſt the contending parties at leaſt thirty thouſand pounds a ſide, and —— ——— has ſold his borough of———— to two members for nine thouſand pounds." As to our corporations, where the choice is made by twenty or thirty perſons, the buſineſs is generally ſettled in a pretty, ſnug, quiet manner. There are generally two or three active perſons (the clergy are clever men at electioneering of all kinds—church and ſtate!) who ſettle the buſineſs for the reſt. The majority of the members of theſe corporations are commonly purchaſed before hand. Thoſe gentlemen, who by perſonal favours, or by favours to ſome brother, or couſin, or relation of the electors, can oblige the moſt extenſively, are ſure of their ſeats without farther trouble. Some of theſe corporations barter their independence, as much as they poſſibly can, by chooſing their repreſentatives for corporators; although there are reſpectable inhabitants much better qualified to manage the affairs of the town, than men who have no connection with it, but what is diſgraceful; and who only viſit it twice or thrice in ſeven years, juſt to keep up a proper acquaintance with their *worthy* and *independent* conſtituents. As to our popular elections for towns, cities, and counties, when a conteſt takes place, what ſcenes do they generally preſent? Candidates degrading themſelves by practiſing all ſorts of meanneſs, and electors equally degrading themſelves by practiſing all ſorts of vice; the former often ruin their fortunes, the latter their virtue, and both their characters. Canvaſſing, carouſing, intoxication, rioting, bribery, lying, and perjury, deprave and debauch the morals of the community. Here we behold Britons transformed into brutes, or rather into ſomething worſe than brutes: men endowed with reaſon, underſtanding, and conſcience, and profeſſing Chriſtianity, ſinking below the beaſts that periſh. The worthieſt part of the community are often contaminated. Inflamed by party heat; family feuds, and almoſt irreconcilable differences are engendered between thoſe who once lived in harmony, friendſhip, and affection, the one with the other. Theſe circumſtances conſidered, it is not ſurpriſing, that the inhabitants of ſome of our largeſt towns ſhould quietly acquieſce in the deprivation of the right of chooſing repreſentatives, or, that in other towns where a conteſted election, on account of its complicated evils, is deprecated as much almoſt as the peſtilence: the people ſhould leave their repreſentatives to be choſen by the leaders of parties only, noblemen who have moſt intereſt, and who ſettle the buſineſs between themſelves; by which means the people remain, in fact, without any choice at all. The city of Weſtminſter, at the laſt election, affords a ſtriking illuſtration of this ſubject. In order to avoid a ſimilar conteſt to that of the preceding year, in which the different candidates and their friends had ſpent upwards of eighty thouſand pounds; and riot had ended in murder; a compromiſe was agreed to by the heads of the parties, which might be termed diſgraceful, had it not prevented a diſgraceful election. Compromiſes of a ſimilar kind are frequently ſettled by the ariſtocratic leaders in different counties; and whether the people are right or wrong in ſubmitting to ſuch compromiſes, I am at a loſs to determine.'

We ſhould gladly lay before our readers ſeveral other extracts from this part of the work, which we are certain would be highly acceptable; and, in particular, we could wiſh to quote what Mr. F. ſays reſpecting the *mode to be purſued* for obtaining a parliamentary reform, and an equal and frequent repreſentation; which, as he well remarks, 'appeared a much more difficult work in France previous to the Revolution, than it now appears in Britain:' but theſe extracts would lead us beyond our limits. We muſt therefore proceed to that part of the author's work, which treats of eccleſiaſtical matters. This contains a moſt able vindication of the proceedings of the French legiſlators, and a clear and ſtriking diſplay of the many benefits derived from the new ſyſtem; eſpecially in what concerns the method of appointing and paying the miniſters of the church; the abolition of tithes; the equitable diſtribution of the revenues among the different orders of the clergy; the care taken to enforce reſidence; and the terms of admiſſion into the church.

In diſcuſſing the queſtion, whether eccleſiaſtical revenues are public property, which Mr. F. decides in the affirmative, he makes an ingenious remark, that we think well deſerves the attention of all who are intereſted in the deciſion:

'It is unneceſſary to revert to the diſtinctions I have pointed out in eccleſiaſtical property; let me aſk a few queſtions reſpecting the whole. Has not the Proteſtant church of England, for upwards of two centuries paſt, held in poſſeſſion property, the greater part of which was expreſsly deſigned for the maintainance of a Popiſh church? This is ſuch a ſerious matter, that it ſurely muſt ſtrike home to the boſoms, more particularly of our dignified clergy. How is it poſſible that the mitres of our prelates ſhould ſit eaſy on their moſt reverend, and right reverend heads, or the different orders of the clergy ſhould, with ſuch ſcrupulous conſcience as they are well known to poſſeſs, enjoy their various preferments, unleſs it is upon theſe general principles, that the ſtate has the undoubted right to regulate, change, alter, or model the church; and to apply its property as in its wiſdom it may ſee fit? If this is not admitted, an interference, which ſome men would do well to conſider, is unaccountable: our clergy, one and all, from the Archbiſhop of Canterbury through the different ranks, are ſpiritual uſurpers, in poſſeſſion of property originally deſigned for other perſons, and for different purpoſes.'

Of the good effects which have attended the abolition of tithes in France, Mr. F. produces a proof which will give pleaſure to every benevolent and religious mind, duly ſenſible how much the efficacy of a clergyman's inſtructions depends on harmony and good-will between him and his pariſhioners. *

'In France, the impoſition of tithes is for ever aboliſhed; the people have already experienced the happy effects of being relieved from the oppreſſion. During the laſt autumn, the huſbandmen in ſeveral pariſhes began their harveſt in a manner expreſſive of their gratitude both to God and to the National Aſſembly. Their paſtors accompanied them to the field. Te Deum and other anthems were performed, and the grateful effuſions of the heart aſcended to heaven in praiſes and thankſgivings. The moſt thankful acknowledgments were made to their legiſlators, by whoſe wiſe and merciful decrees every one was about to reap the fruits of his labour, happy that he could now call the whole produce of his field his own. Muſic, and dancing, and innocent feſtivity, diſplayed through the pariſh the felicity of the inhabitants. Is there an Engliſhman who reads this account but muſt earneſtly hope that the period is not far diſtant, when *his* countrymen ſhall enjoy ſimilar felicity, and expreſs their feelings in the ſame grateful and devotional manner!'

When Mr. F. comes to treat of the extenſiou of religious liberty in France, he apprehends that his own words would convey but a feeble idea of the admiration and gratitude due to 'that aſſembly, which has exalted toleration to its preſent height of glory.'

'Upon ſuch a topic, I lament I cannot ſufficiently expreſs my feelings: I muſt borrow the language of one of thoſe extraordinary men, who ſeems to have been endowed with an Angelic intelligence, who in proſe as well as in poetry ranged "beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere;" and who one would imagine foreſaw not only the revolution which has recently taken place, but the ſurprize and diſmay which it excites in ſurrounding nations. "Methinks (ſays the great Milton) I ſee in my mind a noble and puiſſant nation rouſing herſelf like a ſtrong man after ſleep, and ſhaking her invincible locks: methinks I ſee her as an eagle mueing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; unſcaling her long abuſed ſight at the fountain itſelf of heavenly radiance; while the whole noiſe of timorous and flocking birds, with thoſe alſo that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what ſhe means, and in their envious gabble, prognoſticate nothing but ſects and ſchims."'

The pleaſing account of the happy effects produced by this liberal and enlarged ſyſtem of toleration, muſt be peruſed with ſatisfaction and joy by every one who values the name and privilege of a Proteſtant:

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* *Another ſignal inſtance of the tendency of the French revolution to promote peace and good-will among mankind, appears in civil matters alſo. The conciliatory tribunals, or court of arbitration, for Paris, lately reported that, out of eight thouſand and ſix cauſes ſubmitted to their juriſdiction, they had accommodated four thouſand two hundred and fifty-nine.*

'The firſt privilege which the diſſenters from the eſtabliſhed church have been eager to embrace is, The public profeſſion of their religion. In the growing neglect of public worſhip in this country, proceeding from a variety of unhappy cauſes, this privilege may, by many, be lightly eſteemed. Thoſe alſo, who attend divine ſervice principally from education or cuſtom, cannot form any proper eſtimation of what affords them ſo little pleaſure. But thoſe happy few, who find in the ſervice of their God, duty and privilege equally united, need not to be told how great the bleſſing is of religious aſſemblies. To ſuch perſons I ſhall make no apology for giving rather a minute account of the opening of one or two places of worſhip in a country, which, previous to the revolution, ſuffered no religion but what was eſtabliſhed.

'The firſt church which I ſhall notice, is that which was opened at Dunkirk, an account of which, although it has already appeared in one of our public prints, is too valuable, not to be ſtill more extenſively circulated. The writer thus expreſſes himſelf: "We now begin to enjoy the beſt benefits of the new conſtitution, in the exerciſes of our own worſhip. On Sunday laſt an Engliſh Proteſtant church was opened here, an object that has been long in contemplation, but never before accompliſhed. The number of Proteſtants in this place is very great; the church was ſo full, that many ſtood in the paſſage throughout the ſervice, while others returned for want of room. We have every appearance of forming a large and reſpectable ſociety, for the plan that is adopted has in view the union of all Proteſtants; Epiſcopalian, Preſbyterians, or other diſſenters. The church of England ſervice is made uſe of, reformed upon the plan of the late Dr. Clarke, Rector of St. James's, in which the exceptionable paſſages of the common-prayer are omitted. It is a plan that gives general ſatisfaction, and many of all parties intereſt themſelves greatly in the cauſe. The National Aſſembly has provided very generouſly for thoſe who diſſent from the eſtabliſhed church. All ſects have the liberty of conducting baptiſms, marriages, and burials according to their own forms, and a regiſter of them is kept in the chamber of the tribunal.[*]"

'In the ſame town another church has been opened by a clergyman of the church of England, in which the common ſervice is uſed. A miſtake was, however, made, which, as it was the firſt of the kind in France, I wiſh it may be the laſt. The miniſter, unluckily, brought over ſome of his high church prejudices with him, and attempted to ſow his tares amongſt the wheat, by urging ſome of the congregation not to be married by their own miniſter, *becauſe he was not ordained by a Biſhop*. This *wiſe* admonition was treated as it deſerved, and ſerved only to create a ſmile. I have thought it right to mention this circumſtance, as I am a moſt ſincere friend to the ſpread of Chriſtianity, under any of its forms. Any thing of religion is better than indolence, vice, and that ſtupideſt of all ſtupid ignorance, attachment to prejudices *becauſe* they are prejudices. With my beſt wiſhes, therefore, of ſucceſs to any of the clergy of the church of England, who may endeavour to ſpread the reformed religion in France, I have only to expreſs my hope, that they will carefully avoid the blunder of their *Dunkirk* brother.

'In the ſame town there are a number of Quakers, who have lately
opened

' [*] *Extract of a Letter from Dunkirk, dated Auguſt* 10, 1791.

opened a place for religious worſhip, which I am informed is reſpectably attended.

'At Bologne *ſur la mer*, an Engliſh church has lately been opened: the miniſter preached his firſt ſermon from thoſe appoſite words in Revelations, chapter iii. verſe 8. "Behold I have ſet before thee an open door, and no man can ſhut it."'

To the foregoing ſpecimen of the indulgence granted to Engliſh proteſtants in the provinces, we ſhall add Mr. Flower's account of the opening of one of the French proteſtant churches in the capital, of which he himſelf was a witneſs:

'Amongſt the various reforms which have been made in the religious eſtabliſhment, is that of reducing the number of pariſhes, conſequently of churches. Every body knows that in the Catholic countries, there are numbers of churches more than are neceſſary. At Paris, there are eighteen which have been ſhut up, and advertiſed either for ſale, or hire, to any religious community. The proteſtants at Paris, as ſoon as toleration was granted them, loſt no time in aſſembling themſelves together; their firſt meetings were held in a ſpacious room in one of the hotels; this was found too ſmall; as ſoon therefore as the churches were to be diſpoſed of, they hired one for their greater convenience, and for conducting their worſhip in a more public manner. The church fixed upon, was that of *St. Louis de Louvre*, a handſome oval building, formerly uſed by Louis the fourteenth, and ſituated cloſe to the palace of the Thuilleries, as well as to that of which it bears the name. A few days previous to its being opened, notice was given to the department, who iſſued proclamations to the people, exhorting them to conduct themſelves like citizens of a free and enlightened nation. In this proclamation it was aſſerted, that the liberty now granted to the Proteſtants was not a matter of favour, it was only the reſtoration of a right of which they had been long deprived. As this, however, was the firſt time of an aſſembly of Proteſtants meeting for public worſhip, for this century paſt, and their place of meeting was a church which had been uniformly devoted to the eſtabliſhed ſervice, it was thought proper to order a detachment of the national guards to prevent any diſturbance; a precaution, which though prudent, was afterwards found unneceſſary. It was Sunday the twenty-ſecond of May, which was devoted to this triumph of reaſon, philoſophy, liberty, and religion.

'Previous to my entering the church, I obſerved the following inſcriptions on the front of it:

L'an de Jeſus Chriſt 1791. *Le ſecond de la liberté,*
Edifice conſacré à un culte religieux, par une ſocieté particuliere.
PAIX ET LIBERTE.

'On entering the church, I perceived that piety and prudence had united to prepare the place ſuitable for the audience. The pictures, with other inſtruments of idolatry, had been removed, but their vacancies were all filled with ſomething uſeful and edifying. Over the main altar were placed *The ten commandments of God;* and in different parts the *Lord's prayer* the *Apoſtle's creed*, the *Declaration of the rights of man*, and the *Duties of the citizen.* I had taken my ſtation only a few minutes, before the church (which conveniently holds about ſeven hundred people) was completely crowded. I was afterwards informed, many hundreds went away, who were not able to gain admittance.

'It may not, perhaps, be uſeleſs to inform ſome of my readers, that the manner in which the French Proteſtants conduct their worſhip, is ſomething between that of the members of the eſtabliſhment, and the diſſenters in this country, and what ſome may think an improvement on both. They have their liturgy, containing ſervices for the offices of baptiſm, marriage, &c. and various forms of prayer, but they are by no means confined to them. Their confeſſion of faith and catechiſm are calviniſtical, and the French Proteſtants have in general been, what are called *moderate Calviniſts.* The firſt part of the ſervice (performed by the clerk) conſiſted in reading the Scriptures, and in ſinging, the latter accompanied by the organ. The eighth chapter of the firſt book of Kings, and the ſecond chapter of St. Luke were among other portions of Scripture read; and the eighty-fourth and the hundred and twenty-ſecond pſalms were ſung on the occaſion. A circumſtance, which though many may think trifling, gave me ſo much pleaſure that I cannot help mentioning it. It being the firſt time of aſſembling in this public manner, there was a ſcarcity of pſalm books. I perceived many lending their books to others, at the ſame time without inconvenience to themſelves. They had the pſalms perfect in their hearts, and ſang them with their lips, without difficulty. Many, I doubt not, then preſent, had made the Pſalms of David their ſongs in the houſe of their pilgrimage. The ten commandments were read, during which the miniſter (Monſ. Marron) aſcended the pulpit. After ſinging another pſalm, he offered up a prayer expreſſive of gratitude to the Deity for the mercies then vouchſafed, and entreating his preſence and bleſſing. The ſermon was then preached from Romans, chapter xiii. verſe 12. *The night is far ſpent, the day is at hand: let us, therefore, caſt off the works of darkneſs, and let us put on the armour of light.* Inſtead of entering into the particulars of the diſcourſe, I ſhall only obſerve that the occaſion was great, and the preacher well qualified to improve it. He ſhewed himſelf the philoſopher, the patriot, the orator, and the Chriſtian. After the ſermon, which laſted upwards of an hour, (I believe every hearer thought it a ſhort one,) followed what is called the long prayer, in which the miniſter, after again expreſſing the moſt grateful praiſes and thankſgivings to God for the peculiar favours of the day, poured forth the moſt earneſt petitions for the welfare and proſperity of the French empire; for the National Aſſembly; for the King, the Queen; the departments; the municipalities; the citizens; for the completion, and the ſtability of the conſtitution. During the ſermon, I could not but admire the peculiar animation of the preacher, and the fixed attention of the audience. But during the prayer, both preacher and hearers were ſo uncommonly affected, that I belive there were few perſons, Proteſtants or Catholics, but were in tears. When the prayer was concluded, the belief was read, and two children were baptiſed. The whole ſervice concluded by ſinging a paraphraſe on the prayer of Simeon; "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation;" and ſurely never were words more applicable, from the time they were firſt uttered by the aged ſaint in the temple, when he embraced the infant Saviour in his arms, than on the preſent occaſion. If corrupt ſtateſmen ſmile at this relation, or attempt to turn it into ridicule—Avaunt, ye enemies of mankind, you cannot enter into our feelings! an attempt to convey them to you, would be equally vain, as an attempt to convey the harmony of ſounds to the deaf, or the beauty of colours to the blind. But I make no doubt that ſome perſons, from peruſing this account, faint and imperfect as it is, will feel a flame glowing in their hearts ſimilar to that which filled the ſouls of the Paris audience, and which will conſtrain them to break forth in the language of gratitude; *Bleſſed be God for the French Revolution.*

'The collection at the doors for the poor (which always concludes the ſervice of the foreign proteſtant churches) amounted to upwards of ſixty pounds ſterling. I had on my return the pleaſure of converſing with ſeveral perſons Catholics as well as Proteſtants, and the ſatisfaction of the former ſeemed as complete as that of the latter. I ſhall only add that the devotion of the day was not a ſudden blaze, extinguiſhed almoſt as ſoon as it was kindled. The church continued in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate, and when the ſacrament was adminiſtered, the number of communicants was upwards of one hundred and fifty.'

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the leaſt acquainted with the private character of the doctor, knew that *economy* and *foreſight* were not amongſt the catalogue of his virtues. In the ſuite of his penſioners (and he generally enlarged his liſt as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of ſcribbling memory, who had ſerved the doctor ſo many tricks, that he deſpaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made, "How ſo, Jack?" ſays the doctor. "Why," ſays Jack, "the ducheſs of Marlborough, you muſt know, has long had a ſtrange *penchant* for a pair of *white mice*; now, as I know they were ſometimes to be had in the Eaſt Indies, I commiſſioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the moſt beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finiſhed this account with a tranſport of joy, he lengthened his viſage by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without *two guineas* to buy a cage for the *mice*, he could not preſent them. The doctor unfortunately, as he ſaid himſelf, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his ſcheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premiſing on the indelicacy of the propoſal, hinted, that if he could ſpare that watch for a week, he could raiſe a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of ſpoiling a man's fortune for ſuch a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him, which Jack immediately took to the pawn-broker's, raiſed what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he ſent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the other, under ſuch circumſtances, very generouſly ſent him.

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

FORTUNE never appears in a more extravagant humour than when ſhe reduces monarchs to become mendicants. This is no uncommon revolution in her eventful volumes. Modern hiſtory has recorded many ſuch inſtances.

In Candide, or the Optimiſt, the reader will find an admirable ſtroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obſcure inn, and ſome of them with not ſufficient money to pay for a ſcurvy dinner. In the courſe of converſation, they are diſcovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns; and what adds to this exquiſite ſatire is, that the eight monarchs are not the fictitious majeſties of the peotic brain; imperial ſhadows like thoſe that appeared to Macbeth; but living monarchs, who were wandering at that moment about the world.

Theodore king of Corſica is not yet forgotten by many. Smollet, in his Ferdinand Count Fathom, has given us ſome curious anecdotes, which paint very forcibly the ſingular diſtreſſes of that monarch.

To this liſt another example may be added. In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio king of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart depoſited at the Ave Maria. Nothing on earth was capable of obliging this prince to renounce his crown. He paſſed over to England, and came to France, where he reſided; and died, in great poverty, at the age of ſixty-four years. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing. In all his miſeries he had a ſervant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only deſired to participate in his misfortunes, and to ſoften his miſeries; and for the recompence of his ſervices, he only wiſhed to be buried at the feet of his dear maſter. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raiſed altars, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greateſt lords of the court of Portugal, and who derived his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

THE GREAT AND LITTLE TURK.

TITLES frequently remain when the occaſions of making them are forgotten. Perhaps few know why the Ottoman emperor is called *The great Turk:* it is not, as ſome have imagined, to diſtinguiſh him from his own ſubjects. This was the occaſion: Mahomet the Second was the firſt of theſe emperors on whom the Chriſtians beſtowed the title of the great Turk. It was not owing to his great actions that this ſplendid title was accorded to him, but to the vaſt extent of his dominions, in compariſon with thoſe of the ſultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his contemporary, who was diſtinguiſhed by the title of *The Little Turk*. After the taking of Conſtantinople, Mahomet the Second deprived the latter of his domains; and ſtill preſerved the title of the great Turk, though the propriety of it, by this accident, was loſt.

DESCRIPTION *of the* INDIAN GROSSBEAK.

BY ATHAR ALI KHAN, OF DELHI.

THE little bird called Bayà in Hindì, Berbera in Sanſcrit, Bábùi in the dialect of Bengal, Cíbù in Perſian, and Tenawwit in Arabic, from his remarkably pendent neſt, is rather larger than a ſparrow, with yellow-brown plumage, a yellowiſh head and feet, a light-coloured breaſt, and a conic beak, very thick in proportion to his body. This bird is exceedingly common in Hindoſtan: he is aſtoniſhingly ſenſible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deſerting the place where his young were hatched, but not averſe, like moſt other birds, to the ſociety of mankind, and eaſily taught to perch on the hand of his maſter. In a ſtate of nature he generally builds his neſt on the higheſt tree that he can find, eſpecially on the palmyra, or on the Indian figtree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet: he makes it of graſs, which he weaves like cloth, and ſhapes like a large bottle, ſuſpending it firmly on the branches, but ſo as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downwards to ſecure it from birds of prey. His neſt uſualy conſiſts of two or three chambers; and it is the popular belief, that he lights them with fire-flies, which he catches alive at night, and confines with moiſt clay, or with cow-dung; that ſuch flies are often found in his neſt, where pieces of cow-dung are alſo ſtuck, is indubitable; but as their light could be of little uſe to him, it ſeems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with eaſe to fetch a piece of paper, or any ſmall thing that his maſter points out to him; it is an atteſted fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a ſignal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his maſter with apparent exultation; and it is confidently aſſerted, that if a houſe or any other place be ſhown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a proper ſignal being made. One inſtance of his docility I can myſelf mention with confidence, having often been an eye-witneſs of it. The young Hindù women at Benares, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called *tica's*, ſlightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye-brows, and when they paſs through the ſtreets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuſe themſelves by training bayàs, to give them a ſignal, which they underſtand, and ſend them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their miſtreſſes, wich they bring in triumph to the lovers. The bayà feeds naturally on graſs-hoppers and other inſects, but will ſubſiſt, when tame, on pulſe macerated in water: his fleſh is warm and drying, of eaſy digeſtion, and recommended in medical books, as a ſolvent of ſtone in the bladder or kidneys; but of that virtue there is no ſufficient proof. The female lays many beautiful eggs reſembling large pearls; the white of them, when they are boiled, is tranſparent, and the flavour of them is exquiſitely delicate. When many baya's are aſſembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than ſinging: their want of muſical talents is, however, amply ſupplied by their wonderful ſagacity, in which they are not excelled by any feathered inhabitants of the foreſt.

THE FILLIP ON THE NOSE.

BY M. MARMONTEL.

"IN the days of chivalry," ſaid baron Driſac, "there was not a gentleman who had not a tale of proweſs or adventure to relate at his fire-ſide. Theſe good times are over; there are now no more giants or enchanters, nor any princeſſes any longer ſtolen away. For my part, I am quite at a loſs what to ſay; and in looking back upon the events of my paſt life, the happieſt day I can recollect, was that on which I received a fillip on the noſe, as I was admiring the pictures in the exhibition-room."—"What! upon the noſe?" cried Juliet. "Yes, young lady, upon this very noſe; and here is the ſtory.

"I came to Paris when I was twenty years old, with my whole fortune in my pocket-book, and the promiſe of a lieutenancy, upon which I had built all my hopes and projects of ambition. I waited a long while for this commiſſion. It was in time of war, danger ſeemed to be courted, and every vacancy was ſo earneſtly ſought for by our young men ambitious of glory, that my little ſtock of money was decreaſing inſenſibly while I was waiting my turn. I managed it, however, with great diſcretion, and ſupplied the place of ruinous pleaſures by adopting thoſe that were œconomical.—Partly from natural taſte, and partly from conſiderations of prudence, I became an amateur of the arts, and I was fond of aſſociating with artiſts. My playhouſes were their working-rooms, and they coſt me nothing. Still becoming more capable of deriving pleaſure from the works of genius, I could always gratify myſelf without putting my hand into my purſe, and this I found very convenient. Beſides, among theſe artiſts, I had the good fortune to meet with well-informed men, characters that would have honoured antiquity—frankneſs of manners which I liked exceedingly, and a kind of pride which I did not diſlike; much gaiety, and often wit and humour, and a livlineſs of imagination, which ſtrongly reminded me of my own country.

"I was more attached to Carlo Vanloo than to any other of my companions. A better painter, or a better man did not exiſt. He had all the dignity of genius, and all the ſimplicity of a child. He remarked my aſſiduity, and was not inſenſible to the honeſt praiſes I beſtowed upon his works, he conceived a friendſhip for me, and, in a little time he permitted me to viſit him at his own houſe. It was the abode of happineſs and of innocent delights. His wife ſang like a nightingale, and the beauty of his daughter was an opening roſe. It afforded an exhibition of ſpring in its faireſt appearance."—"You were in danger of falling in love," ſaid Dervis to him in a low voice. "O no, I looked upon the charming Caroline only as the maſter-piece of her father. Her hand was already promiſed, and her heart pre-engaged.—And to what purpoſe ſhould I have loved her?—No, no, love never enters a man's heart entirely alone, or of its own accord. Hope always accompanies and introduces it; beſides, I had my commiſſion in my head, and as ſoon as I obtained it, I repaired to the camp.

"When we took our leave of each other, "Brave young man," ſaid Carlo, "you are going to be ſhot at, and I can do you a piece of ſervice. *Bagieux*, the beſt ſurgeon in the army, is my particular friend; here is a letter of recommendation to him."—"I received it with great ſatisfaction. Bagieux was a man of no ſmall importance in the day of battle, and lucky was it for me that I made him my friend. Eight days after my arrival, I received two wounds at the attack of Laufeld, one in my thigh, which was very ſlight, the other in the right ſhoulder, which well required the attention of an able ſurgeon. Bagieux, whom Vanloo had intreated not to loſe ſight of me in ſerious affairs, heard I was wounded, and haſtened to my aſſiſtance.

"Worthy friend of my friend Carlo," ſaid I to him, "conſider this is my ſword arm—do all you can to ſave it." He examined the wound—the ball was lodged in it, and it was neceſſary to extract it. I will not tire you with the detail of my ſufferings and his attention; it is enough to obſerve that he cured me, and that my arm became again fit for the ſervice of my country and my friends.

"At laſt, peace being concluded, I returned to Paris, and thanked my friend, whoſe kind precaution had probably ſaved my life; we lived together in the moſt agreeable intimacy—the morning in his work-ſhop—the evening in the midſt of his family.—His wife at her harpſichord, and the fair Caroline cultivating her ripened talents, through her brother's inſtruction and example.

"Around the harpſichord, a group of artiſts, men of letters, and ſubſtantial citizens, the friends of Carlo, liſtened with rapture to that new ſtile of muſic of which madame Vanloo firſt taught us to underſtand, and taſte the beauties—and in this circle, Carlo pointed out to me Pacome, the friend of his heart, and whoſe ſon appeared extremely touched by the fine voice of Caroline. In this manner did we paſs our time.

"The exhibition of pictures was that year uncommonly excellent, my friend Vanloo's pieces were particularly diſtinguiſhed by the dignity of his manner, and the brilliancy of his colouring;—but envy alone became the more envenomed.

"I have heard that glory and envy were born on the ſame day—the one from the egg of an eagle, the other from that of a viper. I am inclined to think ſo, and I can conceive that the artiſt that crawls is jealous of him that ſoars—but the man who is but an artiſt himſelf, how can he become envious? In matters of wit every man has more or leſs pretenſion—he has made, perhaps, in the courſe of his life, a madrigal or a ſong; and that is enough to make him even the enemy of Voltaire. Monteſquieu after all only wrote proſe. M. Jourdaine has done the ſame, but without a man's having handled the chiſſel or the pencil, how can he be hurt at the reputation of the ſtatuary or the painter? It is becauſe there is a deſcription of men who are naturally enemies to all kinds of excellence; ſucceſs in others afflicts them; they are hurt at every kind of merit; they would obſcure the ſun itſelf were they able to ſully its luſtre.

“Among theſe wretches, was one Rodricour, a bravo, well known at the theatres and coffee-houſes for a petulant and troubleſome fellow. He piqued himſelf on being the ſcourge of artiſts; and he would ſtrut about the exhibition-room, his glaſs in his hand, and praiſe, in the moſt arrogant manner, what every other perſon decried, and find fault with what others commended. He had conceived a particular malice againſt Carlo Vanloo, the moſt modeſt of men, the moſt open to correction, and who would deface the work before him, if a learner even of the art appeared diſſatisfied with it.

“Do you know,” ſaid Carlo one day to me, “why that man is ſo incenſed againſt me?—he frequented my houſe a year ago, and was as complaiſant and cringing as he is now ſpiteful and ſevere, but in pretending to admire my talents, he was really the admirer of my daughter, and he had one day the inſolence to ſlip a *billet* into her hand. The poor girl ſhewed us the note, and aſked her mother and myſelf what the gentleman wanted. I perceived plainly enough that he wanted to ſeduce her, and without condeſcending to reproach him, I deſired our amateur never to enter my houſe again.—He has never forgiven me.” In vain I ſtrove to make my friend Carlo conſider ſuch kind of wretches with the contempt they deſerve.—“Alas!” replied he, “they were your Rodricours that broke the heart of Le Moine.” However, as Carlo had the public voice in his favour, and his labours had even been crowned with ſucceſs, I at length made him ſenſible of this advantage, and he became a little more calm.

“But one morning when I called at his houſe, I found the beſt picture he had exhibited torn into pieces, and his wife and daughter ſtanding by it, in the moſt diſconſolate manner.

“Struck with aſtoniſhment and grief at what I ſaw, I aſked the ladies what madman had been deſtroying ſo fine a production?”—“Alas!” replied the mother, “'twas my huſband.”—“He is out of his ſenſes then?”—“Paſſion has made him ſo,” replied ſhe, “nor do I wonder at it; this unfortunate picture will perhaps be the occaſion of the death of an old and worthy friend. You know Pacome; you have ſeen him at our houſe.—Ah, M. Driſac, a man of fifty years of age, father of a family, was affronted in the moſt inſolent manner yeſterday in a coffee-houſe by a wretch called Rodricour, who abuſed my huſband's works and his talents, not even ſparing perſonal inſult, but accuſing him of unbounded pride, and of low and undermining hatred for every one of his own profeſſion that ſurpaſſed him in excellence.

“Pacome had born with temper the ſeverity of this man's remarks reſpecting his friend's productions; but when the ſlanderer had recourſe to perſonal inſult, he defied him to point out a ſingle fact, or to produce any eveidence in ſupport of his calumny—The word calumny touched the ſlanderer to the quick.—" Here is an evidence," cried he, threatening at the ſame time to ſtrike him. Pacome, being unarmed, could not then avenge the inſult, but on his return home, his wife and children endeavoured in vain to reſtrain his reſentment, and to prevent his determining on vengeance or death. His ſon is reſolved to die before him; but this is not all, my huſband conſiders it incumbent on himſelf to revenge the inſult offered his friend, and at this moment is charging his piſtols. Overcome with paſſion, he will not ſuffer us to appear in his preſence, nor ſee us again till the affront is done away."

" On hearing this unpleaſant recital, the idea of Bagieux came ſtrongly into my mind. I went directly to Vanloo, and compelled him to open the door of his cabinet, and ſeeing him in the act of loading his piſtols —" What are you about?" ſaid I, " are you not ſenſible that this vile fellow is unworthy your notice, and that it is enough to conſign him to public indignation and contempt."—" No, M. Driſac," ſaid he, " if he were a coward, well and good, but ſince, with all the vileneſs of his character, he has the reputation of being courageous, I will ſee whether he be as brave as he is inſolent and cruel."

" As he pronounced theſe words, we ſaw Rodricour paſs by in his way to the exhibition, carrying his head very high, with an inſulting countenance, his hat over his eyes, and a long ſword by his ſide.— " There he goes," ſaid Carlo, " I will wait for him here till his return, and you will be my ſecond."

" I had little more dependence upon the piſtols of Carlo than on Pacome's ſword, but there was no reſtraining a man under the influence of rage and reſentment. He intreated me to let him go out, and in ſuch a manner that I could not oppoſe him. I appeared to yield, and contented myſelf with following him. But what a ſcene did I behold on his coming out of the cabinet!—what a picture!—and how like one of his own painting. His wife, his charming daughter, one at his feet, the other hanging about his neck, endeavoured to reſtrain him with their embraces, their cries, their tears, and with their expoſtulations, which nature dictated, and which pierced the heart. Carlo was inſenſible to all their efforts. " My friend," cried he, " my friend is diſhonoured, I muſt revenge him or die in the attempt!" and he tore himſelf from their arms. His wife fell into a ſwoon; his tender and feeble child ſtill hung about him. She had ſeen the piſtols concealed under his coat, and, getting over the timidity of her age and ſex, ſhe endeavoured, as a laſt reſource to diſarm him. " What are you doing, my child," ſaid he, " they are charged, and if one of them goes off, you will kill your father?"—ſhe fell down without colour or motion.

" My brave Carlo," ſaid I, " you have the feelings of a man of honour and courage, one cannot deny it; but you are going to act like a bravado, if you attack your adverſary as he comes out of the exhibition-room; it will appear as if you expected to be ſeparated by the bye-ſtanders. Will you give me leave to conduct you in a quiet manner to ſome place where you will be more at eaſe?"—" Yes," ſaid he, with great ſatisfaction, " 'tis what I wiſh."—" Stay then where you are, till you ſee us go by, and then follow us; and in the mean while conſole the two ladies—I ſhall go to the exhibition."

" I went

"I went thither, and quickly marked my man in the crowd, his glaſs at his right eye, looking over the pictures, and depreciating the beſt of them in the moſt inſolent manner, to the great ſcandal of three young artiſts, who were obſerving him, and were much exaſperated at his impudence. I drew near, and ſtood behind him, the better to hear, and to join in the converſation. I heard him exclaim on the ſubject of a picture of Virnet's, "Fit only for a fan-mount!" I exclaimed, "What beauty! what truth of colouring! were ever ſky, water, air, and light better expreſſed?" He ſurveyed me from head to foot, and ſtepping on, and examining a piece of Deſhaie's, he obſerved, "'Twas art without talent?" I replied, "It was pure genius." He looked at a picture of Vien's, and cried, "'Tis the work of a learner!" and I anſwered, "Of a learner who rivals the greateſt maſters." He turned towards one of Lagrenee's pieces, "It is cold and manner'd!" ſaid he.—"Yes," replied I, "cold as Albano, and manner'd as Correggio." At laſt, perceiving the vacant frame of Vanloo's picture, "He has done well," ſaid he, ſmiling, "to remove it; there was never any thing ſo inſipid!"—"He has done ill," replied I, "there was never any thing ſo ſublime!"

"My replies enraged him, he looked at me a ſecond time over his ſhoulder, and ſaid, "How troubleſome it is to be near a fool!"—I anſwered, "How tormenting it is to meet with a coxcomb!" He then turned about, and taking me for a young artiſt, gave me a fillip on the noſe. I did not move a ſtep, and without making any diſturbance, I put my hat upon my head; "Sir," ſaid I, "you ſee this cockade?" "Yes, I ſee it."—"And therefore!"—"And therefore!" replied he, mimicking my manner of ſpeaking. "Gentlemen," ſaid I to the three artiſts, who ſeemed aſtoniſhed at my calmneſs, "will you walk with me; I generally take a little air in the morning in the *Champs Elyſées;* it gives me an appetite to my dinner."—"I go there too, ſometimes," replied my man, "for exerciſe does me good."—At this inſtant I ſet out with my young people, who ſeemed not a little exaſperated againſt my adverſary.

[*To be continued.*]

MEAN HEAT OF DIVERSE COUNTRIES.

EXTRACTED FROM MR. LE P. COTTE'S PAPERS.

THE extenſive correſpondence of our author with ingenious perſons in different parts of the world, has enabled him to collect a vaſt number of obſervations, and to deduce from them the mean heat, or mean temperature of the following countries, which cannot but be very acceptable to the philoſophical world.

From an attentive conſideration of this table it will appear, that in general the mean heat of countries decreaſes in proportion as the latitude increaſes, viz. as they are ſituated nearer to the poles; but this law is by no means without exceptions; thus for inſtance, great part of North America is in the ſame latitude with Italy; yet the mean heat of the former is leſs than that of the latter. Theſe anomalies are certainly owing to local circumſtances, which expoſe one country to particular currents of wind, to more frequent rains, &c. It is alſo highly probable, that the increaſe or decreaſe of cultivation may contribute to alter the mean temperature of a country; this, however, can only be aſcertained from a number of accurate thermometrical obſervations, continued for a conſiderable number of years. The ſubject is very intereſting, and therefore it deſerves the ſerious conſideration of philoſophers.

N. B. The degrees of heat expreſſed in the table are according to Reaumur's ſcale, the freezing point of which is at 0, and boiling point at 80°.

Names of places ſituated between 13′ 17″ *and* 42° 41′ 55″ *of N. latitude.*

	Mean heat.		Mean heat.
Peru, America	20.	Cairo, Egypt	17,6
Surinam, America	20,4	Bagdad, Aſia	8,6
Pondicherry, India	23,7	Cape of Good Hope	15,5
Madras, India	22,4	Syria, Aſia Minor	16,7
St. Peter's Fort, Martinique	21,3	Algiers, Africa	16,5
Guadaloupe, America	22,7	Williamſburg, Virginia	11,7
Dominique	20,1	Pekin, China	10,1
Mexico	13,3	New-York, America	9,7
Iſle of France, Africa	21,6	Rome, Italy	12,5
Iſle of Bourbon, Africa	22,5	Cambridge, America	7,3
Chandernagor, Aſia	26,7	Perpignan, France	12,3

Between 42° 42′ 59″ *and* 44° 28′ 24″ *of latitude.*

Mont-Louis, in the Pyreneans	5,2	Dax, France	9,8
Baſtia, Corſica	16,2	St. Sever, France	17,6
Taraſcon, France	12,4	Manoſque, France	11,3
Toulon, France	13,4	Niſmes, France	12,6
Rieux, France	11,2	Cavaillon, France	9,4
Rhodes, France	8,1	Montauban, France	10,5
Marſeilles, France	11,8	Oleron, France	11,2
Aix, France	10,8	St. Paul-Trois-Chateaux, France	10,5
Montpellier, France	12,2	Viviers, France	10,3
Salon, France	13,1		
Arles, France	11,9		

Between 44° 40′ 30″ *and* 46° 29′ 50″ *of latitude.*

Bourdeaux, France	10,8	Villefranche, France	9,2
Puy, France	8,4	Oleron, France	11,7
Le Grande Chartreuſe	4,3	Loudun, France	9,5
Vienne, of the Dauphinois	10,8	Rochelle, France	9,4
Lyons, France	10,6	Geneva	8,3
Clermont, France	8,6	Lucon, France	10,1

Between 46° 30′ *and* 48° *of latitude.*

Lauſanne, Switzerland	7,8	Berne, Switzerland	7,7
Poitiers, France	9,2	Pontarlier, in Franche Comté	6,8
Marans, France	9,5	Nantes, France	10,2
Quebec, America	4,4	Beſancon, France	8,6

Lorme,

	Mean heat.		Mean heat.
Lorme, France	7,4	Zurich, Switzerland	8,4
Dijon, France	8,4	Neuchatal, Switzerland	8,4
Buda, Hungary	8,0	Vannes, France	8,8
Chinon, France	9,6	Erlan, Hungary	8,5

Between 48° 2′ *and* 48° 57′ 40″ *of latitude.*

Munich, Bavaria	7,0	Provins, France	9,8
Vienna, Auſtria	8,1	Nancy, Lorrain	8,9
Troyes, France	9,0	L'Aigle, France	8,4
Mayenne, France	8,9	Verſailles, France	8,8
Breſt, France	9,8	Ratiſbon, Bavaria	7,6
Etampes, France	8,5	Paris, France	9,1
Chartres, France	8,3	Vire, France	8,3
St. Malo, France	9,9	Chalons, France	8,0
Pontorſon, Normandy	9,6		

Between 49° and 51° 31′ 54″ *of latitude.*

Montmorency, France	8,4	Erfurt, Saxony	7,2
Metz, Germany	9,3	Liebe, French Flanders	7,3
Griſſons, France	9,6	Liege, Weſtphalia	8,4
Rouen, France	8,7	Bruxelles	8,9
Manheim, Germany	8,1	Saintes, France	9,0
Rethel, France	9,5	Dunkerque	8,6
Prague	7,2	Duſſeldorp, Weſtphalia	7,4
Cambray, France	9,0	London	8,6
Arras, France	7,9	Gottingen	6,7
St. Omer, France	7,6		

Between 51° 35′ *and* 60° 27′ 7″ *of latitude.*

Breda, Dutch Brabant	8,5	Lyndon, England	7,2
Saganum, Sileſia	6,0	Franker, W. Frieſland	9,0
Rotterdam	8,5	Copenhagen	6,0
Hague, Holland	8,8	Moſcow	3,6
Delft, Holland	6,6	Hawkhill, Scotland	7,3
Warſaw, Poland	7,5	Nair, Labrador	2,5
Amſterdam	8,8	Okak, Labrador	1,0
Sparandam, Holland	8,2	Stockholm	5,5
Swamburg, Holland	7,8	Peterſburg	3,7
Berlin	7,6	Abo, in Finland	4,1

Places in Italy.

Alba, Montferrate	10,4	Padua	9,7
Bologna	10,9	Podora	11,0
Cerevento	3,2	Poleſine	9,4
Chiotta	10,5	Rome	12,5
Coira, Griſons	6,1	Socile	9,5
Conegliano, Treviſano	10,8	Tolmezo, Alpes	8,0
Firenza	13,2	Trento	9,8
Genoa	12,8	Ulino	11,1
Gorizia, Alpes	10,4	Venice	10,9
Lucca	12,8	Verona	10,6
Maroſtica	11,0	Vicenza	10,2
Milan	10,2	Creſpan	9,2
Naples	15,6		

On

On the TORPIDITY *of the* SWALLOW.

MANY writers ſeem to think that the ſwallow tribe remain with us during the winter. This opinion has been ſupported by various well atteſted facts; but there are others upon record equally ſtrong in favour of migration. Much has been, and much may be, ſaid on the ſubject. The ſupporters of the firſt opinion have taken different grounds. Some have even been hardy enough to aſſert, that the ſwallow retires to the bottoms of lakes and ponds; and the maintainers of this opinion appeal to facts. Mr. Hunter thinks that torpid animals breathe, and conſequently denies that it is poſſible for ſwallows to exiſt under water. Here, however, he ſeems to be deſerted by his uſual ingenuity. If it is poſſible for man to lie in a torpid ſtate under water half an hour, a fact which Mr. Hunter will not diſpute, why may not the ſwallow exiſt in the ſame ſtate for half a year? A better objection, therefore, would ariſe from a query, how a torpid ſwallow can contrive to ſink to the bottom of a lake; for if a ſwallow that is either dead or torpid be thrown into water, will it not float on the ſurface?

The diſappearance of theſe, and many others of the feathered creation, is one among the numerous facts which daily obtrude themſelves upon our notice, and convince us how little we are able to fathom the depths, or to explain the ſchemes, of providence; but it muſt at the ſame time be obſerved that they afford very pleaſing opportunities for mankind to exerciſe their ingenuity. At preſent, however, I will not preſume, in the face of ſo many contradictory facts, to give a decided opinion upon the ſubject. Whoever enters deeply into the enquiry, will perhaps be compelled to adopt, what I conceive to be now the moſt general notion, that a conſiderable part of the birds really do migrate, but that many remain with us during the winter in a torpid ſtate. This, it muſt be acknowledged, ſeems to argue a great degree of irregularity and inconſiſtency in the œconomy of Nature; and I confeſs, if I was obliged to ſubſcribe to one opinion, I would adopt that of your correſpondent * * *; to whom I beg leave to communicate the following eaſy method of giving it ſupport.

It is no very uncommon thing at the approach of winter, when the weather often becomes ſuddenly very cold, and the ſwallows are lingering and loth to leave us, to find one or more lying on the ground apparently dead. Theſe, it is preſumed, are ſuddenly chilled, and in a ſtate of torpidity; and if immerſed in water, or wrapped up in cotton in a cold cellar, may be brought forth at any time during the converſation of a winter's evening, in ſupport of your correſpondent's argument, as there is no doubt but the vicinity of a warm fire-ſide would reſtore them to motion. And ſince it is in our power, by the artificial climate of a hot-houſe, to excite the vigorous vegetation of exotic plants, I ſee no reaſon why it would not be equally eaſy, at the cloſe of ſummer, by means of an ice-houſe, to depreſs the vital principle in ſwallows ſo as to expedite the ſtate of torpidity.

Swallows at the cloſe of ſummer aſſemble on the tops of houſes and the ſteeples of churches, and are ſuppoſed by many to be congregating previous to their departure; but are they not in fact only taking this method of indulging themſelves in the vivifying warmth of the ſun, and by that means as long as poſſible reſiſting the approaching ſtate of torpidity.

THE THEATRE.

ON Wedneſday July 25, a new Legendary Drama, called The Enchanted Wood, was performed for the firſt time at the theatre in the Haymarket. This drama is the firſt production of Mr. Francis. The main incidents of the piece are borrowed from Parnell's Poem, intitled 'A Fairy Tale in the Ancient Engliſh Style,' of which Edwin of the Green is the hero, and is contraſted by Sir Topaz, the former having a virtuous and well informed mind with an unſeemly ſhape, and the latter an elegant form with a ſhallow underſtanding and a propenſity to vice and folly. For the ſake of accommodating the drama to the production of ſtage effect, Mr. Francis has varied the management of his incidents, and has taken the Tempeſt and Midſummer Night's Dream of Shakeſpeare for his models.

The outline of the plót is as follows: Julian, deformed in ſhape, but amiable in ſentiment, makes love to Una, and is rejected on account of his external appearance, while Etheldred, a trifling fop, but of elegant form is preferred. Preſuming on the preference, he diſplays all the empty vanity of a weak mind, and inſolently triumphs over Julian, who, attracted by the magic ſpells of Orion, wanders into the enchanted wood, and is there detained by fairies, the agents of the magician. Etheldred is in like manner drawn towards the enchanted cave, and being both ordered by Orion, (who has put their ſeparate characters to the teſt, by aſking alms of them in the aſſumed form of an aged and decrepit beggar) to ſtep into flaming cauldrons, which deſcend ſuddenly, and when they riſe again have changed ſhapes, Julian's perſon being as uniformly regular as his virtue, and Etheldred having the hunch back, that before deformed Julian, annexed to his ſhoulders. Una, in conſequence, rejects the fop, and confeſſes that her underſtanding would always have inclined her to prefer Julian, had not his former defect of ſhape diſguſted her eyes. There is an epiſode or two introduced, which conſiſts of the lawleſs attempts of the ſatyr Pythion on the ſprite Sylphina; and of the adventures of Gabriel, his wife, and his aſs, in the enchanted wood, which all contribute to heighten and add to the theatrical effect.

On Thurſday Auguſt 23, a new Comedy, called Cross Partners, was performed for the firſt time at the ſame theatre.

Lady Diana Dupely and General Touchwood, in their younger days, entertained a mutual paſſion for each other, and were then engaged, by contract, under a heavy penalty, to marry whenever their circumſtances ſhould ſuit. To mend his fortune, the general repairs to India, and, after twenty years abſence, returns to England, in which time the ardor of their mutual paſſion had abated; a circumſtance chiefly occaſioned by Lady Di's having become enamoured of a young man of the name of Cleveland, and the General of Miſs Fairfax. The old lovers are equally diſtreſſed by the recollection of their contract, and embarraſſed at the idea of their firſt interview, in which they endeavour to create mutual diſguſt, by aggravating their pretended infirmities. The meeting concludes with a requeſt from the one, to be allowed to introduce a nephew, and from the other a niece, and that they may all reſide under Lady Di's roof. In the interim, captain Herbert, who has juſt returned from India, has diſpatched his ſervant to inquire after Sophy Hobſon, his old ſweetheart, the ſuppoſed daughter of a farmer near Plymouth, who, while the captain was abſent, was proved to be the daughter of major Sidney an officer, who died in India and left her a conſiderable fortune. In her real character, Miſs Sidney has been received by Lady Di, and is there ſeen by captain Herbert, who admires and adores her, without recollecting her perſon. She is mortified at his inconſtancy, and determines to put his ſincerity to the teſt, by reaſſuming the dreſs and appearance of Sophy Hobſon. While this underplot is working, it appears that Cleveland and Miſs Fairfaix are lovers, who had felt it their duty to abandon each other on the ground of reſpective want of fortune. Their ſtory is diſcovered by Miſs Sidney, and on communicating it to Sir Charles Cullender, who dearly loves to be entruſted, with a ſecret, the baronet determines to bring the young lovers together, and mortify the old folks. Miſs Sydney ſucceeds in her plot on Captain Herbert, and Sir Charles effects his purpoſe by bringing about an union between Cleveland and Miſs Fairfax. The general and Lady Di think they have outwitted each other by conſenting to tear and deſtroy the counterpart copies of their contract, and their folly in wiſhing to unite age and youth is forcibly held up to ridicule.

This piece was very favourably received.

Deſcriptive Obſervations on HINZUAN *or* JOHANNA, *an Iſland between the North End of* MADAGASCAR *and the Continent of* AFRICA.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

HINZUAN (a name which has been gradually corrupted into Anzuame, Anjuan, Juanny, and Johanna,) has been governed about two centuries by a colony of Arabs, and exhibits a curious inſtance of the ſlow approaches towards civilization which are made by a ſmall community, with many natural advantages, but with few means of improving them. An account of this African iſland, in which we hear the language and ſee the manners of Arabia, may neither be unintereſting in itſelf, nor foreign to the objects of inquiry propoſed at the inſtitution of our ſociety*.

On Monday, the 28th of July 1783, after a voyage in the Crocodile, of ten weeks and two days from the rugged iſlands of Cape Verd, our eyes were delighted with a proſpect ſo beautiful, that neither a painter nor a poet could perfectly repreſent it, and ſo cheering to us, that it can juſtly be conceived by ſuch only as have been in our preceding ſituation. It was the ſun riſing in full ſplendour on the iſle of Mayata (as the ſeamen called it) which we had joyfully diſtinguiſhed the preceding afternoon by the height of its peak, and which now appeared at no great diſtance from the windows of our cabin; while Hinzuan, for which we had ſo long panted, was plainly diſcernable a-head, where its high lands preſented themſelves with remarkable boldneſs. The weather was fair; the water ſmooth; and a gentle breeze drove us eaſily before dinner-time round a rock, on which the Brilliant ſtruck juſt a year before, into a commodious road, where we dropped our anchor early in the evening; we had ſeen Mohila, another ſiſter iſland, in the courſe of the day.

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* *A Society for the promoting of Oriental knowledge, of which Sir William Jones is Preſident.*

The frigate was preſently ſurrounded with canoes, and the decks ſoon crowded with natives of all ranks, from the high-born chief, who waſhed linen, to the half-naked ſlave, who only paddled. Moſt of them had letters of recommendation from Engliſhmen, which none of them were able to read, though they ſpoke Engliſh intelligibly; and ſome appeared vain of titles which our countrymen had given them in play, according to their ſuppoſed ſtations; we had lords, dukes, and princes on board, ſoliciting our cuſtom, and importuning us for preſents. In fact, they were too ſenſible to be proud of empty ſounds, but juſtly imagined, that thoſe ridiculous titles would ſerve as marks of diſtinction, and by attracting notice, procure for them ſomething ſubſtantial. The only men of real conſequence in the iſland, whom we ſaw before we landed, were the governor Abdullah, ſecond couſin to the king, and brother Alwi, with their ſeveral ſons; all of whom will again be particularly mentioned: they underſtood Arabic, ſeemed zealots in the Mohammedan faith, and admired my copies of the Alcoran; ſome verſes of which they read, while Alwi peruſed the opening of another Arabian manuſcript, and explained it in Engliſh more accurately than could have been expected.

The next morning ſhewed us the iſland in all its beauty; and the ſcene was ſo diverſified, that a diſtinct view of it could hardly have been exhibited by the beſt pencil: you muſt, therefore, be ſatisfied with a mere deſcription, written on the very ſpot, and compared attentively with the natural landſcape. We were at anchor in a bay, and before us was a vaſt amphitheatre, of which you may form a general notion by picturing in your minds a multitude of hills infinitely varied in ſize and figure, and then ſuppoſing them to be thrown together, with a kind of artleſs ſymmetry, in all imaginable poſitions. The back ground was a ſeries of mountains, one of which is pointed, near half a mile perpendicularly high from the level of the ſea, and little more than three miles from the ſhore: all of them were richly clothed with wood, chiefly fruit-trees, of an exquiſite verdure. I had ſeen many a mountain of a ſtupendous height in Wales and Switzerland, but never ſaw one before, round the boſom of which the clouds were almoſt continually rolling, while its green ſummit roſe flouriſhing above them, and received from them an additional brightneſs. Next to this diſtant range of hills was another tier, part of which appeared charming verdant, and part rather barren; but the contraſt of colours changed even this nakedneſs into a beauty: nearer ſtill were innumerable mountains, or rather cliffs, which brought down their verdure and fertility quite to the beach; ſo that every ſhade of green, the ſweeteſt of colours, was diſplayed at one view by land and by water. But nothing conduced more to the variety of this enchanting proſpect than the many rows of palm trees, eſpecially the tall and graceful Areca's, on the ſhores, in the vallies, and on the ridges of hills, where one might almoſt ſuppoſe them to have been planted regularly by deſign. A more beautiful appearance can ſcarce be conceived, than ſuch a number of elegant palms in ſuch a ſituation, with luxuriant tops, like verdant plumes, placed at juſt intervals, and ſhewing between them part of the remoter landſcape, while they left the reſt to be ſupplied by the beholders' imagination. The town of Matſamudo lay on our left, remarkable at a diſtance for the tower of the principal moſque, which was built by Halimah, a queen of the iſland, from whom the preſent king is deſcended: a little on our right was a ſmall town, called Bantani. Neither the territory of Nice, with its olives, date trees, and cypreſſes, nor the iſles of Hieres, with their delightful orange-groves, appeared ſo charming to me as the view from the road of Hinzuan; which, nevertheleſs, is far ſurpaſſed, as the captain of the Crocodile aſſured us, by many of the iſlands in the ſouthern ocean. If life were not too ſhort for the complete diſcharge of all our reſpective duties, public and private, and for the acquiſition even of neceſſary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleaſure and improvement might a great part of it be ſpent in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb, and contemplating the nature of man in all its varieties!

We haſtened to tread on firm land, to which we had been ſo long diſuſed, and went on ſhore, after breakfaſt to ſee the town, and return the governor's viſit. As we walked, attended by a crowd of natives, I ſurpriſed them by reading aloud an Arabic inſcription over the gate of a moſque, and ſtill more, when I entered it, by explaining four ſentences, which were written againſt the wall, ſignifying, 'that the world was given us for our own edification, not for the purpoſe of raiſing ſumptuous buildings; life, for the diſcharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleaſurable indulgences; wealth, to be liberally beſtowed, not avariciouſly hoarded; and learning to produce good actions, not empty diſputes.' We could not but reſpect the temple even of a falſe prophet, in which we found ſuch excellent morality: we ſaw nothing better among the Romiſh trumpery in the church at Madeira.

When we came to Abdullah's houſe, we were conducted through a ſmall court yard into an open room, on each of which was a large and convenient ſofa, and above it a high bed-place in a dark receſs, over which a chintz counterpane hung down from the ceiling: this is the general form of the beſt rooms in the iſland; and moſt of the tolerable houſes have a ſimilar apartment on the oppoſite ſide of the court, that there may be at all hours a place in the ſhade for dinner or for repoſe. We were entertained with ripe dates from Yemen, and the milk of cocoa-nuts; but the heat of the room, which ſeemed acceſſible to all who choſe to enter it, and the ſcent of muſk or civet, with which it was perfumed, ſoon made us deſirous of breathing a purer air; nor could I be detained long by the Arabic manuſcripts which the governor produced, but which appeared of little uſe, and conſequently of no value, except to ſuch as love mere curioſities: one of them, indeed, relating to the penal law of the Mohammedans, I would gladly have purchaſed at a juſt price; but he knew not what to aſk, and I knew that better books on that ſubject might be procured in Bengal. He then offered me a black boy for one of my Alkorans, and preſſed me to barter an Indian dreſs, which he had ſeen on board the ſhip, for a cow and calf; the golden ſlippers attracted him moſt, ſince his wife, he ſaid, would like to wear them; and for that reaſon I made him a preſent of them; but had deſtined the book and the robe for his ſuperior. No high opinion could be formed of Sayyad Abdullah, who ſeemed very eager for gain, and very ſervile where he expected it.

Our next viſit was to Shaikh Salim, the king's eldeſt ſon; and if we had ſeen him firſt, the ſtate of civilization in Hinzuan would have appeared at its loweſt ebb; the worſt Engliſh hackney in the worſt ſtable is better lodged, and looks more princely than this heir apparent; but though his mien and apparel were extremely ſavage, yet allowance ſhould have been made for his illneſs, which, as we afterwards learned, was an abſceſs in the ſpleen, a diſorder not uncommon in that country, and frequently cured, agreeably to the Arabian practice, by the actual cautery. He was inceſſantly chewing pieces of the Areca-nut with ſhell-lime; a cuſtom borrowed, I ſuppoſe, from the Indians, who greatly improve the compoſition with ſpices and betel-leaves, to which they formerly added camphor: all the natives of rank chewed it, but not, I think, to ſo great an exceſs. Prince Salim from time to time gazed at himſelf with complacency in a piece of broken looking-glaſs, which was glued on a ſmall board, a ſpecimen of wretchedneſs which we obſerved in no other houſe; but many circumſtances convinced us that the apparently low condition of his royal highneſs, who was not on bad terms with his father, and ſeemed not to want authority, proceeded wholly from his avarice. His brother Hamdullah, who generally reſides in the town of Domoni, has a very different character, being eſteemed a man of worth, good ſenſe, and learning: he had come the day before to Matſamudo, on hearing that an Engliſh frigate was in the road; and I having gone out for a few minutes to read an Arabic inſcription, found him on my return devouring a manuſcript, which I had left with ſome of the company. He is a Kadi or Mohammedan judge; and as he ſeemed to have more knowledge than his countrymen, I was extremely concerned that I had ſo little converſation with him. The king, Shaikh Ahmed, has a younger ſon, named Abdullah, whoſe uſual reſidence is in the town of Wani, which he ſeldom leaves, as the ſtate of his health is very infirm. Since the ſucceſſion to the title and authority of Sultan is not unalterably fixed in one line, but requires confirmation by the chiefs of the iſland, it is not improbable that they may hereafter be conferred on prince Humdallah.

A little beyond the hole in which Salim received us, was his Haram, or the apartment of his women, which he permitted us all to ſee, not through politeneſs to ſtrangers, as we believed at firſt, but, as I learned afterward from his own lips, in expectation of a preſent: we ſaw only two or three miſerable creatures with their heads covered, while the favourite, as we ſuppoſed, ſtood behind a coarſe curtain, and ſhewed her ankles under it loaded with ſilver rings; which, if ſhe was capable of reflection, ſhe muſt have conſidered as glittering fetters rather than ornaments; but a rational being would have preferred the condition of a wild beaſt, expoſed to perils and hunger in a foreſt, to the ſplendid miſery of being wife or miſtreſs to Salim.

Before we returned, Alwi was deſirous of ſhewing me his books; but the day was too far advanced, and I promiſed to viſit him ſome other morning. The governor, however, prevailed on us to ſee his palace in the country, where he invited us to dine the next day: the walk was extremely pleaſant from the town to the ſide of a rivulet, which formed in one part a ſmall pool very convenient for bathing, and thence, through groves and alleys, to the foot of a hill; but the dining-room was little better than an open barn, and was recommended only by the coolneſs of its ſhade. Abdullah would accompany us on our return to the ſhip, together with two Muſti's, who ſpoke Arabic indifferently, and ſeemed eager to ſee all my manuſcripts; but they were very moderately learned, and gazed with ſtupid wonder on a fine copy of the Hamaſah and on other collections of ancient poetry.

Early the next morning a black meſſenger, with a tawny lad as his interpreter, came from prince Salim; who, having broken his perſpective glaſs, wiſhed to procure another by purchaſe or barter; a polite anſwer was returned, and ſteps taken to gratify his wiſhes. As we on our part expreſſed a deſire to viſit the king at Domoni, the prince's meſſenger told us, that his maſter would, no doubt, lend us palanquins, (for there was not a horſe in the iſland) and order a ſufficient number of his vaſſals to carry us, whom we might pay for their trouble, as we thought juſt: we commiſſioned him, therefore, to aſk that favour, and begged that all might be ready for our excurſion before ſun-riſe, that we might eſcape the heat of the noon, which, though it was the middle of winter, we had found exceſſive. The boy, whoſe name was Combo Madi, ſtaid with us longer than his companion: there was ſomething in his look ſo ingenuous, and in his broken Engliſh ſo ſimple, that we encouraged him to continue his innocent prattle. He wrote and read Arabic tolerably well, and ſet down at my deſire the names of ſeveral towns in the iſland, which, he firſt told me, was properly called Hinzuan. The fault of begging for whatever he liked, he had in common with the governor and other nobles; but hardly in a greater degree: his firſt petition for ſome lavender-water was readily granted; and a ſmall bottle was ſo acceptable to him, that if we had ſuffered him, he would have kiſſed our feet: but it was not for himſelf that he rejoiced ſo extravagantly; he told us, with tears ſtarting from his eyes, that his mother would be pleaſed with it, and the idea of her pleaſure ſeemed to fill him with rapture: never did I ſee filial affection ſo warmly felt, or more tenderly, and, in my opinion, unaffectedly expreſſed; yet this boy was not a favourite of the officers, who thought him artful. His mother's name, he ſaid, was Fatima; and he importuned us to viſit her; conceiving, I ſuppoſe that all mankind muſt love and admire her: we promiſed to gratify him; and, having made him ſeveral preſents, permitted him to return. As he reminded me of Aladin in the Arabian tale, I deſigned to give him that name in a recommendatory letter, which he preſſed me to write, inſtead of St. Domingo, as ſome European viſitor had ridiculouſly called him; but, ſince the alluſion would not have been generally known, and ſince the title of Alau'ldin, or Eminence in Faith, might have offended his ſuperiors, I thought it adviſeable for him to keep his African name.

A very indifferent dinner was prepared for us at the houſe of the governor, whom we did not ſee the whole day, as it was the beginning of Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, and he was engaged in his devotions, or made them his excuſe; but his eldeſt ſon ſat by us, while we dined, together with Muſa, who was employed, jointly with his brother Huſain, as purveyor to the captain of the frigate.

Having obſerved a very elegant ſhrub, that grew about ſix feet high in the court-yard, but was not then in flower, I learned with pleaſure, that it was *hinna*, of which I had read ſo much in Arabian poems, and which European botaniſts have ridiculouſly named Lawſonia. Muſa bruiſed ſome of the leaves, and, having moiſtened them with water, applied them to our nails, and the tips of our fingers, which in a ſhort time became of a dark orange ſcarlet. I had before conceived a different idea of this dye, and imagined, that it was uſed by the Arabs to imitate the natural redneſs of thoſe parts in young and healthy perſons, which in all countries muſt be conſidered as a beauty: perhaps a leſs quantity of *hinna*, or the ſame differently prepared, might have produced that effect. The old men in Arabia uſed the ſame dye to conceal their grey hair, while their daughters were dying their lips and gums black, to ſet off the whiteneſs of their teeth; ſo univerſal in all nations and ages are perſonal vanity, and a love of diſguiſing truth; though in all caſes, the farther our ſpecies recede from nature, the farther they depart from true beauty; and men at leaſt ſhould diſdain to uſe artifice or deceit for any purpoſe or on any occaſion: if the women of rank at Paris, or thoſe in London who wiſh to imitate them, be inclined to call the Arabs barbarians, let them view their own head-dreſſes and cheeks in a glaſs, and if they have no room for bluſhes, be inwardly at leaſt aſhamed of their cenſure.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS from KING CHARLES THE FIRST's QUEEN, tranſlated from the FRENCH, marked Volume 7379, in the HARLEIAN CATALOGUE, in the BRITISH MUSEUM.

[*It is remarkable, that in theſe Letters the Queen employs the names of Eſſex, Pym, Hampden, Lady Carliſle, and others of the Parliament-Side, to ſignify the King, Herſelf, and others of the Royal Party; but whether out of Whim, or to puzzle her Enemies, is left to the Reader to determine.*

I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

MY DEAR HEART,

THIS bearer Skipwith, being come from London with a paſſport, I have been glad to make uſe of him to carry you this letter; the ſubject of which is, that the Lords Say, Saliſbury, Mancheſter, Pym. and Hampden, have ſent this meſſenger to know of me if I will hearken to a peace, and induce you to reſume the treaty, and grant the terms propoſed by them at Oxford *; and that he could ſhew ſo many reaſons for it, that I would agree to it; and if you would hearken to the overture, they would ſend Mancheſter, with ſome other Lords, and

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* *The Treaty or Propoſitions at Oxford is mentioned by all the Hiſtorians.*

Hampden and Stapleton to ſatiſfy me; and have promiſed this bearer, that till his return, Eſſex's army ſhould not advance; which I have thought for your ſervice. Send me an anſwer to this letter ſpeedily what you would have me do, with punctual directions, and let nobody know any thing of it but Culpepper *; for ſecrecy is recommended, and on my part I ſhall keep it inviolably.

York, this 5th of May, 1643.

II.

MY DEAR HEART, *Burlington, 25th Feb.* 1643.

AS ſoon as I landed I diſpatched Rogers to you; but having learnt to-day that he was taken by the enemy, I ſend this bearer to give you an account of my arrival, which has been very ſucceſsful, thank God! For as rough as the ſea was when I firſt croſſed it, it was now as calm, till I came within a few leagues of Newcaſtle, and on the coaſt the wind changed to N. W. and obliged us to make for Burlington Bay, where, after two days lying in the road, our cavalry arrived. I immediately landed, and the next morning the reſt of the troops came in. God, who protected me at ſea, has alſo done it at land, for this night four of the Parliament ſhips came in without our knowledge, and at four o'clock in the morning we had the alarm, and ſent to the harbour to ſecure our boats of ammunition; but about an hour after, theſe four ſhips began ſo furious a cannonading, that they made us get out of our beds, and quit the village to them, at leaſt us women, for the ſoldiers behaved very reſolutely in protecting the ammunition. I muſt now play the Captain Baſſa, and ſpeak a little of myſelf. One of theſe ſhips did me the favour to flank my houſe, which fronted the pier; and before I was out of bed the balls whiſtled over me, and you may imagine I did not like the muſic. Every-body forced me out, the balls beating down our houſes; ſo, dreſſed as I could, I went on foot ſome diſtance from the village, and got ſhelter in a ditch, like thoſe we have ſeen about Newmarket; but before I could reach it the balls ſung merrily over our heads, and a ſerjeant was killed twenty paces from me. Under this ſhelter we remained two hours, the bullets flying over us, and ſometimes covering us with earth. At laſt the Dutch Admiral ſent to tell them, that if they did not give over he would treat them as enemies. This was rather of the lateſt, but he excuſed himſelf on account of a fog. Upon this the parliament ſhips went off; and beſides the tide ebbed, and they would have been in ſhoal water.

As ſoon as they were withdrawn I returned to my houſe, not being willing that they ſhould boaſt of having driven me away. About noon I ſet out for the town of Burlington; and all this day we have been landing our ammunition. It is ſaid, that one of the Parliament Captains went before to reconnoitre my lodging, and I aſſure he had marked it exactly, for he always fired at it. I can ſay with truth that by land and ſea I have been in ſome danger; but God has preſerved me, and I confide in his goodneſs that he will not deſert me in other things. I proteſt to you, in this confidence I would face cannon; but I know we muſt not tempt God. I muſt now go and eat a morſel, for I have taken nothing to-day but three eggs, and ſlept very little.

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* *Culeppper was a better Courtier than Hyde or Falkland, and therefore more a favourite. He was a man of a moſt acute penetration.*

III.

WRIT AFTER THE REPULSE AT HULL.

AS I was cloſing my letter Sir L. Dives arrived, who has told me all that paſſed at Hull. Do not loſe courage, and purſue the buſineſs with reſolution; for you muſt now ſhew that you will make good what you have undertaken: If the man who is in the place will not ſubmit, you have already declared him a traitor. You muſt have him, alive or dead; for there is no joke in all this. You muſt declare yourſelf; you have ſhewn gentleneſs enough, you muſt now ſhew your firmneſs: you ſee what has happened from not having followed your firſt reſolution, when you declared the five Members traitors; let that ſerve you for an example; dally no longer with conſultations, but proceed to action. I heartily wiſhed myſelf in the place of my ſon James in Hull; I would have thrown the ſcoundrel Hotham over the walls, or he ſhould have thrown me. I am in ſuch haſte to diſpatch this bearer, that I can write to nobody elſe. Go boldly to work, as I ſee there is no hope of accomodation, &c. †

REMARKS *on the* ARTIFICIAL HORISONS.

BY MR. REUBEN BURROW, FROM INDIA.

THE utility of a perfect horizon, and the liableneſs of quickſilver to be diſturbed by the leaſt wind, have induced numbers of people to invent artificial horizons of different kinds, and many of them very complicated. Some time ago, having occaſion to determine the ſituation of ſeveral places by aſtronomical obſervations, and there being no aſtronomical quadrant belonging to the company in the ſettlement, I was under a neceſſity of determining the latitudes by a ſextant; and that at a time when the ſun paſſed ſo near the zenith, as to make it impoſſible to get meridian altitudes: I therefore collected all the different artificial horizons, and glaſs roofs and other contrivances for that purpoſe I could meet with; but though they appeared correct, the reſults were very erroneous. I examined them, by bringing the two limbs of the ſun, ſeen by direct viſion, to touch apparently in the teleſcope of the ſextant, and then obſerved the reflected images in quickſilver, which ſtill appeared to touch as before; but, on examining the reflected images in the reſt of the artificial horizons, none of them appeared to touch; and the error in many was very conſiderable. I tried a number of other methods with little ſucceſs as they were moſtly combinations of glaſſes: at laſt accidentally hearing ſome officers ſpeaking of "tents that would neither turn ſun nor rain," I conſidered that the rays of the ſun would paſs through cloth unrefracted, and in conſequence of this idea I applied ſome thin moſquita curtain (a kind of ſilk gauze as cloſe as book-muſlin, and perfectly tranſparent; it is to be ſtretched over a hoop which ſtands without touching the veſſel containing the mercury) as a covering to the quickſilver, and found it effectually excluded the wind, and admitted the ſun; and what is of equal conſequence in this country, it totally kept away thoſe minute inſects that diſturb the ſurface of the quickſilver in obſerving: in ſhort, it formed ſo complete a horizon, that I could not before have hoped for any thing ſo perfect; and it is equally applicable to the ſun and ſtars.

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† *This is part of a letter, and has no date. The king made his attempt on Hull in April,* 1642.

For taking very great or very ſmall elevations of the ſun (which with the common horizon ſextants are impracticable in the direct method), a poliſhed metalline inſtrument might be made in the form of part of a hollow obtuſe cone: this might have its axis ſet perpendicular to the horizon at any time, *by means* of ſcrews, in a variety of methods; and obſervations might be made by it with great exactneſs.

Method of extracting a SPIRITOUS LIQUOR *from* CARROTS.

BY PROFESSOR FORSTER.

THE ſpirit extracted from carrots by the following method, which, we underſtand, was contrived by Mr. Forſter, profeſſor at Halle, is more pleaſant than that which in England is commonly extracted from grain. The quantity is alſo proportionably greater; and conſidering that a piece of ground produces in general more carrots than any ſort of grain, it is not improper to recommend this method of extracting ſpirits to the conſideration of induſtrious diſtillers.

Let twenty pounds weight of clear carrots (daucus carota of Linnæus) remain in a damp place for three days: then cut off the ſmall filaments, or fibres, and the leaves. The roots are boiled in 216 quarts of ſpring water for three hours; during which they muſt be preſſed or broken with a ſpoon, or ſpatula, ſo as to reduce them into a paſte. The juice is then ſeparated from the pulp; and having added ſome hops to it, it muſt be boiled for five hours longer; after which the liquor, whilſt hot, muſt be poured into a tub; and when its heat is come down to 66° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, ſix quarts of yeſt are added to it.

In a temperature ſufficiently warm, this liquor continues to ferment for about 48 hours, and it depoſits the dregs when its heat is become lower than 58°.

Then you muſt warm upon the fire 48 quarts of juice of the ſame preparation, but ſuch as has not yet undergone the fermentation, and muſt pour into the fermented liquor.

This addition raiſes the heat above the 66th degree, and the liquor begins to ferment anew. This ſecond fermention continues for 24 hours, after which the heat deſcends below 58°; the dregs are precipitated again, and the liquor is then put in a caſk.

This operation occaſions a new fermentation, which laſts three days. During which time the laboratory ſhould remain in a temperature between 44° and 46°.

After all thoſe fermentations, the liquor, being diſtilled, will yield 200 quarts of ſpirit, which, being rectified, will furniſh 48 quarts of burning ſpirit.

There is another advantage to be derived from this proceſs, namely, the uſe of the leaves, and of the pulpy part, ſeparated from the liquor after the firſt boiling, which is very good food for hogs or cattle.

METHOD *of curing* INJURIES *and* DEFECTS *in* TREES.

BY MR. WILLIAM FORSYTH.

TAKE one buſhel of freſh cowdung; half a buſhel of lime rubbiſh of old buildings (that from the ceilings of rooms is preferable); half a buſhel of wood-aſhes; and a ſixteenth part of a buſhel of pit, or river ſand. The three laſt articles are to be ſifted fine before they are mixed; then work them well together with a ſpade, and afterwards with a wooden beater, until the ſtuff is very ſmooth, like fine plaiſter uſed for the ceilings of rooms. The compoſition being thus made, care muſt be taken to prepare the tree properly for its application, by cutting away all the dead, decayed, and injured part, till you come to the freſh ſound wood, leaving the ſurface of the wood very ſmooth, and rounding off the edge of the bark with a draw-knife, or other inſtrument, perfectly ſmooth, which muſt be particulary attended to. Then lay on the plaiſter about one eighth of an inch thick, all over the part where the wood or bark has been ſo cut away, finiſhing off the edges as thin as poſſible. Then take a quantity of dry powder of wood-aſhes, mixed with a ſixth part of the ſame quantity of the aſhes of burned bones; put it into a tin box, with holes in the top, and ſhake the powder on the ſurface of the plaiſter, till the whole is covered overwith it, letting it remain for half an hour, to abſorb the moiſture; then apply more powder, rubbing it on gently with the hand, and repeating the application of the powder, till the whole plaiſter becomes a dry ſmooth ſurface. All trees cut down near the ground ſhould have the ſurface made quite ſmooth, rounding it off in a ſmall degree, as before mentioned; and the dry powder directed to be uſed afterwards ſhould have an equal quantity of alabaſter mixed with it, in order the better to reſiſt the dripping of trees, and heavy rains. If any of the compoſition be left for a future occaſion, it ſhould be kept in a tub, or other veſſel, and urine of any kind poured on it, ſo as to cover the ſurface; otherwiſe the atmoſphere will greatly hurt the efficacy of the application. Where lime-rubbiſh of old buildings cannot be eaſily got, take powdered chalk, or common lime, after having been ſlacked a month at leaſt. As the growth of the tree will gradually affect the plaiſter, by raiſing up its edges next the bark, care ſhould be taken, where that happens, to rub it over with the finger when occaſion may require (which is beſt done when moiſtened by rain), that the plaiſter may be kept whole, to prevent the air and wet from penetrating into the wound.

Account

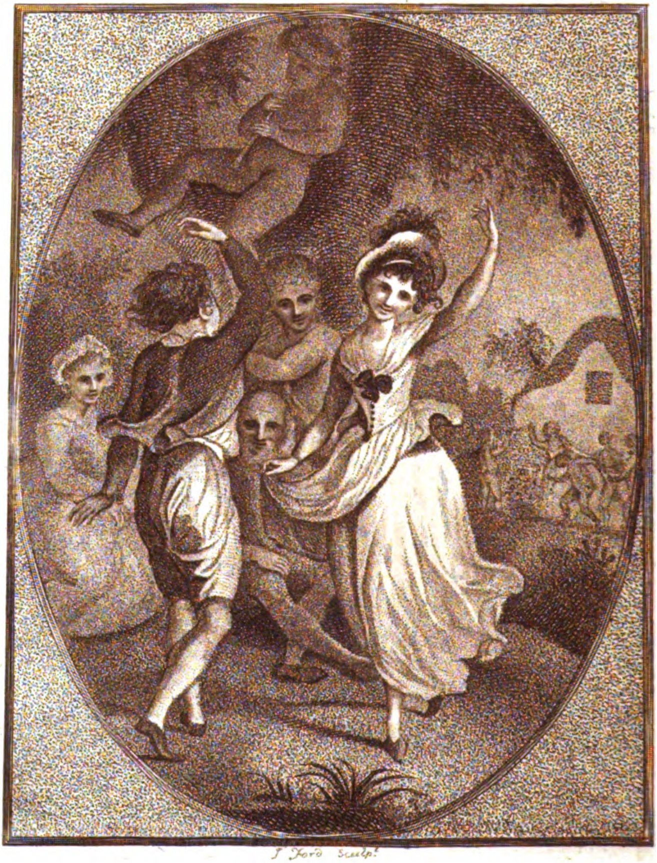
Account of CHANTILLY, *the beautiful Seat of the* PRINCE OF CONDE.

BY ARTHUR YOUNG, ESQ. F. R. S.

CHANTILLY!—magnificence is its reigning character; it is never loſt. There is not taſte or beauty enough to ſoften it into milder features; all but the chateau is great; and there is nothing impoſing in that, except the gallery of the Great Condé's battle, and the cabinet of natural hiſtory which is rich in very fine ſpecimens, moſt advantageouſly arranged; it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The ſtable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed any thing of the kind I had ever ſeen. It is 580 feet long, and 40 broad, and is ſometimes filled with 240 Engliſh horſes. I had been ſo accuſtomed to the imitation in water of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came at Chantilly prepoſſeſſed againſt the idea of a canal; but the view of one here is ſtriking, and had the effect which magnificent ſcenes impreſs. It ariſes from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kaimes, I think, who ſays, the part of the garden contiguous to the houſe ſhould partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place, this is almoſt unavoidable. The effect here, however, is leſſened by the parterre before the caſtle, in which the diviſions and the diminutive jets-d'eau are not of a ſize to correſpond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domeſtic poultry, from all parts of the world; one of the beſt objects to which a menagerie can be applied; theſe, and the Corſican ſtag, had all my attention. The hameau contains an imitation of an Engliſh garden; the taſte is but juſt introduced into France, ſo that it will not ſtand a critical examination. The moſt Engliſh idea I ſaw is the lawn in front of the ſtables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept; proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The labyrinth is the only complete one I have ſeen, and I have no inclination to ſee another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the Sylvae are many very fine and ſcarce plants. I wiſh thoſe perſons who view Chantilly, and are fond of fine trees would not forget to aſk for the great beech; this is the fineſt I ever ſaw; ſtrait as an arrow, and, as I gueſs, not leſs than 80 or 90 feet high; 40 feet to the firſt branch, and 12 feet diameter at five from the ground. It is in all reſpects one of the fineſt trees that can any where be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this ſuperb one. The foreſt around Chantilly, belonging to the Prince of Condé, is immenſe, ſpreading far and wide.

Such a place has the preſent infatuated owner riſked, and probably loſt for ever, to preſerve an empty title!

POETRY.



J Ford Sculp.

EVENING

Young and old come out to play,
'Till the live-long day light fail —

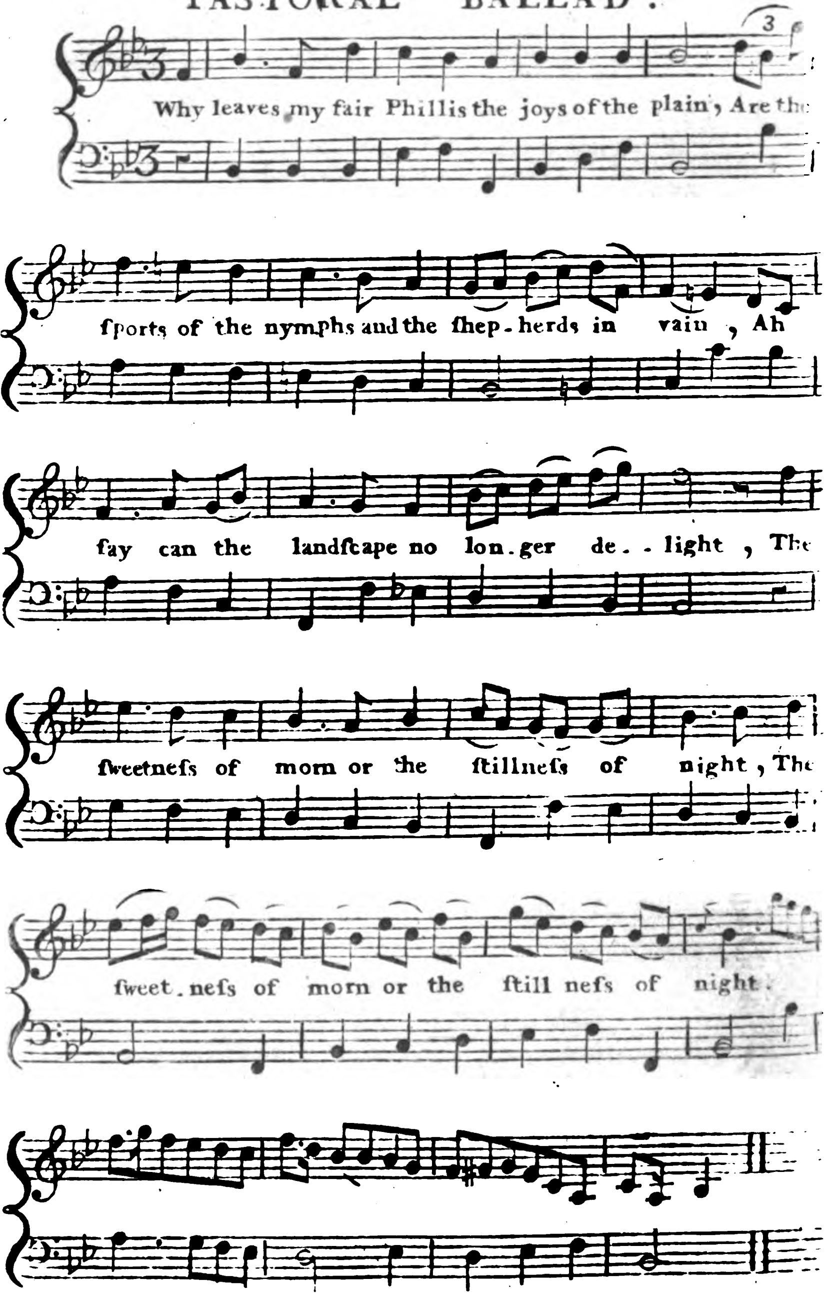
Engraved for the Sentimental & Masonic Magazine.

EVENING

Young and old come out to play
Till the live-long daylight fail.

Engraved by [illegible]

PASTORAL BALLAD.


3
Why leaves my fair Phillis the joys of the plain, Are the
ſports of the nymphs and the ſhep-herds in vain, Ah
ſay can the landſcape no lon.ger de.. light, The
ſweetneſs of morn or the ſtillneſs of night, The
ſweet.neſs of morn or the ſtill neſs of night.

POETRY.

EVENING.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN, ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED.

SOMETIMES, with ſecure delight,
The upland hamlet will invite;
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday;
Till the live-long day-light fail——

MILTON'S ALLEGRO.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

SET TO MUSIC.

[*See the Plate.*]

WHY leaves my fair Phillis the joys of the plain,
Are the ſports of the nymphs and the ſhepherds in vain;
Ah ſay can the landſcape no longer delight,
The ſweetneſs of morn or the ſtillneſs of night.

What proſpects can equal the meadows in bloom,
To the ſweet of ſuch flow'rets, ah! what is perfume;
When the Lark, with his ſongs, makes re-echo the air,
Come tell me what muſic with that can compare.

Then why will fair Phillis ſuch beauties forego
For the pomps of the town, and its glittering ſhew;
Can the mall, or the ball, or the play, or the dance,
Such pleaſures as I have recounted advance.

Then leave ſuch deluſions, come hither my fair,
Here innocence wanders, bright virtue is here;
With ſuch ſweet companions who would not reſide,
And baniſh for Virtue and Innocence—Pride?

THE VOWS OF LOVE.

SWEET is the ſummer's muſky breath,
That lightly ſweeps the flow'ry heath;
Sweet is the ſong young Nature chants,
In love-lorn Youth's romantic haunts;
Sweet is the cheerful cowſlip's mien,
Quick riſing from her couch of green;
And ſweet at day's delightful dawn
The freſh roſe bud upon its thorn.
But tho' ſo ſweet the various flow'rs
That flaunt in Spring's embroider'd bow'rs,
Or richly ſcent the ſummer grove,
Yet ſweeter is the vow of love.
But with the flow'rs the fickle gale,
Shall quickly leave the blooming vale;
The woodland ſong ſhall ceaſe its charms,
When Nature ſinks in Winter's arms.
And when the cold North chills the ſky,
The cowſlip on her ſtem ſhall die,
And ſhrinking from the firſt keen blaſt
To earth the lovely roſe be caſt;
So tranſient, tho' ſo ſweet ſhall prove,
Ye truſting maids—the vows of love.

ON GRACE.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. NORTH, BY THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD LYTTELTON.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WHILE round her lips the Loves and Graces play'd,
Why am I graceful ſweet Aspasia ſaid?
And what is Grace, whoſe pow'rful ſpell can bind
Harmonious magic o'er th' enraptur'd mind?
Where does this denizen of air reſide,
And to what beauties is its pow'r applied?
Thus Strephon anſwer'd—Grace, oh matchleſs dame!
That Child of Heav'n illumes your lovely frame,
'Tis in your cheeks, whoſe blended tints unite
The two contending Roſes, red and white;
'Tis in your lips with vermeil perfumes preſt,
It ranges looſely o'er your ſnowy breaſt.
'Tis Grace that breathing ſweets in ev'ry ſigh
Speaks in your voice and lightens in your eye,
Your eye! which ſcintillating ſtreams of light
Keeps mounting Fire and dims the aching ſight.
'Tis all in all, it circles you around,
In ev'ry look, in ev'ry word 'tis found.
Oh! thou, by nature exquiſitely plann'd,
Who camed'ſt perfection from her lab'ring hand,
Deem not amiſs of him whoſe artleſs muſe
Theſe, her beſt gifts, not undelighted views;
But on his tuneleſs reed and ſimple toil
Propitious look, and truſt him with a ſmile;
So ſhall his lawns, tho' ſcorch'd by ſummer's heat,
Revive when trodden by Aspasia's feet;
So ſhall his flow'rets with freſh fragrance blow,
His lillies whiten and his roſes glow,
And once again his ruſtic muſe ſhall tell
What Grace, what Beauties, in Aspasia dwell.

EXTEMPORE.

TO LADY LOUISA LEVESON, NOW LADY LOUISA MACDONALD, WHO ADMIRED THE ABOVE VERSES.

BY THE SAME HAND.

WHILOME a ruſtic muſe, in ſportive lays,
Swell'd the wild notes with ſweet Aspasia's praiſe;
Her charming taſk perform'd, her lyre unſtrung,
While on the trembling ſtrings ſoft echoes hung;
Wand'ring thro' ſtreams of undulating light.
A form ſuperior ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
So to Æneas in the hallow'd wood,
Breathing celeſtial ſweets bright Venus ſtood;
'Twas Venus then, now to the Muſe confeſs'd
'Tis Leveson's figure by the Graces dreſs'd.

TO A STUDIOUS YOUNG LADY, MUCH AFFLICTED WITH THE HEAD-ACHE.

JOVE on a time, as poets ſay,
When with the head-ache ſorely griev'd,
Of every God began to pray,
From his complaints to be reliev'd.

Mars ſwore by all the Stygian waves,
If his head ach'd, it was no wonder,
Since he was rattling o'er his ſlaves
With a perpetual din of thunder.

Venus who knew his inclination,
  His pranks below, and tricks above,
Ventur'd to pawn her reputation,
  Her dear papa was but in love.

Apollo thought ſhe rightly gueſs'd,
  And ſaid, in Æſculapian ſtrain,
The paſſion, ſtifled in his breaſt,
  Mounted in vapours to the brain.

Vulcan was ſure they all were wrong,
  And offered his mechanic aid,
To rid him of whate'er ſo long
  Had burden'd the great father's head.

An axe with heavy ſtroke and full,
  Like woodman cleaving of an oak,
He aim'd at the almighty ſkull,
  And out flew Pallas at the ſtroke!

The Fable's this: now to apply it,
  If haply we the caſe may hit:
Pallas is wiſdom; and, to try it,
  See what mythologiſts have writ.

If then high wiſdom's mighty weight
  Could ever overpow'r a God;
Muſt not of learning a vaſt freight
  A mortal damſel overload?

Suppoſe we further, if you pleaſe,
  That Jove himſelf moſt wiſely reckon'd,
He ſhould procure himſelf much eaſe,
  In governing by cauſes ſecond.

Your pow'r o'er men confeſs'd; why then
  Should not a nymph of your diſcerning
Be ſatisfied to rule the men,
  Whoſe beſt accompliſhment is learning?

Would you be eaſy, chearful, well;
  Would you deſire to ſhine in ſtory;
In female arts you muſt excel:
  Œconomy is woman's glory.

Learn too from Pallas's example,
  Though ſhe could weave, and knit, and ſpin;
Though none produc'd a prettier ſample;
  Yet ne'er a huſband could ſhe win.

Of all the Gods in all the ſkies
  There was not one, but was afraid
To take a wife ſo very wiſe:
  And ſo poor Pallas liv'd a maid.

PASTORAL ELEGY

UPON THE AUTHOR OF THE SHIPWRECK.

COME, ſea-nymphs, and ſhew us the place,
  On the deep or the deſolate coaſt;
Where reft from the Muſes' embrace,
  All the pride of our wiſhes was loſt.

He was manly, and free as his ſong,
  He had ev'ry attraction to pleaſe;
In a ſtorm he was firſt in the throng,
  In a calm he was kind as the breeze.

Ye mariners, gen'rous and bold,
  He pictur'd you gentle and brave;
And can ſuch as his numbers unfold,
  Dwell at eaſe on th' boiſterous wave?

From the rocks and the ſhelves of the main,
  From each danger he taught you to keep;
But my ſighs will impede the ſad ſtrain,
  He was whelm'd in the mercileſs deep.

No ſongs ſhall your labours beguile,
  Nor reſound from th' echoing ſhore;
Since he's gone who could ſoften your toil,
  Since the Muſe of th' ocean's no more.

No dolphin the billows ſhall ride,
  No ſun-beam the dark waves illume;
No Nereid diſport on the tide,
  That gave way to ſo cruel a doom.

Our hills and our vallies more kind,
  May the ſwains to ſoft melodies move;
But the rough roar of ocean and wind,
  He alone could to muſic improve.

So, ye Tritons, who range thro' the deep,
  If his harp ye ſhould find in your way;
Hang it high on ſome cloud-piercing ſteep,
  For no hand but his own 'twill obey.

THAT truly venerable and philanthropic character, the Rev. and Hon. Mr. SHIRLEY, rector of Loghrea, lived in a habit of intimacy with a worthy gentleman who was Romiſh prieſt to that pariſh: one faſt day he invited this reverend colleague to dinner by a card, as follows:

"A ſalmon boil'd, monſieur of Rea
Requeſts you'll dine with him to day;
To faſt is yours, to feaſt is mine,
Yet neither faſt, for both ſhall dine.
We'll give God thanks, we'll bleſs the diſh,
No matter whether fowl or fiſh."

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

LIKE as the damaſk roſe you ſee,
Or like the bloſſom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the ſun, or like the ſhade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe thread is ſpun,
Drawn out, and cut, and ſo is done.
The roſe withers, the bloſſom blaſteth,
The flower fades, the morning haſteth,
The ſun ſets, the ſhadow flies,
The gourd conſumes, and man he dies.

Like to the graſs that's newly ſprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a ſpan,
Or like the ſinging of a ſwan;
Ev'n ſuch is man who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The graſs withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew 's aſcended,
The hour is ſhort, the ſpan not long,
The ſwan near death, man's life is done.

Like to a bubble in the brook,
Or in a glaſs much like a look,
Or like a ſhuttle in a weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the ſand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a ſtream;
Ev'n ſuch is man who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble 's out, the look 's forgot,
The ſhuttle 's flung, the writing 's blot,
The thought is paſt, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a froſt, or like a ſhower,
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to beauty in her prime;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.
Delights vaniſh, the morn o'ercaſteth,
The froſt breaks, the ſhower haſteth,
The tower falls, the hour ſpends,
The beauty fades, and man's life ends.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like ſwift courſe of water-flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the ſpider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe brittle ſtate
Is always ſubject unto Fate.
The arrow 's ſhot, the flood ſoon ſpent,
The time 's no more, the web ſoon rent,
The race ſoon run, the goal ſoon won,
The dole ſoon dealt, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the ſky,
Or like a poſt that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a ſhort ſong,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the ſnow when ſummer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Ev'n ſuch is man who heaps up ſorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning 's paſt, the poſt muſt go,
The ſong is ſhort, the journey 's ſo,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The ſnow diſſolves, and ſo muſt all.

ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD.

SWEET Bird! devoid of ev'ry care,
You feel no idle rage,
To wander in the fields of air;
You're happy in your cage.

You chearful hop, and plume your wing,
And all your wants aſſwage;
Pick up your food, and drink and ſing,
And revel in your cage.

Your heart no female charms allure,
No vain deſires engage;
And many evils, I endure,
Are ſtrangers to your cage.

Tho' free to rove, I cannot find,
On life's diſaſtrous ſtage,
Such calm content and peace of mind,
As reſt within your cage.

Then well you may your ſong purſue,
With ills no war you wage;
And Kings, my Bird! may envy you
The bleſſings of your cage.

SKETCHES

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

Continuation of CHAP. I. *from page* 191.

THREE or four days after, a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, was iſſued in the uſual manner, by *placarts* poſted in various parts of Dublin, and inſertions in the Gazette and other public prints. This proclamation, as it will hereafter be a ſubject of diſquiſition, the reader will find in a note †.

The

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† A PROCLAMATION.

WESTMORELAND.

WHEREAS the Serjeant at Arms of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, being called before the ſaid Houſe on Wedneſday the twenty-ſecond day of February inſtant, he informed the ſaid Houſe, that he had diſpatched three of the meſſengers attending ſaid Houſe, to execute the order for taking into his cuſtody James Napper Tandy, one of whom being brought to the bar, informed the Houſe, that he went to the dwelling-houſe of James Tandy, in Chancery-lane, where he arreſted the ſaid James Napper Tandy, and ſhewed him the warrant, and his authority; that the ſaid James Napper Tandy went into a parlour, as if for his hat, but ſhut the door, and made his eſcape, as he ſuppoſed through a window.

And whereas on the ſame day, it was reſolved by the Houſe of Commons, that the ſaid James Napper Tandy having been arreſted by a warrant of Mr. Speaker, iſſued by the order of ſaid Houſe, and having made his eſcape from the officer of ſaid Houſe who arreſted him, has been guilty of a groſs violation of the privileges of the ſaid Houſe.

And whereas an humble addreſs hath been preſented unto us, by the knights, citizens and burgeſſes, in parliament aſſembled, that we would be graciouſly pleaſed to iſſue our proclamation for apprehending the ſaid James Napper Tandy, with a promiſe of reward for the ſame.

Now we, the Lord Lieutenant and Council, have thought fit to iſſue this our proclamation, hereby requiring and commanding all perſons whatſoever to diſcover and apprehend, or cauſe the ſaid James Napper Tandy to be diſcovered and apprehended, and carry him before ſome of our Juſtices of the Peace, or Chief Magiſtrates of the county, town, or place where he ſhall be apprehended, who are reſpectively required to ſecure the ſaid James Napper Tandy ſo apprehended, and thereof to give ſpeedy notice to the Right Honourable the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, the Serjeant at Arms attending the ſaid houſe, and to the Clerk of the Council, to the end he may be forthcoming to be dealt withal, and proceeded againſt according to law.

And for the prevention of the eſcape of the ſaid James Napper Tandy into parts beyond the ſeas, we do require and command all officers of the cuſtoms, and other officers and ſubjects of and in the reſpective ports and maritime towns, and places within the kingdom of Ireland, that they and every of them in their reſpective places and ſtations within the ſaid kingdom, be careful and diligent in the examination of all perſons that ſhall paſs, or endeavour to paſs beyond the ſeas; and if they ſhall diſcover the ſaid James Napper Tandy, then to cauſe him to be apprehended and ſecured, and to give notice thereof as aforeſaid.

And we do hereby ſtrictly charge and command all perſons, as they will anſwer the contrary at their perils, that they do not any ways conceal, but do diſcover him the ſaid James Napper Tandy, to the end he may be ſecured; and for the encouragement of all perſons to be diligent and careful in endeavouring to diſcover and apprehend the ſaid James Napper Tandy, we do hereby further declare, that whoſoever ſhall diſcover and apprehend him, the ſaid James Napper Tandy, and ſhall bring him before ſome Juſtice of the Peace, or Chief Magiſtrate as aforeſaid, ſhall have and receive as a reward for the diſcovering, apprehending and bringing him, the ſaid James Napper Tandy, before ſuch Juſtice of the Peace, or Chief Magiſtrate, as aforeſaid, the ſum of FIFTY POUNDS.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, the 23d day of February, 1792.

Fitz-Gibbon, C. J. Foſter. J. Parnell. H. King. Wm. Conyngham. Js. Cuffe,
J. Monck Maſon. R. Hobart. Arthur Wolfe. Js. Fitz-Gerald. Geo. Warde.

The manner in which Mr. Tandy conducted his affair with Mr. Toler became the ſubject of general converſation in Dublin; it was defended by ſome, while the greater number condemned it, as inconſiſtent with the character of a man of honour and a ſoldier. Whether to do away the laſt impreſſion from the minds of his fellow-citizens, or purſuant to a prior intention, Mr. Tandy (though he did not then appear abroad, on account of the proclamation) wrote on the 4th of March the following letter to Mr. Toler, by a common porter.

To John Toler, Eſq.

“ Sir,

“ I find myſelf under the neceſſity of addreſſing you once more on the affair in which I am now concerned with you.

“ When I deſired colonel Smith to inform you that I would appeal to the public prints, my intention was merely to put you under a neceſſity of calling upon me, as I think you muſt have done, from the intended publication (which I here encloſe you *) and I preferred this mode, from a full conviction that any other would ſubject me to the moſt rigorous proſecution that government could carry on, and to the ſevereſt penalty of the law, while *on your part* it would be attended with perfect impunity. Diſappointed in my expectation by the rapidity of your manœuvres, it becomes neceſſary to declare, that it never was nor is it my intention to forego the private ſatisfaction to which I think myſelf intitled. I only wiſhed to ſcreen myſelf from the power of adminiſtration, in caſe our meeting ſhould have been attended with fatal conſequences, and I ſtand out againſt the proclamation, ſolely for the purpoſe of obtaining a perſonal interview with you, to which I think you cannot have any objection, when I hope to convince you that my courage is as unqueſtionable as your own.

“ I anticipate the poſſibility of your laying this letter before the houſe of commons; a conduct, which, although it may aggravate the puniſhment that houſe may think fit to inflict for a ſuppoſed breach of their undefined privilege, cannot, I imagine, be gratifying to your feelings, as a man of honour and a gentleman, and will not prevent nor deter me from that line of conduct which the inſult originally offered, and the ſteps ſubſequently taken, render abſolutely neceſſary.

“ As the delivery of this letter by any friend of mine might ſubject him to diſagreeable conſequences, I hope you will excuſe the mode I have adopted, and be aſſured that as ſoon as poſſible, after my receiving your anſwer, directed to me, No. 20, Chancery-lane, which will be forwarded to me immediately, you ſhall be attended by a gentleman who will adjuſt every matter on my behalf.

I am, Sir, yours,
J. N. TANDY.”

To this letter, it has ſince appeared, Mr. Toler made no reply.

On the 13th of April, during an adjournment of the Houſe of Commons, as Mr. Tandy, with two other gentlemen, was going into a coach from the ſame houſe in Chancery-lane, (his ſon's) where the meſſenger of the Commons had formerly found him, he was arreſted by a barber, named Joſeph Knight, in virtue as he ſaid of the government proclamation: Mr. Tandy made no reſiſtance, but attended by the two gentlemen, went with Knight to the Exhibition-houſe in William-ſtreet, where the lord mayor, with four or five of the aldermen, were ſitting in a committee.

The magiſtrates appeared at firſt embarraſſed, and ſeemingly at a loſs how to proceed, while Knight taking the proclamation from his pocket, read it to them; and after declaring that purſuant thereto he delivered them up Mr. Tandy his priſoner, withdrew. The aldermen then, after a few minutes converſation among themſelves, came to a deciſion highly honourable to their character as conſtitutional magiſtrates—they acquainted Mr. Tandy “ he was at liberty.”

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* “ Mr. Napper Tandy finding that a ſervant of the crown has wantonly introduced his name into public notice, and treated it with ridicule and contempt, not only appeals to the tribunal of an impartial public, whether it is conſiſtent with the character of a gentleman, or a man of honour, to attack another where he has not an opportunity of defending himſelf; but thinks he is perfectly juſtified in declaring, that the ſaid tranſaction is baſe and cowardly.”

The ſame day Mr. Tandy ſwore an aſſault, &c. againſt Joſeph Knight before one of the ſitting aldermen; to theſe examinations Knight gave bail, but the bills of indictment were a few days after found againſt him by the quarter ſeſſion grand jury.

About this time his Majeſty's Attorney General moved the court of King's-bench on the part of the King at the proſecution of John Toler, Eſq; for the clerk of the crown to ſend up a bill of indictment againſt James Napper Tandy, Eſq; for ſending a challenge to the ſaid John Toler: the motion was accordingly granted.

On the 5th of May the Houſe of Commons met purſuant to adjournment, and a ſhort time after the Speaker had taken the chair, Mr. Tandy, who now no longer concealed himſelf, was brought to the bar by one of the meſſengers, and for the breach of privilege alledged againſt him, was ordered to be committed to the new priſon, to which he was accordingly conveyed; but as the parliament was that evening prorogued, his confinement there was but of a few hours.

The next remarkable occurrence reſpecting Mr. Tandy was his trial in the court of king's-bench, the 11th June, on the above-mentioned bill of indictment for ſending a challenge to Mr. Toler. The judges on the bench were the lord chief juſtice, Lord Clonmel, and juſtices Boyd and Hewit.

The indictment, as read by the clerk of the crown, conſiſted of ſeven counts:—1ſt, for ſending a written challenge to Mr. Toler on the 22d of February—2d, for ſending a challenge on the ſame day—3d, for ſending another written challenge on the ſame day—4th, for provoking John Toler to fight—5th, for ſending a written challenge to Mr. Toler on the 4th of March—6th, for ſending a challenge on the ſame day—and 7th, for provoking him to fight.—This trial laſted ſeveral hours, and the reſult was, that Mr. Tandy was acquitted.

From this time we ſhall ſee Mr. Tandy appear in his Majeſty's courts as plaintiff and proſecutor.

After having ſworn examinations againſt Joſeph Knight, as has been related, his next proceeding was to commence ſuits againſt the Lord Lieutenant and ſeveral of the Privy Council, for iſſuing the proclamation for apprehending him. Accordingly, on the 21ſt of June, they were ſerved with ſubpœnas; the members of the privy council entered appearances; but on the 26th of the ſame month, the attorney general, as council for his Excellency the Earl of Weſtmoreland, lord lieutenant of Ireland, moved the court of exchequer to prohibit the iſſuing of any attachment againſt him, and to quaſh the ſubpœna. In compliance to this motion, the court ordered that Matthew Dowling, the plaintiff's attorney, ſhould attend the court the next day, and that no proceſs ſhould iſſue againſt the defendant in the mean time.

On the next day Mr. Dowling attended, when he was aſked by the court to declare the cauſe of his action againſt t[illegible]rl of Weſtmoreland? The Hon. Simon Butler, one of Mr. Tandy's counſel, obje[illegible]to Mr. Dowling's anſwering, as tending to diſcloſe the ſecrets of his client; accordingly Mr. Dowling refuſed to anſwer. The court did not preſs it further, and Mr. Dowling was diſmiſſed.

Mr. Butler thereupon ſubmitted to the court, that the motion of the attorney general ought to be refuſed.—He argued, (in which particular he was ſtrongly ſeconded by Mr. M'Nally) that the defendant not having entered an appearance, no motion on his behalf could be made, that there was in fact no cauſe in court, but merely the *inſtitution* of a cauſe by proceſs—Mr. Butler further contended, that the proceedings in this caſe were inſtituted againſt the Earl of Weſtmoreland, of the kingdom of Great Britain, and that no document whatever had been adduced which could give the court judicial knowledge, that the defendant was lord lieutenant of Ireland——the attorney general had yeſterday come into court with a piece of written paper in his hand, which he alledged was the copy of a ſubpœna, directed to the right hon. John Fane, earl of Weſtmoreland, of the kingdom of Great Britain, and upon an allegation that the lord lieutenant is not liable to an action, grounds a motion that the ſubpœna in this caſe be quaſhed, or the proceedings ſtopt—but how did it come officially before the court to know that the lord lieutenant was the perſon mentioned in the ſubpœna?—certainly not by any document or proof competent to warrant a compliance with the motion of the attorney general. It was neceſſary that the Earl of Weſtmoreland ſhould appear, and, on being declared againſt, plead that he is the lord lieutenant, and ſhew his letters patent, in proof of the fact, before it can be conſidered as judicially before the court.——Suppoſe the Earl of Weſtmoreland ſhould come forward to ſhew his official qualification by his letters patent, and that theſe letters patent were without a ſeal, or otherwiſe defective in the forms which conſtituted their legality.—Suppoſe the chief juſtice of the king's-bench ſued merely as lord Clonmell, the court were not to know him as chief juſtice of the king's bench, until he firſt came into court and pleaded and proved that he was ſo. The court had not in this caſe a competent judicial knowledge that the defendant was lord lieutenant—a judicial knowledge to be competent, muſt be founded on regular proof of the fact.

Hereupon the court declared they had judicial knowledge that the defendant was lord lieutenant—it would be ridiculous for any man to pretend ignorance of it; they attended his ſummons to parliament in a judicial capacity; they ſaw him acting there in the capacity of lord lieutenant; they ſaw him attended with the uſual ſtate, and received in all the official dignities of lord lieutenant; therefore it was ſufficient to announce to their official knowledge that he was lord lieutenant *de facto*, and they had nothing to do with ſpeculations *de jure*.—That they had too full a knowledge of the Britiſh conſtitution, to ſuppoſe there were two Earls of Weſtmoreland of the kingdom of Great Britain, or two peers titled of the ſame place—and they had beſides the evidence of every ſenſe that conveyed information to the mind, and would not, in complaiſance to ſyſtems of ſpecial pleading, be prevailed on to affect a blindneſs to the evidence of their own ſenſes, to that notoriety which muſt be impreſſed on the mind of every man in the kingdom who ever conſidered the ſubject for a moment.

Mr. Butler contended, that the court, in deciding the point, in the preſent ſtage, diſpoſed of a matter by way of *order*, (from which no writ of error lies) which ought not to be diſpoſed of otherwiſe than by *judgment*. If the defendant appeared and pleaded, the plaintiff might demur, and from the *judgment* of the court on the point, the party is intitled to his writ of error, and thereby obtain the deciſion of the *dernier reſort*; though the lord lieutenant ſigns the writ of error, he does ſo *miniſterially* merely, and not *judicially*, as the writ of error in civil caſes is done *ex debito juſtitia*, and not *ex gratia*; and therefore Mr. Butler firmly relied on his opinion, as to the neceſſity of Lord Weſtmorland's pleading in court, and exhibiting documental proof of his being lord lieutenant, and begged permiſſion to ſay, that the court could not ſee, hear, nor underſtand judicially, that the lord lieutenant was the perſon meant, until the defendant appeared and pleaded that he was.

The court ſaid no man could be heard on this point, as they had delivered their opinion.

Mr. Butler obſerved, that their lordſhips had now given their deciſion upon a point of the very utmoſt importance, and upon grounds for which he knew no precedent.—But he had in his poſſeſ[illegible]n atteſted copy of the letters patent appointing the Earl of Weſtmorland lord lieutenant of Ireland—by this document it appeared, that his official rank as lord lieutenant of Ireland was conferred by letters patent under the *great ſeal of Great Britain*—and Mr. Butler did not heſitate to declare, that an official rank *merely ſo conſtituted*, could not be recognized, or have any weight in judicial deciſions of any law court in this independent kingdom. The great ſeal of Great Britain, in itſelf, has no more authority in this country, than a mere cake of wax, or the great ſeal of the Mogul. The enrollment of it is an enrollment of a nullity; the great ſeal of Ireland was the only public inſtrument of authority that this country could acknowledge—in this country the conſtitution of Ireland only could be acknowledged, and he knew of no conſtitution that ſhould have weight or conſideration in this court, but the conſtitution of imperial and independent Ireland—whether its principles were ſimilar to, or taken from the Britiſh conſtitution, was not for him to conſider.

Court. Would you, Mr. Butler, be underſtood to inſinuate, that there is no legal chief governor in the kingdom?

Mr. Butler. My lords, the regard I have for the peace of this kingdom obliges me to decline an anſwer to your lordſhips queſtion—but the concluſion can be readily drawn from the premiſes.

Mr. Butler then argued, that ſuppoſing the defendant was conſidered as lord lieutenant, it does not neceſſarily follow, that he is in this caſe ſued for an act done as lord lieutenant, the action may, for what the court know to the contrary, be brought againſt him in his private capacity.

The chief baron ſaid, that he in particular had judicial knowledge that the action was brought againſt the defendant as lord lieutenant, becauſe he was in the vacation applied to by the attorney for the plaintiff, to ſign a letter miſſive addreſſed to the Earl of Weſtmoreland, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Hereupon Mr. Dowling aſſured his lordſhip that ſuch addreſs muſt have ariſen from the miſtake of the officer of the court, and was contrary to *his* directions.

Mr. Butler argued that, the addreſs of the letter miſſive would in caſe it had been ſigned and proceedings had upon it, have been evidence merely to ſhew that the Earl of Weſtmoreland mentioned in that letter miſſive, was lord lieutenant, but certainly would not have been evidence that the defendant was ſued as for an act done by him as lord lieutenant, but that letter miſſive not having been ſigned or proceeded upon, is out of the queſtion, and cannot be adduced as judicial knowledge of any fact in this caſe.

Mr. Butler then ſaid, that the queſtion for the opinion of the court was, "Whether any action civil or criminal can be againſt a lord lieutenant of Ireland pending his viceroyalty?" A doctrine is attempted to be ſet up that "No civil or criminal action will *locally* lie againſt a governor *during his government*."—If this doctrine be true, the current of juſtice will be impeded, and the rights of the ſubject will be in danger, for it can be made appear moſt evidently that no ſatisfaction can be obtained either in this kingdom or in any other, againſt a lord lieutenant *after* the end of his government, for treſpaſſes committed by him during his government. In every caſe to repel the juriſdiction of the King's courts, you muſt ſhew a more proper and more ſufficient juriſdiction, for if there is no other mode of trial, that alone will give the king's courts a juriſdiction. Now, in this caſe, it is not ſhewn that an action could be ſuſtained at any other time in this court or elſewhere—but Mr. Butler ſaid, that he would ſhew the negative, and demonſtrate to the court, that after the diſſolution of the government of a lieutenant, an action could not, with effect, be maintained againſt him either in Ireland or elſewhere. Ireland is an independent kingdom, and not within the dominion of the crown of Great Britain; an action of treſpaſs, *vi & armis*, for a treſpaſs committed in Ireland, is not maintainable in Great Britain, the treſpaſs was not committed *contra pacem* of the king of Great Britain—ſo much for any chance of ſucceeding in an action in Great Britain. The caſe of Fabrizas and Martin was the caſe of a treſpaſs committed in a place within the dominions of the Crown of Great Britain, and therefore an action for ſuch treſpaſs was well maintainable in Weſtminſter Hall. As to an action in this kingdom at the end of the viceroyalty, it is to be obſerved, that the viceroy is a fugacious character, the ſubject of another realm, to which he might return even before the diſſolution of his authority; in his return to which he was guaranteed and protected, even after the ceſſation of his authority here—where then was the chance of remedy or redreſs againſt him after he ſecedes or is diſmiſſed from office, and returned into his country with his property—his authority is under the great ſeal of Great Britain; if not valid, he has no authority; if valid, the courts here are not competent to decide upon—and the courts in Great Britain are not competent to take cognizance of a treſpaſs *vi & armis contra pacem* committed in Ireland.—The ſtatute of limitations may alſo poſſibly have operation: in ſhort if the doctrine contended for was to hold, a lord lieutenant might commit any treſpaſs, might ſeize the property of the ſubject, impriſon him, torture him, even murder him with impunity—Is the court prepared to let ſuch doctrine go abroad to the Iriſh nation?

Mr. Butler proceeding in his argument, and preſſing the ſubject upon the court—the court declared, that they would give the moſt ample time for deliberation on all ſides, and ordered the caſe to ſtand over till next term, then to be fully argued.

While theſe matters occupied the public mind in Dublin, all parts of the country were not without agitation. A riot at a fair in the county of Lowth became an object of the moſt ſerious alarm to the peaceable inhabitants of that neighbourhood, as threatening deſtruction to their lives and properties; the military were called upon, and their timely exertions under the direction of the right hon. John Foſter, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, happily quelled this dangerous inſurrection with only the loſs of two lives.

The people in the town and neighbourhood of Belfaſt were at this time more agreeably employed, in celebrating the anniverſary of the revolution in France, and taking of the baſtile the 14th July, 1789; for which purpoſe the volunteers of the town and its vicinity aſſembled early in the day on the parade, under the command of the occaſional general, John Crawford, Eſq. of Crawford's-Burn, where being formed into a brigade of three battalions, they marched out to the reviewing ground, from whence they returned to Belfaſt, making, with the town's-people, a grand proceſſion, bearing ſtandards, pageants and banners with mottos and devices applicable to the occaſion. In this manner they marched into the great area of the White-linen-hall, where having placed their commander in a preſidial chair raiſed in the centre, addreſſes to the National Aſſembly of France and to the people of Ireland, were agreed to *; the remainder of the day was devoted to feſtivity.

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* *That to the* NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE *was conceived in theſe words:*

"IT is not with vanity or oſtentation, that we, the citizens of Belfaſt, and citizen ſoldiers of that town and neighbourhood, take the liberty of addreſſing the repreſentative Majeſty of the French nation, a title elevated far above all ſervile and idolatrous adulation, and with that affectionate fraternity of heart which ought to unite man to man, in a mutual and inſeparable union of intereſts, of duties and of rights; which ought to unite nation with nation, into one great republic of the world.

"On a day, ſanctified as this has been, by a declaration of human right, the germ of ſo much good to mankind, we meet with joy together, and wiſh well to France, to her National Aſſembly, to her people, to her armies, and to her king.

"May you, legiſlators, maintain by the indefatigable ſpirit of liberty, that conſtitution which has been planned by the wiſdom of your predeceſſors, and never may you weary in the work you have undertaken, until you can proclaim with triumphant ſecurity, it is finiſhed! Manifeſt to an attentive and progreſſive world, that it is not the phrenzy of philoſophy, nor the fever of wild and precarious liberty, which could produce ſuch continued agitation, but that imperiſhable ſpirit of freedom alone, which always exiſts in the hearts of man, which now animates the hearts of Europe, and which, in the event, will communicate its energy throughout the world: invincible and immortal!

"We rejoice, in the ſincerity of our ſouls, that this creative ſpirit animates the whole maſs of mind in France. We auſpicate happineſs and glory to the human race, from every great event which calls into activity the whole vigour of the whole community; amplifies ſo largely the field of enterprize and improvement, and gives free ſcope to the univerſal ſoul of the empire. We truſt, that you will never ſubmit the liberties of France to any other guarantees than God, and the right hands of the people.

"The power that preſumes to modify or to arbitrate with reſpect to a conſtitution adopted by the people, is an uſurper and a deſpot, whether it be the meaneſt of the mob, or the ruler of empires, and if you condeſcend to negociate the alteration of a comma in your conſtitutional code, France, from that moment, is a ſlave.—Impudent deſpots of Europe! Is it not enough to cruſh human nature beneath your feet at home, that you thus come abroad to diſturb the domeſtic ſettlement of the nations around you, and put in motion your armies, thoſe enormous maſſes of human machinery, to beat down every attempt that man makes for his own happineſs? It is high time to turn theſe dreadful engines againſt their inventors, and, organized as they have hitherto been, for the miſery of mankind, to make them *now* the inſtruments of its glory and its renovation.

"Succeſs therefore, attend the armies of France!

"May your ſoldiers, with whom war is not a trade, but a duty, remember that they do not fight merely for themſelves, but that they are the advance guard of the world: nor let them imagine that the event of the war is uncertain. A ſingle battle may be precarious, not ſo a few campaigns. There is an Omnipotence in a righteous cauſe, which maſters the pretended mutabiliy of human affairs, and fixes the ſuppoſed inconſiſtency of fortune, if you will be free, you muſt; there is not a chance that one million of reſolute men can be enſlaved, no power on earth is able to do it; and will the God of juſtice and of mercy? Soldiers! there is ſomething that fights for you even in the hearts of your enemies. The native energies of humanity riſe up in voluntary array againſt tyrannical and prepoſterous prejudice, and all the little cabals of the haert gave way to tho feelings of nature, of country, and of kind.

" Freedom and proſperity to the people of France! We think that ſuch revolutions as they have accompliſhed, are ſo far from being out of the order of ſociety, that they ſprung *inevitably* from the nature of man and the progreſſion of reaſon; what is imperfect, he has the power of improving; what he has created, he has a right to deſtroy. It is a raſh oppoſition to the irreſiſtible will of the public, that in ſome inſtances has maddened a diſpoſition, otherwiſe mild and magnanimous, turned energy into ferocity, and the generous and gallant ſpirit of the French into fury and vengeance. We truſt that every effort they now make, every hardſhip they undergo, every drop of blood they ſhed, will render their conſtitution more dear to them.

" Long life and happineſs to the king of the French!—not the Lord of its ſervile appendages, but the king of men, who can preſerve their rights, while they entruſt their powers. In this criſis of his fate, may he withſtand every attempt to eſtrange him from the nation; to make him an exile in the midſt of France, and to prevent him from identifying himſelf as a magiſtrate with the conſtitution, and as a Frenchman with the people.

" We beſeech you all as men, as legiſlators, as citizens, and as ſoldiers, in this your great conflict for liberty, for France, and for the world, to deſpiſe all earthly danger, to look up to God, and to connect your councils, your arms, and your empire to his throne, with a chain of union, fortitude, perſeverance, morality and religion.

" We conclude, with this fervent prayer: That as the Almighty is diſperſing the political clouds which have hitherto darkened our hemiſphere, all nations may ſee the light of Heaven: that, as in this latter age, the Creator is unfolding in his creatures, powers which had long lain ſilent—they may exert them in the eſtabliſhment of univerſal freedom, harmony and peace: may thoſe who are free, never be ſlaves: may thoſe who are ſlaves, be ſpeedily free."

And that to the PEOPLE OF IRELAND *was:*

" WE, the volunteers and other inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Belfaſt, aſſembled to commemorate this great day, embrace with earneſtneſs the opportunity which it affords, at once to expreſs our zeal and affection for the cauſe of liberty in France, and our undiſguiſed opinions on the ſubjects of the laſt importance to our native land.

" Trained from our infancy in a love of freedom, and an abhorrence of tyranny, we congratulate our brethren of France and ourſelves, that the infamous conſpiracy of ſlaves and deſpots, againſt the happineſs and glory of that admired and reſpected nation, and againſt the common rights of man, has hitherto proved abortive.

" Fixing our view ſteadily on the great principle of gallic emancipation, we will not be diverted from that magnificent object by the accidental tumults or momentary ebullions of popular fury. We will not eſtimate the wiſdom of her legiſlators by the tranſports of a mob: nor the ſpirit of her armies by the cowardice of a regiment; nor the patriotiſm of her people, by the treachery of individuals; nor the juſtice of her cauſe by the number of her enemies. We judge with other views and on other principles.—We ſee with admiration, France extending the land marks of human knowledge in the great art of government, and opening to the world new ſyſtems of policy and juſtice. We ſee her renounce all wars on the principle of conqueſt.—We ſee her propoſe an univerſal brotherhood and an eternal peace to all nations. We ſee her even now, when forced into arms and bloodſhed by the unjuſt and unprincipled machinations of her enemies, ſeparating as far as poſſible, the innocent ſubjects from the guilty deſpot; reſpecting amidſt the horrors of war, the property of individuals; and exempting from interruption the peaceful traffic of the merchant. It was from views like thoſe that we eſtimate that ſtupendous event, the revolutions, which we this day commemorate; not from accidental irregularities, which, while we condemn, we are compelled to pity, as feeling that they ſpring not merely from a ſpirit of licentiouſneſs, but from a ſenſe of injury working on a ſanguine people, ſtill galled with the recollection of recent tyranny and oppreſſion, and jealous of liberty, but juſt recovered, and ſcarcely ſecure.

" Such are our ſentiments on the ſubject of the French revolution;—we come now to the ſtate of our own country.

" Impreſſed as we are with a deep ſenſe of the excellence of our conſtitution, as it exiſts in *theory*, we rejoice that we are not like our brethren in France, reduced to the hard neceſſity of tearing up inveterate abuſe by the roots, even where utility was ſo intermixed as not to admit of ſeparation. Ours is an eaſier and leſs unpleaſing taſk; to remove with a ſteady and temperate reſolution the abuſes, which the lapſe of many years inattention and ſupineneſs in the great body of the people, and unremitting vigilance in their rulers to invade and plunder them of their rights, have ſuffered to overgrow and to deform that beautiful ſyſtem of government, ſo admirably ſuited to our ſituation, our habits, and our wiſhes.——We have not to innovate but to reſtore. The juſt prerogative of our monarch we reſpect and will maintain. The conſtitutional power of the peers of the realm we wiſh not to invade. We know that in the exerciſe of both, abuſes have grown up; but we alſo know that thoſe abuſes will be at once corrected, ſo as never again to recur, by reſtoring to us "the people," what we, for ourſelves, *demand as our right*, our due weight and influence in that eſtate, *which is our property*, the "Repreſentation of the people in Parliament."

C H A P. II.

Lamentable State of Poland.—The King calls a Diet.—The new Conſtitution given up.—Affairs of France.—Operations on the Frontiers.—Attack of Orchies.—Decree againſt the Emigrants.—Prevalence of the Jacobins.—Duke of Brunſwick's Declaration.—Decree to encourage deſertion from the Allied Army.—The Pallace of the Thuilleries ſtormed.—The King flies to the Aſſembly.—Horrid Maſſacre.—The Executive Power ſuſpended.—The King and Queen impriſoned.—Progreſs of the Combined Armies.—Longwy taken.

THE unprovoked invaſion of Poland by the armies of the empreſs of Ruſſia, and the Pruſſian monarch's abſolute dereliction of the treaties of alliance ſubſiſting between him and the republic, has been mentioned in the firſt chapter of theſe ſketches. An application of a ſimilar kind to the one made the king of Pruſſia, appears to have been made to the emperor of Germany, and an anſwer equally unfriendly to the Poles, received from him.

The poliſh nation thus fruſtrated in every hope of ſuccour from its powerful neighbours, ſaw nothing but the melancholy proſpect of the ſingle handed oppoſition of a raw and inadequate army, without credit or reſources, againſt one of the mightieſt potentates of the earth, if not openly aſſiſted, at leaſt ſecretly abetted by all its neighbours, thoſe called Infidels alone excepted.

On the 23d of July, the king of Poland convoked the deputies at Warſaw, to deliberate on their diſaſtrous ſituation. At this meeting, the queſtion ſeemed only to be, whether the country ſhould be devoted to the deſtruction of the armies now overrunning it, or agree to the terms impoſed on them by the inflexible empreſs: the latter was adopted; and conſequently the fabric of a free conſtitution, formed with ſuch flattering expectations on the the third of May, was on this day overthrown.

This great event is too recent, and its circumſtances as yet too little known, to juſtify any comments that may ſuggeſt themſelves; and for the preſent it will be ſufficient to add, that a ceſſation of arms immediately after took place, between the Ruſſian and Poliſh armies, attended with the humiliating preliminary, that Prince Poniatowſki's army ſhould ſurrender itſelf as priſoners, to the Ruſſian general Bernicki.

Deſperate as the affairs of Poland were at this time, the above determination of the king and ſenate, was not generally approved. Near four thouſand nobles, among them were Malachowſki, Potocki, Sapieha and Solticki, with a great number of other perſons, aſſembled and highly reprobated what they ſtiled a traitorous and ſhameful ſubmiſſion, and exclaimed loudly for, *The conſtitution without a king*.

Until authentic accounts of the occurrences that ſucceeded the counter-revolution at Warſaw, ſhall come to hand, let us return to the affairs of France.

Of the ſoldiers taken into cuſtody at Liſle for the murder of general Theobald Dillon, one only was capitally convicted, his name was Le Vaſſeur. His execution almoſt immediately followed his ſentence, which was that of decollation on a ſcaffold near the place where the tragical ſcene had been acted. With a firm ſtep and undiſmayed countenance he proceeded from the place of his confinement to the fatal ſpot; where having declared his motive was no other than an idea that the general was a traitor to his country, he ſubmitted to his doom, and his head was inſtantly ſevered from his body by the *louiſon*, an engine ſomewhat reſembling the Scotch *maiden*.

In the beginning of Auguſt the combined armies appeared on the French frontiers of Loraine, now the department of the Moſelle and Meuſe, and ſome ſkirmiſhes took place between their advanced corps and detachments of the French armies, which ended generally in favour of the latter, from the enthuſiaſtic ardor of the national troops. As theſe encounters were not at all deciſive, it would anſwer no purpoſe to fatigue the readers with a recital of attacks and retreats of or from ſmall villages, differing little in their circumſtances: one of them ſhall therefore ſerve for all. This was a movement made by a body of three thouſand Auſtrians towards the village of Orchies, on its way to which, a detachment of four hundred national guards with two pieces of canon, having ſtrongly poſted themſelves in a garden that commanded the road, plied the Auſtrians with their artillery and ſmall arms to ſuch effect, that notwithſtanding the accidental burſting of one of their great guns, they obliged the enemy to retire with conſiderable loſs.

From the time of this action, which happened about the middle of July, until the beginning of Auguſt, the allies ſeemed to have declined all predatory incurſions; and drawing in their out poſts appeared as if in expectation of ſome event, which would decide the plan of their operations.

This awful pauſe on the frontiers, had an effect in Paris; it encreaſed the ſuſpicions already entertained of the king and his *Feuillant* miniſters; and the national aſſembly, which in the preceding month had reſiſted the impeachment of La Fayette, ſuddenly relapſed in its ſervility to the Jacobin faction. This was manifeſted at firſt by a decree paſſed the 27th of July, for ſelling the confiſcated eſtates of the emigrants; and further proceedings of the ſame complexion would probably have ſucceeded, but that the attention of the aſſembly was for a time arreſted by the following declaration, publiſhed by the commander in chief of the combined armies:

Declaration addreſſed by his moſt Serene Highneſs the reigning Duke of Brunſwick Lunenbourg, *commanding the combined armies of their Majeſties the Emperor and the King of Pruſſia, to the inhabitants of France.*

"Their Majeſties the emperor and the king of Pruſſia having entruſted me with the command of the combined armies, aſſembled on the frontiers of France, I think it my duty to inform the inhabitants of that kingdom of the motives which have influenced the conduct of the two ſovereigns, and of the principles by which they are guided.

"After arbitrarily ſuppreſſing the rights and invading the poſſeſſions of the German Princes in Alſace and Lorraine; after having diſturbed and overthrown, in the interior part of the kingdom, all order and lawful government; after having been guilty of the moſt daring attacks, and having had recourſe to the moſt violent meaſures, which are ſtill daily renewed againſt the ſacred perſon of the king, and againſt his auguſt family;—thoſe who have ſeized the reins of government, have, at length, filled the meaſure of their guilt, by declaring an unjuſt war againſt his majeſty the emperor, and invading his provinces of the Low Countries. Some of the poſſeſſions belonging to the German empire have been equally expoſed to the ſame oppreſſion; and many others have only avoided the danger by yielding to the imperious threats of the domineering party, and of their emiſſaries.

"His majeſty the king Pruſſia, united with his imperial majeſty in the bonds of the ſtricteſt defenſive alliance, and as a preponderant member himſelf of the Germanic body, could not refuſe to march to the aſſiſtance of his ally, and of his coeſtates. It is under this double relation that he undertakes the defence of that monarch, and of Germany.

"To thoſe high intereſts is added another important object, and which both the ſovereigns have moſt cordially in view; which is, to put an end to that anarchy which prevails in the interior parts of France; to put a ſtop to the attacks on the throne and the altar; to reſtore the king to his legitimate power, to liberty, and to ſafety, of which he is now deprived, and to place him in ſuch a ſituation that he may exerciſe that legitimate authority to which he is entitled.

"Convinced that the ſober part of the nation deteſt the exceſſes of a faction which has enſlaved them, and that the majority of the inhabitants wait with impatience the moment when ſuccours ſhall arrive, to declare themſelves openly againſt the odious enterpriſes of their oppreſſors: his majeſty the emperor, and his majeſty the king of Pruſſia, earneſtly invite them to return, without delay, into the paths of reaſon and of juſtice, of order and peace. It is with this view that I, the underwritten, general commandant in chief of the two armies, do declare—

" 1ſt. That, drawn into the preſent war by irreſiſtible circumſtances, the two allied courts have no other object in view than the welfare of France, without any pretence to enrich themſelves by making conqueſts.

" 2dly. That they do not mean to meddle with the internal government of France, but that they ſimply intend to deliver the king, the queen, and royal family, from their captivity; and to enſure to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, that ſafety which is neceſſary for his making, without danger and without obſtacles, ſuch convocations as he ſhall judge proper, and for endeavouring to enſure the welfare of his ſubjects, according to his promiſes and to the utmoſt of his power.

" 3dly. That the combined armies ſhall protect the towns, bourgs and villages, as well as the perſons and property of all thoſe who ſhall ſubmit to the king; and that they will concur in the immediate reſtoration of order and police throughout all France.

" 4thly. That the national guards are called upon to preſerve, proviſionally, tranquillity in towns and in the country, to provide for the perſonal ſafety and property of all Frenchmen until the arrival of the troops of their imperial and royal majeſties, until orders be given to the contrary, on pain of being perſonally reſponſible: That on the contrary, ſuch national guards as ſhall fight againſt the troops of the two allied courts, and who ſhall be taken with arms in their hands, ſhall be treated as enemies, and puniſhed as rebels to their king, and as diſturbers of the public peace.

" 5thly. That the general officers, the ſubalterns, the ſoldiers of the regular French troops are equally called upon to return to their former allegiance, and to ſubmit immediately to the king, their legitimate ſovereign.

" 6thly. That the members of departments, diſtricts and municipalities, ſhall be equally reſponſible, on pain of loſing their heads and their eſtates, for all the crimes, all the conflagrations, all the murders and the pillage which they ſhall ſuffer to take place, and which they ſhall not have, in a public manner, attempted to prevent, within their reſpective territories; that they ſhall alſo be obliged to continue their functions, until his Moſt Chriſtain Majeſty, when ſet at full liberty, ſhall make fartheir arrangements, or until further orders be given in his name.

7thly. That the inhabitants of towns, bourgs, and villages, who ſhall dare to defend themſelves againſt the troops of their imperial and royal majeſties, and to fire upon them, either in open country, or through half-open doors, or windows of their houſes, ſhall be puniſhed inſtantly, according to the rigorous rules of war, or their houſes ſhall be demoliſhed or burned. On the contrary, all the inhabitants of the ſaid towns, bourgs and villages, who ſhall readily ſubmit to their king, by opening their gates to the troops belonging to their majeſties, ſhall be immediately under their ſafeguard and protection: their eſtates, their property, and their perſons ſhall be ſecured by the laws, and each of them ſhall be in full ſafety.

8thly. The city of Paris and all its inhabitants, without diſtinction, ſhall be called upon to ſubmit inſtantly, and without delay, to the king: to ſet that prince at full liberty, and to enſure to his, and to all royal perſons, that inviolability and reſpect which are due, by the laws of nature and of nations, to ſovereigns; their imperial and royal majeſties making perſonally reſponſible for all events—on pain of loſing their heads, purſuant to military trials, without hopes of pardon—all the members of the National Aſſembly, of the departments, of the diſtricts, of the municipality, of the national guards of Paris, juſtices of peace, and others whom it may concern. And their imperial and royal majeſties further declare, on their faith and word of emperor and king, That if the palace of the Thuilleries be forced or inſulted—if the leaſt violence be offered, the leaſt outrage done to their majeſties, the king, the queen, and the royal family—if they be not immediately placed in ſafety and ſet at liberty, they will inflict on thoſe who ſhall deſerve it, the moſt exemplary and ever-memorable avenging puniſhments, by giving up the city of Paris to military execution, and expoſing it to total deſtruction; and the rebels who ſhall be guilty of illegal reſiſtance, ſhall ſuffer the puniſhments which they ſhall have deſerved: Their Imperial and Royal Majeſty's promiſe, on the contrary, to all the inhabitants of the city of Paris, to employ their good offices with his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, to obtain for them a pardon for their inſults and errors, and to adopt the moſt vigorous meaſures for the ſecurity of their perſons and property, provided they ſpeedily and ſtrictly conform to the above injunctions.

"Finally, their Majeſties, not being at liberty to acknowledge any other laws in France, except thoſe which ſhall be derived from the King, when at full liberty, proteſt beforehand againſt the authenticity of all kinds of declarations which may be iſſued in the name of the King, ſo long as his ſacred perſon, and that of the Queen and the Princes, of the whole Royal Family, ſhall not be in full ſafety: and with this view, their Imperial and Royal Majeſties invite and intreat his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty to name a town in his kingdom, neareſt to the frontiers, to which he would wiſh to remove, together with the Queen, and the Royal Family, under a ſtrong and ſafe eſcort, which ſhall be ſent for that purpoſe; ſo that his Chriſtian Majeſty may, in perfect ſafety, ſend for ſuch Miniſters and Counſellors as he ſhall pleaſe to name—order ſuch convocations as he ſhall think proper, and provide for the reſtoration of order, and the regular adminiſtration of his kingdom.

"In fine, I declare and promiſe in my own individual name, and in my above quality, to cauſe to be obſerved every where by the troops under my command, good and ſtrict diſcipline, promiſing to treat with mildneſs and moderation, thoſe well-diſpoſed ſubjects who ſhall ſubmit peaceably and quietly, and to employ force againſt thoſe only who ſhall be guilty of reſiſtance, or of manifeſt evil intentions.

"I therefore, in the moſt earneſt and forcible manner, call upon, and expect all the inhabitants of the kingdom, not to make any oppoſition to the troops under my command; but rather to ſuffer them every where to enter the kingdom freely, and to afford them all the aſſiſtance, and ſhew them all the benevolence, which circumſtances may require. Given at General Quarters at Coblentz, July 25, 1792.

CHARLES GUILLAUME FERDINAND DUC DE BRUNSWICK LUNENBOURG.

The only notice taken of this ſingular declaration by the Aſſembly, was, an order that ſeveral thouſand copies of it ſhould be printed with all poſſible diſpatch, and ſent to the eighty three departments of the kingdom.

Their next ſtep was, the paſſing of a decree to encourage deſertion among the enemy, containing theſe extraordinary clauſes:

I. "The non-commiſſioned officers and ſoldiers of the enemy's armies, who, zealous to live in a land of liberty and equality, ſhall abandon the colours of a power at war with France, and preſent themſelves at any military poſt to any of the conſtituted authorities, or to a French citizen, ſhall be greeted with friendſhip and fraternity; and receive in the firſt inſtance, as a ſign of adoption, a cockade of three national colours.

II. "The non-commiſſioned officers and ſoldiers, after declaring their wiſh to embrace the cauſe of liberty, ſhall receive as an indemnification for the ſacrifice which they may have made, a brevet for a penſion of 100 livres a year, during their reſidence in France, to be paid in advance from three months to three months, by the receiver of the diſtrict in which they ſhall reſide. They ſhall be admitted to take the civic oath, and a copy of the minute of their having taken this oath, ſhall be delivered to them.

III. "They ſhall receive beſide a gratification of 50 livres, to be paid by order of the military or civil officer, before whom they ſhall have made the declaration preſcribed in Article II.

IV. "They ſhall not be obliged to enter into any military engagement; but ſuch of them as chuſe to do ſo, ſhall be admitted into any of the French corps in ſervice without diſtinction.

V. "Such of them as ſhall enter into theſe corps, ſhall receive the uſual bounties, over and above the gratification and penſion.

VI. "A liſt of them ſhall be formed, and a general aggregate of their penſions, which ſhall continue to be divided among the ſurvivors of them in the manner of a tontine, till the penſion of each amount to 500 livres a year.

VII. "The penſion of 100 livres ſhall be continued to the widows of ſuch of them as ſhall marry in France.

VIII. "During the war, ſuch of them as ſhall not enliſt in the French army ſhall retire within the kingdom twenty leagues at leaſt from the frontiers. Towns ſhall be pointed out to them where they may have interpreters, and where they may fix their reſidence.

IX. " Such of them as ſhall join the army ſhall be diſtributed, in equal numbers, among the companies of the corps in which they enliſt, that they may the more readily form connections of friendſhip with the defenders of the Conſtitution and liberty of France.

X. " They ſhall receive, for diſtinguiſhed actions or wounds, the ſame rewards or penſions to which French citizens, of whom they are conſidered as forming a part, are entitled.

XI. " The National Aſſembly recommends to the attention of all public officers, and the fraternity of the officers and ſoldiers of the French armies, the foreign non-commiſſioned officers and ſoldiers who ſhall join them, to ſerve and defend the cauſe of nations and of liberty.

XII. " The foreign non-commiſſioned officers and ſoldiers who have entered France ſince the declaration of war ſhall receive immediately after the publication of this decree, the indemnifications preſcribed by the ſecond article, and two millions of livres ſhall be iſſued to the Miniſter at War for that purpoſe.

XIII. " The penſion of 100 livres, and its gradual increaſe to 500, ſhall be granted to thoſe who ſhall prefer retiring into the interior of the kingdom to entering the army. The National Aſſembly, conſidering it as unworthy the generoſity of a free people, not to offer but on this condition, an indemnification to foreigners who ſhall abandon the ſtandard of their enemies.

XIV. " The National Aſſembly grants as a ſecurity the produce of the eſtates of the emigrants, the ſale of which has been decreed, and collaterally the revenues of the ſtate, for the payment of the annuities above promiſed.

XV. " In caſe of France, contrary to her wiſhes and her hopes, being engaged in a war againſt a free nation, the citizens of that nation ſhall not be entitled to the benefits of this decree."

[*To be continued.*]

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAM Reynolds, Eſq. to Miſs Ellis Agar O'Flaherty, of Kilkenny.—At Tullamore, Villars Lankey, Eſq. to Miſs Elrington.—At Carlow, John Stoyte, Eſq. to Miſs Jemma Bennet.—Oliver Grace, Eſq. of Balbriggan, to Miſs Shearman.—Richard Lekey, Eſq. of Cavan, to Miſs Eliza Thornton.—Michael Hartley, Eſq. of Somerville, in the co. of Limerick, to Miſs Catherine Anne Fitzgerald, of Shannon's Grove.—At Ennis, Mr. Andrew Perry, attorney, to Miſs Sturgeon.—William Newport, Eſq. of Waterford, to Miſs Chambarte.—James Lynch, Eſq. of Moſs, co. Meath, to Miſs Finlan, of Arran-quay.—Thomas Edmonſton, Eſq. to Miſs Semple.—At Cork, Mr. Ephraim Hetherington, of London, merchant, to Miſs Lane.—Mr. Nicholas Wilde, of Dolphin's-barn, to Miſs M'Guire, of the Bachelor's-walk.—At Waterford, Pierce Power, Eſq. of Seafield, to Miſs Johanah Sweetman, of Wexford.

DEATHS.

AT Drumcaſhill, co. Lowth, Arthur Craven, Eſq.—At Mountmelick, Mr. Richard Shackleton, of Ballytore.—At his houſe in Park-ſtreet, the Right Honourable Thomas Nugent, Earl of Weſtmeath.—In Peter-ſtreet, aged 85, Dr. Walker, an eminent phyſician and accoucheur.—William Gerrard, Eſq. of Liſcarton, co. Meath.—At Cabragh, James Wilſon, Eſq. of Parſonſtown.—At Mallow, the widow of John Maunſell, Eſq. co. of Limerick.—James Hewetſon, Eſq. of Beauvois, in the co. of Limerick.—At Templehaſe, co. of Galway, Guy Carleton Perceval, Eſq.—In Peter-ſtreet, Thomas Peree, Eſq. an eminent attorney.—In North Gt. George's-ſtreet, Alderman Robert Smith, lord mayor elect of the city of Dublin.—At Clewnſtown, co. of Meath, Edward Leſtrange, Eſq.—In Dominick-ſtreet, aged 85, Mrs. Ward.—At Mallow, Charles Coote, Eſq.—At Ennis, John Fairtlough, Eſq.—In Coldblow-lane, Mr. William Paine.

PROMOTIONS.

ALDERMAN John Carleton to be Lord Mayor of Dublin, in the room of Alderman Robert Smith, deceaſed.—Lieutenant Colonel John Francis Craddock to be Quarter Maſter General, vice Colonel Fawcett, exchanged.—Colonel William Fawcett to be Inſpector General of recruiting parties of regiments ſerving abroad, in the room of Colonel Craddock.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *OCTOBER*, 1792.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
AN ELEGANT VIEW OF *SARAH BRIDGE*, KILMAINHAM,
(THE IRISH RIALTO);
TUESDAY, OR, THE DITTY,
FROM A BEAUTIFUL DESIGN,
AND
A SONG, SET TO MUSIC.

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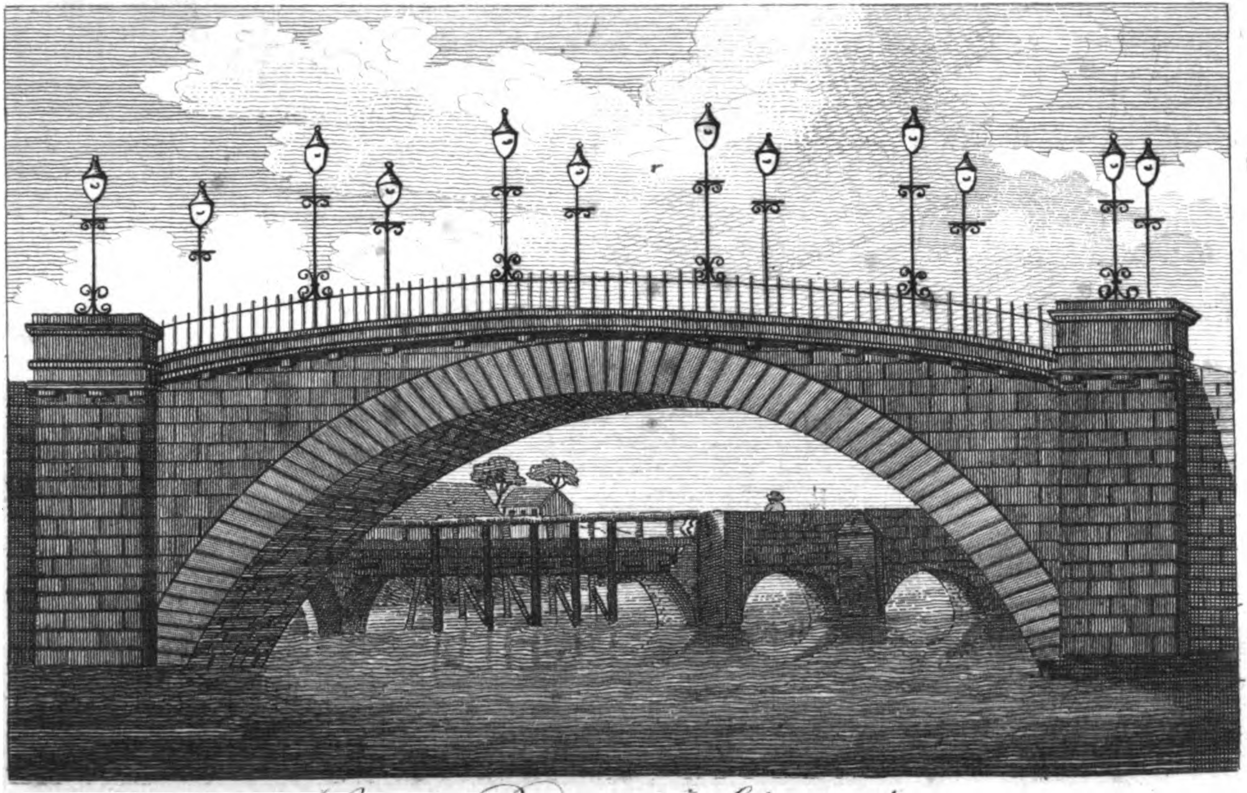

Sarah Bridge. Kilmainham.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *OCTOBER*, 1792.

Account of SARAH BRIDGE, *Kilmainham.*
WITH AN ELEVATION OF THE SAME, FROM AN ACCURARE DRAWING, NEATLY ENGRAVED.

THIS elegant ſtructure, which by way of eminence is called the Iriſh *Rialto*, is built a few yards to the eaſtward of Island, or Kilmainham Bridge, erected over the river Liffey, during the adminiſtration of Sir Henry Sydney, in the year 1578, and on the weſtern parapet of which the arms of his royal miſtreſs, Queen Elizabeth, remained, until three of the arches were deſtroyed by the river floods ſome years ago.

When the ruinous ſtate of Iſland Bridge, made the conſtruction of another a meaſure of abſolute neceſſity, the Commiſſioners of the Circular Road employed a perſon to build one of three arches; it was accordingly undertaken; but after innumerable difficulties, miſhaps, and diſappointments, and the expenditure of more money than the whole building was to have coſt, while the two piers were ſcarcely built to the height of low water mark, and the abutments but half finiſhed, the work was abandoned, and under the auſpices, and by the indefatigable exertions of Sir John Blaquiere, the preſent elegant bridge conſtructed.

Sarah Bridge, ſo called, in honour of her Excellency the Counteſs of Weſtmoreland, who laid the firſt ſtone on the ſpring of the arch, extends in its maſonry from the north to the ſouth, 356 feet; the chord or ſpan of the arch, which is an eliptic one, is 104, being twelve feet wider than the celebrated Rialto at Venice. The key-ſtone is 22 feet above high water mark: and its breadth on the top, clear of the parapets or paliſade, is 38 feet, including two flagged footways of ſix feet on each ſide.

Our draftſman has illuſtrated his elevation with a view through the arch of Iſland Bridge as it now ſtands, with the temporary repair on it, &c. &c.

CHARACTER OF LUCULLUS.
BY THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON.

THOSE who know Roman hiſtory but imperfectly, do not render ſufficient juſtice to Lucullus. We have heard ſpeak of his magnificence and love of voluptuouſneſs; but we forget the ſervices he did to his country, before he gave himſelf up to the amuſements which ſweetened and embelliſhed his retreat. He ſtudied to advantage the belles letters during his youth, became afterwards a ſtateſman, a great general, and, towards the decline of his life, a philoſopher. Being a friend to Sylla,
he

he paſſed over too lightly the cruelties of this dictator, but he was not his accomplice in them. He was executor to his will, and tutor to his ſon, in preference to Pompey. After having held all the public employments, capable of forming great men, as well at home as abroad, he became at laſt conſul. After his conſulſhip, the government of Cilicia becoming vacant, he had every right to demand it; it was a delicate buſineſs, and he would have had much difficulty in ſucceeding, had he not made Cethegus, tribune of the people, his friend. To obtain which, he found it neceſſary to apply to Precia the courteſan; he feigned himſelf in love with her, knowing that this means, employed with addreſs, was the moſt ſure one of ſucceeding with women. He obtained what he wanted from the lover of his miſtreſs, and little ſcrupulous about the means he made uſe of to arrive at his propoſed end, he turned all to advantage.

He went into Aſia, and by his wiſe conduct pacified the troops which had rebelled and mutinied, led them on to battle againſt Mithridates, and greatly embarraſſed this formidable enemy of the Romans. At the ſame time he acquired the friendſhip of the inhabitants of the conquered provinces; ſtopped the depredations committed by the farmers of the revenue, who were for the moſt part Roman knights, and forced them to eaſe the people, or at leaſt to regulate with equity the receipt of taxes. This act of juſtice and moderation did him much honour. Having glorioufly executed his firſt commiſſion, he was ſome time after ſent again towards Aſia, and conducted himſelf with the ſame prudence and diſintereſtedneſs. He found that the true means of conquering Mithridates, was to cut off the proviſions from his army, which was immenſe; this ſucceeded—he beſieged Amiſus, which contained the chief riches of the king. He conquered this capital, and the Roman troops found in it a conſiderable booty. It did not depend upon the general that the army was not as orderly in taking poſſeſſion of theſe treaſures, as the profit ariſing from them was great, but he never could obtain this from his ſoldiers; they were already greatly relaxed in their ancient diſcipline: nevertheleſs he thought of puſhing ſtill farther his conqueſts. Mithridates had retired to the dominions of Tigranes, king of Armenia, his ſon in law; it was there that Lucullus ought to have followed him.

Lucullus found means to diſperſe the immenſe armies of Tigranes and his father-in-law, although his own was infinitely inferior. By theſe means he gave the greateſt proof of his knowledge in the art of war. He was enterpriſing enough to form the ſiege of Tigranocerta, capital of the kingdom of Armenia: its approaches were defended by an army of near three hundred thouſand men: the Roman general diſperſed them and looked upon victory as certain the moment he had given a glance at their poſition. We have them, ſaid he: it was on one of thoſe days which the Romans had marked in their calendar as unfortunate, becauſe it had formerly been memorable by defeats: I will put it among the fortunate days, added he; and he did ſo accordingly. An hundred thouſand barbarians fell in the battle which followed.

The conſequence of this victory was the taking of the capital. The conqueror marched towards Artaxata, the ancient capital of Armenia: he would have taken it, but the cold being ſevere, the Roman ſoldiers loaded with riches, declared openly they would not expoſe themſelves to the rigours of a winter campaign. During this time, intrigues were carried on at Rome againſt him, and his ſucceſſor was named. When the ſeaſon became favourable, Pompey took the command of the Roman army, eaſily conquered Tigranes, and forced Mithridates to ſuicide.

It was then that Lucullus ſtrove to conſole himſelf, by leading the moſt eaſy and voluptuous life. He had ſucceſſively married two wives, whoſe conduct had given him much pain, and from whom he had been obliged to live ſeparate, although the ſecond was the ſiſter of the auſtere Cato. He ſaw that in Rome both ſexes had violated the laws of virtue, honour and decency: it ſeems as if he had ſaid to himſelf, "I will think of my "perſonal pleaſures only, ſince I can no longer hope to acquire glory: "I will renounce the ambition of gaining the eſteem of a people, who "do not merit mine."

If Lucullus, loaded with the ſpoils of Aſia, had ſtill been ambitious of acting a great part in Rome, he would have made himſelf a party there, and have greatly embarraſſed Cæſar and Pompey; he would at leaſt have entered the triumvirate like Craſſus, and have had more weight in it, becauſe he had more merit; but he preferred the enjoyment of his riches. He built himſelf magnificent and delightful habitations both in town and country; was profuſe in the entertainments he gave to his friends, and to thoſe whom he thought worthy of being admitted into his ſociety. He was noble and generous to others, but without ſuffering himſelf to be importuned: he aſſiſted them with his purſe and credit, but did not ſtrive to make himſelf partiſans, and acquired no kind of acknowledgment. He had formed, as a man of taſte, collections of books, ſtatues, and other curioſities,—cultivated letters and the ſciences: finally, he denied himſelf no kind of ſenſual pleaſures, but declared that he was not a ſlave to his paſſions.

HIBERNICUS'S SECOND LETTER

RELATIVE TO THE NECESSITY OF AN IRISH MINT.

To the EDITOR *of the* SENTIMENTAL *and* MASONIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN my firſt letter, you will recollect, I mentioned the meaſures adopted by the Britiſh miniſtry, reſpecting the coin in currency in 1773 and 1774, inadequate in England, and detrimental in Ireland, which I concluded by ſome curſory ſtrictures on the miſerable ſtate of the ſilver and copper coin current in both kingdoms. I ſhall this day trouble you with a few more looſe or general obſervations on the ſubject.

Hiſtory informs us, that when the kingdom of Ireland had little or no foreign trade, and conſequently ſcarcely any foreign gold or ſilver coin to diſpoſe of, it had a mint; but now that we poſſeſs a conſiderable trade, particularly by the export of produce and manufactures, to the continent and iſlands of America, to Spain and other countries, we are cut off from receiving returns in ſpecie, or muſt accept of them at a manifeſt diſadvantage, becauſe not being able to diſpoſe of them here, they muſt be tranſmitted to London, where a mint is open to receive them.

But the want of a mint would not be ſo much felt in this country as it is, if it was not for the regulations, that put a final ſtop to the circulation of foreign gold coin, which before 1773, paſſed currently for its weight among us at the intrinſic value. From that period to the latter end of the next year (1774) the loſs to the holders of light guineas and foreign gold in Ireland, was on an average, to the enormous amount of 12½ *per cent.* While in England, the holders of ſuch coin were accommodated without loſs or deduction with the new coinage inſtead thereof: From this time to 1778, the loſs decreaſed to 6¼; and from that to 1787, when the bank of Ireland opened a bullion office, the loſs fell indeed to 4 *per cent.* a ſum that ſtill militates as a conſiderable diſcount againſt the trade and manufactures of Ireland, and which would be compleatly obviated, was there a mint eſtabliſhed in this kingdom.

Objections I know have been made to ſuch an eſtabliſhment, the principle of which are,

I. That the people in England will oppoſe it.

II. The improbability of obtaining a ſufficient ſupply of bullion to anſwer the purpoſe of a mint: and

III. That ſuch an eſtabliſhment would add to the already overgrown influence of the crown.

To the firſt objection, if ſuch a one really exiſts, we ſhall only anſwer the ſhort-ſighted perſons who make it, that if ſuch an eſtabliſhment anſwers the purpoſe of promoting the trade and manufactures of Ireland, it advances in a ratio, the riches and proſperity of England; for he muſt be an ignorant man indeed, who does not know, that the trade of England to Ireland, riſes continually with the abilities of the latter; it has ever done ſo, and muſt ever be the caſe, while the kingdoms exiſt, are united under the ſame ſovereign, and form, as it were one nation. It would be ſurpluſage to dwell more on a point which facts eſtabliſh the demonſtration of.

The ſecond objection is as eaſily anſwered. Our exports to North America, the Weſt-Indies, Portugal and Spain alone, would furniſh bullion ſufficient, if the loſs on ſuch returns was obviated; in addition to which the light guineas and half guineas which are now tranſmitted in ingots to London, would more than amply ſupply the Iriſh mint. Let the man who doubts of this, look over the parliamentary book of exports to the countries above mentioned, and enquire at the bank of Ireland for the amount of the gold coin purchaſed at this bullion office.

The laſt objection—the increaſe of the Crown's influence, is the only one that has the ſhadow of ſolidity: yet when it is conſidered, that the patronage would not exceed in the whole, two thouſand pounds a year, and the profit to the nation immenſe, the objection muſt loſe its weight. If every expenſive eſtabliſhment had as much to ſay in its favour, there would be leſs clamour againſt them than there is.

HIBERNICUS.

LONDON THEATRES.

THE theatrical winter campaign was opened at the King's theatre in the Haymarket, on Saturday September 15, by the company from Drury-lane, with the comedy of the School for Scandal. On Monday following, the new-built theatre at Covent-garden was likewiſe opened ed with the Road to Ruin, and the Iriſhman in London. The avenues were crowded at a very early hour. As ſoon as the curtain drew up, a ſtrong expreſſion of general approbation, naturally ariſing from the elegant appearance of the place, iſſued from all parts. When the actors, however, came forward to deliver the prelude, written by Mr. Cumberland for the occaſion, a great clamour of oppoſition aroſe; and though it was overborne by the ſhouts of applauſe, it created ſuch a diſturbance as totally to drown the voices of the performers.

This clamour continued throughout the prelude. At length, Mr. Lewis advanced to addreſs the audience, and with ſome difficulty obtained a hearing. He obſerved, that on account of the vaſt increaſe of every expence attendant on the theatre, it was abſolutely neceſſary that the price of admiſſion ſhould be raiſed; but that the manager was ready to make any ſacrifice in favour of the public wiſhes, that would not involve his total ruin, which muſt be the caſe, unleſs the advanced prices were eſtabliſhed.

This declaration was certainly acceptable to at leaſt four-fifths of the company; but the diſſatisfied party reſumed their clamour, and a conſiderable part of the comedy was acted, though ſcarce a ſyllable was heard. Mr. Lewis came forward a ſecond time, and ſaid, that he was authoriſed by the proprietor to ſay, that, as it ſeemed to be the deſire of many, that the Upper Gallery ſhould be reſtored, one ſhould be formed as ſoon as the architect could deviſe a proper plan. This handſome conceſſion on the part of the manager was received with the warmeſt applauſe. The diſcontented, however, ſtill demanded a reſumption of the old prices; and the uproar continued to the very end of the farce.

On Wedneſday, the Prelude, the Duenna, and Modern Antiques, were preſented at this theatre, when an oppoſition to the new prices was again attempted, which, although it prevented the prelude from being heard at all, entirely ſubſided towards the concluſion of the firſt act of the Duenna.

The following is a correct Deſcription of this beautiful Theatre.

The amphitheatre is entirely new, and contains three, or, as they are now called, circles of boxes, and a gallery ſurrounding the whole. The form is that of a truncated elipſe, or an egg flattened at one end, the effect of which upon the eye and the ſound (not always to be determined by rules) is certainly good. The front of the ſtage advances more than the old one into the pit, and is in a ſtraight line. The ſeats in the pit are parallel to the orcheſtra. The orcheſtra is very roomy, and more commodious than the old one, having a place for an organ, and the floor laid on an arch ſo contrived as very much to aſſiſt the general ſound. At each end of the orcheſtra the pit is continued under the ſide boxes.

The firſt circle of boxes is by a new contrivance, continued round the houſe; the boxes are ſeparated from each other by partitions that are low in front, and riſe behind, and placed in a new and commodious direction; they are lined and ceiled with wainſcot, and are not papered, for the advantage of ſound; they are coloured red, as ſuiting beſt the audience. Their fronts project in a manner very accommodating to thoſe who ſit in the front rows; the ceilings are neatly painted.

The ſecond and third circle of boxes are continued round the theatre, and differ from thoſe below only in reſpect of their height.

The gallery crowns the whole, and is continued round the theatre; the ſeats are conſiderably elevated, ſo as to give a complete uninterrupted view of the ſtage. Its decorations have been ſufficiently attended to; it is neat, airy, and lofty, and has a proper degree of elegance. In the gallery, as well as in all the boxes, the audience are ſeated at their eaſe, and ſee and hear perfectly.

The general effect is that of a ſmall theatre, and we underſtand it is not calculated to hold more than the old one. Every part of it is lined with the thinneſt board, painted in water colours, as a means whereby the ſound may come improved to the ear.

The decorations are conſiderable though not overcharged; a theatre calls for dreſs as much as a ſtage. The ceiling is painted as a ſky, the opening to which is ſupported by a baluſtrade, ſupported by enriched frames, which have their bearings on the walls, and on the proſcenium. The proſcenium is compoſed of pilaſters and columns of the Corinthian order, fully enriched, and having between them the ſtage doors, over which are the balcony boxes. In the entablature to the order, is introduced the old motto, VELUTI IN SPECULUM; and over the entablature is a cove enriched with antique foliage on each ſide of the royal arms. The ſoffit of the entablature forms the ſounding-board to the proſcenium, and the cove is calculated to throw the voice forward.

To decorate the fronts of the boxes, the method here purſued has been to make ſwelling fronts ſupported by conſoles: all other columns or ſupports are avoided. The decorations are of white and gold, forming compartments in each which is a painting of gold colours on a pearl ground.

Round every circle of boxes, and to the gallery, are very ſpacious corridors, acceſſible by roomy ſtaircaſes. In Hart-ſtreet a very large building has been erected for the ſcene painters, ſcene rooms, green room, dreſſing-rooms, &c. Through this building is a private entrance for the royal family to the ſtate box. The ſtage door, and box office, are alſo in a building in Hart-ſtreet.

The whole of the avenues to the theatre have been altered and improved. The principal and new entrance is in Bow-ſtreet, under an antique Doric portico, leading through a ſpacious ſaloon, warmed by ſtoves, to the lower circle of boxes, and to a double ſtaircaſe that leads to the upper circles.

In Bow-ſtreet, the old way to the pit and gallery is preſerved. From the Piazza in Covent-garden, the old box entrance is preſerved, leading by the front boxes round the houſe, and to the old coffee room, which is likewiſe preſerved. It leads alſo by a new and roomy ſtaircaſe to all the circles of boxes.

A new entrance is made to the pit, and a new double ſtaircaſe to the gallery. The Piazza to Hart-ſtreet no longer continues a thoroughfare.

On the whole, great attention has been paid to convenience, to ſecurity from fire, and to procure the good-will of the audience. A very large ſum of money muſt have been expended—certainly not leſs than 30,000l.

LIFE OF SIR HENRY VANE.

[*Concluded from page* 200.]

AFTER Richard's abdication, the long parliament, that had been reſtored by a general council of the officers of the army, conſtituted Sir Henry one of the committee of ſafety on the 9th of May, and on the 13th of the ſame month, one of the council of ſtate. On the 26th he was appointed the firſt of the ſeven commiſſioners for managing the affairs of the admiralty; and in September he was made preſident of the council, about which time he propoſed a new form of government.

Upon the council of the army's excluſion of the parliament on the 13th of October, he was nominated four days after one of the committee of ten from the council of ſtate, to conſider of fit ways to carry on the affairs of government, and alſo one of the committee to nominate officers of the army. On the 26th, when the committee of ſafety was formed, he was one of that body, whoſe deſign was apprehended to be to overthrow the magiſtracy, the miniſtry, and the law.

Being ſent for on the re-aſſembling of the long parliament, he came and took his place in the Houſe, January the 9th, 1659-60. He was then queſtioned reſpecting his compliance with the army during the late interruption; and though he anſwered ingenuouſly, it was voted that he ſhould forthwith repair to his houſe at Raby, and remain there during the pleaſure of parliament. Having delayed to remove from London, on account of illneſs, either real or pretended, and having endeavoured to ſtir up the enemies of the then government to riſe and take arms, an order was made, on the 1ſt of February, for his being taken into cuſtody, and ſent to Raby; and another was made on the 13th for the Serjeant at Arms to carry him to his houſe at Bellew, in Lincolnſhire, which was in the way to his houſe at Raby.

After the reſtoration of King Charles II. having done nothing, as he thought, in relation to public affairs, for which he would not willingly and cheerfully ſuffer, he came up from the country, and reſided at his houſe at Hampſtead, near London. On June the 11th however, 1660, the Houſe of Commons reſolved that he ſhould be one of the twenty perſons *excepted* out of the act of general pardon and oblivion, in reſpect to ſuch pains, penalties, and forfeitures, not extending to life, as ſhould be thought fit to be inflicted on him. As he never applied to the king, but kept himſelf at a diſtance from court, he was looked upon as a diſaffected perſon, engaged with ſome of the army in a plot to drive his majeſty again from England, and was committed to the Tower in the month of July following. Being now beheld with a ſuſpicious eye, he was removed from one priſon to another, and at laſt ſent to the Iſle of Scilly; and though a petition was preſented to the king by the Lords and Commons in 1660, requeſting, that if he ſhould be attainted, ſentence of death might not be paſſed upon him; to which a favourable anſwer, though in general terms, was returned; yet in July, 1661, the Commons ſo far altered their ſentiments, as to order that he ſhould be proceeded againſt according to law, and for that purpoſe be remanded back to the Tower.

In the Eaſter term, 1662, he was indicted of high treaſon; and the Grand Jury having found the bill, he was arraigned, on the 3d of June following, at the bar of the King's Bench. The ſubſtance of the charge againſt him was, that "he did compaſs and imagine the death of the "king; contrived totally to ſubvert the ancient form of government, "and to keep out the ſaid ſovereign Lord from the exerciſe of his regal "government; to effect which, he had traitorouſly and maliciouſly aſſembled and conſulted with other falſe traitors; had appointed officers, "and arrayed a multitude, to the number of a thouſand perſons, with "guns, &c." On June the 6th, the day of his trial, he pleaded ſtrongly that no treaſon could be committed againſt a king *de jure* and not *de facto*, ſuch as King Charles II. was from 1648 to 1659, when the crimes laid againſt him were alledged to have been committed; and that as he acted by the authority of parliament, the ſupreme court of the nation, could not be queſtioned by an inferior court. His enemies affirm that his whole behaviour was ſo aſſuming and inſolent, that the court and king's council told him, that his own defence would have furniſhed a freſh charge againſt him, and the higheſt evidence of his inward guilt, had there not been ſuch a cloud of witneſſes to prove the particulars. His friends, on the contrary, maintain that he diſplayed aſtoniſhing eloquence, and behaved with great ſoundneſs of judgment and preſence of mind.

On the 11th of June he received ſentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Tyburn; but at the requeſt of his friends, this ſentence was changed to beheading on Tower Hill. Some endeavoured to perſuade him to make ſubmiſſion to the king, and to try by theſe means to ſave his life: but he replied, that "if the king did not think himſelf "more concerned for his own honour and word than *he* did for his life, "he was very willing he ſhould take it. Nay, he declared, that he valued "his life leſs in a good cauſe, than the king could do his promiſe." The warrant therefore for his execution being ſigned, he was drawn on a ſledge to Tower Hill, on the 14th of June, and beheaded in the very ſame place where the Earl of Stafford had been before ſacrificed to popular fury.

The ſheriff had beforehand ſignified to him, that he muſt not ſpeak any thing againſt his majeſty or the government; but beginning to throw out reflections againſt both in his laſt ſpeech on the ſcaffold, as the lieutenant of the Tower apprehended, he was interrupted by drums and trumpets, placed about the ſcaffold, on purpoſe to drown his voice. Biſhop Burnet accounts for this new and very indecent practice, as he calls it, in the following manner—"It was obſerved," ſays he, "that the dying "ſpeeches of the regicides had left impreſſions on the hearers that were "not at all to the advantage of the government. So ſtrains of a peculiar "nature being expected from him, to prevent that, drummers were "placed under the ſcaffold, who, as ſoon as he began to ſpeak of the "public, upon a ſignal given, ſtruck up with their drums. This put "him in no diſorder. He deſired they might be ſtopped, for he underſtood what was meant by it. Then he went through his devotions; "and as he was taking leave of thoſe about him, he happening to ſay "ſomewhat with relation to the times, the drums ſtruck up the ſecond "time, ſo he gave over, and died with ſo much compoſedneſs, that it was

" generally thought the government had loſt more than it had gained by " his death." R. Baxter alſo obſerves, that " no man could die with " greater appearance of a gallant reſolution and fearleſſneſs than he did, " though before ſuppoſed a timorous man. Inſomuch, that the manner of his death procured him more applauſe, than all the actions of " his life."

Sir Henry publiſhed ſeveral pieces; but his compoſitions do not exhibit that wiſdom, judgment, extraordinary parts, and great underſtanding, for which ſome have extolled him. Lord Clarendon obſerves, that " ſo " much diſſimulation and enthuſiaſm, ſuch vaſt parts and ſuch ſtrong de" luſions, ſo much good ſenſe and ſo much madneſs, can hardly be believed " to meet in any one man in the world." As to his perſon, Sir Henry had an unuſual aſpect, which, though it might naturally proceed both from his father and mother, neither of whom were beautiful perſons, yet made men think that there was ſomething in him extraordinary; and indeed his whole life ſhewed, that this opinion was founded on the juſteſt grounds.

Sir Henry left only one ſon, named Chriſtopher, who was knighted by King Charles II. and advanced by King William on the 8th of July, 1699, to the title of Lord Barnard, of Barnard Caſtle. Sir Chriſtopher Vane married Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, and left two ſons, Gilbert and William. Gilbert ſucceeded him, and dying April the 27th, left among many other children Henry, his eldeſt ſon, who was created, April the 3d, 1754, Viſcount Barnard and Earl of Darlington. William was advanced in June, 1720, to the titles of Viſcount Vane and Baron Duncannon, in the county of Tyrone, in Ireland.

HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN ENGLAND.

BY THE LATE RICHARD BERANGER, ESQ.

THE finer and better ſort of the more modern Engliſh horſes, are deſcended from Arabians and Barbs, and frequently reſemble their ſires in looks and appearance, but differ from them conſiderably in ſize and mould; being more furniſhed, ſtout, and luſty. In general they are ſtrong, nimble, of good courage, capable of enduring exceſſive fatigue, and both in perſeverance and ſpeed, ſurpaſs all horſes in the world—At the ſame time it is objected to them, that they are void of grace, and want that expreſſion, if I may uſe the word, in their figure and carriage, which is ſo conſpicuous in Foreign horſes, and ſo beautiful and attractive, as even to be eſſentially requiſite upon all occaſions of pomp and parade: but inſtead of diſplaying a dignity of motion, and a conſcious air of cheerfulneſs and alacrity, as if they ſhared in the pleaſure and pride of their riders, and were almoſt ſenſible of human paſſions, they appear in all their actions, cold, indifferent, unanimated. This is ſo apparent that the moſt heedleſs and ignorant ſpectator, who ſhould, upon any occaſion, ſee them contraſted with horſes of action, would be ſtruck with the difference; would be unintereſted with the tame and lifeleſs behaviour of the one, and raviſhed with the ſenſibility and well-tempered fire of the other; which, like the ſparkling of generous wine in the glaſs, at once charms the eye, and gives a proof of innate ſpirit and goodneſs.—Beſides this, the Engliſh horſes are accuſed, and not unjuſtly, of being obſtinate and uncomplying in their tempers, dogged and ſullen, of having ſtiff and inactive ſhoulders; and wanting ſuppleneſs in their limbs: which defects make their motions conſtrained, occaſion them to go near the ground, and render them unfit for the Manege.

This is the character of the Engliſh horſe; to which it may not be improper to add ſome remarks and anecdotes, which may tend farther to open and ſet forth the national hiſtory of the animal.

England has at all times, even in its rudeſt ſtate, been poſſeſſed of a breed of horſes ſufficient to anſwer every purpoſe for which they were given. Cæſar, when he invaded this iſland, found its inhabitants not only well furniſhed with horſes, but alſo very dexterous and expert in the management of them.* He ſpeaks of their ſcythed chariots, and celebrates their ſkill and addreſs in driving them; ſo that it is certain the uſe of horſes muſt have been long familiar to them, and the creature much valued, if, in a ſtate bordering on ſavageneſs, they knew the art of taming it ſo well. From theſe early and dark times the horſe has always flouriſhed and been cheriſhed with ſingular attention in this kingdom.

It is nevertheleſs impoſſible to trace or give any deſcription of the ſpecies; for, as a judicious and learned † naturaliſt obſerves, "Thoſe "which exiſt among the Indigenæ of Great Britain, ſuch as the horſes "of Wales and Cornwall, the Hobbies of Ireland, and the Shelties of "Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uſes of thoſe countries, "could never have been equal to the work of war."

This is probably true; but we cannot hence conclude that there might not have been a ſtouter and larger breed in ſeveral other parts of England, where the paſtures are rich, and afford more nouriſhment, it being certain, that the ſize of animals may be retarded or advanced, by the quantity and quality of the food on which they are ſupported; as it is known that in lean and barren ſoils, cattle of all kinds, are ſmall ‡, while, on the other hand, generous land abounding with herbage, will produce animals of a much larger growth. Nor is it unlikely, that the Engliſh had in early times, as now, horſes of different ſizes and characters and perhaps as various, as the parts of the kingdom in which they were bred. Although it is more probable, as the ſame curious and accurate obſervers of nature inform us, that thoſe which were employed in the ſervice of war, as well as for draught, in latter times were the offspring of German or Flemiſh breeds, mended by our ſoil, and a judicious culture, and that the preſent race are deſcended from them.

The venerable Bede, ſays, that the Engliſh began to uſe ſaddle horſes about the year 631, when prelates and others rode on horſeback, who till then were wont to go on foot; but that, if upon urgent occaſions, they were obliged to ride, they uſed mares † only.

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* *Strabo ſays they uſed ornaments of ivory in their bridles,* lib. iv.

† *Pennant's Brit. Zoolog.*

‡ *Dio Nicæus, ſpeaking of the Britons in the north part of the iſland, ſays their horſes were ſmall and very ſwift. Vid. Cambden Brit.*

In the reign of Athelſtan the Engliſh became ſo jealous of their horſes, and entertained ſo high an opinion of their merit, that a law was made by this King to prohibit their exportation, unleſs deſigned for preſents. This law ſeems to prove, that even in thoſe times they were much prized in other countries, and that the demand for them muſt have either been very large, or the breed not numerous at that time; ſince otherwiſe that monarch, as well as ſome of his ſucceſſors, inſtead of preventing the exportation, would have done better to have encouraged the breed, ſo as to have kept pace with the demand, and brought conſiderable ſums of money into this country; but pride and jealouſy forbad; which, equally blind and ſtrong, ſtill operate in Spain, in Naples, in Turkey, and other places, from which it is not lawful at this day to remove an horſe into another country. Beſides this, trade at that time had made but little progreſs, nor were its advantages duly conſidered; the commerce of the time being chiefly limited to Germany. This is a reaſon alledged by the above-cited writer, why the horſes of thoſe days muſt have been purely natives, becauſe, as he ſays, the Germans could not have been in want of horſes of their own breed.

This concluſion, however, though plauſible, is not certain: for although they could not have been in want of horſes with which their own territories could have furniſhed them, yet they might have been deſirous of having horſes which were bred in England, although deſcended on one ſide, if not on both, originally, from horſes of their own country, mended and improved by the ſoil and climate, which operate very powerfully, and produce all the variations and diſtinctions which we ſee in the animal and vegetable worlds. With reſpect to the horſes of this country, this is really the fact at this day, and has immemorably been ſo; for admired and valued as they are, and have been, there is no pure and unmixed blood among the finer, if among the middling breeds, as among the Arabs, but all of the firſt claſs are directly or remotely allied to foreign blood. The ſoil and climate, therefore, muſt be thought greatly to contribute in forming their merit: otherwiſe, rich and curious perſons of other nations would act more wiſely to raiſe a breed of their own, to ſupply their wants from thoſe very countries, where the anceſtors of the Engliſh horſes are brought; but they find by experience, that the deſcendants of thoſe horſes do not thrive and ſucceed ſo well in other countries as in this nation, owing, no doubt, to the ſecret operations of nature, and to the more apparent effects of ſoil and climate, or, to what the French call in fruit the Gout de Terroir.

———— *Quippe ſolo natura ſubeſt.*

Notwithſtanding the fondneſs which Athelſtan diſcovered for Engliſh horſes, and his jealouſy of their being ſent into other countries, it is certain that he entertained a good opinion of ſome Foreigners, and received ſeveral as preſents, which were ſent from the continent. It is probable many came from Germany; of ſeveral foreign horſes he was, however undoubtedly poſſeſſed, for in his will he bequeaths the horſes given him by Thurbrand, together with the white horſes given him by Lieſbrand; and it may reaſonably be preſumed, that as the perſons who gave theſe horſes were Saxons, the gifts likewiſe came from the ſame country: although it appears that he had horſes from many different parts of the continent; for it is reported of this monarch, that his character and fame were ſpread ſo far, that ſundry Princes ſought his alliance and friendſhip, and ſent him “ rich preſents, precious ſtones, perfumes, and “ the fineſt horſes, with golden furniture.” And it is to be preſumed, that a wiſe monarch, and lover of horſes, would avail himſelf of this foreign aſſiſtance, to diverſify and improve the breeds of his own kingdom.

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† *As a mark of humility, the mare not being ſo full of pride and ſpirit as the horſe.*

The Conqueror brought many horſes with him from Normandy, and ſome, perhaps, of other countries, which contributed ſtill farther to augment the variety of breeds in this iſland; but Roger de Beleſme, created Earl of Shrewſbury, by the victorious monarch, rendered a moſt eſſential ſervice to the nation, by introducing the ſtallions of Spain into his eſtate in Powiſland, and through them a more generous and noble breed than this kingdom, perhaps, had ever known. Giraldus Cambrenſis takes notice of them, and Drayton, the poet, celebrates their excellence.

This race ſeems to have been calculated at once for the purpoſes of war, and the exhibitious of public ſolemnities, of which horſes are always a very eſſential and ornamental part: for it is not known that at this time, nor till a much later period, that horſe-races were introduced into England: although this agreeable and uſeful diverſion, if confined within certain regulations, might have been cultivated with great propriety among a people fond and proud of their horſes, and that at a time, when bodily exerciſes alone were the amuſements of all ſorts of men; and eſpecially, as the Engliſh had opportunities of being inſtructed in them by the Romans, who generally kept their own cuſtoms wherever they came, and left their impreſſion behind them, when they departed. We may, therefore, reaſonably conclude, that they were either ignorant of theſe ſports, or, what is more likely, preferred the parade and magnificence of tilts and tournaments, in which the ſtrength, activity, ſpirit, and beauty of the horſe, as well as the ſkill and courage of the rider, could be more uſefully employed, and more gracefully diſplayed.

[*To be continued.*]

THE FILLIP ON THE NOSE.

[*Concluded from page* 257.]

“VANLOO waited for me in the way: “Well,” ſaid he, “where is our man?”—“He is following us; let us go to the Champs Elyſées.”—As they walked along, Vanloo informed the artiſts of Pacome's adventure, but he was totally unacquainted with mine. I had requeſted them not to ſay a word about it.

“Rodricour haſtened to the ſpot, and we perceived him making up towards us along another walk, but Pacome and his ſon, who had certainly been watching his motions, followed him at a little diſtance, their hats on their head, and their ſwords at their ſide. Mercy on us! 'twas for the firſt time in their lives.—“ Ah!” ſaid Carlo to me, on ſeeing them, “ rid me of theſe two men, they are going to get themſelves killed.” We immediately joined them.

“ Softly, Gentlemen,” ſaid I when we were altogether: “ Each perſon has his own quarrel to ſettle, for with your good leave, I have alſo mine, and our common adverſary ſhall begin with me, if you will allow it.”—“ You, ſir,” cried Carlo, “ you are no more than a ſecond; I perceive your intention, and feel the obligation, but do not carry it any farther, and be aſſured, that without your kind interpoſition, we ſhall be able to do away the injury.”—“ Your injury! very well,” replied I, “ but mine!”—“ yours!”—“ aye, my fillip on the noſe!”—“ is it you who have received it; is it you that muſt revenge it?” He did not underſtand me: I explained the matter. Carlo appeared unwilling to believe it, but I had my three witneſſes at hand. “ It was not on your account, but on my own that I requeſted this worthy man to take a walk here; and ſince I invited him, it is my duty to receive him. I ſhall not be long about the matter, and in a few minutes I will turn him over to you alive or dead.

“ Rodricour was out of all patience. “ Excuſe me,” ſaid I making up to him. “ I have loſt a few minutes; but theſe gentlemen diſputed the precedency with me. I was under the neceſſity of ſhewing them that it was my right; they have given it up, and I am now entirely at your ſervice.

“ I perceive,” ſaid he, with an inſulting ſmile, that I have more than one affair in hand this morning, but let us diſpatch yours.

“ He then drew a ſword of an ell long, and I likewiſe drew mine which was of the uſual length; it was yet a maiden one, for I had never done more than ſport with my foils.

“ We began playing with our blades, as if it were to provoke each other; when, all on a ſudden he made a dreadful lunge at me, which threatened to pierce me through and through. Happily my blade turned off the thruſt, and while he was lengthening his arm and myſelf parrying the thruſt, the point of my ſword met his right eye and pierced it. The pain he felt ſeemed to be exceſſive, for he inſtantly turned pale, and letting fall his ſword, ſupported himſelf by leaning againſt a tree.

“ My friends, who thought him mortally wounded, were running up to him: “ don't be alarmed,” ſaid I, “ he is alive, he has only loſt his bad eye: I have yet a few things to ſay, then taking up his ſword, I made up to him. “ You appear to have had enough,” ſaid I, and as far as it relates to me, I am ſatisfied. But here is a worthy man whom you have cruelly and wantonly offended. You muſt aſk his pardon, if you pleaſe, and lay your ſword at his feet. Upon this he looked at me furiouſly with his left eye, and replied, “ that he would make no ſuch conceſſion; that he was now defenceleſs, and that I might kill him if I choſe it.”—“ I will not kill you,” ſaid I, “ but if you perſiſt in refuſing to make ſo juſt and ſo moderate a reparation, you are unworthy of ſeeing at all, and I deſire you'll ſtand upon your defence, for I am going to pierce the other eye, and to conduct you to the * *Quinze Vingts.*”

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* *An hoſpital in Paris for the blind.*

He then thought fit to comply, and my good friend Carlo, with the two Pacomes, were touched with compaſſion when they received the wretch's ſword preſented to them by him in ſo pitious a condition. The three young artiſts were not ſo compaſſionate, and recollecting the faſtidious manner with which he looked with his right eye through the glaſs at the pictures; "that eye," cried they, "will never more inſult the works of genius.—God has puniſhed the offending part."

"Would you have a farther inſtance of the equity of providence." ſaid I. "Know then, that Carlo once ſaved me this arm which has avenged his own and his friends wrongs. I related my adventure at Laufeld, and they were delighted at the recital. "You ſee," they cried, "a good action is never thrown away!"

"Thus engaged in converſation we came near the Louvre, full of the pleaſing idea of bearing conſolation to two diſtracted families.

"Suddenly a guard arreſted me, and told me to follow him. Some one had certainly ſeen the affray and had betrayed us. "Don't be alarmed," ſaid my three companions, "we are your evidence;" and they accompanied me to the priſon.

"Carlo, and the two Pacomes, though more frightened than I was, would have accompanied me likewiſe; but I entreated them not to interfere at all in the affair, aſſured them that I ſhould eaſily extricate myſelf, and begged them to leave me, and haſten to comfort the ladies.

"The three witneſſes were heard, and I myſelf underwent an examination; and as the whole matter appeared nothing more than an inſult, a *rencontre*, a chaſtiſement of inſolence, the officer charged with the enquiry, aſſured me that it ſhould ſoon be brought to an iſſue.

"I was now immured in a priſon, with my heart overcharged with inexpreſſible joy.

"I had obliged Pacome to receive and keep the ſword that Rudricour had laid at his feet. It was a ſufficient teſtimony of his honour. Carlo was reſtored to his anxious wife and child. My imagination painted the happy ſcene on his arrival; and although in the midſt of a priſon, I felt a more ſincere delight than I had ever before experienced.

"I believe ſo," ſaid Juliet, "but I will wager that you were ſtill more delighted when you ſaw the two families come to the priſon, and perceived how happy they were to have owed to you the ſafety of thoſe whom of all others they held moſt dear."

"You are right, young lady; there never was a more engaging ſpectacle than this. They came to me, and in this abode of crimes, of ſhame, of remorſe, and of ſorrow, I ſeemed as if I was in Paradiſe. The tender and charming Caroline embraced me with tears of joy and gratitude; and this was not the higheſt gratification I experienced on that occaſion. Her mother—ah! the eyes of her mother! you ſhould have ſeen them to have any idea of their expreſſion! and her friend, the wife of Pacome, and his two daughters! there is no colouring that can do juſtice to ſuch a group.—O bleſſed fillip, ſaid I to myſelf, if I had not received thee, I could not have imagined that felicity could have been carried to ſuch an extreme. I embraced them all pell-mell, and I wept like a child.

“ I then began to quiet their alarms reſpecting my ſituation; and when they were all compoſed,—“ M. Driſac,” ſaid Carlo, “ you have certainly been ſeeking a quarrel, with a view of revenging our injuries.” —“ My friend,” replied I, “ if it were ſo, you know this arm belongs to you; it was you that ſaved it, and in juſtice it ſhould have been uſed in your ſervice; but I have been inſulted myſelf; and for no other reaſon than having done juſtice to merit; for having applauded talents of which Rodricour ſpoke with inſolent contempt—However, he is now corrected, and it is to be hoped, if he looks again on the works of genius, it will not be with the ſame eye.”

“ You may imagine that upon leaving me, Carlo was aſſiduous to haſten my enlargement. He had friends: they exerted themſelves; and the next day marſhal N—— ſent for me to his houſe. I related ingenuouſly every thing that had happened, except the rendezvous, which it was proper to conceal.

“ You are a brave youth, and a true friend,” ſaid the generous old man, “ I ſhall take care of you,” and he kept his word; for I owe all my promotion to his patronage. But the friendſhip of the two families delighted more than all the favours of fortune. The younger part loved me with the affection of children for their parents, and the elder with that of parents towards their children.”

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

[*Concluded from page* 150.]

I WILL not long detain you, reſumed the reverend friar, with the effect my narrative had on the dejected Albert, how he at firſt exclaimed, “ Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch like Albert ?” and eagerly ran towards the place; then moved more calmly on my repreſenting how fatal might be ſurpriſe to one in ſo dangerous a ſituation; and, at length, ſhrinking back as he approached the ſpot, and turning to me, he ſaid, “ Father, I will go no further! Heaven has ordained, as a puniſhment for the murder I have committed, that I ſhould become a witneſs to the ſhocking death of the poor loſt Matilda; at my approach, in frantic extacy, ſhe will quit her hold, and periſh before my ſight.” I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain, he ſat down on a bank, and was ſilently wrapt in an agony of irreſolution, when he heard, at a little diſtance, the well known voice of the poor lunatic, ſtill repeating my words, “ *Albert and Matilda may yet be happy!*” Rouſed by the ſound, he ſtarted up, and cautiouſly advancing, he exclaimed, “ Juſt heaven, fulfil thoſe words, and let them indeed be happy!”

Matilda knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have ſeemed impracticable to one poſſeſſed of reaſon, ſhe deſcended from the ledge on which ſhe ſat, and approached with cautious ſteps; but at the ſight of Albert, ſhe flew impetuouſly forward, till, ſeeing me, ſhe as ſuddenly ran back, and would have again retreated to the rock, ſhrieking “ It is all illuſion! prieſtcraft! it is no real Albert, and I am betrayed! We purſued, and caught her; then finding my religious garb augmented the diſorder of her mind, I withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needleſs fears.

But no perſuaſion even from him could induce her to come within view of the convent gates; I provided, therefore, accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at ſome little diſtance; where, for many days, her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a ſpeedy diſſolution. During this period, Albert was labouring under all the anxiety which his ſituation could inſpire: the deed he had committed ſat heavy on his ſoul, and he dared not hope for an event, which his own guilty thoughts reproached him with having not deſerved.

At length the criſis of the fever ſhewed ſigns of a recovery, and now his joy was without bounds, even the blood of Conrad ſeemed a venial crime, and he triumphed in the anticipation of reward for all he had ſuffered: but this happineſs was of ſhort duration, for at the time I received a letter from the abbeſs Thereſa, demanding back the fugitive, whoſe retreat ſhe had diſcovered. This requiſition I knew I muſt obey; and giving the letter to Albert, I was going to explain the neceſſity of my compliance, when he burſt out in bitter execrations againſt this and all religious houſes; curſing their eſtabliſhment as a violation of the firſt law of nature, which commands an intercourſe between the ſexes.

Having heard with a mixture of patience, pity, and reſentment, all that his rage or diſappointment could ſuggeſt, I anſwered nearly in theſe words, beginning calmly, but by degrees aſſuming all the authority the caſe required: "My ſon, blame not the pious inſtitutions of our holy church, ſanctified by the obſervance of many ages; nor impiouſly arraign the myſterious decrees of providence, which often produce good from evil. This ſacred edifice has been conſecrated like many others by our pious anceſtors, for purpoſes honourable to heaven, and uſeful to mankind; theſe hoſpitable doors are ever open to diſtreſs; and the chief object of our care is to diſcover and relieve it. This holy manſion has long been an aſylum againſt the oppreſſion of human laws, which drove thee from thine home; and, but a few days ſince thou thyſelf bleſſedſt an inſtitution which ſaved the wretched Matilda, periſhing with madneſs. Nay, at this very moment, its mercy ſhelters from the hand of juſtice, a murderer! yet thy preſumption dares deny its general uſe, from thine own ſenſe of partial inconvenience, and execrate monaſtic inſtitutions, becauſe by a ſeparatian of the ſexes, lewdneſs and ſenſuality are checked: but know, ſhort ſighted youth, that the world will not remain unpeopled, becauſe a few of its members conſecrate their lives to holy meditations; nor ſhall the human ſpecies become extinct, becauſe Albert and Matilda cannot be united to propagate a race of infidels and murderers." I ſtopped, for I perceived the gentle Albert was touched with my rebuke; and falling on his knees, he cried in the emphatic words of ſcripture, "Father! I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight." "It is enough, my ſon, I replied, and now I will compaſſionate your ſituation; I will do more, for though I cannot detain Matilda longer than till ſhe is well enough to be removed; yet in that time (if heaven approves my endeavours) I may contribute to your happineſs, by interceding with her father, and ſhould I fail in the attempt, this roof, which thy haſty paſſion has profaned, ſhall yet be a refuge to thee from deſpair;

and I will ſtrive to raiſe thy thoughts above the trifling diſappointments of a tranſitory world."

I could not wait the reply of Albert, (ſaid the prior) being at this time called out to welcome the arrival of a ſtranger, who they ſaid was dangerouſly ill; and who proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He, in few words, explained the motive of his viſit, telling me, that immediately after the rencounter, dreading that awful preſence in which no ſecret is concealed, and to which he apprehended he was ſummoned by his own ſword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed, if heaven would grant him life, to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, reſigning all the fortune of her father in favour of Matilda; he had declared his guilty commerce with Thereſa, that ſhe might prevent, or ſuffer puniſhment; he had paid all the debts of Albert, and juſtified his character to the world; and finally, he had reſolved to implore the prayers of myſelf, and the venerable fathers of this houſe, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order; that if he lived he might be uſeful; or if he died he might be happy.

The prior then conluded this intereſting narrative, by ſaying, that Albert and Matilda were united, and are ſtill bleſſed in each other's virtues, improved by difficulties thus ſurmounted; that Thereſa had too far profaned the laws of heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hands; but that Conrad recovered ſlowly from his wound, and, after living many years an honour to the order he profeſſed, he died in peace: the faithful dog (he ſaid) was the favourite companion of Albert and Matilda, who had begged him from the convent, and encouraged him to purſue his taſk of diſcovering travellers who had loſt their way, but whom he now brought to the hoſpitable manſion of this virtuous pair.

He then briefly hinted arguments in favour of monaſtic inſtitutions; yet liberally allowing that the religion of his country might in certain points be wrong, and knowing me to be a proteſtant, I ſuppoſe that he acknowledged more than I ought in juſtice to his candour to relate. For this reaſon I have purpoſely ſuppreſſed the name and ſituation of his convent; but I ſhall ever remember theſe words, with which he finiſhed this diſcourſe. "True religion (ſaid he) howſoever it may vary in outward ceremonies, or articles of faith, will always teach you to do good, to love and help each other; it will teach you that no ſin, however ſecret, can long remain concealed; and that when the world and all its vanities have palled the ſated appetite, you muſt ſeek refuge in conſcious innocence, or a ſincere repentance."

GENEROSITY:

A CONVERSATION.

'YES, poor fellow! I knew him well: a more cheerful companion never enlivened the briſkly-circling glaſs, or heightened the convivial pleaſures of the table. He was, indeed, the ſoul of anecdote and wit. His invention was as fertile as his memory was rich; and whatever the latter retained, the former was certain to embelliſh with ſo much originality and variety, that his ſtock of pleaſantry and information never appeared in any danger of being exhauſted; for though you had heard him repeat a thing a thouſand times, his language was ſo variegated, his reflections ſo copious and diverſified, and his art of placing the ſame adventure in different points of view ſo unlimited, that repetition itſelf had always the air of originality, and the ſtaleſt anecdote was tranſmuted into novelty, as it paſſed through the laboratory of his humourous fancy.'

' Your deſcription of him is very juſt. Poor Tom! Thou waſt, indeed, an exquiſite fellow; the eſſence of conviviality and humour. Thou hadſt but one fault—a grievous one, indeed, in the eye of worldlings—Generoſity.'

' Nor could he,' ſaid Miſanthropos, (joining for the firſt time, during the whole afternoon, in the ſprightly converſation of the circle, in which, like myſelf, he *occupied a chair*)—' Nor could he, with reſpect to himſelf, have been infected with a fault more deſtructive. Generoſity! It is the miſtreſs of impotent dotage, whom every body enjoys, but the keeper—the fire that conſumes your houſe and ſubſtance, that the unfeeling crowd may be amuſed with the illumination.'

' Good heaven!' exclaimed Ardens, his eyes beaming with ſudden fire, and elevating his impreſſive voice, ' and are theſe the deſcriptions of generoſity?—of generoſity, that illumines the ſmiling ſoul, and doubly enjoys whatever it beſtows?'

' The miſtreſs of impotence! the conſuming fire! Call it rather the chaſte and lovely partner of the conjugal heart, who, while ſhe diffuſes her ſmiles and attentions around the ſocial circle, imparts, with concentrating warmth, the reflection of every pleaſure ſhe beſtows, to the lord of her fonder affections, whoſe boſom is the native manſion of her felicity!—Call it the fertilizing ſtream, whoſe tranſparent meanders may pleaſe, indeed, the eye of the traveller, but whoſe richeſt bleſſings are the rewards of the owner of the ſoil!'

' Well, gentlemen,' ſaid Ariſor, ' your arguments will, I dare ſay, in all due ſeaſon, arrive at the ſame point of concluſion; for both ſeem to be travelling poſt on the ſame high road of metaphorical hyperbole; and the diſtance of your opinions, even at preſent, appears to conſiſt only in the difference between fire and water.

' I muſt, however, for my own part, entirely agree with my friend Ardens, in his compariſon of generoſity and the lucid ſtream; both of them being, undoubtedly, delightful enough to the travellers they refreſh on their way; and both of them having the ſame fertilizing effect upon the ſcenes they embelliſh. But then, perhaps, upon a more critical examination, this trifling difference will be found to preſent itſelf—while the proprietor of the latter reaps the abundance it imparts, the courſe of the former is conſtantly directed through alien grounds, and leaves, to its owner, nought but bankruptcy and ruin.'

' Ruin!' ' echoed Benevolus, ' I never yet knew a man ruined by his generoſity.'

' Nor I either,' ſaid Obſervator: ' injured, deeply injured, I have known many a generous man; but abſolute ruin is reſerved for the ſelfiſh, the profligate, and the mean ſlave of ſenſuality and low indulgence.'

‘ And yet,’ obſerved Gaymore, ‘ Poor Tom was an inſtance of that very ruin, which is the mere effect of a generous diſpoſition.’

‘ Pray will you be kind enough to tell me, for I was not acquainted with the gentleman, in what was his generoſity diſplayed?’

‘ O! in every thing! He kept the beſt ſtable of horſes in the county, though he ſeldom rode himſelf; and a pack of immenſely fine hounds, although he had no taſte for hunting: for his generous mind could not bear that any perſon who came to viſit him ſhould want the means of ſuch diverſion as might ſuit his taſte; and every body viſited him; all the world reſorted to his houſe; it was the ever-open manſion of hoſpitality, where every hearty fellow had a welcome, and as much claret as he could carry; and then your wits and men of letters lived upon him by dozens. He had an immenſe library for them alſo: and, indeed, when he had no other company to compel him to drink, which he had not much delight in, or to tempt him to rattle the dice-box, which it muſt be confeſſed he rather enjoyed; rumaging over theſe muſty volumes, and converſing with theſe ragamuffins, conſtituted his principal delight. Then he had laid out his grounds too in a moſt delightful ſtyle; and was always making ſome improvements in his gardens, and in the old family hall: more, as it was believed, to keep the tenants and villagers employed, than for his own gratification; for he was mighty indifferent himſelf about every thing of this ſort. But, ah! poor Tom! it was ſoon over with him; and every thing was ſold to ſatisfy his raſcally, unfeeling creditors.’

‘ Unfeeling raſcals, indeed!’ ſaid Ariſor, ‘ could they not be ſatisfied with beholding all this generoſity? But muſt they expect to be paid too?’

‘ Well! well!’ returned Gaymore, ‘ Tom was a fine fellow! as generous a lad as ever cracked a bottle.’

‘ Doubtleſs!’ rejoined Ariſor; ‘ and his keeping hounds and horſes he never made uſe of; loſing his money among ſharpers who diſgraced him, and drinking wine that he did not love, to pleaſe the company he could not enjoy, were the inevitable conſequences of the *generoſity* of his diſpoſition.’

‘ But pray,’ reſumed Obſervator, ‘ what became of his *ſteward*, after this unhappy cataſtrophe? Can you inform me of that?’

‘ O that was a pickled raſcal, with a vengeance. He ſet up his coach ſhortly after; and bought a conſiderable part of the eſtate in his own name. Ah! poor Tom was always too generous to his ſervants. He never would be perſuaded to look after his own affairs; but believed every one to be as honeſt as himſelf.’

‘ That is to ſay, ſir, if I underſtand you rightly, he was too generous to take the trouble of ſecuring to himſelf the means of generoſity; and therefore reſolutely ſhut his eyes againſt the experience of every day, and ſuffered the mechanical villainy of a low-born blockhead to monopolize what virtue and genius ought to have ſhared, and to diſpoſſeſs him of that abundance, which he might ſtill have enjoyed in reſpectable magnificence, amid the honourable gratulations of rewarded merit, and the bleſſings of indigence relieved.

‘ I ſhall not animadvert with any conſiderable ſeverity on the blemiſhes and inconſiſtencies of this character; for I reſpect the very foibles of a benevolent man, even when thoſe foibles (as in the preſent inſtance) are not in any degree to be conſidered as the conſequences of that benevolence: neither ſhall I call upon you to remark, how conſiderably his generoſity might have been extended (even during the ſhort continuance of his proſperity) by retrenching the waſteful expences of his weakneſs and oſtentation. But I cannot help obſerving, that it appears on the very ſurface of your own narrative, that, notwithſtanding his *profuſion*, his liberality need never have been entirely bankrupt, had not his negligence of his moſt important concerns been greater than either his virtuous liberality or his more expenſive vices.'

'Facts and experience,' ſaid Biographus, 'are undoubtedly on your ſide; and whatever we may haſtily conclude from the partial conſideration of a few particular inſtances, it certainly is not in the memoirs of the liberal benefactors of mankind, that we are to look for the melancholy records of the viciſſitudes of fortune. Few men that I remember to have heard of, have done half ſo many generous actions as Helvetius. He did not only entertain, he even made permanent proviſion, and that liberally too, for ſeveral men of merit; he was the father of the country that ſurrounded his manſion; and wherever diſtreſs or genius appeared, he had one hand ready to relieve and the other to reward. And yet Helvetius, ſo far from impairing his fortune, could afford to follow at once the dictates of philoſophy and ſenſibility, and in the ſame year reſign the lucrative, but oppreſſive office of farmer-general, and take to his arms an amiable and unportioned bride, as little inclined to avarice as himſelf. But Helvetius had economy: a virtue without which no man can ever be generous to any very extenſive degree.'

'But pray,' ſaid Benevolus, uniting again the broken thread of our diſcourſe, 'what was the cataſtrophe of this generous victim of imprudence? Of all who had baſked in the ſunſhine of his profuſion, were there none to cheer the long wintry night of his misfortunes? Did beggary and unkind reproach deſcend with him to the grave? and a broken heart defeat the ſlow malice of emaciating famine?'

'No: by no means,' replied Amicus; 'nothing like it. The hiſtory of my friend Tom, rather ſupports than contradicts your opinion. It is true, indeed, in the *elegant* language of faſhionable diſſipation, he was *done up*; but he was not abſolutely *ruined*. Tom fell, indeed, like others of his diſpoſition, ſometimes among leeches, who dropped off as ſoon as they were gorged; but his acquaintance had been too extenſive, and too various, not to endear him to ſome who had both the power and the will to ſerve him. Some there were, who remembered with gratitude the favours they had received, and others who recollected with tenderneſs the hours of ſocial intercourſe and pleaſure they had participated with him; and while the liberality of one friendly aſſociation redeemed a portion of his patrimonial eſtate, the intereſt of another procured him a little appointment; and, in ſhort, as misfortune had taught him ſome little prudence, his affairs began ſoon to wear a more promiſing appearance: and I really believe that, but for an unfortunate affair of honour, which robbed him of his life, and human nature of an ornament and a friend, Tom Heedleſs would again have made a figure in life, and have repeated his generoſity without his follies.'

'But what will you ſay to Lorenzo?' continues Gaymore, 'See but how low he is fallen: and fallen as your don Diſmal of a tragedian —what do you call him?—Rowe! expreſſes it, like ſtars that fall, to riſe no more? Where is the friend who will relieve—who will even regard him in his diſtreſs?'

'Aye! what ſay you to him?' echoed Ariſor, 'was not Lorenzo a generous fellow, who not only ſpent every ſhilling he was worth himſelf, but diſpenſed, with equal liberality, the property of his ſiſters, his wards, his relations, and all who were connected with him? And ſpent it too in ſuch acts of gratuitous benevolence, that no one could ever divine the leaſt proſpect of any return either in pleaſure, reputation, or improvement, from any of the numerous aſſociates who ſhared his bounty!'

'Oh! name him not,' exclaims Ardens, indignantly, 'name him not, I beſeech you. A being who had the peculiar art of diſſipating an ample fortune without appearance, beneficence, or enjoyment; who plunged into all the expences of diſſipation, without partaking either of elegance or gaiety, and courted rather the noiſe and levity of ſociety, than the friendſhips and connections it might beſtow. Whoever heard of the merit he rewarded? or the family he reſcued from diſtreſs?—Nay, who ever ſpoke of the embelliſhments of his houſe or gardens? or partook of the elegant entertainment he had prepared? Appetite, and not pleaſure, was the object of his purſuit; and the only idea he could form of gentility, was that of ſpending a great deal of money. His reputation for generoſity had no other baſis, than the profuſion with which he treated and truſted a ſwarm of low-born ſharpers, by whom he was ſurrounded, and by whom, if poſſible, he was even more deſpiſed than flattered; and the ſum total of his praiſe is, that he was an inoffenſive companion to all but the relatives whom he injured, and to whom his atonement was moroſe brutality.'

'Nay, nay,' ſaid Ariſor, 'Good nature—you muſt I am ſure allow him good nature; for he would treat even thoſe who had inſulted him to his face; do the errands of every jackanapes, who was too lazy to do his own; and could not even refuſe the requeſts and invitations of thoſe, whom he had not the leaſt inclination either to accompany or oblige!'

'Generoſity, my friend Gaymore!' continued the indignant Ardens. 'No, no, depend upon it, ſir, generoſity is the virtue of men of ſoul, of intellect, of feeling; and if Lorenzo is in any reſpect entitled to compaſſion, it is becauſe he was never capable of ſo refined a feeling.'

'There is not,' continues Obſervator, 'a deluſion more fatal to the morals and felicity of mankind, than that ſo much encouraged among us of late, by certain diſſipated writers, that profuſion and diſſipation naturally ſuppoſe a generous diſpoſition.'

'Nothing can be farther from the truth.'

'I grant you, indeed, that a man of extravagant pleaſures may often feel a generous *emotion*—may *ſometimes* do a generous ~~action~~; but thoſe feelings muſt generally expire in impotent regret, and thoſe actions can never be frequently repeated. Self ſwallows up every thing, wherever the love of pleaſure preponderates, and whenever liberality of conduct happens, in a few partial occurrences, to go hand in hand with ſuch a diſpoſition, it is generally becauſe the contrary deportment would interfere with the perſonal gratification of the minute.'

'As for the connection between expenſive pleaſures, and liberality of diſpoſition,' ſaid Obſervator, 'I think it is very well illuſtrated in the characters of three young men, with whom we are all acquainted.'

'Sordidus is a being without the leaſt grain of generoſity in his ſoul, and who, nevertheleſs, never had reſolution enough to keep a guinea for four and twenty hours in his pocket. His childiſh imagination is ſtruck with every bauble he beholds, and in toys and fopperies, he diſſipates more money than would ſupport the expences of an elegant appearance; yet will he wear a thread-bare coat for almoſt a twelvemonth, beat down his taylor to ſave an odd ſixpence in his bill, and procraſtinate payment from period to period, till the loſs of time and of ſhoe-leather, has more than eat away the profit. The ſlave of appetite, he cares not at whoſe expenſe it is indulged; if he is going out with a party, he will be ſure to empty his money into his box, that he may have a pretence for calling upon ſome one (friend or ſtranger) to pay his reckoning, which he never offers to refund; if he goes into a room where wine is on the table, he drinks glaſs after glaſs, without waiting for the ceremony of invitation; and will even have recourſe to childiſh importunities for thoſe dainties, which he has not the opportunity to ſeize; and when he has thus pampered himſelf at the expence of others, will retire to his own apartment, to enjoy in ſolitude and ſecrecy, the delicacies he has procured at his own expence. Yet, according to ſome calculators, even this paragon of meanneſs muſt be ranked among the victims of generoſity: for who is there that ſpends his money more rapidly than Sordidus? or who is more frequently embarraſſed by his extravagance? For the calls of ſelfiſh appetite are importunate and loud; and being capable of no other pleaſures, he knows not how to reſtrain them; ſo that his gratifications, though as ſullen as the gloomy paſſions that deform his countenance, and ſordid as his ſelf-admired form, are not a whit leſs expenſive than all the pleaſures of gaiety, exalted by ſentiment, and increaſed by ſocial participation: 'But Sordidus is, I believe, a *luſus naturæ*, an iſolated phenomenon in the ſphere of moral agency; for, I thank heaven, I have never encountered his equal.'

'The character of Diſſipatus, is more common and more worthy of obſervation. This young man has really a conſiderable ſhare of good nature, and a heart naturally attuned to generoſity, but wanted ſteadineſs of diſpoſition, and whirled away by his love of expenſive pleaſures, his virtues are but too frequently ſwallowed up in the vortex of diſſipation, or ſerve to no other effective purpoſe, than to betray him to the impoſitions of more ſordid libertines, and accumulate upon his own, the expences of the gratifications of others.'

'You will naturally conclude, from this repreſentation, that Diſſipatus has no time to go in queſt of objects of benevolence; but when the means and the opportunity happen to occur together, he ſcorns to be awkward in any generous exertion. This, however, is but ſeldom the caſe: and frequently when his eye encounters an object of compaſſion—

when a tale of miſfortune appeals to his better feelings, and his hand goes inſtinctively to an empty pocket, he grieves to recollect the diſſipated pleaſures that have diſappointed the benevolent wiſhes of his heart. In ſhort, though Diſſipatus has the reputation (among his gay companions) of being a fine generous-minded fellow, no one has been leſs diſtinguiſhed by generous actions, or has been reduced to more expedients bordering upon meanneſs, than he has had the mortification to ſubmit to.

'Edwin, on the contrary, though conſiderably younger than either of the preceding, and with a narrow income—Edwin, who is at once an economiſt and a calculator, and takes eſpecial care never to exhauſt his purſe till he is ſure of a freſh ſupply—Edwin, who has no ſhowy diſſipation to attract regard; no occaſional embarraſſments to reſtrain the liberality of his heart;—Edwin, I ſay, does more generous actions every month of his life, than a hundred ſuch characters as Diſſipatus will perform in years; and has more gratifications, a thouſand times, than Sordidus will ever taſte or conceive. Yet the whole of his pleaſures (thoſe of benevolence excepted) are derived from his books, and now and then a frugal excurſion into the country, with a viſit to ſome antiquated caſtle, or ſome rural, romantic ſcene.'

'His ſpirit and vigilance always ſhield him from impoſition; but nobody ever dealt fairly with him, even in the minuteſt trifles, who had not reaſon to admire his liberality. Counterfeit miſery would tremble before his darting eye; but real diſtreſs flies immediately to his heart, and his purſe is ſure to ſympathiſe with its expanſion. Liberal of his own, he is tenacious of the rights of others; and the delicacy with which he always takes care to have every balance ſettled in his own diſfavour, diſcovers more real generoſity of mind than all the oſtentatious profuſion of rakes and libertines.'

ACCOUNT *of the* TRIAL *by* ORDEAL *among the* HINDUS.

By ALI IBRAHIM KHAN, *Chief Magiſtrate at* BENARES.
Communicated by WARREN HASTINGS, *Eſq.*

[*Concluded from Page* 229.]

IN the year of the Meſſiah 1783, a man was tried by the hot ball at Benares in the preſence of me Ali Ibrahim Khan, on the following occaſion: a man had appealed one Sancar of larceny, who pleaded that he was not guilty; and as the theft could not be proved by legal evidence, the trial by fire-ordeal was tendered to the appellee, and accepted by him. This well-wiſher to mankind adviſed the learned magiſtrates and pandits to prevent the deciſion of the queſtion by a mode not conformable to the practice of the company's government, and recommended an oath by the water of the Ganges and the leaves of *tulaſi* in a little veſſel of braſs, or by the book Herivanſa, or the ſtone Salgram, or by the hallowed ponds or baſons; all which oaths are uſed at Benares. When the parties obſtinately refuſed to try the iſſue by any one of the modes recommended, and inſiſted on a trial by the hot ball, the magiſtrates and pandits of the court were ordered to gratify their wiſhes, and, ſetting aſide thoſe forms of trial in which there could be only a diſtant fear of death, or loſs of property, as the juſt puniſhment of perjury by the ſure yet ſlow judgment of heaven, to perform the ceremony of ordeal agreeably to the Dherma Saſtra: but it was not till after mature deliberation for four months, that a regular mandate iſſued for a trial by the red-hot ball; and this was at length granted for four reaſons; firſt, becauſe there was no other way of condemning or abſolving the perſon accuſed: ſecondly, becauſe both paties were Hindus, and this mode of trial was eſpecially appointed in the Dherma Saſtra by the ancient law-givers: thirdly, becauſe this ordeal is practiſed in the dominions of the Hindu Rajas: and fourthly, becauſe it might be uſeful to inquire how it was poſſible for the heat of fire to be reſiſted, and for the hand that held it to avoid being burned. An order was accordingly ſent to the pandits of the court and of Benares to this effect: 'Since the parties accuſing and accuſed are both Hindus, and will not conſent to any trial but that by the hot-ball, let the ordeal deſired be duly performed in the manner preſcribed by the Mitacſhera, or commentary on Yagyawalcya.'

When preparations were made for the trial, this well-wiſher to mankind attended by all the learned profeſſors, by the officers of the court, the Sipahis of captain Hogan's battalion, and many inhabitants of Benares, went to the place prepared, and endeavoured to diſſuade the appellor from requiring the accuſed to be tried by fire, adding, 'if his hand be not burned, you ſhall certainly be impriſoned.' The accuſer, not deterred by this menace, perſiſted in demanding the trial: the ceremony, therefore, was thus conducted in the preſence of me Ali Ibrahim Khan.

The pandits of the court and the city having worſhipped the god of knowledge, and preſented their oblation of clarified butter to the fire, formed nine circles of cow-dung on the ground; and, having bathed the appellee in the Ganges, brought him with his clothes wet; when, to remove all ſuſpicion of deceit, they waſhed his hands with pure water; then, having written a ſtate of the caſe and the words of the Mentra on a Palmyra-leaf, they tied it on his head; and put into his hands, which they opened and joined together, ſeven leaves of pippal, ſeven of jend, ſeven blades of darbha graſs, a few flowers, and ſome barley moiſtened with curds, which they faſtened with ſeven threads of raw white cotton. After this they made the iron-ball red-hot, and taking it up with tongs, placed it in his hands: he walked with it ſtep by ſtep, the ſpace of three gaz and a half, through each of the ſeven intermediate rings, and threw the ball into the ninth, where it burned the graſs that had been left in it. He next, to prove his veracity, rubbed ſome rice in the huſk between his hands; which were afterward examined, and were ſo far from being burned, that not even a bliſter was raiſed on either of them. Since it is the nature of fire to burn, the officers of the court, and the people of Benares, near five hundred of whom attended the ceremony, were aſtoniſhed at the event; and this well-wiſher to mankind was perfectly amazed. It occurred to his weak apprehenſion, that probably the freſh leaves and other things which, as it has been mentioned, were placed on the hands of the accuſed, had prevented their being burned; beſide that, the time was but ſhort between his taking the ball and throwing it down: yet it is poſitively declared in the Dherma Saſtra, and in the written opinions of the moſt reſpectable pandits, that the hand of a man who ſpeaks truth cannot be burned; and Ali Ibrahim Khan certainly ſaw with his own eyes, as many others alſo ſaw with theirs, that the hands of the appellee in this cauſe were unhurt by the fire: he was conſequently diſcharged; but, that men might in future be deterred from demanding the trial by ordeal, the appellor was committed for a week. After all, if ſuch a trial could be ſeen once or twice by ſeveral intelligent men, acquainted with natural philoſophy, they might be able to aſſign the true reaſon why a man's hand may be burned in ſome caſes and not in others.

Ordeal by the veſſel of hot oil, according to the comment on the Dherma Saſtra, is thus performed: the ground appointed for the trial is cleared and rubbed with cow-dung, and the next day, at ſun-riſe, the Pandit worſhips Ganeſa, preſents his oblations, and pays adoration to other deities, conformably to the Saſtra: then, having read the incantation preſcribed, he places a round pan of gold, ſilver, copper, iron, or clay, with a diameter of ſixteen fingers, and four fingers deep; and throws into it one ſer, or eighty ſicca weight, of clarified butter or oil of ſeſamum. After this, a ring of gold, or ſilver, or iron, is cleaned and waſhed with water, and caſt into the oil; which they proceed to heat, and when it is very hot put into it a freſh leaf of pippala, or of bilwa: when the leaf is burned, the oil is known to be ſufficiently hot. Then, having pronounced a mentra over the oil, they order the party accuſed to take the ring out of the pan; and, if he take it out without being burned, or without a bliſter on his hand, his innocence is conſidered as proved; if not, his guilt.

A brahman, named Riſhiſwara Bhatta, accuſed one Ramdayal, a linen-painter, of having ſtolen his goods; Ramdayal pleaded not guilty; and, of much altercation, conſented to be tried, as it had been propoſed, by the veſſel of oil. This well wiſher to mankind adviſed the pandits of the court to prevent, if poſſible, that mode of trial; but, ſince the parties inſiſted on it, an ordeal by hot oil, according to the Saſtra, was awarded for the ſame reaſons which prevailed in regard to the trial by the ball. The pandits who aſſiſted at the ceremony were, Bhiſhma Bhatta, Nanapathac, Manirama, Pathaca, Menirama Bhatta, Siva, Anantarama Bhatta, Criparama, Viſhnuheri, Chriſhnachandra, Ramendra, Govindarama, Hericriſhna Bhatta, Calidaſa: the three laſt were pandits of the court. When Ganeſa had been worſhipped, and the homa preſented, according to the Saſtra, they ſent for this well wiſher to mankind; who, attended by the two Dalroghas of the Divani and Faujdari courts, the Cotwal of the town, the other officers of the court, and moſt of the inhabitants of Benares, went to the place of trial; where he laboured to diſſuade Ramdayal and his father from ſubmitting to the ordeal; and apprized them, that if the hand of the accuſed ſhould be burned, he would be compelled to pay the value of the goods ſtolen, and his character would be diſgraced in every company. Ramdayal would not deſiſt: he thruſt his hand into the veſſel, and was burned. The opinion of the pandits was then taken; and they were unanimous, that by the burning of his hand, his guilt was eſtabliſhed, and he bound to pay Riſhiſwara Bhatta the price of what he had ſtolen; but if the ſum exceeded five hundred aſhrafi's, his hand muſt be cut off, by an expreſs law in the Saſtra; and a mulct alſo muſt be impoſed on him according to his circumſtances.

The chief magiſtrate therefore cauſed Ramdayal to pay Riſhiſwara ſeven hundred rupees in return for the goods which had been ſtolen; but as amercements in ſuch caſes are not uſual in the courts of judicature at Benares, the mulct was remitted and the priſoner diſcharged.

The record of this conviction was tranſmitted to Calcutta, in the year of the Meſſiah 1783, and in the month of April 1784, the governor-general Imaduddaulah Jeladet Jang Behader, having ſeen the preceding account of trials by ordeal, put many queſtions concerning the meaning of Sanſcrit words, and the caſes here reported, to which he received reſpectful anſwers. He firſt deſired to know the preciſe meaning of homa, and was informed, that it meant the oblations meant to pleaſe the deities, and compriſed a variety of things; thus in the agni homa, they throw into the fire ſeveral ſorts of wood and graſs, as palas wood, c'hadira wood, racta chandan, or red ſandal, pippal-wood, ſami, and cuſha graſs, dubha, together with ſome ſorts of grain, fruit, and other ingredients, as black ſeſamum, barley, rice, ſugar-cane, clarified butter, almonds, dates, and gugal or bdellium.

To his next queſtion, 'how many ſpecies of homa there were, it was anſwered, that different ſpecies were adapted to different occaſions; but that, in the ordeals by hot iron, and hot oil, the ſame ſort of oblation was uſed. When he deſired to know the meaning of the word mentra, he was reſpectfully told, that in the language of the pandits, there were three ſuch words, mentra, yantra, and tantra: that the firſt meant a paſſage from one of the Vedas, in which the names of certain deities occurred; the ſecond, a ſcheme of figures, which they write with a belief that their wiſhes will be accompliſhed by it; and the third, a medical preparation, by the uſe of which all injuries may be avoided; for they are ſaid to rub it on their hands, and afterward to touch red-hot iron without being burned. He then aſked, how much barley moiſtened with curds was put into the hands of the accuſed perſon; and the anſwer was, nine grains.

His other queſtions were thus anſwered: 'that the leaves of pippala were ſpread about in the hands of the accuſed, not heaped one above another: that the man who performed the fire-ordeal was not much agitated, but ſeemed in full poſſeſſion of his faculties: that the perſon tried by hot oil was at firſt afraid, but perſiſted, after he was burned, in denying the theft; nevertheleſs, as he previouſly had entered a written agreement, that if his hand ſhould be hurt, he would pay the value of the goods, the magiſtrate for that reaſon thought himſelf juſtified in compelling payment: that when the before-mentioned ingredients of the homa were thrown into the fire, the pandits ſitting round the hearth ſung the ſlocas preſcribed in the Saſtra: that the form of the hearth is eſtabliſhed in the Veda and in the Dherma Saſtra; and this fire-place is alſo called Vedi: that for the ſmaller oblations they raiſe a little ground for the hearth and kindle fire on it; for the higher oblations, they ſink the ground to receive the fire, where they perform the homa; and this ſacred hearth they call cunda.' The governor then aſked, why the trials by fire, by the hot-ball, and the veſſel of oil, if there be no eſſential difference between them, are not all called fire-ordeals; and it was humbly anſwered, that, according to ſome pandits, they were all three different; while others inſiſted, that the trial by fire was diſtinct from that by the veſſel, though the trial by the hot-ball and the head of a lance were the ſame; but that, in the apprehenſion of his reſpectful ſervant, they were all ordeals by fire.

Deſcriptive Obſervations on HINZUAN *or* JOHANNA, *an Iſland between the North End of* MADAGASCAR *and the Continent of* AFRICA.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[*Continued from page* 267.]

IN the afternoon I walked a long way up the mountains in a winding path amid plants and trees no leſs new than beautiful, and regretted exceedingly that very few of them were in bloſſom, as I ſhould then have had leiſure to examine them. Curioſity led me from hill to hill; and I came at laſt to the ſources of a rivulet, which we had paſſed near the ſhore, and from which the ſhip was to be ſupplied with excellent water. I ſaw no birds on the mountains but Guinea fowl, which might have been eaſily caught: no inſects were troubleſome to me but moſquitos; and I had no fear of venemous reptiles, having been aſſured that the air was too pure for any to exiſt in it; but I was often unwillingly the cauſe of fear to the gentle and harmleſs lizard, who ran among the ſhrubs. On my return I miſſed the path by which I had aſcended; but having met ſome blacks laden with yams and plantains, I was by them directed to another, which led me round, through a charming grove of cocoa-trees, to the governor's country-ſeat, where our entertainment was cloſed by a ſillabub, which the Engliſh had taught the Muſſelmans to make for them.

We received no anſwer from Salim; nor, indeed, expected one, ſince we took for granted that he could not but approve our intention of viſiting his father; and we went on ſhore before ſun-riſe, in full expectation of a pleaſant excurſion to Domoni, but we were happily diſappointed. The ſervants at the prince's door told us coolly, that their maſter was indiſpoſed, and, as they believed, aſleep; that he had given them no orders concerning his palanquins, and that they durſt not diſturb him. Alwi ſoon came to pay us his compliments, and was followed by his eldeſt ſon Ahmed, with whom we walked to the gardens of the two princes Salim and Hamdullah; the ſituation was naturally good, but wild and deſolate; and in Salim's garden, which we entered through a miſerable hovel, we ſaw a convenient bathing-place, well built with ſtone, but then in great diſorder; and a ſhed by way of ſummer-houſe, like that under which we dined at the governor's, but ſmaller, and leſs neat. On the ground lay a kind of cradle, about ſix feet long, and little more than one foot in breadth, made of cords twiſted in a ſort of clumſy net-work, with a long thick bamboo fixed to each ſide of it:

this we heard with ſurprize was a royal palanquin, and one of the vehicles in which we were to have been rocked on men's ſhoulders over the mountains. I had much converſation with Ahmed, whom I found intelligent and communicative. He told me, that ſeveral of his countrymen compoſed ſongs and tunes; that he was himſelf a paſſionate lover of poetry and muſic, and that if we would dine at his houſe he would play and ſing to us. We declined his invitation to dinner, as we had made a conditional promiſe if ever we paſſed a day at Matſamudo to eat our curry with Bana Gibu, an honeſt man, of whom we purchaſed eggs and vegetables, and to whom ſome Engliſhmen had given the title of lord, which made him extremely vain; we could therefore make Sayyad Ahmed only a morning viſit. He ſung a hymn or two in Arabic, and accompanied his drawling though pathetic pſalmody with a kind of mandoline, which he touched with an awkward quill: the inſtrument was very imperfect, but ſeemed to give him delight. The names of the ſtrings were written on it in Arabian or Indian figures, ſimple and compounded; but I could not think them worth copying. He gave captain Williamſon, who wiſhed to preſent ſome literary curioſities to the library at Dublin, a ſmall roll, containing a hymn in Arabic letters, but in the language of Mombaza, which was mixed with Arabic; but it hardly deſerved examination, ſince the ſtudy of languages has little intrinſic value, and is only uſeful as the inſtrument of real knowledge, which we can ſcarce expect from the poets of Mozambique. Ahmed would, I believe, have heard our European airs, (I always except French melody) with rapture; for his favourite tune was a common Iriſh jig, with which he ſeemed wonderfully affected.

On our return to the beach I thought of viſiting old Alwi, according to my promiſe, and prince Selim, whoſe character I had not then diſcovered. I reſolved for that purpoſe to ſtay on ſhore alone, our dinner with Gibu having been fixed at an early hour. Alwi ſhewed me his manuſcripts, which chiefly related to the ceremonies and ordinances of his religion; and one of them, which I had formerly ſeen in Europe, was a collection of ſublime and elegant hymns in praiſe of Mohammed, with explanatory notes in the margin. I requeſted him to read one of them after the manner of the Arabs, and he chanted it in a ſtrain by no means unpleaſing; but I am perſuaded that he underſtood it very imperfectly. The room, which was open to the ſtreet, was preſently crowded with viſitors, moſt of whom were Mufti's, or expounders of the law; and Alwi, deſirous, perhaps, to diſplay his zeal before them at the expence of good-breeding, directed my attention to a paſſage in a commentary on the Koran, which I found levelled at the Chriſtians. The commentator, having related with ſome additions (but, on the whole, not inaccurately) the circumſtances of the temptation, puts this ſpeech into the mouth of the tempter: 'Though I am unable to delude thee, yet I will miſlead by thy means more human creatures than thou wilt ſet right.' 'Nor was this menace vain,' ſays the Mohammedan writer, 'for the inhabitants of a region many thouſand leagues in extent, are ſtill ſo deluded by the devil, that they impiouſly call *iſa* the ſon of God. Heaven preſerve us,' he adds, 'from blaſpheming Chriſtians, as well as blaſpheming Jews!' Although a religious diſpute with thoſe obſtinate zealots would have been unſeaſonable and fruitleſs, yet they deſerved, I thought, a ſlight reprehenſion, as the attack ſeemed to be concerted among them. ‘The commentator,’ ſaid I, ‘was much to blame for paſſing ſo indiſcriminate and haſty a cenſure: the title which gave your legiſlator, and gives you ſuch offence, was often applied in Judea, by a bold figure, agreeable to the Hebrew idiom, though unuſual in Arabic, to *angels*, to *holy men*, and even to *all mankind*, who are commanded to call God *their father*; and in this large ſenſe the apoſtle to the Romans calls the elect the *children* of God, and the Meſſiah the *firſt-born among many brethren*; but the words *only-begotten* are applied tranſcendently and incomparably to him alone*; and as for me, who believe the ſcriptures, which you alſo profeſs to believe, though you aſſert without proof that we have altered them, I cannot refuſe him an appellation, though far ſurpaſſing our reaſon, by which he is diſtinguiſhed in the goſpel; and the believers in Mohammed, who expreſsly names him the Meſſiah, and pronounce him to have been born of a virgin, which alone might fully juſtify the phraſe condemned by this author, are themſelves condemnable for cavilling at words, when they cannot object to the ſubſtance of our faith conſiſtently with their own.’ The Muſſelmans had nothing to ſay in reply; and the converſation was changed. I was aſtoniſhed at the queſtions which Alwi put to me concerning the late peace and the independence of America; the ſeveral powers and reſources of Britain and France, Spain and Holland; the character and ſuppoſed views of the emperor; the comparative ſtrength of the Ruſſian, Imperial, and Othman armies, and their reſpective modes of bringing their forces to action. I anſwered him without reſerve, except on the ſtate of our poſſeſſions in India; nor were my anſwers loſt; for I obſerved that all the company were variouſly affected by them, generally with amazement, often with concern; eſpecially when I deſcribed to them the great force and admirable diſcipline of the Auſtrian army, and the ſtupid prejudices of the Turks, whom nothing can induce to abandon their old Tartarian habits, and expoſed the weakneſs of their empire in Africa, and even in the more diſtant provinces of Aſia. In return he gave me clear but general information concerning the government and commerce of this iſland: ‘his country,’ he ſaid, ‘was poor, and produced few articles of trade; but if they could get money, *which they now preferred to playthings*,’ theſe were his words, ‘they might eaſily,’ he added, ‘procure foreign commodities, and exchange them advantageouſly with their neighbours in the iſlands and on the continent: thus with a little money,’ ſaid he, ‘we purchaſe muſkets, powder, balls, cutlaſſes, knives, cloth, raw cotton, and other articles brought from Bombay, and with thoſe we trade to Madagaſcar for the natural produce of the country or for dollars, with which the French buy cattle, honey, butter, and ſo forth, in that iſland. With gold, which we receive from your ſhips, we can procure elephant's teeth from the natives of Moſambique, who barter them alſo for ammunition and bars of iron; and the Portugueſe in that country give us cloths of various kinds in exchange for our commodities: thoſe cloths we diſpoſe of lucratively in the three neighbouring iſlands; whence we bring rice, cattle, a kind of bread fruit which grows in Comara, and ſlaves, which we buy alſo at other places to which we trade; and we carry on this traffic in our own veſſels.'

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* *Rom.* viii. 29. *See* 1 *John*, iii. 1. 2. *Barrow*, 231, 332, 251.

Here I could not help expreſſing my abhorrence of their ſlave trade, and aſked him by what law they claimed a property in rational beings ſince our Creator had given our ſpecies a dominion to be moderately exerciſed, over the beaſts of the field and the fowls of the air, but none *to man over man*. 'By no law,' anſwered he, 'unleſs neceſſity be a law. There are nations in Madagaſcar and in Africa who know neither God nor his Prophet, nor Moſes, nor David, nor the Meſſiah: thoſe nations are in perpetual war, and take many captives, whom, if they could not ſell, they would certainly kill. Individuals among them are in extreme poverty, and have numbers of children, who, if they cannot be diſpoſed of, muſt periſh through hunger, together with their miſerable parents. By purchaſing theſe wretches we preſerve their lives, and, perhaps, thoſe of many others, whom our money relieves. The ſum of the argument is this: if we buy them, they will live—if they become valuable ſervants, they will live comfortably; but if they are not ſold, they muſt die miſerably.'—'There may be,' ſaid I, 'ſuch caſes, but you fallaciouſly draw a general concuſion from a few particular inſtances; and this is the very fallacy which, on a thouſand other occaſions, deludes mankind. It is not to be doubted that a conſtant and gainful traffic in human creatures foments war, in which captives are always made, and keeps up that perpetual enmity which you pretend to be the *cauſe* of a practice in itſelf reprehenſible, while in truth it is its *effect*. The ſame traffic encourages lazineſs in ſome parents, who might in general ſupport their families by proper induſtry, and ſeduces others to ſtifle their natural feelings. At moſt, your redemption of thoſe unhappy children can amount only to a perſonal contract, implied between you, for gratitude and reaſonable ſervice on their part—for kindneſs and humanity on your's; but can you think your part performed by diſpoſing of them againſt their wills, with as much indifference as if you were ſelling cattle; eſpecially as they might become readers of the Koran, and pillars of your faith?'—'The law,' ſaid he, 'forbids our ſelling them, when they are believers in the prophet; and little children only are ſold, nor they often, or by all maſters.'—'You who believe in Mohammed,' ſaid I, 'are bound by the ſpirit and letter of his laws to take pains that they alſo may believe in him; and if you neglect ſo important a duty for ſordid gain, I do not ſee how you can hope for proſperity in this world, nor for happineſs in the next.' My old friend and the mufti's aſſented, and muttered a few prayers, but probably forgot my preaching before many minutes had paſſed.

So much time had ſlipped away in this converſation, that I could make but a ſhort viſit to prince Salim; my view in viſiting him was to fix the time of our journey to Domoni as early as poſſible on the next morning. His appearance was more ſavage than ever, and I found him in a diſpoſition to complain bitterly of the Enghiſh. 'No acknowledgement,' he ſaid, 'had been made for the kind attentions of himſelf and the chief men in his country to the officers and people of the Brilliant, though a whole year had elapſed ſince the wreck.' I really wondered at the forgetfulneſs to which alone ſuch a neglect could be imputed; and aſſured him that I would expreſs my opinion both in Bengal and in letters to England. 'We have little,' ſaid he, 'to hope from letters, for when we have been paid with them inſtead of money, and have ſhewn them on board your ſhips, we have commonly been treated with diſdain, and often with imprecations.' I aſſured him, that either thoſe letters muſt have been written coldly and by very obſcure perſons, or ſhewn to very ill bred men, of whom there were too many in all nations, but that a few inſtances of rudeneſs ought not to give him a general prejudice againſt our national character. 'But you,' ſaid he, 'are a wealthy nation, and we are indigent; yet though all our groves of cocoa-trees, our fruits, and our cattle are ever at your ſervice, you always try to make hard bargains with us for what you chuſe to diſpoſe of, and frequently will neither ſell nor give thoſe things which we principally want.'—'To form,' ſaid I, 'a juſt opinion of Engliſhmen, you muſt viſit us in our own iſland, or at leaſt in India; here we are ſtrangers and travellers: many of us have no deſign to trade in any country, and none of us think of trading in Hinzuan, where we ſtop only for refreſhment. The clothes, arms, or inſtruments which you may want are commonly neceſſary or convenient to us, but if Sayyad Alwi or his ſons were to be ſtrangers in our country, you ſhould have no reaſon to boaſt of ſuperior hoſpitality.' He then ſhewed me a ſecond time a part of an old ſilk veſt, with the ſtar of the order of the Thiſtle, and begged me to explain the motto; expreſſing a wiſh that the order might be conferred on him by the king of England in return for his good offices to the Engliſh. I repreſented to him the impoſſibility of his being gratified, and took occaſion to ſay, that there was more true dignity, in their own native titles than in thoſe of prince, duke and lord, which had been idly given them, but had no conformity to their manners or the conſtitution of their government.

This converſation being agreeable to neither of us, I changed it by deſiring that the palanquins and bearers might be ready next morning as early as poſſible: he anſwered, that his palanquins were at our ſervice for nothing, but that we muſt pay him ten dollars for each ſet of bearers; that it was the ſtated price, and that Mr. Haſtings had paid it when he went to viſit the king. This, as I learned afterward, was falſe; but in all events I knew that he would keep the dollars himſelf, and give nothing to the bearers, who deſerved them better, and whom he would compel to leave their cottages and toil for his profit. 'Can you imagine, I replied, that we would employ four and twenty men to bear us ſo far on their ſhoulders without rewarding them amply? But ſince they are free men (ſo he had aſſured me) and not your ſlaves, we will pay them in proportion to their diligence and good behaviour; and it becomes neither your dignity nor ours to make a previous bargain. I ſhewed him an elegant copy of the Koran, which I deſtined for his father, and deſcribed the reſt of my preſent; but he coldly aſked, if that was all. Had he been king, a purſe of dry dollars would have given him more pleaſure than the fineſt or holieſt manuſcript. Finding him, in converſing on a variety of ſubjects, utterly devoid of intelligence or principle, I took my leave, and ſaw him no more, but promiſed to let him know for certain whether we ſhould make our intended excurſion.

We dined in tolerable comfort, and had occaſion, in the courſe of the day, to obſerve the manners of the natives in the middle rank, who are called Banas, and all of whom have ſlaves conſtantly at work for them. We viſited the mother of Combomade, who ſeemed in a ſtation but little raiſed above indigence; and her huſband, who was a mariner, bartered an Arabic Treatiſe on Aſtronomy and Navigation, which he had read, for a ſea-compaſs, of which he well knew the uſe.

In the morning, I had converſed with two very old Arabs of Yemen, who had brought ſome articles of trade to Hinzuan; and in the afternoon I met another who had come from Maſket (where at that time there was a civil war) to purchaſe, if he could, an hundred ſtand of arms. I told them all, that I loved their nation, and they returned my compliments with great warmth, eſpecially the two old men, who were near fourſcore, and reminded me of Zohair and Hareth.

So bad an account had been given me of the road over the mountains, that I diſſuaded my companions from thinking of the journey, to which the captain became rather diſinclined; but as I wiſhed to be fully acquainted with a country which I might never ſee again, I wrote the next day to Salim, requeſting him to lend one palanquin, and to order a ſufficient number of men; he ſent me no written anſwer, which I aſcribed rather to his incapacity than to rudeneſs: but the governor, with Alwi and two of his ſons, came on board in the evening, and ſaid, that they had ſeen my letters; that all ſhould be ready; but that I could not pay leſs for the men than ten dollars. I ſaid, I would pay more, but it ſhould be to the men themſelves, according to their behaviour. They returned ſomewhat diſſatisfied, after I had played at cheſs with Alwi's younger ſon, in whoſe manner and addreſs there was ſomething remarkably pleaſing.

Before ſun-riſe, on the 2d of Auguſt, I went alone on ſhore, with a ſmall baſket of ſuch proviſions as I might want in the courſe of the day, and with ſome cuſhions to make the prince's palanquin at leaſt a tolerable vehicle; but the prince was reſolved to receive the dollars to which his men were entitled; and he knew that, as I was eager for the journey, he could preſcribe his own terms. Old Alwi met me on the beach, and brought excuſes from Salim, who, he ſaid, was indiſpoſed. He conducted me to his houſe; and ſeemed rather deſirous of perſuading me to abandon my deſign of viſiting the king; but I aſſured him, that if the prince would not ſupply me with proper attendants, I would walk to Domoni with my own ſervants and a guide.

'Shaikh Salim,' he ſaid, 'was miſerably avaricious; that he was aſhamed of a kinſman with ſuch a diſpoſition; but that he was no leſs obſtinate than covetous, and that without ten dollars paid in hand it would be impoſſible to procure bearers.' I then give him three guineas, which he carried, or pretended to carry to Salim, but returned without the change, alleging that he had no ſilver, and promiſing to give me on my return the few dollars that remained. In about an hour the ridiculous vehicle was brought by nine ſturdy blacks, who could not ſpeak a word of Arabic; ſo that I expected no information concerning the country through which I was to travel; but Alwi aſſiſted me in a point of the utmoſt conſequence. 'You cannot go,' ſaid he, 'without an interpreter; for the king ſpeaks only the language of this iſland; but I have a ſervant whoſe name is Tumuni, a ſenſible and worthy man, who underſtands Engliſh, and is much eſteemed by the king: he is known and valued all over Hinzuan. This man ſhall attend you; and you will ſoon be ſenſible of his worth.'

Tumuni deſired to carry my baſket, and we ſet out with a proſpect of fine weather, but ſome hours later than I had intended. I walked by the gardens of the two princes to the ſkirts of the town, and came to a little village conſiſting of ſeveral very neat huts made chiefly with the leaves of the cocoa-tree; but the road a little farther was ſo ſtony, that I ſat in the palanquin, and was borne with perfect ſafety over ſome rocks. I then deſired my guide to aſſure the men, that I would pay them liberally; but the poor peaſants, who had been brought from their farms on the hills, were not perfectly acquainted with the uſe of money, and treated my promiſe with indifference.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Important Obſervations on HEALTH *and* LONG LIFE.

THE deſire of ſelf-preſervation, and of protracting the ſhort ſpan of life, is ſo intimately interwoven with our conſtitution, that it is juſtly eſteemed one of the firſt principles of our nature, and, in ſpite even of pain and miſery, ſeldom quits us to the laſt moments of our exiſtence. It ſeems, therefore, to be no leſs our duty than our intereſt, to examine minutely into the various means that have been conſidered as conducive to health and long life; and, if poſſible, to diſtinguiſh ſuch circumſtances as are eſſential to that great end from thoſe which are merely accidental. But here it is much to be regretted, that an accurate hiſtory of the lives of all the perſons remarkable for longevity, ſo far as relates to the diet, regimen, and the uſe of the non-naturals, has not been faithfully handed down to us; without which it is impoſſible to draw the neceſſary inferences.

All the circumſtances that are moſt eſſentially neceſſary to life, may be compriſed under the ſix following heads: 1. Air and climate; 2. Meat and drink; 3. Motion and reſt; 4. The ſecretions and excretions; 5. Sleep and watching; 6. Affections of the mind.

Theſe, though all perfectly natural to the conſtitution, have by writers been ſtyled the non-naturals, by a ſtrange perverſion of language; and have been all copiouſly handled under that improper term. However it may not be amiſs to offer a few ſhort obſervations on each, as they are ſo immediately connected with the preſent ſubject.

1. *Air*, &c. It has long been known that freſh air is more immediately neceſſary to life than food; for a man may live two or three days without the latter, but not many minutes without the former. The vivifying principle contained in the atmoſphere, ſo eſſential to the ſupport of flame, as well as animal life, concerning which authors have propoſed ſo many conjectures, appears now to be nothing elſe but that pure dephlogiſticated fluid lately diſcovered by that ingenious philoſo-

pher Dr. Prieſtley. The common atmoſphere may well be ſuppoſed to be more or leſs healthy in proportion as it abounds with this animating principle. As this exhales in copious ſtrains from the green leaves of all kinds of vegetables, even from thoſe of the moſt poiſonous kind, may we not, in ſome meaſure, account why inſtances of longevity are ſo much more frequent in the country than in large cities; where the air, inſtead of partaking ſo largely of this ſalutary impregnation, is daily contaminated with noxious animal effluvia and phlogiſton?

With reſpect to climate, various obſervations conſpire to prove, that thoſe regions which lie within the temperate zones are beſt calculated to promote long life. Hence, perhaps, may be explained, why Italy has produced ſo many long livers, and why iſlands in general are more ſalutary than continents; of which Bermudas and ſome others afford examples. And it is a pleaſing circumſtance that our own iſland appears (notwithſtanding the ſudden viciſſitudes to which it is liable) to contain far more inſtances of longevity than could well be imagined. The ingenious Mr. Whitehurſt aſſures us, from certain facts, that Engliſhmen are in general longer lived than North Americans; and that a Britiſh conſtitution will laſt longer, even in that climate, than a native one. But it muſt be allowed in general, that the human conſtitution is adapted to the peculiar ſtate and temperature of each reſpective climate, ſo that no part of the habitable globe can be pronounced too hot or too cold for its inhabitants. Yet, in order to promote a friendly intercourſe between the moſt remote regions, the author of nature has wiſely enabled the inhabitants to endure great and ſurpriſing changes of temperature with impunity.

2. *Foods and drink.* Though foods and drink of the moſt ſimple kinds are allowed to be the beſt calculated for ſupporting the body in health, yet it can hardly be doubted but variety may be ſafely indulged occaſionally, provided men would reſtrain their appetites within the bounds of temperance; for bountiful nature cannot be ſuppoſed to have poured forth ſuch a rich profuſion of proviſions, merely to tantalize the human ſpecies, without attributing to her the part of a cruel ſtep-dame, inſtead of that of the kind and indulgent parent. Beſides, we find, that by the wonderful powers of the digeſtive organs, a variety of animal and vegetable ſubſtances, of very diſcordant principles, are happily aſſimilated into one bland homogeneous chyle; therefore it ſeems natural to diſtruſt thoſe cynical writers, who would rigidly confine mankind to one ſimple diſh, and their drink to the mere water of the brook. Nature, it is true, has pointed out that mild inſipid fluid as the univerſal diluent, and therefore moſt admirably adapted for our daily beverage. But experience has equally proved, that vinous and ſpirituous liquors, on certain occaſions, are no leſs ſalutary and beneficial, whether it be to ſupport ſtrength againſt ſickneſs or bodily fatigue, or to exhilarate the mind under the preſſure of heavy misfortunes. But, alas! what nature meant for innocent and uſeful cordials, to be uſed only occaſionally, and according to the direction of reaſon, cuſtom and caprice have, by degrees, rendered habitual to the human frame, and liable to the moſt enormous and deſtructive abuſes. Hence it may be juſtly doubted, whether gluttony and intemperance have not depopulated the world

more than even the ſword, peſtilence, and famine. True, therefore, is the old maxim, '*Modus utendi ex veneno facit medicamentum, ex medicamento venenum.*'

3. and 4. *Motion and reſt, ſleep and watching.* It is allowed on all hands, that alternate motion and reſt, and ſleep and watching, are neceſſary conditions to health and longevity; and that they ought to be adapted to age, temperament, conſtitution, temperature of the climate, &c. but the errors which mankind daily commit in theſe reſpects become a fruitful ſource of diſeaſes. While ſome are bloated and relaxed with eaſe and indolence, others are emaciated, and become rigid through hard labour, watching, and fatigue.

5. *Secretions and excretions.* Where the animal functions are duly performed, the ſecretions go on regularly; and the different evacuations ſo exactly correſpond to the quantity of aliment taken in, in a given time, that the body is found to return daily to nearly the ſame weight. If any particular evacuation happen to be preternaturally diminiſhed, ſome other evacuation is proportionally augmented, and the equilibrium is commonly preſerved: but continued irregularities, in theſe important functions, cannot but terminate in diſeaſe.

6. *Affection of the mind.* The due regulation of the paſſions, perhaps, contributes more to health and longevity than that of any other of the non-naturals. The animating paſſions, ſuch as joy, hope, love, &c. when kept within proper bounds, gently excite the nervous influence, promote an equable circulation, and are highly conducive to health; while the depreſſing affections, ſuch as fear, grief, and deſpair, produce the contrary effect, and lay the foundation of the moſt formidable diſeaſes.

From the light which hiſtory affords us, there is great reaſon to believe, that longevity is in a great meaſure hereditary; and that healthy long-lived parents would commonly tranſmit the ſame to their children, were it not for the frequent errors in the non-naturals, which ſo evidently tend to the abbreviation of human life.

Whence is it, but from theſe cauſes, and the unnatural modes of living, that, of all the children which are born in the capital cities of Europe, nearly one half die in early infancy? To what elſe can we attribute this extraordinary mortality? Such an amazing proportion of premature death is a circumſtance unheard of among ſavage nations, or among the young of other animals! In the earlieſt ages, we are informed, that human life was protracted to a very extraordinary length; yet how few perſons in theſe latter times, arrive at that period which nature ſeems to have deſigned! Man is by nature a field animal, and ſeems deſtined to riſe with the ſun, and to ſpend a large portion of his time in the open air, to inure his body to robuſt exerciſes and the inclemency of the ſeaſons, and to make a plain homely repaſt only when hunger dictates. But art has ſtudiouſly defeated the kind intentions of nature; and by enſlaving him to all the blandiſhments of ſenſe, has left him, alas! an eaſy victim to folly and caprice. To enumerate the various abuſes which take place from the earlieſt infancy, and which are continued through the ſucceeding ſtages of modiſh life, would carry us far beyond our preſent intention. Suffice it to obſerve, that they prevail more particularly among people who are the moſt highly poliſhed and refined. To compare their artificial mode of life with that of nature, would probably afford a very ſtriking contraſt; and at the ſame time ſupply an additional reaſon why, in the very large cities, inſtances of longevity are ſo very rare.

A Deſcription of PALERMO; *with ſome Account of a* CATACOMB *in the Vicinity of that City.*

[From 'Obſervations and Remarks in a Journey through Sicily and Calabria, in the Year 1791, by the Rev. BRIAN HILL, A. M.]

PALERMO, which is the capital of Sicily, is of great antiquity; and if a conjecture may be formed from its ancient name Panormus, which ſignifies an univerſal harbour, it was formerly in a very flouriſhing condition. By whom it was founded, is uncertain; nor have we any authentic accounts of its inhabitants till it became a colony of the Phenicians, after which it paſſed into the hands of the various nations that became maſters of this iſland. The preſent city principally conſiſts of two wide, uniform, and well-built ſtreets, each about a mile in length, croſſing each other at right angles in the center, where there is a ſmall octagon ſpace, ornamented with four ſtatues. Adjoining to the town, and near the ſea, is a public garden or promenade, planted with orange and lemon-trees, formed into arcades, and now loaded with fruit; the ſtems of the trees ſtand in furrows, and are continually watered by a ſmall ſtream. In the middle is a fountain, ſurrounded by four groteſque temples, in two of which are canary-birds. Among the oranges is a kind called *ſanguinei*, or bloody, which are ſtained in the middle with red, and have uſually the fineſt flavour. Some of the lemons are ſweet, but very flat, taſting like ſugar and water. The citrons grow to an immenſe ſize; the rind, which occupies at leaſt three-fourths of the bulk of the fruit, is eaten with ſugar; the juice is ſharper than the soureſt lemon I ever taſted. Indian figs, in very great abundance, grow wild in the fields and hedges, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet; of theſe there are three kinds, one with large ſpines, another with ſmaller, and the third almoſt ſmooth. Their fruit is cooling and delicious, 10,000l. worth of which is ſold annually to the poor people in the neighbourhood of this city. Another plant, very common in this country, is the aloe, which uſually bloſſoms every fifth or ſixth year. Of theſe there are five or ſix ſpecies, which grow moſtly in the hedges, and, together with the Indian figs, form a moſt impenetrable fence.

In conſequence of an introductory letter from Sir W. Hamilton, we have dined to-day with the prince Caramanico, viceroy of Sicily, who reſided ſome years in England as ambaſſador from the court of Naples. He has the command of all the troops in the iſland, and preſides over all the tribunals of juſtice, and of the finances; in the quality of legate from the Roman pontiff, he ſits under a canopy in the king's chapel, aſſiſted by all the ſacred council. To him alſo belongs the nomination to all the municipal and military offices in the kingdom. He is an affable polite man, and, notwithſtanding the ſtate in which he lives, made us feel ourſelves perfectly at eaſe. He gave place to my brother, as a foreigner, but walked before all his other gueſts. We ſat down twenty to table, were ſerved in great ſtyle and magnificence, and among a variety of other good things, had iced punch and Engliſh porter. The palace, which is an indifferent old building, is ſituated in a ſquare, near the ſouth gate of the city, and commands a delightful proſpect of the adjacent country. At the top is an obſervatory, inhabited by an ingenious old prieſt, who has been in England and brought thence ſeveral aſtronomical inſtruments conſtructed by Ramſden.

In one of the rooms in the palace is a fire-place in which was a comfortable wood-fire; but I believe this is the only chimney in the whole iſland of Sicily, at leaſt, we never ſaw any other, either in the inſide or outſide of the beſt houſes and moſt magnificent palaces, except one in a convent of nobles, which, however, was never uſed. It is probable the viceroy borrowed the idea of his chimney and fire-place from what he had ſeen in England.

Since our arrival at this place, captain Chianchi has done us the kindneſs to introduce us to Mr. Tough, an Engliſh merchant and banker, who reſides here, and who takes infinite pains to oblige us in every way that lies in his power. With him we have been this evening at a capuchin convent, about a mile out of town, in which is a vault made uſe of as a receptacle for the dead. It conſiſts of four wide paſſages, each about forty feet in length, into which the light of the ſun is admitted by windows at the ends. Along the ſides of theſe are niches, in which the bodies are ſet upright, clothed in coarſe garments, with their heads, arms and feet bare. They are prepared for this ſituation by broiling them ſix or ſeven months upon a gridiron, over a ſlow fire, till all the fat and moiſture are conſumed. The ſkin, which looks like pale-coloured leather, remains entire, and the character of the countenance is in ſome degree preſerved. A man who was with us, pointed out his father-in-law who had been dead two years. Except the bodies of two reputed ſaints, one of which had been there one hundred and fifty years, and the other one hundred, they are all of modern date, as appears by an inſcription on a ſmall piece of paſte-board hung to the arms of every corpſe, ſignifying the name of the perſon and the time of his deceaſe. In ſome of the higher niches they are laid out at full length, and at the top are children of ſix or ſeven years of age. On the floor are handſome trunks, containing carcaſes of perſons of diſtinction, the keys of which are kept by their relations.

Two CURIOUS ACCOUNTS *of the* ZIRCHNITZER SEA, *a Lake in* CARNIOLA.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

I. HAVING croſſed the river Dravus, and paſſed Mount Leuibel, in the Carnick Alps, by that noble paſſage cut through the rocks, and vaulted like that of Pauſilyppe, near Naples, I went to

Brounizza, two leagues from whence, and beyond the hills, is the Zirchnitzer Sea, receiving that name from Zirchnitz, a town of about 300 houſes.

This lake is near two German miles long, and one broad. On the ſouth ſide thereof lies a great foreſt, and on the north ſide the country is flat; but the whole valley is encompaſſed with high hills, at ſome little diſtance from it. But I ſaw no ſnow upon them, though upon other mountains in the country, I obſerved ſnow in June. Upon hills on the ſide of great lakes, the ſnow lies not ſo long as upon hills more diſtant.

This lake is well filled with water for the greateſt part of the year, but in the month of June it ſinketh under ground, not only by percolation, or falling through the pores of the earth, but retireth under ground through many great holes at the bottom of it; the little, if any, that remains in the hilly or rocky part is evaporated: and in the month of September it returns by the ſame, and in a ſhort time covers the tract of earth again, but I cannot determine the ſpace of time to a day.—This return and aſcent is ſo ſpeedy, and it mounts at the holes with ſuch violence, that it ſprings out of the ground to the height of a pike. The water that ſpouts ſeems ſomewhat clear in the air, but being ſpread about, looks as formerly in the lake.

The holes generally are ſtony, not in ſoft or looſe earth; yet in one or two places the earth had been known to ſink, and fall in, particularly near a village called Sea-dorf. They are of different largeneſs and figure; ſome perpendicular at the beginning, and then oblique; others oblique at firſt, ſcarce two exactly alike. Such holes I have ſeen in other parts of Carniola, and in other countries alſo. We have a hole called Elden Hole, not made by art, but naturally, in the mountains in the peak country of Derbyſhire, above eighty fathoms deep. The great holes are the ſame every year, but poſſibly part of the water may ſometimes find or make new paſſages through the crevices and cribrous parts of the field.

When the water goeth firſt away, they ſee it in theſe holes for a while, but afterwards it deſcends lower out of their ſight.

This piece of ground, in the time of the retirement and abſence of the water, is not unfruitful, but by a ſpeedy and plentiful production of graſs, yieldeth not only a preſent ſuſtenance for the beaſts of the field, but a good proviſion of hay for the cattle in winter.

The lake is not only thus filled with water, but every year well ſtored with fiſh. Upon the retiring of the water all have liberty to fiſh; and the fiſhermen ſtanding up to the waiſt at the holes before-mentioned, intercept the paſſage of the fiſh, and take a very great number of them, which otherwiſe would be ſecure for ſome months under the earth, and not fail to return in September. But at that time the prince will not permit them to make any ſuch attempt.

The fiſh of this lake have a cloſer habitation than thoſe of any other I know; for they paſs ſome months under the earth, and a good part of the winter under ice. I could not learn that there were any otters in this lake, which otherwiſe muſt probably have taken the ſame courſe with the fiſh, not that there were any remarkable extraneous ſubſtances, any vegetables, or unknown fiſhes brought up by the water, but thoſe which come up are of the ſame kind with thoſe which deſcend.

The bottom of the lake is not even, nor near about the ſame depth, but ſome times two feet, and then ſuddenly twenty yards deep. And becauſe the fiſh haunt the deep places more than the ſhallows, they have given names to the ſeven chiefeſt cavitics or valleys in the lake.

The water is not always at the ſame height, but ſomewhat differing according unto rains, ſnows, or drought; and they are ſenſible of its heights by the tops of the hills in it, and its ſpreading towards Zirchnitz, but it alters not very much till it begins to go away.

No river enters it, but only inconſiderable rivulets on the ſouth and eaſt ſide; nor hath it any other diſcharge known, but by the holes.

There are alſo divers caverns and deep places in the country of Carniola, even where there is no water.

Between Sea-dorf and Nider-dorf, the ground ſometimes ſinks in ſeveral places upon the ſudden retiring of the lake; and the aforeſaid prince of Eckenberg was once ſo curious, as to deſcend into one hole, through which he paſſed under a hill, and came out on the other ſide; as I was informed by M. Andreas Wiſer, the then judge of Zirchnitz, and alſo by Johannes Wiſer, who had formerly held the ſame place.

The country is high about the lake, but the lake is not high in reſpect of the country near it, but low.

The ſnow falls not till after the lake is returned.

This lake probably may hold dependance of, and communication with ſome ſubterraneous great lake, or magazine of water belonging to theſe hilly regions, which when full, and running over, may vent itſelf with force and plenty into this field, and when ſcant of water, abſorb and drink in the ſame again; the water of the lake returning but from whence it came, having no river running out of it whereby to be diſcharged.

I went alſo to a noted ſtone, commonly called the Fiſhers-ſtone, which hath ſomewhat of the uſe of the Nileſcope-pillar at Grand Cairo. It is a large ſtone upon one of the hills, or elevated parts of the field, which whenſoever it appears above water, the fiſhermen being upon the lake, take notice of it, and know thereby, that in a few days the water will retire under ground. For after the filling of the lake in September, the water never decreaſeth ſo low again, as to let the Fiſherſtone appear, till it begins to retire under ground.

II. This lake was by the antients called Luges Palus, by the moderns, Lacus Lugeus, though at preſent its Latin name be Lacus Cirknicenſis, in High-Dutch, Zirchniſerſee, and in our Carniolan tongue, Zirkniſco Jeſero. Why it was ſo called of old, is unknown, or very uncertain, but the original of the preſent name is more ſure, it being derived from the adjacent town of Cirknits; and that it had its name from a chapel of the Virgin Mary, which at firſt ſtood alone, but now the town is built round it. This Chapel was no great edifice at firſt, and therefore was called the little Chapel, which in the language of the country is Zirkviſa; whence the lake was named Zirkviſco Jeſero, or the Chapel-Lake, but now by abuſe *v* being changed into *n*, Zirkniſco Jeſero.

It is diſtant from the capital city of the province Labac, ſix German miles; it is a good German mile long, or better than 4000 geometrical paces, and is about half as much in breadth. Its ordinary depth is ten cubits, its leaſt five or ſix, rarely three, but its greateſt is ſixteen cubits. It is every where ſurrounded with woody mountains, which on the ſouth and weſt ſide are very high, and three miles broad, running far in length into the Turkiſh country, and afford nothing but horrid ſtony deſerts, overgrown with trees. On the north and eaſt ſide, there is between the mountains and the lake, a ſmall territory, which though narrow, is nevertheleſs pleaſant, and is inhabited by one town, three caſtles, and nine villages, and adorned with twenty churches.

In the mountains called Javornik, ſtanding near the lake, there are two holes, or exceeding deep precipices, in which many thouſand wild pigeons rooſt all the winter; entering in Autumn, and coming out with the firſt of the ſpring: what they live upon in theſe caverns is unknown, but I take it to be the nitrous ſand. In another hole called Slivenza, it is the belief of the country people that the witches hold their aſſemblies, becauſe that ſeveral times lights like *ignes fatui* are obſerved there. On the top of this hill is a hole of an unknown depth, out of which there often breathe out noxious ſteams, ſuppoſed to occaſion tempeſts of thunder, lightning, and hail; and for this reaſon the prieſt of Zirknitz, every Whitſon-Monday, goes to the hole in proceſſion, and uſes over it a certain form of exorciſm.

There run into this lake continually eight rivulets. The two leaſt are called Bellebrech and Treſenz; the third is the fountain Oberch, out of which abundance of water guſhes with great force; the fourth, fifth, and ſixth, called Steberziza, Linſinziza, and Seromſchiza, may for their bigneſs deſerve the name of rivers; the ſeventh, Martinſchiza, breaks out at a cleft in the rock; the laſt, called Cirknizer-bach, is a pretty large river.

Now this lake being every where ſurrounded with mountains, and no where running over, nature has given it two viſible channels, or ſtony caverns, called Velka Karlouza and Mala Karlouza, by which the water runs under the mountain; and a third concealed ſubterraneous paſſage, which without doubt communicates with the other two under ground, as I ſhall hereafter prove. Theſe having run half a German mile, come out at the other ſide of the mountain, near the chapel of St. Cantian, in a deſert place, at a ſtony cave, and become the river called by the inhabitants Jeſero, that is, the lake. This river Jeſero is reaſonably big, and having run half a quarter of a mile, enters a wide ſtony cavern, running ſlowly under the hill for the ſpace of a good muſket-ſhot; then coming out again on the other ſide, after it has run through a ſmall plat, it enters a third cavern or grotto, where having paſſed fifty paces, one may ſay, *Siſte viator, ne plus ultra,* for it runs no longer peaceably as before, but with great noiſe and roaring falls down a very much inclined channel of ſtone, ſo that neither I nor any elſe durſt follow it farther. In June, 1678, I went myſelf in a ſmall fiſher-boat under the mountain, through the cave, and entered the grotto, till I came to the aforeſaid falls, without any danger or trouble, the paſſage being wide enough.

It muſt be noted, that the valley wherein this river Jeſero runs, is exceeding ſteep, but the plat of ground is plain and ſtony, of an oval form, and is ſurrounded with (as it were) a very high rampart, ſo ſteep, that it would be impoſſible for a cat to climb out of it, unleſs at one place, whereat a man may make a ſhift to go up and down, though not without peril of his life; the way being in ſome places not above three or four inches, and no where above ſix inches wide. In the year 1684, I went down here in company with a French gentleman, but the water being up, and we wanting a boat, we could not go under the hill, nor enter the grotto; ſo we returned, and with great difficulty deſcended by a ſteep and narrow paſſage, and came to a cave bigger than any church, through which the river Jeſero runs. Here we found ſeveral figures of ſtone, the workmanſhip of nature, and ſtange holes and caverns in the earth; but by reaſon the river was then up, we could go no farther. At other times, when the water is down, one may go with lighted torches a great way under ground; and it is ſaid there are here very odd figures formed by the petrified water: among the reſt, one reſembling a weaver at work, of which the country people want not their ſuperſtitious traditions.

But to return to our lake; I ſay that about the feaſt of St. James's-Tide, and ſometimes not till Auguſt, the water runs away, and it is dry; but fills again, and moſt commonly in October or November, yet ſo as not to obſerve any certain time; for ſometimes it has been dry twice or thrice in a year: as in the year 1685, it was dry in January. Again the water began to draw off, on the 15th of Auguſt, St. N. and it was quite clear by the 8th of September; and this preſent year, 1687, it has been thrice empty, which makes the fiſhing very poor and inconſiderable. Sometimes again, though but ſeldom, it has happened to be three or four years together full of water, and then is the beſt of the fiſhing. But it never yet was obſerved that this lake was dry for a whole year together.

The right of fiſhing in this lake, upon certain terms agreed on, does at this time belong to the lordſhips or caſtles following—1. to Haaſperg, 2. Steegberg, 3. Laas, 4. Shneeperg, 5. Aveſperg, 6. to Sitticium, which is a monaſtery of Ciſtertian monks.

There are three iſlands in this lake, viz. Mala-Goriza and Velka Goriza, which are uninhabited. The third is a very pretty iſland, called Vornek, that is, reaſonably big, having upon it a village of four houſes, called Ottock: above this town, upon a little eminence, ſtands a church, which is no ſmall ornament. Thoſe that live on it have fields, meadows, paſtures, wood, gardens, and orchards, and all things neceſſary for life.

There is alſo a very fine peninſula all covered with wood, called Dorvaſek. When the lake is up, and one comes in a boat between the iſland of Vornek and this peninſula, the farther part of the lake, lying under the mountain, very well reſembles a curious port for ſhipping. At the further end, when the water draws off, there appear rows of ſtakes, a ſign that there hath been formerly a bridge, and therefore it is at this day called the Old Bridge.

In this lake there are many pits, in the ſhape of baſons or cauldrons, which are not all of the ſame depth or breadth; the breadth of them being from twenty to ſixty cubits, more or leſs, and the depth from eight to twenty cubits. In the bottom of the pits are ſeveral holes, at which the water and fiſhes enter, when the lake ebbs away.

The principal pits in which they fiſh, are eighteen. They are called, Maljoberch, Velk joberch, Kamine, Sueinſkajamma, Vodonos, Louretſchka,

retſchka, Kraloudour, Reſcheto, Ribeſkajamma, Rethje, Sittarza, Lipanza, Gebno, Roteu, Aintz, Zeſlenza, Pounigk, and Leviſhe. Beſides theſe there are ſeveral other leſſer pits of no note, becauſe there is no ſuch mining in them as in thoſe but now mentioned.

A SHORT ACCOUNT *of an* EXCURSION *through the* SUBTERRANEOUS CAVERN *at* PARIS.

BY MR. THOMAS WHITE.

From the Memoires of the Literary and Philoſophical Society at Mancheſter.

I YESTERDAY viſited a moſt extraordinary ſubterraneous cavern, commonly called the Quarries. But before I give you the hiſtory of my expedition, it will perhaps be neceſſary to ſay a few words concerning the *Obſervatoire royal*, the place of deſcent into this very remarkable cavern. This edifice is ſituated in the Fauxbourgh St. Jacques, in the higheſt part of the city. It takes its name from its uſe, and was built by Louis XIV. in 1667, after the deſign of Claude Perrault, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and firſt architect to his majeſty. It ſerves for the reſidence of mathematicians, appointed by the king, to make obſervations, and improve aſtronomy. The mode of building it is ingenious, and admirably contrived, it being ſo well arched that neither wood nor iron are employed in its conſtruction. All the ſtones have been well choſen, and placed with an uniformity and equality which contribute much to the beauty and ſolidity of the whole edifice. It is reckoned to be about eighty or ninety feet in height, and at the top there is a beautiful platform, paved with flint ſtones, which commands an excellent view of Paris, and its environs. In the different floors of this building, there are a number of trap-doors, placed perpendicular over each other, and, when theſe are opened, the ſtars may be very clearly diſtinguiſhed, from the bottom of the cave, at noon day.

At this place I was introduced to one of the inſpectors, (perſons appointed by the king to ſuperintend the workmen) by my friend Mr. Smeathman, who had uſed great application and intereſt for permiſſion to inſpect the quarry, and had been fortunate enough to obtain it. For as this cavern is extended under a great part of the city of Paris, and leaves it in ſome places almoſt entirely without ſupport, the inſpectors are very particular as to ſhewing it, and endeavour to keep it as ſecret as poſſible, leſt, if it ſhould get generally known, it might prove a ſource of uneaſineſs and alarm to the inhabitants above. For, what is very remarkable, notwithſtanding the extent of this quarry, and the apparent danger many parts of the city are in from it, few, even of thoſe who have conſtantly reſided at Paris, are at all acquainted with it, and on my mentioning the expedition I was going to undertake to ſeveral of my Pariſian friends, they ridiculed me upon it, and told me it was impoſſible there could be any ſuch place.

About nine o'clock in the morning we aſſembled to the number of forty, and, with each a wax candle in his hand, preciſely at ten o'clock, deſcended, by ſteps, to the depth of three hundred and ſixty feet perpendicular. We had likewiſe a number of guides with torches, which we found very uſeful; but, even with theſe aſſiſtants, we were ſeveral times under the neceſſity of halting, to examine the plans the inſpectors keep of theſe quarries, that we might direct our courſe in the right road. I was diſappointed in not being able to obtain one of theſe plans, which would have given the cleareſt idea of this moſt extraordinary place. At the entrance, the path is narrow for a conſiderable way; but ſoon we entered large and ſpacious ſtreets, all marked with names the ſame as in the city; different advertiſements and bills were found, as we proceeded, paſted on the walls, ſo that it had every appearance of a large town ſwallowed up in earth.

The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet; but in ſome parts not leſs than thirty, and even forty. In many places, there is a liquor continually dropping from it, which congeals immediately, and forms a ſpecies of tranſparent ſtone, but not ſo fine and clear as rock cryſtal. As we continued our perigrination, we thought ourſelves in no ſmall danger from the roof, which we found but indifferently propped in ſome places with wood much decayed. Under the houſes, and many of the ſtreets however, it ſeemed to be tolerably ſecured by immenſe ſtones ſet in mortar; in other parts, where there are only fields or gardens above, it was totally unſupported for a conſiderable ſpace, the roof being perfectly level, or a plane piece of rock.

After traverſing about two miles, we again deſcended about twenty ſteps, and here found ſome workmen, in a very cold and damp place, propping up a moſt dangerous part, which they were fearful would give way every moment. We were glad to give them money for ſome drink, and make our viſit at this place as ſhort as poſſible. The path here is not more than three feet in width, and the roof ſo low, that we were obliged to ſtoop conſiderably.

By this time ſeveral of the party began to repent of their journey, and were much afraid of the damp and cold air we frequently experienced. But, alas! there was no retreating.

On walking ſome little diſtance farther, we entered into a kind of ſaloon, cut out of the rock, and ſaid to be exactly under the *Egliſe de St. Jacques*. This was illuminated with great taſte, occaſioned an agreeable ſurpriſe, and made us all ample amends for the danger and difficulty we had juſt before gone through. At one end was a repreſentation in miniature of ſome of the principal forts in the Indies, with the fortifications, draw-bridges, &c. Cannons were planted, with a couple of ſoldiers to each, ready to fire. Centinels were placed in different parts of the garriſon, particularly before the governor's houſe; and a regiment of armed men was drawn up in another place, with their general in the front. The whole was made up of a kind of clay which the place affords, was ingeniouſly contrived, and the light that was thrown upon it, gave it a very pretty effect.

On the other ſide of this hall, was a long table ſet with cold tongues, bread and butter, and ſome of the beſt Burgundy I ever drank. Now every thing was hilarity and mirth; our fears were entirely diſpelled, and the danger we dreaded the moment before, was now no longer thought of. In ſhort, we were all in good ſpirits again, and proceeded on our journey about two miles farther, when our guides judged it prudent for us to aſcend, as we were then got to the ſteps which lead up to the town. We here found ourſelves ſafe, at the *Val de Grace*, near to the Engliſh benedictines convent, without the leaſt accident having happened to any one of the party. We imagined we had walked about two French leagues, and were abſent from the ſurface of the earth betwixt four and five hours.

After we had thanked the inſpectors and guides for their very great civility, politeneſs, and attention, we took our leave to viſit the Engliſh benedictine convent, in whoſe court-yard, and within a few yards of their houſe, the roof of the ſubterraneous paſſage had given way, and fallen in, the depth of one hundred and ninety-three feet.

Though there was ſome little danger attending our raſh expedition (as ſome people were pleaſed to term it) yet it was moſt exceedingly agreeable, and ſo perfectly a *nouvelle* ſcene, that we were all highly delighted, and thought ourſelves amply repaid for our trouble.

I regretted much that I did not take a thermometer and barometer down with me, that I might have had an opportunity of making ſome remarks on the temperature and weight of the air. Certainly, however, it was colder at this time than on the ſurface of the earth. But Mr. Smeathman informed me, that when he deſcended the laſt winter, in the long and hard froſt, he found the air much more temperate than above ground, but far from warm. Neither, however, had he a thermometer with him. I lamented too that I had not time to make more remarks on the petrefactions, &c.

Mr. Smeathman obſerved, that when he deſcended, he found a very ſenſible difficulty of breathing in ſome of the paſſages and caverns, where the ſuperincumbent rock was low, and the company crowded. This no doubt was much increaſed by the number of perſons and of wax-lights, but he does not apprehend that the difficulty would have been ſo great in rooms of equal dimenſions above ground. We remarked too, when we deſcended, that there was in ſome degree an oppreſſion of reſpiration throughout the whole paſſage.

There were formerly ſeveral openings into the quarries, but the two I have mentioned, viz. the *Obſervatory* and the *Val de Grace*, are, I believe, the only ones left; and theſe the inſpectors, keep conſtantly locked, and rarely open them, except to ſtrangers particularly introduced, and to workmen who are always employed in ſome part by the king.

The police thought it a neceſſary precaution to ſecure all the entrances into this cavern, from its having been formerly inhabited by a famous gang of robbers, who infeſted the country for many miles round the city of Paris.

As to the origin of this quarry, I could not, on the ſtricteſt enquiry, learn any thing ſatisfactory; and the only account I know publiſhed, is contained in the *Tableau de Paris, Nouvelle edition, tome premier, chapitre, 4me. page 12me.*

"Pour batir Paris dans ſon origine, il a fallu prendre la Pierre dans
" les Environs; la conſommation n'en a pas été mince. Paris s'agran-

“ diſſant a bâti inſenſiblement les Fauxbourgs ſur les anciennes Carrieres, de ſorte que tout ce qu'on voit en dehors, manque eſſentiellement dans la terre aux Fondemens de la Ville ; de la, les Concavités effrayantes, qui ſe trouvent aujournd'hui ſous les maiſons de pluſieurs quartiers ; elles portent ſur les Abymes. Il ne faudroit pas un choc bien conſiderable, pour ramener les pierres au point d'ou on les a enlevés avec tant d'effort. Huit perſonnes enſevelies dans un Gouffre de cent cinquante Pieds de Profondeur, et quelques autres accidens moins connus, ont excité enfin la vigilance de la Police, et du gouvernement ; & de fait, on etage en ſilence les edifices de pluſieurs quartiers, en leur donnant dans ces obſcurs Souterreins un apui qu'ils n'avoient pas.

“ Tout le Fauxbourg St. Jacques, la Rue de la Harpe, & meme la Rue de Tournon, portent ſur d'anciennes Carrieres, & l'on a bati des Pilaſtres pour ſoutenir le Poids des maiſons. Que de matiere a reflexions, en conſiderant cette grande ville formée, & ſoutenue par moyens abſolument contraires ! ces Clochers, ces Voutes des temples, autant, de ſignes, qui diſent a l'oeil ce que nous voyons en l'air manque ſous nos Pieds.

“ For the firſt building of Paris, it was neceſſary to get the ſtone in the environs, and the conſumption of it was very conſiderable. As Paris was enlarged, the ſuburbs were inſenſibly built on the ancient quarries, ſo that, all you ſee without is eſſentially wanting in the earth for the foundation of the city : hence proceed the frightful cavities, which are at this time found under the houſes in ſeveral quarters. They ſtand upon abyſſes. It would not require a very violent ſhock to throw back the ſtones to the place, from whence they have been raiſed with ſo much difficulty. Eight men being ſwallowed up in a gulph one hundred and fifty feet deep, and ſome other leſs known accidents, excited at length the vigilance of the police and the government, and, in fact, the buildings of ſeveral quarters have been privately propped up ; and by this means, a ſupport given to theſe obſcure ſubterraneous places, which they before wanted.

“ All the ſuburbs of St. James's Harp-ſtreet, and even the ſtreet of Tournon, ſtand upon the ancient quarries ; and pillars have been erected to ſupport the weight of the houſes. What a ſubject for reflections, in conſidering this great city formed, and ſupported by means abſolutely contrary ! Theſe towers, theſe ſteeples, the arched roofs of theſe temples are ſo many ſigns to tell the eye, that what we now ſee in the air, is wanting under our feet.”

CONGRESS OF WELSH BARDS.

EISTEDDFOD, 1792.

AT the Congreſs of the Welſh Bards, or *Eiſteddfod*, held 29th and 30th of May laſt, at the Townhall, Denbigh, the London Gwyneddigion Society's Annual Medal and Chair for the beſt Poetical Writer *On the Maſſacre of the Welſh Bards by Order of Edward the Firſt*, being the given ſubject propoſed by the ſaid Society, were adjudged to

Mr. Robert Williams, alias *Robyn Erch*, of Llys Padrig in Eifionydd, Carnarvonſhire. This bright genius is no more than 21 years of age, and is a deſcendant of that much-admired Bard, *Dafydd Nanmor*, who ſhone conſpicous about the year 1460, and reſides on the ſame ſpot where that celebrated Bard lived and died, his father being now proprietor of ſaid *Dafydd Nanmor*'s eſtate.

The Chair for the beſt Writer on Extempore Subjects was adjudged to Mr. Robert Davies, of Nantglyn, near Denbigh.

Second Day, the Medal and Vocal Chair, for the beſt ſinger of *Penillion* with the Harp, were adjudged to Mr. John Jones, of Llan-Nefydd, near Denbigh, now juſtly honoured with the appellation of *The Welſh Leoni.*

The Welſh Catch was conteſted for by two brothers, viz. Mr. David Owen alias *Ebedydd Siberi*, and Mr. William Owen, of Maes y groes; which was won with much difficulty by the latter.

That celebrated catch never was performed with ſuch unparalleled judgment before. The hall reſounded with repeated applauſe; after judgment was given, the catch was twice encored.

The grand Medal adjudged to the ingenious Mr. Williams coſt the Society five guineas: on the front of which is a beautiful emblematical device; on the other ſide, an inſcription ſignifying for what and when given; with the following lines, the young Bard's own production:

Llyma ddu odfa adfyd, o wewyr,
I wiw awen hyfryd,
Beunydd, a gorthrwm benyd,
Cwyn y beirdd yw acen byd.

Cyfyndra rhwyga yn rhagor, arnynt,
Oer-nod och dieiſor;
Mal cwrwgl yn mwnwgl môr,
Boenau ing, heb un angor!

Ffoi'ſant yn drech i lechu, ae afar,
A gofid o'u dentu,
Cryg lwfr feirdd, craig lefair fu,
O! tybiais yn attebu!

On chairing the young Poetical Hero, at the requeſt of the company, the following lines, written by a member of the Gwyneddigion Society, were ſpiritedly addreſſed to the Bard:

No wonder then, as thou firſt drew thy breath
Where Nanmor ſtruggled with vindictive Death,
That ſimple Nature thus ſhould thee inſpire,
In natal hour, with lofty Nanmor's fire;
Thy infant form, methinks, experienc'd aid
From David Nanmor's tranſmigrated ſhade;
E'en at the font, in pledge of future good,
The Muſe and Nature for thy ſponſers ſtood.
Break not their bonds, by Prudence guided be,
The Muſe and Nature have been kind to thee.

Repoſe thy hope in Candour's brighteſt ray—
Let mad Ambition to her cauſe give way,
There reſt content with what plain Nature yields,
Which far exceeds the crops of claſſic fields.

RHAIADR.

An Engliſh ode, compoſed for the occaſion, was alſo well performed, and met with general approbation; upon which the principal Bard gracefully roſe from his chair and paid the following compliment to the author of the piece:

Puroriaeth odiaeth hywiw-deg
M—SH—L.
Mwya anſawdd ſwyndeg,
'Roes i ni o fri di freg,
Awch Awenydd Ychwaneg.

ROBYN ERCH.

The meeting was remarkably well attended, and the whole buſineſs conducted with ſuch chearfulneſs and propriety as could not fail giving the higheſt ſatisfaction to every party.

From the great exertions of genius in the riſing ſons of the Muſe, there is every reaſon to hope that, in the courſe of time, Antient Britiſh Poetry will be reſtored to its original purity, the beauties of which have been held in the higheſt eſteem; and the prizes given at the Eſteddfods are not conſidered as trifling ſpurs to emulation. J.

THE KING'S LIBRARY AT PARIS.

SINCE the *bouleverſement* of the French nation, many thouſand volumes, to the three hundred thouſand which before adorned the King's noble library at Paris, were brought thither, but are ſtill lying in the utmoſt confuſion. This acceſſion the learned and polite librarian, l'Abbé Deſauneys, conſiders to be a very great acquiſition, even to that, the fineſt library in the world; a library the beſt furniſhed and the beſt conducted of any; for, as poor old Matthew Green ſays in his *Seeker*,

'Tis plain, without turnpikes, ſo nothing to pay.

Not aſking whence they came, I cannot ſay they are the gleanings of religious houſes, but it is very probable they are. This great magazine of knowledge is open every day in the week to *ſtrangers*; Paris ſo much inferior to London, in all other reſpects, daily offers, not only the King's library, but many others, where literary men may keep *the beſt company in the world, without dreſs or expence*. But, in London, *ſuch company* cannot be approached without both, and ſcarcely then. Is not this a national diſgrace? I know not any object in the whole city of Paris which can ſtrike the eyes of a ſtranger with more reverential awe than to ſee ſo noble a ſtructure as the king's library, in *Rue Richlieu wainſcoted* with four hundred thouſand volumes; and adorned with globes, terreſtrial and celeſtial, nearly twenty feet diameter, where chairs, tables, paper, ink, &c. are placed for its viſitors, to read, take notes, and waiters who attend to give them the books called for, without an idea of pecuniary recompence. Perhaps too, at *this time*, it is the *only* ſpot in that city where there does not appear *ſtrong marks* of the diſorder in which the great machine of government is thrown.

An Account of KEDDLESTONE HALL, *in* DERBYSHIRE, *the Seat of Lord* SCARSDALE.

KEDDLESTONE HALL, the ſeat of lord Scarſdale, is one of the fineſt houſes in the kingdom. The principal front is beautiful; it extends three hundred and ſixty feet, conſiſting of a centre, and two wings of pavilions. The portico is light, and conſiſts of ſix very fine pillars, which ſupport the tympanum, at the points of which are ſtatues. The garden front is a very uncommon one, but light; the centre has no window in it, but four pillars project from the wall, and ſupport as many ſtatues; between them are niches with ſtatues in them alſo.

The Egyptian hall is a very noble room; and has in it a very magnificent range of Corinthian columns of Derbyſhire marble. Here are two ſtatues, one of Apollo, and the other of Meleager. The chimney-pieces are of ſtatuary marble, one of which repreſents the rape of the Sabines, by Michael Angelo, and the other the continence of Scipio, by the ſame maſter.

The north muſic room is thirty-ſix feet long, by twenty-four wide, and tweny-two feet high, finiſhed with ſtucco, an Ionic entablature, antique ceiling, compartments and ornaments. The chimney-piece is of ſtatuary marble. Among the paintings here are Bacchus and Ariadne, a very capital piece, by Guido; the temple of Flora, by Viviano; an old man's head, the expreſſion of which is remarkably fine, by Rembrandt; and the Roman charity, by ſignora Pozzi.

The drawing-room is hung with blue damaſk, antique ceiling, coved, and very elegant. A Venetian window, and the door-caſes, are finely finiſhed with Corinthian columns in alabaſter. The chimney-piece is of ſtatuary marble. The cornice is ſupported by two whole length female figures, very neatly executed. The tablet in the frize is virtue rewarded with riches and honour, in baſſo-relievo. Among the paintings in this room are Olympia and Orlando, by Annibal Caracci; there is great expreſſion in theſe figures, the attitudes are ſtrong, and the colouring fine; the death of the Virgin, by Raphael; Jupiter and Io, by Andrea Sacchi; a Magdalen, by Annibal Carracci; a holy family, by Raphael; another by Guido.

The library is thirty-ſix feet long by twenty-four broad, and twenty-two high. The ceiling is Moſaic; the chimney-piece of ſtatuary marble, Doric columns, with baſes to ſupport the cornice. Among the paintings here are Adam and Eve, by Carlo Lotti; Lot and his daughter, by the ſame maſter; Daniel interpreting to Nebuchadnezzar, by

Rembrandt; Rinaldo and Armida, by Nicholas Pouſſin; and Andromeda chained to the rock by Guido.

The ſaloon is a very elegant room, a circle, forty-two feet diameter, in which are ſome good paintings and very fine ſtatues.

The dining-room is finiſhed with ſtucco; the ceiling painted, and very elegant. In the circles are Europe, Aſia, Africa and America; in the middle circle Love embracing Fortune; in the oblong ſquare, the four ſeaſons, expreſſed by the Triumphs of Venus, Apollo, Bacchus, and Æolus: the whole executed in a very neat and elegant manner. The chimney-piece is of ſtatuary marble. The glaſſes are elegant, and the ſlabs of Sienna marble. Among the paintings in this room are, Hagar and Iſhmael, by Ciro Ferri; a landſcape by Claude Lorrain; and two landſcapes from Milton's Allegro, by Zuccarelli.

In the family pavilion are an anti-room and a breakfaſt-room, finiſhed with Freſco paintings and antique ornaments, after the baths of Diocleſian.

There are ſeveral landſcapes in lady Scarſdale's dreſſing-room, and good paintings in ſome other rooms.

The architecture of Keddleſtone is light and pleaſing, and it is, upon the whole, a very noble houſe. The environs are finiſhed in a manner equal to the buildings. In the front of the houſe, for a conſiderable extent, is a fine winding river. The lawns hang very well to the water, and are bounded by woods of noble oaks, in a moſt pleaſing manner. The approach from Derby is through one of theſe woods, and the road leaving it you gain an oblique view of the houſe; but entering another very fine wood, it is loſt; and on coming out of the dark grove, you break at once on the houſe, backed with ſpreading plantations, which have a noble effect. The water winds before it through the vale in the moſt agreeable manner. You command both the reaches that form the iſland, and move up to the houſe over a very fine bridge of three large arches.

From the garden front lady Scarſdale has traced with great taſte a pleaſure ground—a winding lawn decorated with trees, ſhrubs, and great knots of wood, and a gravel walk through it: it winds up the vale between two hills to the right; is parted from the park on each ſide by a ſunk fence; and as the ſcattered trees and clumps are prettily varied, they let in, as the walk riſes on the hill, very picturesque views of the lake and the adjoining woods. It riſes to the ſummit, and there commands a very noble proſpect of all the adjacent country. You look down into the park vale, with a large river winding through it, accompanied with ſpreading lawns, and bounded by very noble woods of oak. Around the whole is a vaſt range of waving hills, broken into incloſures of a good verdure, and hanging to the eye in various ſweeps.

This magnificent ſeat, which is ſituated about four miles from Derby, was built by the preſent lord Scarſdale, from a deſign by the ingenious Mr. Adams, and will long remain a monument of the ſkill of the architect and the munificence of his lordſhip. Very few buildings excel this in point of ſituation, magnificence, and conveniences of every kind. This ſpot has been, for ages, the reſidence of the Curzon family; and the church, which nearly touches the houſe, affords ſome ancient, and many modern monuments, all to the memory of the Curzons. Two of the latter deſerve particular examination, both for the beauty of the deſigns and elegance of the ſculpture. The outſide of this church attracts the attention of travellers, from the circumſtance of its being totally covered with ivy; it really makes a very ſingular appearance; and even the windows of the tower are cloſed up by it; but this ivy will, in time deſtroy its ſupport.

SELICO; *an* AFRICAN TALE:

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FLORIAN.

IF, as the Perſians aſſert, we might believe that the univerſe is in ſubjection to two principles, of which one does the little good which is conſpicuous, and the other the evil every where ſo abundant, we ſhould be inclined to believe that Africa is the place where the evil principle, in a particular manner, exerciſes his power. No portion of the globe produces ſuch variety of poiſons, ſo many wild beaſts and venemous reptiles. The little which we know of the hiſtory of Morocco, of the negroes of Adra, of Jaggas, the native inhabitants of the coaſts, as far as the country of the Hottentots, bears a remarkable reſemblance to the natural hiſtory of lions, panthers, and ſerpents, which are ſo worthy of partaking this parching region with the cannibal princes which ſell and eat the fleſh of their priſoners. In the midſt of theſe diſguſting and horrible ſcenes, where ſome ſell their children, and others eat their captives, we ſometimes may diſcover traces of natural juſtice, of genuine virtue, of conſtancy in ſuffering, and a generous contempt of death. Theſe examples rare as they may be, are ſufficient to intereſt us in this degraded part of the human ſpecies, to make us remember that they ſtill are men: juſt as in a barren deſart, a few ſolitary blades of verdure, which the traveller is from time to time delighted to diſcover, ſuffice to convince him that he ſtill threads upon the earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, ſituated on the coaſt of Guinea, beyond the Cape of three points, and not far from Sabi, its capital, there lived, in the year 1727, a poor widow, named Darina; ſhe was the mother of three ſons, whom ſhe had brought up with a tenderneſs fortunately common in human nature, but very uncommon in the climates where children are conſidered as an article of trade, and ſold for ſlaves by their unfeeling parents. The eldeſt of theſe was called Guberi; the ſecond Teloa, and the youngeſt Selico. All of theſe were amiable and ſenſible; they adored their good mother, who, now grown old and infirm, lived only by their induſtry. The wealth of this family only conſiſted of a hut, in which they lived together, with a little field contiguous, the maize of which was their ſupport. Every morning, taking it by turns, one of the three brothers went to the chace, another worked in the field, the third remained at home with their mother: in the evening they met; the huntſman produced his partridges, parrot, or perhaps a little honey; the huſbandman brought fuel, while he who ſtayed at home provided their common meat. They ſupped affectionately together, contending who ſhould be moſt attentive to their mother: they received her bleſſing, and reclining upon ſtraw, by the ſide of each other, they went to ſleep, expecting the morrow.

Selico, the youngeſt of the brethren, went often to the town to carry the firſt fruits of the harveſt, the offering of this poor family, to the temple of the great divinity of their country. This god, it is well known, is a huge ſerpent of that ſpecies which are not venomous, and do no injury; on the contrary, they deſtroy theſe ſerpents which are venemous; they are ſo venerated at Juida, that it is conſidered as a horrible crime to put one to death. Thus the number of theſe ſacred ſerpents has multiplied without end: in the midſt of their towns and villages, and even within houſes, one meets, at every ſtep, theſe deities, who come familiarly to feed at the tables of their worſhippers, ſleeping near their fires, and producing their young upon their beds; which laſt is conſidered by them as the happieſt of omens.

Of all the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackeſt, the beſt made, and the moſt amiable. In the temple of their great deity he had ſeen the young Beriſſa, daughter to the chief prieſt, who, by her figure, her beauty, and her grace, was far ſuperior to all her companions. Selico conceived a paſſion for her, and was beloved in return. Every Friday, the day ſacred among the negroes to repoſe and religion, the young lover appeared at the temple, paſſed the day in the ſociety of his dear Beriſſa, told her of his mother, his tender paſſion, and of the happineſs they ſhould enjoy when united in marriage. Beriſſa did not appear to conceal that ſhe equally deſired this moment to arrive; and the venerable Farulho, her father, who approved of the connection, promiſed, with embraces, ſoon to reward their tenderneſs.

At length this period, ſo anxiouſly expected, drew nigh. The day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and the two brothers had made ready the hut for the young couple, when the famous Truro Audati, king of Dahomai, whoſe rapid victories have been celebrated even in Europe, invading the kingdom of Ardra, exterminating the inhabitants, and advancing at the head of his formidable army, was checked only by the great river which bounded the realms of the ſovereign of Juida. This laſt, a weak and timid prince, governed by his women and his miniſters, did not think even of collecting a few troops to oppoſe the conqueror. He believed that the deities of the country knew well enough how to defend the entrance, and carried to the banks of the river all the ſacred ſerpents that could be got together. The prince of Dahomai, ſurpriſed and indignant at having only reptiles to combat, threw himſelf into the ſtream with his troops, and gained the oppoſite bank; and very ſoon theſe gods, from whom miracles were expected, were cut to pieces, roaſted on the fire, and devoured by the conquerors. Then the king of Juida, thinking that nothing elſe could ſave him, abandoned his capital, and haſtened to conceal himſelf in a remote iſland. The warriors of Audati ſpread themſelves every where, carrying with them fire and ſword. They burned the crops, towns, and villages, and maſſacred without mercy all that they could find.

Terror diſperſed the few inhabitants who eſcaped the carnage. The three brothers, on the approach of the conquerors, had taken their mother on their ſhoulders and haſtened to conceal themſelves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while ſhe was expoſed to the ſmalleſt danger; but the moment he ſaw her in ſafety, trembling for the fate of Beriſſa, he flew to Sabi, to ſave or periſh with her. Sabi was taken by the Dahomians. The ſtreets flowed with blood! the houſes were plundered and deſtroyed; the palace of the king, and the temple of the ſerpent, were nothing but ſmoking ruins, covered with dead bodies, whoſe heads, according to cuſtom, the barbarians had carried away. The wretched Selico, in deſpair, and wiſhing for death, ventured many times among the ſoldiers intoxicated with brandy and blood! Every where did Selico ruſh among the horrid ſcenes, ſeeking Beriſſa and Farulho, pronouncing their names ſorrowfully aloud, and unable to recognize their bodies among ſo many mutilated trunks.

After dedicating five days to this terrible ſearch, doubting not but that Beriſſa and her father had become the victims of the ferocious Dahomians, Selico determined to return to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The fixed ſorrow of Selico, his manner, and his wild looks, terrified this unhappy family! Darina lamented his misfortune, and tried various conſolations; to all of which her ſon was inſenſible. He refuſed all nouriſhment, and ſeemed determined to expire by famine. Guberi and Teloa did not attempt to diſſuade him by argument and reaſon, but they pointed to their venerable parent, who had neither houſe nor bread, nor any thing left but her children. They demanded of him, whether at that ſight he had not the courage to live?

Selico promiſed that he would, and forced himſelf to think of nothing but of dividing with his two brothers the tender attentions which they paid their parent. They plunged into the woods, went ſtill farther from Sabi, built themſelves a hut in a remote valley, and thought of ſupplying by the chace, the maize and the vegetables which they were without.

Deprived of their bows and arrows, and of all their other neceſſaries, which they had no time to carry away, they ſoon began to feel the extreme of miſery. Fruits were in theſe foreſts rarely to be found, where the prodigious number of apes were always prepared to diſpute them with the three brothers. The earth produced nothing but graſs. They had no inſtrument to turn, nor grain to plant it, The rainy ſeaſon came on, and the horrors of famine attacked them. The poor mother, ſtill in miſery, reclining upon a bed of dry leaves, was ready to expire, but without a complaint. Her ſons, exhauſted by hunger, could no longer penetrate the woods, which were deluged every where: they laid traps for the little birds which came near their hut, and when they took one, which rarely happened, for they had no longer any bait; they carried it to their parent, and preſenting it to her, forced from her a ſmile; but ſhe would not eat it unleſs divided with her children. Three months paſſed without any promiſe of change in their miſerable ſituation. Compelled at length to take ſome ſtep, they held a conſultation at the deſire of Darina. Guberi propoſed firſt, that they ſhould penetrate as far as the coaſt, and ſell one of their number to the firſt European they might meet; and to purchaſe with the money bread, maize, and inſtruments of agriculture, with which they might ſupport their mother. The brothers replied to this, but with a a melancholy ſilence.—'To ſeparate from each other for ever! to become the ſlaves of white men!' the idea almoſt drove them to diſtraction. 'Which ſhall be ſold?' cried Teloa, in a tone of grief. 'Lots muſt decide it,' replied Guberi. 'Let us place three ſtones of different ſizes in this clay veſſel, ſhake them together, and he who draws the leaſt, muſt be the unhappy perſon.'—No, 'my brother' interrupted Selico, 'the lot is already drawn. I am the moſt miſerable of all; you forget that I have loſt Beriſſa, and that you alone prevented me from dying, by ſaying I might be uſeful to my mother. Confirm what you have ſaid—this is the time—ſell me!'

Guberi and Teloa attempted in vain to oppoſe the generous purpoſe of their brother; Selico reſiſted their expoſtulations, refuſed to draw his lot, and threatened to go by himſelf if they would not accompany him; at length the two eldeſt gave way. It was agreed that Guberi ſhould continue with his mother, and that Teloa ſhould conduct Selico to the Dutch fort, where he ſhould receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he ſhould immediately return with the proviſions which they wanted. When this was determined, Selico alone forebore to weep; but he found it difficult indeed to reſtrain them when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal adieu, embrace her for the laſt time, and, what is more, deceive her by promiſing ſoon to return with Teloa, ſaying that they were only about to viſit their former habitation, and to ſee if they could again take poſſeſſion of it. The good old woman believed them, yet ſhe could hardly tear herſelf from her ſon's arms: ſhe trembled at the dangers they were about to encounter: and, by an involuntary motion, ran after Selico the moment ſhe loſt ſight of his perſon.

The two brothers, of whom it could not be ſaid which was the moſt unhappy, in a ſhort time arrived at Sabi. Murder had then ceaſed, peace began again to ſmile, the king of Dahomai, undiſturbed poſſeſſor of the territory of Juida, wiſhed to encourage a commerce with the Europeans, whom he invited to his city. Many Engliſh and French merchants were received at the monarch's court, who ſold them his numerous priſoners, and divided among his troops the lands of the vanquiſhed. Teloa ſoon found a merchant who offered him an hundred crowns for his young brother. As he heſitated, trembled in all his limbs, and diſputed about this horrible bargain, a trumpet was heard, and a public cryer announced with a loud voice, that the king of Dahomai promiſed four hundred ounces of gold to whomſoever would bring him alive a young negró, who the night before had dared to profane the ſeraglio of the monarch, and had eſcaped toward the eaſt, from the purſuit of the guards. Selico heard the proclamation, made a ſign to Teloa not to conclude his bargain with the merchant; and, taking his brother aſide, ſpoke to him thus in a firm tone, 'You are come to ſell me, and I wiſhed that you ſhould, in order to ſupport my mother; but the ſmall ſum which this white offers you cannot prove of material importance; four hundred ounces of gold will ſecure certain wealth for ever to you and to Darina. You muſt get this, my brother; bind me this moment, and carry me to the king as the guilty perſon whom he wants. Be not alarmed, I know as well as you do what puniſhment I have to expect. I have calculated how long it will indure: it will not exceed an hour, and when my mother brought me forth ſhe ſuffered more.'

Teloa trembling could make no reply; penetrated with tenderneſs and affection, he fell at the feet of Selico, embraced his knees, conjured him in the name of his mother, of Beriſſa, by all he held dear, to renounce his terrible purpoſe. 'Of whom do you ſpeak,' ſaid Selico, with a ſevere ſmile. 'I have loſt Beriſſa, and I wiſh to meet her again. I ſave my mother's life by my death, I make my brothers rich for ever, and I eſcape a ſlavery which might be protracted for forty years. My choice is made, preſs me no farther, or I go and ſurrender myſelf; you will then loſe all advantage by my death, and you will occaſion miſery to her to whom we owe our lives.'

Awed by the manner and the accent in which Selico pronounced theſe laſt words, Teloa ventured not to reply; he obeyed his brother, went and got cords, bound his hands behind him, bathing the knots with his tears, and making him walk before him, proceeded to the king's palace.

Stopped by the guards he demanded an audience of the king; he was announced and introduced. The king of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious ſtones, was reclining on a ſcarlet ſofa, his head reſting on the boſom of his favourites, who were dreſſed in rich brocaded ſilks, but were naked from the waiſt upward. His miniſters and officers, ſuperbly dreſſed, were proſtrate twenty feet from him. The moſt valiant were diſtinguiſhed by a collar of human teeth, each of which teſtified a victory. Many females with muſquets on their ſhoulders guarded the door of the apartment. Large golden vaſes containing palm wine, brandy, and ſtrong liquors were placed at ſome diſtance from the king, and the hall was paved with the ſculls of his enemies. 'Sovereign of the world!' cried Teloa, proſtating himſelf on the ground, 'I come in compliance with your ſacred orders to deliver into your hands—' He could not finiſh, and his voice died away upon his lips. The king interrogated him, but he could make no reply. At length Selico began:

'King of Dahomai, ſaid he, 'you ſee before you the wretch who, induced by a guilty paſſion laſt night, penetrated the receſſes of your ſeraglio. He who brings me here in chains was a long time my friend, and I did not fear to truſt him with my ſecret. Zeal for your ſervice has prevailed with him to violate his friendſhip. He ſurpriſed me in my ſleep, has loaded me with chains, and comes to demand the reward; give it him, for the miſerable man has deſerved it.'

The king withont vouchſafing any anſwer, made a ſign to one of his officers, who viewing the priſoner, gave him into the cuſtody of the female guards, and paid Teloa the four hundred ounces of gold. This laſt, taking the gold, the touch of which agonized his ſoul, went and purchaſed proviſions; and, precipitately leaving the town, made haſte to his mother.

Already by order of the prince, they were making ready the horrible puniſhment to which they are doomed who commit adultery with the wives of the ſovereign. Two large trenches are ſunk at a ſmall diſtance from each other. In that which is intended for the guilty female, they fix the unfortunate culprit to a ſtake, and all the women of the ſeraglio, clothed in their moſt ſumptuous dreſſes, carrying in their hands large veſſels of boiling water, advance to the ſound of tabors and flutes, to pour this water upon her head till ſhe expires. The other trench contains a a pile of wood, upon which they place a croſs bar of iron, which is ſupported by two raiſed ſtakes. To this bar the criminal is ſecured, fire is ſet to the pile, and the wretched creatures periſh, after protracted torments being only reached by the extremities of the flame.

The place was filled with people; the troops under arms formed a ſquare, bearing their ſpears and muſquets; the prieſts, in their dreſſes of ceremony, waited for the two victims to lay their hands upon them and devote them to death. They appeared from different corners, guarded by the armed females. Selico, calm and reſigned, advanced with his head raiſed up. When he came toward the ſtake he could not avoid lifting his eyes toward the companion of his miſery. What was his aſtoniſhment and grief on beholding Beriſſa! He uttered a loud cry, and would have darted to her, but was withheld by the executioners. Soon his firſt emotion gave way to indignation. "'Wretch! that I am,' he cried, 'while I courted death, hoping again to meet her, ſhe was among theſe vile females who contend for a tyrant's affections. Not content with her perfidiouſneſs in love, ſhe was alſo faithleſs to her maſter; ſhe deſerved the title of adultereſs, and the puniſhment of her crime. Oh, my mother! for thee alone I die—it is on thee alone that I can bear to think!'

At this inſtant the wretched Beriſſa recognized Selico, uttered a loud ſcream; ſhe called the prieſts, and declared to them aloud, that the young man they were about to kill was not he who had penetrated the ſeraglio. She ſwore this by the heavens, the mountains, the thunder, and the moſt auguſt of the ſacred ſerpents. The prieſts intimidated, ordered the execution to be ſuſpended, and ran to inform the king, who was himſelf preſent. Indignation and fury diſturbed the countenance of the monarch when he approached Beriſſa. 'Slave!' ſaid he, in a terrible voice—'thou who contemneſt the love of thy maſter, thou whom I would have raiſed to the rank of my firſt ſultana, and who, in ſpite of your refuſal, I have ſuffered to live, what is your purpoſe in pretending to deny the guilt of your accomplice? Doſt thou wiſh to ſave him? If this be not thy lover, name who he is—deliver the guilty to my juſtice, and I will releaſe the innocent!'

'King of Dahomai,' replied Beriſſa, who was already ſecured to the fatal ſtake, 'I cannot accept thy heart, I poſſeſs not my own; I did not fear to tell you ſo. Do you think, that ſhe who would not live to ſhare a crown, would ſpeak a falſehood at the moment of death? No, I confeſs all, and repeat my refuſal. A man did laſt night enter my apartment, he did not leave it till the morning;—but this was not the man! You aſk me to name him; I ought not, I will not; I am ready to die; I know that nothing can ſave me, and I only protract the fatal moment to prevent you from perpetrating a crime. I again ſwear to you, king of Dahomai, that the blood of this innocent perſon will fall upon your head: releaſe him, and puniſh me! I have no more to ſay.'

The king was ſtruck with Beriſſa's words, as well as with her manner of pronouncing them. He gave no orders, but declining his head, was aſtoniſhed at the reluctance which he this moment felt to ſhed blood. But remembering that this negro had accuſed himſelf, and attributed to love, the intereſt which Beriſſa diſcovered for him, all his rage was rekindled. He made a ſign to the executioners; the pile was lighted, the women advanced with their veſſels of boiling water, when an old man out of breath, covered with wounds and duſt, burſt through the crowd, and ſuddenly threw himſelf at the feet of the king.

'Stop!' ſaid he, 'I implore you to ſtop: I alone am the guilty perſon; it is I who have burſt through the walls of your ſeraglio, attempting the delivery of my daughter. I was once the high prieſt of the deity who was here adored. They tore my child from my arms, and conducted her to this palace. Since that time, I have eagerly ſought an opportunity to ſee her again. This laſt night I penetrated to her apartment—in vain did ſhe attempt to follow me, for your guards diſcovered us. I eſcaped alone, notwithſtanding the arrows with which you ſee me pierced. I come to offer you your victim! I come to expire with her, for whom alone I deſired to live!

He had hardly finiſhed when the king commanded the prieſts to releaſe the unhappy priſoners, and bring them before him. He examined Selico, wiſhing to know what important motive could induce him voluntarily to ſeek ſo dreadful a puniſhment.

Selico, whoſe heart panted with joy at finding Beriſſa again, and faithful, was not afraid to reveal every thing to the monarch. He related to him his misfortunes, the diſtreſſes of his mother, and the reſolution he had taken to obtain for her the four hundred ounces of gold. Beriſſa and her father heard him with tears of delight and admiration: the chiefs, the ſoldiers, and the people melted with tenderneſs: the king himſelf perceived tears to fall, which never before had bedewed his cheeks.—Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians themſelves adore it.

After hearing Selico, the king gave him his hand, and bade him riſe; and, turning to the European merchants, whom this ſpectacle had collected, 'You,' ſaid he, 'to whom wiſdom, experience, and the illumination of a long civilization, have ſo long taught what is the ſpecific value of a man, of how much value think you is this?' A young Frenchman more bold than the reſt, exclaimed, 'Ten thouſand crowns of gold!'—'Which ſhall be given to Beriſſa,' ſaid the king, 'with this ſhe may purchaſe the hand of Selico.

This order was executed on the ſpot, and the king of Dahomai retired, aſtoniſhed at feeling a delight he had never before experienced.

Farulho the very ſame day gave his daughter to Selico. The young couple, accompanied by the old man, departed next day with their treaſure, to go in ſearch of Darina. She, as well as the brothers of Selico, were ready almoſt to expire with joy. This virtuous family ſeparated no more, but well enjoyed their riches, and in a barbarous region, offered, for a long period, the faireſt example which heaven could give to the earth—that of happineſs and wealth produced by virtue.

An Account of the WINTER DRESS *and* DIVERSIONS *of the* RUSSIANS, *with other Particulars of their* MANNERS *and* CUSTOMS.

FROM SWINTON'S TRAVELS.

THE firſt day of the year is a great day at court: every ſtar, garter, and ribbon, is waiting upon her imperial majeſty. The cannons, drums, and trumpets are all at work: theſe are the drawing-room furniture of an imperial palace.

It is now deſperately cold weather, no leſs than twenty-five degrees of Reaumur. I ſhall be frozen to a ſtatue. We drive about the ſtreets and upon the Neva in ſledges, of a different conſtruction from thoſe uſed for travelling; ſome reſembling a ſmall boat, and others the body of an open chaiſe. The higher ranks in general, however, uſe their coaches, placed upon a ſledge frame: and it is merely for an hour's amuſement when they drive in ſledges.

Every gentleman and lady of the lower order, *as long* as they have a copic to ſpend, lay it out chearfully in hiring the ſtreet-ſledges, ranged at all the corners, *pro bono publico.* They look like ſo many phaetons by the ſpeed of their horſes; only their carriages have no wheels.

The iſhwhoſhics, or ſledge-drivers, make it a point of honour to paſs every other brother of the reins; they uſe no whips; there is a continual ſtruggle for ſuch preeminence. Their horſes are excellent; few of them worth leſs than twenty or thirty guineas. The iſhwhoſhics, by a peculiar management of the reins, make them anſwer the double purpoſe of a whip, and indeed they have but to ſpeak to their geldings if they wiſh them to run; they cannot ſtop them ſo eaſy. I have never ſeen horſes with more ſpirit. Peter I. uſed thoſe ſtreet coveyances, in common with his ſubjects; and it frequently happened that he had not money in his pocket to pay the fare: on which occaſion he borrowed of ſome perſon or other to diſcharge it. Peter's attention to great matters left no time to think of little matters, for which little men will never forgive him. The Ruſſian beau attends his miſtreſs in a ſledge, ſitting with her or ſtanding behind. The grand field, where they parade, is the Neva. It is the race ground where the gentlemen diſplay their expertneſs at driving, and the fleetneſs of their nags; a part of the frozen river is railed in for the purpoſe. But, in ordinary, there is racing every where, and it is well if one eſcapes being rode down. This gives conſtant exerciſe to the eyes in watching, as well as to the feet in getting clear off. And this, I preſume, may be the cauſe of the quick ſtep and look of the Peterſburghers. There is a perpetual flight in the ſtreets, to preſerve legs and arms, and the word pady, or get out of the way, reſounds from morning to night. Street travelling is much cheaper here in winter than in ſummer. The ſledges are very numerous: many of the Ruſſians in the country, whoſe work is put an end to by the froſt, come into town with their horſes, and commence hackney ſledgemen. When ſummer returns, the gentlemen and ladies are turned out of their carriages, and again preſs the pavement with their feet. The wheel carriages are double and triple the expence of the winter equipage. There are no regulations for the hire; a circumſtance which very frequently calls forth the moſt violent exertions of oratory. The iſhwhoſhic knows by a glance of your countenance how much to aſk —If you are a foreigner, he demands five times his fare; if a Ruſſian, he only aſks double. Calculating upon receiving a half of his demand from each. The hirer makes an offer *en paſſant;* it is refuſed, and he walks away; the iſhwhoſhic endeavours to perſuade him to give more, until the gentleman is out of hearing, when, being convinced that argument is fruitleſs, he drives after him, and receives the paſſenger without exchanging another word. Thoſe ſledges actually add to the ſeverity of the Ruſſian climate. The quickneſs of their motion, if the wind is in your face, occaſions, beſide the increaſed coldneſs, a ſenſation as if your brow was cut with a razor. Againſt this you muſt defend yourſelf as you can by the aid of a muff, which covering the whole of your face, you ſit very comfortably while taking an airing in the dark. The ladies have the advantage of their male relations: they paint inch thick; which, if it does not add to their beauty, at leaſt prevents them from being froſt bitten; I ſee the fair damſels galloping in twenty degrees of Reaumur, without even a bonnet; while the ſons of Mars, ſwords, bucklers, *and all*, are rolled up in ſable. Vanity in our ſex has the ſame effect as paint in the other. A Ruſſian beau of the firſt magnitude deſpiſes a warm dreſs, as it ſpoils his ſhape:—he ſtruts in ſilk ſtockings, a hat and cockade; and as often as the cold will permit, he throws his fur cloak aſide, to diſplay his ſilk breeches, and ſatin veſt.

The police are very attentive to preſerve the people from uſing improper freedoms, or expoſing themſelves to this ungracious climate. The theatres and all places of public amuſement are ſhut, when the cold is ſeventeen degrees of Reaumur. A cuſtom of the Ruſſian nobility and gentry makes this regulation abſolutely neceſſary. Aſiatic pomp prevails here, as much as at Iſpahan or Delhi, in defiance of ice and ſtorms. They make their attendants wait with their carriages wherever they go, for one, or for ten hours, as it happens, let the cold be ever ſo violent. The miſerable grins of thoſe half frozen wretches, convince me that it is not their choice: the coachmen are ſometimes frozen to death, upon their boxes. I ſhall talk of the hardineſs of the natives when I have ſeen it. Could I forget for a moment ſuch barbarity, this affected pomp of frozen attendants would be truly laughable. Every gentleman who is entitled by his rank, rather than by his fortune, to be drawn by ſix horſes, muſt have that number: but no regard is had to quality, ſize, or colour; ſo that it is common to ſee among the ſix horſes, four of different tints. The coachmen have beards, hanging to their girdles, and from every hair depends an iſicle: the poſtillions are all young boys, blowing their fingers: add to this portrait the ſheep-ſkin doublet, and a cap of the ſame ſtuff, as black as if the ſkins were already prepared for ſhoe leather. To contraſt this ſpectacle, the great man within, and his two or three liverymen behind the chaiſe, are covered with gold lace. Many of the nobility go to the other extreme, and the magnificence of their carriages, their horſes, and their ſervants, are becoming only crowned heads.

The Ruſſian jubilee has commenced. Ice hills are erected upon the Neva, and all the apparatus of a Bartholomew Fair. The river is crowded with the beſt, and with the worſt company: much is the noiſe of men, and dogs, and boys. There muſt be at leaſt thirty thouſand people aſſembled. Her imperial majeſty Catherine II. drove amid her ſubjects in a ſledge, followed by ſeveral others, with the attending officers of the court. A party of the Huſſar guards eſcorted her majeſty. The ſame day appeared the grand duke and ducheſs, and after them came their children, the young grand dukes and ducheſſes. We had with us the whole imperial houſe of Ruſſia, and they were received with every demonſtration of loyalty and affection. The ſevere winter procured the Neva this honour. Theſe aſſemblies do not take place upon the river unleſs when the ice has attained ſuch a thickneſs as may inſure ſafety. This winter is uncommonly ſevere, and ſeems remarkable, even to the Ruſſians. There is no riot with all this buſtle—not a ſurly look, nor a ſingle blow given or received. The Ruſſians are ſo buſy in drinking, ſinging, and laughing, that they have no time for quarrelling. The police are watcſhul; but there does not appear to be much reaſon for their vigilance. The temples of Bacchus and of Venus now open their gates. Theſe are built here of a conſtruction proper for the climate, having ſtoves, folding doors, and double windows. The ſtaggering votaries of the former make the air reſound with their ſongs. A Ruſſian never walks by himſelf when he gets drunk, if he can lay hold of a friend: three or four ſtagger in concert, and, very ſociably knock their heads together. They get drunk in company, and riſe and fall as one man. They do not tipple for hours; they ſwallow as much in two or three minutes as completely does the buſineſs they came about. If there be no ſophas at hand, they can make a ſhift to lie wherever they tumble. With regard to love, and to dreſs, a beard a yard long is in high eſtimation among the fair nymphs of Ruſſia. The Scotch have a merry air beginning with

The Carle he came o'er the craft
With his beard new ſhaven.

Such a preparation in a Ruſſian lover would go near ruining his *ſuit*. The commonalty have ſtill a greater veneration for this fringe of human hair, notwithſtanding the efforts of their monarchs to root it out; and it is only thoſe depending upon government, in the army and navy, who have yet complied with the cuſtom and the wiſh of the court. Thoſe who retain their beards, retain likewiſe the ancient dreſs; the long ſwaddling coat, either of ſkins, or of coarſe cloth lined with ſkins, in winter, and in ſummer, of cloth only. About their middle they have a ſaſh of any colour; but what they moſtly effect, is green or yellow. They wear trowſers inſtead of breeches, and ſtockings; their limbs are, beſides, wrapped in many folds of woollen ſtuffs to keep them warm, and above all they wear boots. Their ſhirts are faſhioned as women's; their necks expoſed to the cold, and as hard and impenetrable, from this practice, as a piece of adamant. Government continue to exert every nerve to compel the ſubjects to adopt the German dreſs. The clergy alone excepted, none can procure any place, any favour from court, upon other condition than baniſhing the Aſiatic ſheep-ſkin robes. The worn-out veteran retires with a penſion, upon the expreſs terms of never again aſſuming the habit of his fathers. But ſo zealouſly attached are the multitude to former manners, and ſo honourable do they eſteem them, that a Ruſſian dreſſed in his beard and gown, tells you by his looks that he has not proſtituted the memory of his anceſtors.

The dreſs of the women is the reverſe of the men, both in faſhion and colour; every part of it being as ſhort and tight as decency will allow, and as gaudy as their copies will admit. The dreſs of the Ruſſian women is exactly the ſame with that of the Highland women in Scotland: both have the ſhort jacket, the ſtriped petticoat, and the tartan plaid; and both too in general have a napkin rolled about their head. The Ruſſian women are, however, far more elegant and rich in their attire; nor is gold lace wanting to ſet off their charms, any more than the art of painting. The young generation are modernizing theſe antic veſtments; the ſtiff embroidered napkin is ſupplanted by one of flowing ſilk; the jacket and petticoat are of muſlin, or other fine ſtuffs; and the plaid is exchanged for a ſilk or ſatin cloak, in the cold ſeaſon, lined with fur. The better claſs of females wear velvet boots. The dreſs of the higher ranks is after the French and Engliſh faſhion: and all muſt have a covering of fur ſix months of the year. Thus equipped, the prince and the peaſant are hurled in their chaiſes and ſledges through the dreary Scythian winter.

CHARACTER OF KING WILLIAM III.

BY DR. SOMERVILLE.

THE dawn of his life was lowering and clouded, and little promiſed that luſtre which brightened the meridian day. He was born in the ſeventh month, a few days after the death of his father, whoſe authority had been declining under the oppoſition of the Louveſtein faction. The ſon, while in his cradle, was ſtripped of all his hereditary dignities and offices by a general aſſembly of the States. His conſtitution was weak, his fortune narrow and embarraſſed, his education cramped and neglected. The native vigour of his genius, called forth by the diſtreſſes of his country, confuted theſe inauſpicious preſages of fortune, and rendered his future life an uninterrupted career of patriotiſm and glory.

The ambition of Lewis the fourteenth, intruding into the frontiers of Holland, firſt opened to the young prince a theatre for the diſplay of thoſe aſtoniſhing endowments, which proved him to be worthy of the honours, as well as the name, of his renowned anceſtors. He was appointed admiral, captain general, and at laſt reſtored to the office of ſtadtholder.

The magnanimity, the exertion, and the perſeverance, by which the prince of Orange defeated the intrigues and the armies of Lewis, not only protected the liberties and engaged the confidence of his country, but recommended him to the ſurrounding powers of Europe, trembling for their independency, as the fitteſt perſon to form and conduct a ſcheme of confederate reſiſtance to the uſurpations of France. While the grandeur of the deſign flattered his ambition, its connection with the liberties of the States intereſted his patriotic zeal.

In the ſequel of his hiſtory, it is difficult to ſay which we ought moſt to admire, the variety and excellence of his talents, or the ſucceſs with which they were crowned. By a comprehenſive diſcernment of the political intereſts of Europe; by penetration into the characters of individuals; by addreſs in negotiation, he cemented ſtates and princes, whoſe intereſts and prejudices ſeemed moſt oppoſite and irreconcilable. By the firmneſs of his reſolution; by fortitude under the moſt diſaſtrous events; by fertility of expedients, he at laſt ſurmounted every difficulty; chaſtiſed the ambition of Lewis; exhauſted the ſtrength of France; and wrought the deliverance of Holland, England, Spain and the Empire.

As the moſt illuſtrious fame is annexed to exploits in the cauſe of liberty, ſo, without a nearer inſight into character, we are at a loſs to decide, in particular inſtances, whether they reſult from the ſordid motives of ſelf-intereſt and ambition, or the more exalted ones of virtue and public ſpirit. That the love of liberty was predominant in the character of William; that his ambition was under the direction of principle, and ſubſervient to the cauſe of juſtice and the rights of mankind: is atteſted by the uniform tenour of his actions. Private emolument was with him no conſideration, when the intereſt of his country was at ſtake. The alluring bait of royalty he repelled with diſdain, when propoſed to him, upon terms ruinous to the freedom of his country. His acceſſion to the throne of England will appear no argument againſt this concluſion, with thoſe who conſider, not only how important it was to her deliverance, but that it was an eſſential link in the chain of meaſures, which was to connect and eſtabliſh the liberties of Europe. If William had not aſcended the throne of England, the grand alliance could never have been completed, and rendered efficient to overpower the armies of France, aided by James, maſter of the liberties of his ſubjects.

That liberality of deſign, which dignified his negociations and extended his influence upon the continent, was no leſs conſpicuous in the ſcheme of his domeſtic policy and government. By an impartial diſpenſation of favours to all parties in Holland and England, he moderated their violence, and employed their united ſtrength in the defence of public liberty. No flattery nor zeal for his perſonal aggrandiſement, ever ſeduced him to give ſcope to the reſentment or uſurpation of any party. It was the deſire of his heart to accompliſh the moſt extenſive plan of religious toleration; and, though he found himſelf thwarted by the prejudices of the people, yet he never relinquiſhed his liberal purpoſes from the dread of obloquy or miſrepreſentation. His opinion in queſtions, of the greateſt political moment, he maintained with a firmneſs, rather honourable to his character, than favourable to his intereſts.

That his reſpect for religion was not feigned and political, but ſincere and conſtant, appeared, not only from his regular and decent attendance upon the duties of ſocial worſhip, but from the time and attention he allotted to private devotion. It was remarked, that he never mentioned the truths of religion, but with ſerioufneſs and veneration; and that he expreſſed upon all occaſions, indignation againſt examples of profaneneſs and licentiouſneſs. He maintained great equanimity under all viciſſitudes of fortune; being neither immoderately elated with proſperity, nor dejected with adverſity. Often fretted by the rudeneſs of faction, and the jealouſy and diſcontents of his ſubjects, he ſtill regulated his temper by the dictates of prudence, and reſigned his private inclinations and intereſts for the ſake of public peace: Though liable to ſudden ſallies of anger, yet he never harboured reſentment in his breaſt; and he even treated ſome of thoſe perſons, from whom he had received the higheſt perſonal injuries, with mildneſs and generoſity. To ſum up his talents and his virtues: he poſſeſſed great natural ſagacity, a retentive memory, a quick and accurate diſcernment of the characters of men. He was active, brave, perſevering; and, to theſe qualities more than to his ſkill as a general, he was indebted for his military ſucceſs. His knowledge in politics was extenſive and profound ; his application to buſineſs ardent and indefatigable. An enthuſiaſtic lover of liberty, he was ever true to his principles ; faithful in the diſcharge of every truſt committed to him ; and in the characters of the ſtateſman and general, acquired the confidence and praiſe of his friends, and excited the admiration and dread of his enemies.

His talents and virtues belonged to the reſpectable, rather than to the amiable claſs ; and were formed to command eſteem, more than to engage affection.

For literature and the fine arts he diſcovered no taſte. He had acquired none of thoſe graces which animate converſation, and embelliſh character. A ſilence and reſerve, bordering upon ſullenneſs, adhered to him, in the more retired ſcenes of life, and ſeemed to indicate not only a diſtaſte for ſociety, but a diſtruſt of mankind. He was greatly deficient in the common forms of attention. His favours loſt much of their value, by the coldneſs of the manner in which he conferred them. He did not enough accommodate himſelf to the open temper of a people, who had ſo freely devoted their allegiance to him. His warm and ſteady attachment to a few friends demonſtrated that he was not deſtitute of private friendſhip. He was occaſionally ſurpriſed into indulgences of mirth and humour ; which ſhewed, that he was not inſenſible to the relaxation of ſocial amuſement. But the infirmities of his conſtitution ; the depreſſion of his early ſituation ; a fatal experience of deceitfulneſs and treachery, derived from his political intercourſe with mankind, the ſeriouſneſs and weight of thoſe objects, which continually preſſed down his mind, controlled a propenſity, however ſtrong, to confidence affability, and pleaſantry, and introduced habits of conſtraint and gravity, which draw a veil over the attractions of virtue ; and frequently contribute, more than vicious affections, to render character unpopular.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to ſelect, from the various and wide range of biography, any two characters, which form a more perfect contraſt, than that which opens, and that which cloſes, the period of this hiſtory.

In the character of Charles the Second, we are ſtruck with a brilliancy of wit, and gracefulneſs of manners, deſtitute of any one ingredient of principle or virtue ; with politeneſs, affability, gaiety, good humour, every thing that captivates imagination, or gives delight for the moment.

In the character of William, we turn our eyes to ſterling merit, naked and unadorned ; to ſtern integrity, incorruptible patriotiſm, undaunted magnanimity, unſhaken fidelity ; but no ſplendid dreſs or gaudy trapping, to arreſt the attention of the ſuperficial obſerver. A deliberate effort of the underſtanding is neceſſary to perceive and eſtimate its deſerts.

Charles, with all his vices, was beloved while he lived, and lamented when he died.

William, with all his virtues, reſpected abroad, reſpected by poſterity, never obtained, from his ſubjects and contemporaries at home, the tribute of affection and praiſe, adequate to the merit of his virtues, and the importance of his ſervices.

THE VAGARIST.

N° IV.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 1792.

NON VELLE VIDERE JUSTUS SED ESSE. ESCH.

THE matter I had prepared for this day I ſhall poſtpone, in order to preſent my courteous readers with the following letter from an anonymous correſpondent.

TO THE VAGARIST.

SIR,

HAPPY to find, at a time when every tongue and every pen is employed in political diſcuſſions, that there yet remains, as in the days of Steele and Addiſon, a corner where the abſtracted moraliſt may claim a ſeat; I take the liberty to preſent you with a trifle, that when indiſpoſition, or other avocations, interrupt your ſpeculations, may be thought worthy of inſertion.

Your's, &c.

B.

MORAN'S RING.

IN the reign of *Feardachno-ſion-ſeachnaght*, the one hundred-and-ſecond monarch of Ireland, as ancient annals relate, lived the famous and upright judge MORAN, in whoſe poſſeſſion was a ring of ſuch wonderful virtue, that if put about the neck of any judge or witneſs pending a trial, or pronouncing ſentence, if either the one ſwerved from truth, or the other from juſtice, it immediately contracted itſelf in ſuch a manner, that to avoid death by ſtrangulation, they were obliged openly to retract their falſe evidence or corrupt deciſion. It was not only in caſes like theſe that this wonderful ring was employed, it was made the inſtrument, under the wiſe and mighty monarch who then reigned, of correcting many abuſes, and the crimes of individuals, who, without ſuch a detection, might have continued with impunity. By this means, the ſtifled will was often brought to light; the unfeeling guardian who robbed the fatherleſs, the orphan or the widow, was forced to diſgorge his plunder; the hard-eyed uſurer to reſtore the ſequeſtered pawn and his unconſcionable intereſt; and the hypocrite to confeſs his lewdneſs.

Reading this account lately, a ſhort time before my uſual hour of reſt, it left an impreſſion that continued in my ſleep.

I conceived myſelf in a large and lofty hall, crouded (ſuch is the inconſiſtency of dreams) with a confuſed aſſemblage of ancient and modern characters. There I ſaw the old Kern, in his plaid and philibeg; the modern blood, with cropped hair and long breeches; the haughty purveyor, and the ſupple attorney; the ſteel-clad baron, and the jeſſamy fopling; the ſtately dowager with her enormous train, and the flippant counteſs without any; beſides theſe, a countleſs herd of lawyers, phyſicians, knights, ſoldiers, grooms, peers, biſhops, proctors, governors, jailors, pawnbrokers, prime miniſters, lottery-men, projectors, contractors, and many others I cannot now remember.

At the end of this great hall, which I think had alſo the appearance of a court of juſtice, I perceived, ſitting on a ſtone bench, with a plain railing before him, an old man, in the act of adminiſtering juſtice, whom I ſoon underſtood to be the venerable Moran, whoſe wonderful hiſtory I had been reading. One of his knees ſupported a book, which his left hand kept open, while in his right he held a golden hoop, or ring, the ſight of which ſeemed variouſly to affect the ſurrounding croud, ſeveral of whom appeared to doubt its taliſmanic virtues, while ſome, not indeed ſo great in number, expreſſed in their countenances a deſire it might be tried, and a faith in its operations, while a great majority of the perſons preſent, viewed it with an anxiety not unmixed with horror.

The venerable ſage now ordered one of the company to be brought forward: he was an ancient purveyor, who under the pretence of providing for the neceſſities of his ſovereign, had deſolated an entire province by his extortions. The judge aſked him how it came to paſs, that he, whoſe father was but a poor peaſant, could rival in ſplendor and expence, the moſt ancient and opulent families?—The culprit was mute, when the ring being applied to his throat, his pride inſtantly forſook him, and in the faltring accents of detected villainy, he confeſſed a thouſand acts of unfeeling rapacity. Let his ill-gotten wealth, ſaid the judge, endow an hoſpital, and let him be turned to beg his bread in the province he has ravaged.

The next was a flaunting widow, who being aſked why the ſon of her late wealthy huſband, by a former wife, languiſhed in priſon for a debt contracted for his ſubſiſtence? Endeavoured at firſt to play off her arts and blandiſhments, but finding they had no effect on her inflexible judge, and that the tremendous ring was going to be applied, in accents, with a tone as mean as her former arrogance was unſupportable, confeſſed, that after with diſſembled tears and ſupplications, endeavouring, in vain, to make her huſband diſinherit his ſon, ſhe had, with the aſſiſtance of a pettifogging practitioner of the law, ſubſtituted inſtead of the real, a forged will, for the purpoſe of conſigning her huſband's child to want and beggary; and added, with ſobs, that her accomplice, whom ſhe had ſince privately married, having ſecured her property to himſelf, was gone off to another kingdom with her waiting maid. Let the property, ſaid the judge, be poſſeſſed by its lawful owner; as for you, madam, let poverty and your own reflections be your puniſhment.

After a great number of ſimilar trials, a tall meagre figure was brought to the bar, his duſky ſallow countenance carried in it the lines of ſtrong intellects, a deſperate courage hung upon his care-worn brow, while a cankered ſmile betrayed the corroſions of an offended conſcience: He was the younger ſon of a noble houſe, from whom he inherited nothing but immeaſurable ideas of wealth and grandeur, which he had determined to realize by a voyage to the Eaſt-Indies; where one of his uncles held an employment. Here for a number of years he practiſed every art, ſeverity, deceit and rapacity, that could accompliſh his end. At laſt, after having long lingered on theſe golden ſhores, he returned to his native country, enriched indeed, with the ſpoil of millions, but a bankrupt in health and character, and followed by the curſes of plundered thouſands. The judge aſked him, was all his enormous wealth, the reward of aſſiduous toil and honourable merchandize; the fruits of a laudable œconomy from the juſt profits of a diſtinguiſhed ſtation or lucrative poſt?

Unaccuſtomed to ſuch queſtions, and a ſtranger to control, he darted a furious look at the judge, defied his power, and refuſed to anſwer. The fatal teſt was inſtantly applied; it was applied in vain, for it only produced blaſphemous execrations; the colapſing circle at laſt ſtopped utterance and life, while guilt and horror remained even after death on his diſtorted viſage.

The dreadful ſcene ſo agitated my nerves, that I awoke, pleaſed to find the whole a dream. H

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

IN LONDON.

A Letter to the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT, *on his Apoſtacy from the Cauſe of Parliamentary Reform. To which is ſubjoined an Appendix, containing important Documents on that Subject.* 8*vo.*

THIS intelligent writer undertakes to prove, that the preſent time, ſo far from being unfavourable, is the moſt favourable that can be imagined, for a temperate reform; he even maintains, that the probable future influence of the French revolution, *whatever be its iſſue*, on the general ſentiments of Europe, marks the preſent moment as that in which a reform of the Engliſh conſtitution is not only ſafe and prudent, but urgent and indiſpenſable. From what is advanced on this topic, we ſelect, as particularly judicious and ſeaſonable, the following remarks. P. 30.

‘ Nothing indeed can be more evident, than that a mighty change in the direction of the public ſentiments of Europe is likely to ariſe from that revolution, whether it be ſucceſsful or unſucceſsful. If it be ſucceſsful, the ſpirit of extreme democracy is likely to ſpread over all Europe, and to ſwallow up in a volcanic eruption every remnant of monarchy and of nobility in the civilized world. The probability of ſuch effects is ſo ſtrongly believed by the enemies of that revolution, that it is the ground of their alarm, the ſubject of their invective, and the pretext of their hoſtilities. It was to prevent ſuch conſequences, that Mr. Burke ſo benevolently counſelled the princes of Europe to undertake that *cruſade* in which they are now ſo piouſly engaged.

If, on the other hand, the efforts of France be unſucceſsful; if her liberties be deſtroyed, there can be little doubt that ſuch a ſhock will moſt powerfully impel the current of opinion to the ſide of monarchy; a direction in which it will be likely for ſeveral ages to continue. The example of the deſtruction of the great French republic would diffuſe diſmay and ſubmiſſion among a multitude, who only judge by events;

and the bloody ſcenes which muſt attend ſuch a deſtruction, would indeed be ſufficient to appal the ſterneſt and moſt ardent champions of liberty. The ſpirit of Europe would crouch under the dark ſhade of deſpotiſm, in dead repoſe and fearful obedience. The royal confederacy which had effected this ſubverſion, would doubtleſs continue its concert and its efforts. The principle of maintaining the internal independence of nations, being deſtroyed by the example of France, no barrier would any longer be oppoſed to the arbitrary will of kings. The internal laws of all the European ſtates would be dictated by a council of deſpots, and thus the influence of moral cauſes on public opinion, cooperating with the combined ſtrength and policy of princes, "every faint veſtige and looſe remnant" of free government will be ſwept from the face of the earth.

'In either alternative, England cannot be exempt from the general ſpirit. If the phrenzy of democracy be excited by the ſucceſs of France; if the ſpirit of abject ſubmiſſion and of triumphant deſpotiſm be produced by her failure, in the firſt event the peace, in the ſecond the liberty of England is endangered. In the firſt event a furious republicaniſm, in the ſecond a deſperate toryiſm is likely to pervade the country. Againſt the prevalence of both extremes there only exiſts one remedy. It is to invigorate the democratic part of the conſtitution; it is to render the houſe of commons ſo honeſtly and ſubſtantially the repreſentative of the people, that republicans may no longer have topics of invective, nor miniſters the means of corruption. If the one ſpirit prevails, it is neceſſary to reform the houſe of commons, that the diſcontents of the people may be prevented. If the other ſpirit prevails, the ſame reform is neceſſary, that it may be ſtrong enough to reſiſt the encroachments of the crown. In the one caſe, to prevent our government from being changed into a pure democracy; in the other, to prevent it from being changed into a ſimple monarchy. In either event the ſame precaution is neceſſary. The ſame reform will preſerve the Engliſh conſtitution from the ſap of royal influence, and from the ſtorm of tumultuous democracy. A conſtitution which provided a pure repreſentative of the people, and which included only enough of monarchy for vigor, and only enough of ariſtocracy for deliberation, would bid a juſt defiance to the moſt magnificent and ſeductive viſions of democratic enthuſiaſm. A people who felt that they poſſeſſed a vigorous popular control on their government, could ſee little obnoxious, and nothing formidable in the powers of the peerage and the crown, and would feel none of that diſcontent which alone could make them acceſſible to the arts of republican miſſionaries. The ſucceſs of the French, the faſcinating example of their ſuperb democracy, will have no dangerous effects on the minds of *contented* Engliſhmen. But what wiſdom can avert the effects which muſt ariſe from ſuch a model of repreſentation, and ſuch a ſpirit as the ſucceſs of France will produce in Europe, if that ſpirit is to operate on a diſſatisfied people, and that model be perpetually compared with the ruins of a free government? In the alternative then of the ſucceſs of the French revolution, nothing ſurely can be ſo indiſpenſable as a ſpeedy reform in the repreſentation of the people.

'That to infuſe a new portion of popular vigour into the houſe of commons, is the only remedy that can be oppoſed to the triumphant toryiſm which the ſubverſion of the French republic muſt produce, is a propoſition ſo evident, as neither to demand proof nor to admit illuſtration. We have ſeen the influence of an odious and unpopular court victorious during a long reign, in hoſtility to the prejudice, and in defiance of the jealouſy of the people. What then are we to expect from that increaſed and increaſing influence, conducted perhaps with more dexterity in the cabinet, ſeconded with equal devotion in the houſe of commons, and aided by the blind enthuſiaſm of a people, who are intoxicated by commercial proſperity, and infatuated by all the prejudices of the moſt frantic toryiſm? Under ſuch a ſtate of things, what can prevent the formation of an uncontrouled monarchy, and the abſorption of every power by a court, from which Engliſhmen are to learn what remnant of perſonal ſecurity it will vouchſafe to ſpare, what formality of public freedom it will deign to endure, with what image of the conſtitution it will indulge and amuſe an infatuated rabble.

'Such are the effects which the ſucceſs or the ſubverſion of French democracy ſeem calculated to produce on the temper and ſentiments of the European nations. This therefore is the moment to repair and to ſtrengthen the Engliſh conſtitution. The fate of France hangs in ſuſpence. Her ſucceſs is yet too dubious, widely or dangerouſly to diffuſe a ſpirit of imitation; and the conteſt between her and the deſpotic league is ſtill too equal to plunge the people of Europe into the lethargy of ſervility or deſpair. This then is that pauſe of tranquillity, during which we have to prepare againſt the hurricane with which we are menaced. This therefore is the moment when what was before expedient is become neceſſary; when that reform is now ſafe, which in future may be impracticable or dangerous. Reform was before uſeful to improve; it is now neceſſary (and perhaps the period of its efficacy is ſhorter than we may imagine) to preſerve the government. Menaced by the predominance of a democratical or a monarchial ſpirit, give the people their rights, and they will not be provoked to demand more; create an independent houſe of commons, and the power of the crown will be checked; deſpotiſm and tumult will be equally averted; the peace of the country will be preſerved; the liberty of the country will be immortalized.'

CLAUDINE.

A SWISS TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE FLORIAN.

[*Concluded from Page* 225.]

"CLAUDINE, ſurpriſed to find any one who did not deſpiſe her, kiſſed his hands, without ſaying a word. He ſpoke to her in the moſt friendly manner, and inquired after his good brother the Curate: he dwelt with pleaſure on the good deeds of that worthy man, and obſerved, that one of the moſt pleaſing duties of their miniſtry was to conſole the unhappy, and heal the broken-hearted. Claudine liſtened with reſpectful gratitude, he appeared to her as an angel ſent from heaven to comfort her. After ſupper ſhe retired to bed in a calmer ſtate of mind, and if ſhe did not ſleep, ſhe at leaſt reſted.

" On the morrow, the good Curate ſearched through Salenches for a little chamber where Claudine might lie-in. An old woman, called Madame Felix, offered an apartment, and promiſed ſecrecy. Claudine repaired thither in the evening, the Curate paid three months rent in advance, the old Lady paſſed her for a niece lately married at Chambery, and every thing was ſettled. Indeed it was high time; for the fatiguing journey, and the agitation of mind that Claudine had ſuſtained, brought on her labour-pains that very evening: although only ſeven months gone with child, ſhe produced a boy beautiful as the day, whom Madame Felix cauſed to be baptized by the name of Benjamin.

" The Curate was deſirous of immediately putting the child out to nurſe, but Claudine declared with tears in her eyes, that ſhe would rather die than be ſeparated from Benjamin: ſhe was allowed to keep him for the firſt few days, and at the end of theſe days her maternal fondneſs had encreaſed. The Curate reaſoned with her; repreſented to her, that ſuch conduct deprived her of all hopes of ever returning to Chamouny, or of being reconciled to her father: Claudine's only anſwer was to embrace Benjamin. The time ſlipt on, Claudine nurſed her child, and remained with Madame Felix, who loved her with all her heart.

" The fifty crowns from her father, and the little money Nanette had put into her bundle, had hitherto paid her expences. Nanette did not dare to come to ſee her, but ſhe ſent her all ſhe could ſpare, and thus Claudine wanted for nothing. She employed her time in learning to read and write of the old lady, who had formerly kept a ſchool at Bonville, and in taking care of Benjamin. Claudine was not unhappy, and little Benjamin grew charming. But ſuch happineſs could not laſt. One morning the Curate of Salenches came to pay her a viſit.

" My dear girl," ſaid he, " when I received you under my protection, when I covered your fault with the mantle of charity, my deſign was, to take care of your child, to enable him to gain his bread! and I hoped, during that interval, to have appeaſed the anger of your father; to have prevailed with him to receive you once more into his houſe, where your repentance, your modeſty, your love of virtue, and of labour, might gradually have induced him to forget the diſtreſſes of which you had been the ſource. But this plan you have yourſelf oppoſed. With what eyes could Simon look upon this child; he muſt neceſſarily remain a laſting monument of your miſconduct and diſgrace. I can diſcern by your eyes that your choice is made; but you ought to conſider, that you cannot always remain with this good woman, whoſe circumſtances, however deſirous ſhe might be of befriending you, render it impoſſible. The money that Nanette ſends you, is taken from the ſupport of herſelf and her family. Nanette labours the ground while you careſs Benjamin, and Nanette has been guilty of no fault. You have but one reſource, which is, to go into ſervice either at Geneva or Chambery; and I doubt whether, without ſeparating from your child, you would eaſily find a place. I allow you two days to reflect cooly on theſe matters. You will then inform me of your determination, and depend on it, I will do every thing in my power to aſſiſt you." Claudine was ſenſible of the truth of all the Curate had ſaid, but ſhe found it impoſſible for her to live without Benjamin. After paſſing a day and a night in reflecting on what ſhe ought to do, ſhe at laſt reſolved, and, after writing a letter to the Curate, acknowledging all his kindneſs, which ſhe left on her table, ſhe made a bundle of her cloaths, tied up twenty crowns which ſtill remained in a handkerchief, and taking Benjamin in her arms, ſhe departed from Salenches.

"She took the road to Geneva, and ſlept at night at Bonville; for, on account of little Benjamin, ſhe could not travel far. The ſecond day ſhe arrived at Geneva. Her firſt care was to ſell all her female attire, and provide herſelf with a ſuit of man's cloaths; ſhe even ſold her fine black hair, and bought a knapſack, into which ſhe put her cloaths. She faſtened the ring, which ſhe had always hitherto worn on her finger, round her neck. Thus clad like a young Savoyard, with a ſtout ſtick in her hand, her knapſack on her back, a-top of which Benjamin was ſeated, claſping his hands round her neck, ſhe ſet out from Geneva on the road to Turin.

"She was twelve days in croſſing the mountains, and people were ſo much pleaſed with the air and appearance of this handſome little Savoyard, and of the child whom ſhe carried on her back, and called her little brother, that ſhe was hardly allowed to pay any thing, but commonly diſcharged her reckoning by amuſing the company with ſome of the little beautiful ſongs peculiar to her country; ſo that when Claudine arrived at Turin, ſhe had ſtill ſome of her money left, with which ſhe hired a little garret, bought a bruſh and blacking, and, followed by little Benjamin, who never left her, ſhe ſet up a little ſtall for blacking ſhoes, in the Palais Royal, under the name of Claude.

"During the firſt days ſhe gained but little, becauſe ſhe was aukward, and took a good deal of time to gain a penny; but ſhe ſoon became expert, and the work went on well. Claude, intelligent, active, alert, ran all the errands of the quarter. Benjamin, during her abſence, ſat upon and guarded the ſtool. If there was a letter to be carried, a box to be removed, or bottles to be conveyed to a cellar, Claude was called in preference to any other. She was the confidant and aſſiſtant of all the lazy ſervants in the neighbourhood, and in the evening often carried home a crown as the gains of the day. This was fully ſufficient to ſupport her and Benjamin, who every day increaſed in ſtature and in beauty, and became the favourite of all the neighbourhood.

"This happy life had laſted for more than two years, when one day Claudine and her ſon being buſy arranging their little ſtall with their heads bent towards the ground, they ſaw a foot appear upon the ſtool. Claudine took her bruſh, and without looking at the maſter of the ſhoe, immediately began her operation. When the moſt difficult part was done, ſhe raiſed her head.—The bruſh fell from her hands, ſhe remained immoveable: it was Mr. Belton whom ſhe beheld. Little Benjamin, who was not at all affected, took up the bruſh, and with a feeble hand attempted to finiſh the work of Claudine, who ſtill remained motionleſs, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Belton. Mr. Belton aſked Claudine, with ſome ſurprize, why ſhe ſtopped, and ſmiled at the efforts of the child, whoſe figure pleaſed him. Claudine, recovering her ſpirits, excuſed herſelf to Mr. Belton with ſo ſweet a voice, and ſuch well-choſen words, that the Engliſhman, ſtill more ſurpriſed, aſked Claudine ſeveral queſtions about her country and her ſituation. Claudine anſwered, with a calm air, that ſhe and her brother were two orphans who gained their bread by the employment which he ſaw, and that they were from the Valley of Chamouny. This name ſtruck Mr. Belton, and looking attentively at Claudine, he thought he recognized her features, and inquired her name. "I am called Claude," ſaid ſhe.—"And you are from Chamouny?"—"Yes, Sir, from the village of Prieure."—"Have you no other brother?"—"No, Sir, only Benjamin."—"Nor any ſiſter?"—"Pardon me, Sir."—"What is her name?"—"Claudine."—"Claudine! and where is ſhe?"—"Oh, I do not know, indeed, Sir."—"How can you be ignorant of that!"—"For many reaſons, Sir, which cannot intereſt you, and which it would make me weep to tell." Claudine, with the tears ſtarting in her eyes, told him ſhe had done. Mr. Belton, who did not go away, put his hand unto his pocket, and gave her a guinea. "I cannot change you," ſaid Claudine.—"Keep the whole," ſaid the Engliſhman, "and tell me, Would you be ſorry to quit your preſent employment, and accept of a good place?"—"That cannot be, Sir."—"Why not?"—"Becauſe nothing in the world would make me quit my brother."—"But ſupppſe he were to accompany you?"—"That would be another matter."—"Well, Claude, you ſhall be with me; I will take you unto my ſervice, you will be very happy in my houſe, and your brother ſhall accompany you."—"Sir," anſwered Claudine, a little embarraſſed, "favour me with your addreſs, and I will call you upon to-morrow."—Mr. Belton gave it her, and bade her not fail to come.

"It was well for Claudine that the converſation now terminated, for her tears almoſt ſuffocated her; ſhe haſtened to her chamber, and there ſhut herſelf up to reflect on what ſhe ought to do. Her inclination and her affection for Benjamin prompted her to enter into the ſervice of Mr. Belton; but his paſt treachery, and the promiſe ſhe had made to the Curate of Salenches, never to do any thing which might endanger her virtue, made her heſitate: but the welfare of Benjamin preponderated; ſhe reſolved to go to Mr. Belton, to ſerve him faithfully, to make him cheriſh his ſon, but never to tell him who ſhe was.

"This point being ſettled, the next morning ſhe waited on Mr. Belton, who agreed to give her good wages, and ordered her and her brother cloaths immediately. Mr. Belton now wiſhed to renew the converſation of yeſterday, and to enquire further concerning her ſiſter. But Claudine interrupted him. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "my ſiſter is no more; ſhe is dead of miſery, chagrine, and repentance. All our family have lamented her unhappy end; and thoſe who are not our relations have no right to renew ſuch melancholy reflections." Mr. Belton, more than ever aſtoniſhed at the ſpirit of Claude, deſiſted from further inquiry; but he conceived a high eſteem and a ſincere friendſhip for this extraordinary young man.

"Claude ſoon became the favourite of his maſter, and Benjamin, towards whom Mr. Belton found himſelf attached by an irreſiſtible impulſe, was for ever in his chamber. The amiable child, as if conſcious that he owed his exiſtence to Mr. Belton loved him nearly as well Claudine; and he told him ſo with ſuch ſweet innocence and ſimplicity, that the Engliſhman could not do without Benjamin. Claudine wept for joy, but ſhe concealed her tears. But the diſſipation of Mr. Belton afflicted the heart of Claudine, and made her fear that the hour of diſcovery would never arrive.

" By the death of his parents, Mr. Belton had, at the age of nineteen, been left maſter of a very large fortune, which he had hitherto employed in wandering over Italy, ſtopping wherever he found it agreeable to him, that is, wherever he met with agreeable women whom he could deceive and ruin. A lady of the court of Turin, rather advanced in life, but ſtill beautiful was his preſent miſtreſs: ſhe was lively, paſſionate, and very jealous of Mr. Belton. She required that he ſhould ſup with her every evening, and write to her every morning. The Engliſhman did not dare to refuſe. Notwithſtanding all this they had many quarrels: for the ſmalleſt cauſe ſhe would weep, tear her hair, ſeize a knife, and play a thouſand fooleries, which began to tire Mr. Belton. Claude ſaw and felt all this, but ſhe ſuffered in ſilence. Mr. Belton gave her every day freſh marks of confidence, and often complained to her of the unpleaſant life he led. Claude now and then riſqued a little advice, half joke and half ſerious, which Mr. Belton heard with approbation, and promiſed to follow to-morrow; but when to-morrow came, Mr. Belton returned to the lady more from habit than inclination, and Claude, who wept in private, affected to ſmile, while ſhe accompanied her maſter.

" At length there aroſe ſo violent a quarrel between the Engliſhman and the marquiſe, that he reſolved never again to go near her; and in order to prevent it, connected himſelf with another lady of the ſame place, no better than the former. In this change Claudine ſaw only a new ſubject of affliction. All that ſhe had done was to begin again; but ſhe reſigned herſelf to it without complaining, and continued to ſerve her maſter with the ſame fidelity as ever. But the marquiſe was not of a diſpoſition ſo eaſily to yield up the heart of her Engliſh lover. She had him watched, and ſoon diſcovered her rival; ſhe exhauſted every ſtratagem of intrigue to make him return; but in vain. The Engliſhman did not anſwer her letters, refuſed her appointments, and ridiculed her threats. —The marquiſe now in deſpair, thought only of revenge.

" One day, when Mr. Belton, followed by Claudine, was as uſual coming out of the houſe of his new miſtreſs about two o'clock in the morning, and, already diſpleaſed with her, was telling his faithful Claudine that he had thoughts of ſetting out immediately for London, ſuddenly four deſperadoes fell with poniards on Mr. Belton, who had hardly time to throw himſelf againſt the wall with his ſword in his hand. Claudine, on ſight of the aſſaſſins, ſprang before her maſter, and received in her boſom the ſtroke of a poniard aimed at Mr. Belton: ſhe inſtantly fell. The Engliſhman ſet furiouſly on the man who had wounded her, and ſoon ſtretched him on the pavement; and the three others, finding themſelves furiouſly attacked, quickly fled. Mr. Belton did not purſue them; he returned to his domeſtic, raiſed him, embraced him, and called on him with tears; but Claudine did not anſwer, for ſhe had fainted. Mr. Belton took her in his arms, carried her to his houſe, and laid her in his own bed, while others at his deſire ran for a ſurgeon. Mr. Belton, impatient to ſee the nature of the wound, unbuttoned Claudine's veſt, drew aſide the ſhirt covered with blood, looked, and beheld with aſtoniſhment the boſom of a woman.

"During this the ſurgeon arrives, and examines the wound, which he declares not to be mortal, as the weapon had ſtruck againſt the bone. The wound is dreſſed and ſtimulatives applied, but ſtill Claudine does not recover. Mr. Belton, who ſupported her head, perceives a ribbon round her neck; he pulls it, and diſcovers a ring. It is his own; the ſame that he had left on Montanverd to the beautiful ſhepherdeſs whom he ſo cruelly abandoned. Every thing is at once evident. He ſends for a nurſe, who undreſſes Claudine, and lays her in her own bed; and the poor girl, at length recovering her ſenſes, throws her eyes around, and ſees with aſtoniſhment the nurſe, the ſurgeon, her maſter, and Benjamin, who, awaked by all this noiſe, had riſen, and run half naked to his brother, whom he embraced with tears.

"Claudine immediately endeavoured to conſole Benjamin; then calling to mind what had happened, ſeeing herſelf in a bed, and reflecting with inquietude that ſhe had been undreſſed, ſhe quickly put her hand to the ribbon which held her ring. Mr. Belton, who watched her, ſaw in her looks the pleaſure with which ſhe found it was ſtill there. He then made every body leave the room, knelt down by the ſide of the bed, and taking the hand of Claudine.—"Do not be alarmed," ſaid he, "my ſweet friend: I know every thing, and it is for the happineſs of us both. You are Claudine, and I am a monſter. There is but one way that I can ceaſe to be ſo, and that depends upon you. I owe you my life, and I wiſh to owe my honour to you, for it is I who have loſt it, not you. Your wound is not dangerous; and as ſoon as you can go out, you ſhall beſtow on me the name of huſband, and pardon me a crime which I am far from pardoning myſelf. I have long ſtrayed from the paths of virtue, Claudine; but they will be the more agreeable when I am reſtored to them by you." Imagine the ſurpriſe, the joy, the tranſports of Claudine. She would have ſpoke, but her tears prevented her. She then perceived little Benjamin, who had been turned out with the reſt, and who, anxious about his brother, had ſoftly opened the door, and thruſt in his pretty face to ſee what was going forwards. Claudine ſhewed him to Mr. Belton, ſaying, "There is your ſon, he will anſwer you better than I can." He flew; Benjamin covered him with kiſſes, and, carrying him to his mother, he paſſed the remainder of the night between his wife and his child with a ſatisfaction of mind to which he had long been a ſtranger.

"In fifteen days Claudine was well. She had informed Mr. Belton of all that had happened to her. This endeared her to the Engliſhman, who was now fonder of her than the firſt time he ſaw her. Claudine now dreſſed as a woman, but with great plainneſs, entered the coach of the Engliſhman with Benjamin, and all three went ſtrait to Salenches to the houſe of the curate. The good man did not at firſt know Claudine; but at length recollecting her, he ran to old madam Felix, who was ſtill alive, and who almoſt died of joy when ſhe beheld Claudine

dine and Benjamin. The next day they ſet out for Chamouny, where Mr. Belton who was a Catholic, wiſhed that the marriage might be publicly ſolemnized in the pariſh-church of Prieure.

" In the evening the Curate of Salenches was ſent to demand the hand of his daughter of the terrible M. Simon. The old man received him with great gravity, heard him without teſtifying any joy, and gave his conſent in very few words. Claudine came to throw herſelf at his feet; he allowed her to remain a few ſeconds, raiſed her without a ſmile, and ſaluted Mr. Belton with great coolneſs. The good Nanette laughed and cried at the ſame time. On the road to church, ſhe carried Benjamin on one hand, and held her ſiſter with the other; the two Curates walked before, and old Madam Felix behind with M. Simon; all the children of the village followed ſinging ſongs.

" In this order they reached the church, where the ceremony was performed by the Curate of Salenches. Mr. Belton had the tables covered on the banks of the Arva, where every gueſt was welcome, and the whole village danced during eight days. He bought ſome good eſtates for old M. Simon, but he refuſed to accept of them. Nanette was not ſo impracticable. She accepted of an eſtate, and a handſome houſe which Mr. Belton gave her, and is now the richeſt and the happieſt woman in the pariſh. Mr. and Mrs. Belton went away in about a month, carrying with them the benedictions of every body. They are now at London, where I underſtand Benjamin has five or ſix brothers and ſiſters.

On the DISTRESSES *ſuſtained from* MISPLACED *and* OVERSTRAINED CIVILITY.

POLITENESS and hoſpitality, though in themſelves moſt amiable virtues, require a conſiderable portion of good ſenſe and knowledge of the world to govern the exerciſe of them; otherwiſe, even attended with the greateſt ſincerity, they frequently diſtreſs the parties on whom they are employed, more than the moſt violent attacks of malevolence: and what makes theſe ſufferings the more intolerable is, that ſhould the ſufferers complain, they are liable to be taxed, by ſuperficial reaſoners, with ingratitude. The truth of this aſſertion I moſt diſtreſsfully experienced in a late excurſion to draw ſome ancient ruins, in which my time was limited to three days. Unluckily ſome friends who knew my errand, prevailed on me to take letters of recommendation to different gentlemen reſiding near the ſubjects of my inveſtigation.

The firſt object of my enquiry was a ruined abbey, which belonged to a gentleman who reſided near it, and to whom I had a letter. As I was informed he was a man of taſte, and a lover of the arts, I therefore promiſed myſelf great pleaſure from his company, and contrived to reach his houſe the evening of my ſetting out. This I accompliſhed with much fatigue, intending to riſe early the next morning to make the propoſed drawing. On my arrival, I found him at tea with his family, in a chearful parlour, enlivened by a good fire, which, it being autumn, and the day rather cool, was far from diſagreeable. On producing my letter I was received with the greateſt cordiality, and the tea-table ordered to be removed to the beſt parlour. This, as the carpet and chairs were to be uncovered, the ſilver urn heated, and the fire lighted, took up a conſiderable time, which was farther prolonged by the ſmoaking of the chimney; ſo that it was impoſſible to endure the room for near an hour after it was ready. When the ſmoke had ſubſided, and the room was reported habitable, another delay took place, occaſioned by the abſence of the lady and her eldeſt daughter, they having ſlipt away, to make themſelves (as they expreſſed it) fit to be ſeen. All theſe matters combined in throwing back the ſupper till half an hour after ten o'clock. It was in vain for me to declare I never ate ſuppers, that the lighteſt meal prevented my ſleeping the whole night: a moſt ſumptuous ſupper was provided, and by dint of importunity I was forced to load my ſtomach with a variety of meats. This, with a cold caught by the dampneſs of the parlour, or that of the beſt bed, with which I was honoured, prevented me from cloſing my eyes all the night. Indeed we did not retire to bed till half an hour after two. The ſervants ſeized my boots, and on my remonſtrating againſt it, and mentioning my going out early in the morning, the lady of the houſe declared ſhe could not think of ſuffering me to go into the air with an empty ſtomach, but that ſhe would take care breakfaſt ſhould be ready by ten o'clock.

I was up and dreſſed long before the appointed hour, but as the ſervants had not been in bed the greateſt part of the night, my boots were not for a long time forthcoming. At half an hour after ten my landlord made his appearance, and apologized to me for his lady, who had overſlept herſelf, but would be down in ten minutes. Unluckily, the lady was of that age that ſtill (as ſhe thought) juſtified a pretence to admiration. Dreſſing was therefore a buſineſs not to be ſlightly hurried over; and that favourite counſellor, the glaſs, was ſo often and ſo minutely conſulted, that the clock announced the eleventh hour before madam made her appearance. The arrangement of the family plate, the diſplay of the beſt china, and a variety of other matters, made it near one hour before we aroſe from breakfaſt.

I was now making the beſt of my way to my horſe, when the gentleman and his lady informed me they intended to accompany me to the ruin. By half an hour after one we were fairly under way, but as it was not above a mile or two to the ſpot, the gentleman took us round about the grounds, to ſhew me ſome improvements he had lately made, and a pretty Chineſe ſummer-houſe planned by his lady. This took us up near an hour more; but in ſome meaſure to remedy the loſs of time, they undertook to lead me by a ſhort bridle-way through the fields to the centre of the ruins; but here we were again diſappointed; for, after paſſing through ſeveral gates, the laſt we came to was locked. We in vain attempted to pick the lock, or force it open; and as none of us would venture to leap it, were obliged to go back by the way we came. At length, however, by three o'clock we were actually on the deſired ſpot. I, who had previous to my ſetting out made myſelf acquainted with the ichnography of the building, and pitched upon the beſt point of view to draw it in, was proceeding to ſketch it; but the gentleman, who valued himſelf upon his taſte, inſiſted upon my going to two or three other ſtations, in order to ſee all the beauties of the ruin. Theſe he ſo minutely conſidered and diſcuſſed, that it was half an hour paſt three before I was permitted to return to the place I had firſt choſen.

The object was the moſt pictureſque that ever employed the pencil of an artiſt; the light was happily circumſtanced, and I had already ſketched in three parts of the view, when my friend came up with his watch in his hand, to tell me we ſhould with difficulty be home by dinner time, and that if we did not make haſte the veniſon would be over-roaſted. I made uſe of a thouſand arguments and intreaties to induce him to permit me to remain and finiſh my drawing; but he was inexorable, and beſides, told me, he had invited a neighbouring connoiſſeur to meet me, knowing it would give me pleaſure, and that I might come back and complete my ſketch after dinner.

We got back to a profuſe dinner, which I will not deſcribe, and did not leave the table till it was much too late to think of returning to the ruin; beſides, the lady inſiſted on my making one at a rubber of whiſt, which laſted till midnight, and it was near two of the clock before we retired to reſt.

Thus two days were conſumed without my having done a ſtroke in the buſineſs for which I came, and all occaſioned by an ill judged politeneſs, and miſplaced civility. F. G.

The PRESENT STATE *of the* REPRESENTATION *of* ENGLAND *and* SCOTLAND.

THE glorious privilege of being governed by laws to which we give our aſſent, is, we are told, the ineſtimable birth-right of an Engliſhman. As this principle is generally admitted, and as it is allowed on all hands that various abuſes have been introduced into the repreſentation of the country, it ſeems highly proper to inveſtigate the real ſtate of ſuch repreſentation; for without ſuch an enquiry, it ſeems morally impoſſible for the moſt ſenſible and acute politician to preſcribe a remedy. In doing this, it becomes neceſſary to ſearch into the ancient ſtate of each repreſented body, their political character, right of election, number of voters, and, laſtly, into that which is in fact the great cauſe of all the abuſes, into who is the *patron* or prevailing power in each county, city, borough, &c.

That power was originally in the people, is a fact that no one in his ſenſes will deny; and that in order to ſecure the liberties and properties of individuals, it becomes neceſſary for every community to delegate ſuch power to ſome one man, or body of men, to enact laws, and regulate occurrences. In the Britiſh conſtitution, this power is confided to the parliament, conſiſting of the King, the Lords ſpiritual and temporal, and the Commons, or repreſentatives of the people. To preſerve to the people their ſhare of the legiſlation, it is neceſſary that ſuch repreſentation ſhould be kept free and independent of the other ſtates. Our buſineſs, therefore, in the enſuing enquiry, will be to ſee how far ſuch independence has been maintained or treſpaſſed upon.

The conſtitutional form of parliaments, conſiſts in every Engliſhman poſſeſſing the privilege to be preſent either by himſelf or repreſentative. The peers ſit in the upper houſe, and legiſlate in perſon. The other part of the community legiſlate, as they neceſſarily muſt, by repreſentation. The neceſſity, therefore, of keeping this part of the conſtitution free from the influence of the other two, muſt be evident. Yet from various circumſtances we are compelled to confeſs that an influence does prevail; and to ſee to what extent it prevails, and how far the Houſe of Commons of England repreſents the whole body of the people, is the intent of the following.

Without entering into the queſtion at what time the Commons of England exerciſed the right of electing repreſentatives, we have the moſt undoubted proof, that *all* the northern nations were governed by their own conſent, and they entruſted to the chiefs the conducting of leſſer affairs. Tacitus tell us, *De Minoribus rebus principes conſultant de Majoribus omnes*. And Xiphiline tells us, *Apud hos* (Britonnos) *populus magna exparte principatum tenet*.—Among them (the Britons) the people exerciſe the chief ſovereignty.

The Saxons had their Wittena Gemotes, or aſſembly of wiſe men, which conſtitution, it is true, was ſubverted by the feudal ſyſtem; and it has been the labour of ages, between the conqueſt and the revolution, to reſtore to the people their juſt rights.

Our buſineſs is now to exhibit the preſent ſtate of the repreſentation; and to ſhew one inſtance in which it is incomplete, we ſhall firſt give a liſt of boroughs which once ſent members to parliament, and do not at preſent; although many of them are ſtill places of great population and conſequence.

Dunſtable, Bedfordſhire, ſummoned 4 Edw. II. when diſcontinued not known.—*Newberry, Berkſhire*, ſummoned 30 Edw. I. diſcontinued 11 Edw. III.—*Ely, Cambridgeſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 27 Edw. III.—*Wiſbeach, Cambridgeſhire*, not known when ſummoned or diſcontinued.—*Polurun, Cornwall*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III.—*Egremont, Cumberland*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Bradneſham, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 6 Edw. II. diſcontinued 7 Edw. II.—*Crediton, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 35 Edw. I. diſcontinued 36 Edw. I.—*Exmouth, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 14 Edw. III. diſcontinued 15 Edw. III.—*Tremington, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 6 Edw. III. diſcontinued 7 Edw. III.—*Liddeford, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 28 Edw. I. diſcontinned 30 Edw. I.—*Moodbury, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. I. diſcontinued 35 Edw. I.—*South Moulton, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 30 Edw. I. diſcontinued 31 Edw. I.—*Teignmouth, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 14 Edw. III. diſcontinued 15 Edw. III.—*Torrington, Devonſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 45 Edw. III.—*Blandford, Dorſetſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 22 Edw. III.—*Winborn, Dorſetſhire*, not known when ſummoned or diſcontinued.—*Sherborn, Dorſetſhire*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III. *Milton, Dorſetſhire*, not known when ſummoned or diſcontinued.—*Bere Regis, Dorſetſhire*, not known when ſummoned or diſcontinued.—*Chelmſford, Eſſex*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III.—*Alresford, Hampſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 35 Edw. I.—

Alton, *Hampſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 4 Edw. II.—*Baſingſtoke*, *Hampſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 4 Edw. II.—*Fareham*, *Hampſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. I. diſcontinued 36 Edw. I.—*Odiham*, *Hampſhire*, ſummoned 28 Edw. I. diſcontinued 36 Edw. I.—*Overton*, *Hampſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edward I. diſcontinued 2 Edw. III.—*Bromeyard*, *Herefordſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Ledbury*, *Herefordſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Roſs*, *Herefordſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Berkhampſtead*, *Hertfordſhire*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 15 Edw. III.—*Storteford*, *Hertfordſhire* ſummoned 4 Edw. II. diſcontinued 15 Edw. III.—*Greenwich*, *Kent*, ſummoned 4 and 5 Philip and Mary, diſcontinued 6 Philip and Mary.—*Tunbridge Kent*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Mancheſter*, *Lancaſhire*, ſummoned during the Commonwealth, when diſcontinued not known.—*Melton Mowbray*, *Leiceſterſhire*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edward III.—*Spalding*, *Lincolnſhire*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III.—*Waynfleet*, *Lincolnſhire*, ſummoned 11 Edw. III. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III.—*Bamberg*, *Northumberland*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Corbrigg*, *Northumberland*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Burford*, *Oxfordſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. I. diſcontinued 35 Edw. I.—*Chipping Norton*, *Oxfordſhire*, ſummoned 28 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Doddington*, *Oxfordſhire*, ſummoned 30 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Whitney*, *Oxfordſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 5 Edw. III.—*Oxbridge*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 17 Edw. III.—*Chard*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 28 Edw. I. diſcontinued 3 Edw. III.—*Dunſter*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. III. diſcontinued 35 Edw. III.—*Glaſtonbury*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 12 Edw. III. diſcontinued 13 Edw. III.—*Langport*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 36 Edw. I.—*Montacute*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 34 Edw. I.—*Stoke Curcy*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. III. diſcontinued 35 Edw. III.—*Watchet*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 30 Edw. I. diſcontinued 31 Edw. I.—*Were*, *Somerſetſhire*, ſummoned 34 Edw. I. diſcontinued 36 Edw. I.—*Farnham*, *Surrey*, ſummoned 4 Edw. II. diſcontinued 38 Hen. VI.—*Kingſton upon Thames*, *Surrey*, ſummoned 4 Edw. II. diſcontinued 47 Edw. III.—*Bradford*, *Wiltſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Mere*, *Wiltſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 1 Edw. II.—*Highworth*, *Wiltſhire*, ſummoned 26 Edw. I. diſcontinued 27 Edw. IV.—*Bromſgrove*, *Worceſterſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Dudley*, *Worceſterſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Kidderminſter*, *Worceſterſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Perſhore*, *Worceſterſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Doncaſter*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Jervale*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Pickering*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Ravenſer*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned 33 Edw. I. diſcontinued 12 Edw. III.—*Tykhull*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned 23 Edw. I. diſcontinued 24 Edw. I.—*Hallifax*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned during the Commonwealth, when diſcontinued not known.—*Whitby*, *Yorkſhire*, ſummoned during the Commonwealth, when diſcontinued not known. —*Leeds, Yorkſhire,* ſummoned during the Commonwealth, when diſcontinued not known.—*Calais, in France,* ſummoned 27 Hen. VIII. diſcontinued 3 Ph. and Mary.

To proceed in our detail of the right of repreſentation, we ſhall begin with the *County of Bedford.* Here, as in all the county elections, no perſon has any abſolute power over the voters, but ſtill we find a very ſtrong influence prevail, which in general carries the day, and is in moſt counties ariſtocratic. In this county the Duke of Bedford can always return one member, and the other ſeat has been warmly conteſted between Lord St. John and Lord Ongley.

Bedford Town ſent burgeſſes to parliament 23 Edw. I. This borough had for near a century, been under the influence of the Bedford family; but in 1768, the corporation, by exerting their right of making honorary freemen, recovered their independence, and kept it for a time; but the duke of Bedford has again recovered his intereſt, although the number of voters are 1400. The right of election is in the burgeſſes, freemen, and inhabitants, being houſeholders, and not receiving alms.

Berks County. Lord Craven's intereſt prevails here ſufficiently to ſecure the return of one member.

Abingdon ſends only one member, and ſeems to keep itſelf pretty free from ariſtocratic influence or corruption. It received its charter, anno 1557, from Philip and Mary, and the inhabitants, paying ſcot and lot, to the number of about 600, have the right of election. In 1698, the Houſe of Commons reſolved, that the proceedings of William Hucks, Eſq. making uſe of the authority of government to be elected a burgeſs for the ſaid borough, is a ſcandalous reflection on government, and tends to ſubvert the freedom of election. We wiſh the Houſe of Commons were now to make a few ſimilar reſolutions.

Reading, like its neighbour, has not given up its independence, but has been ſaid to have advanced a little in the paths of corruption. It has ſent members ſince 23 Edw. I. The right of election is in the inhabitants paying ſcot and lot, and their number about 600.

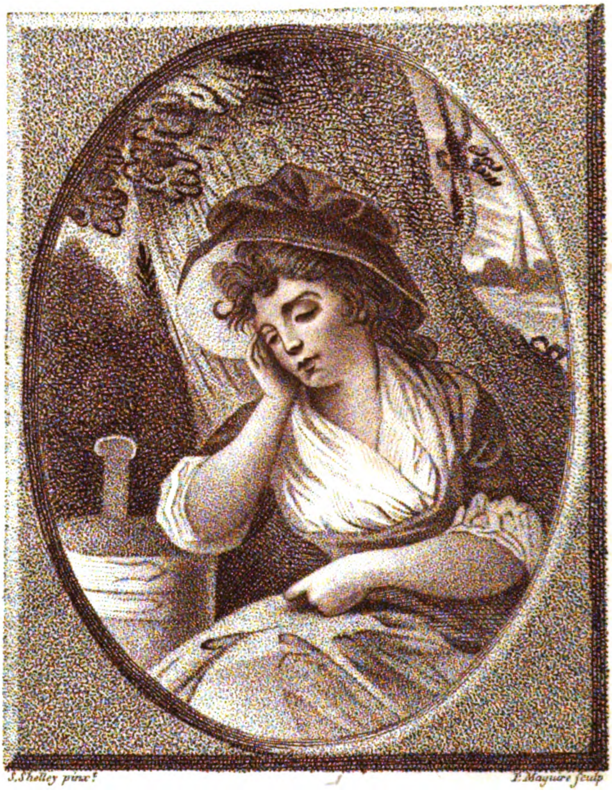
Wallingford has no great claim to independence, for the ingenious author of the Hiſtory of the Boroughs tells us, that corruption is here brought to a complete ſyſtem. The firſt writ on record is 23 Edw. I. The right of election is in the corporation and inhabitants to the number of 140.

New Windſor. This borough is peculiarly ſituated. Near to the royal reſidence, we are not to wonder that a certain high influence prevails. Windſor was chartered 5 Edw. I. and ſent members in the 30th of the ſame reign. From the 14 Edw. III. the privilege of electing their repreſentatives was intermitted until 25 Hen. VI. ſince which it has regularly returned them. Inhabitants paying ſcot and lot vote here, to the amount of 280, and the mayor is returning officer. The patron of this borough is too well known.

Buckingham County. The Duke of Portland, and Marquis of Buckingham, have mutually ſettled the elections for this county, and each appoint one: thus we ſee that where an ariſtocracy is ſuffered to prevail, every right of the people are either directly or indirectly annihilated.

[*To be continued.*]

POETRY.



S. Shelley pinx! P. Maguire ſculp

MARIAN

——with thoughtful Love I pine.

POETRY.

TUESDAY: OR, THE DITTY.

BY MR. GAY.

WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.

MARIAN.

YOUNG COLIN CLOUT, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols ſweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw,
The damſels' pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of ev'ry maid,
But chief of MARIAN. MARIAN lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain.
MARIAN, that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hard'ning cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter MARIAN's ſkill confeſs'd;
But MARIAN now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor ſage cheeſe prepares;
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And love, ſay ſwains, all buſy heed deſtroys.
COLIN makes mock at all her piteous ſmart,
A laſs that CIC'LY hight had won his heart,
CIC'LY, the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
The rival of the parſon's maid was ſhe,
In dreary ſhade now MARIAN lies along,
And mixt with ſighs thus wails in plaining ſong:

Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn,
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart;
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart.

Ah! COLIN! canſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will CIC'LY do?
Will ſhe thy linen waſh or hoſen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
Will ſhe with huſewife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
In ſervice-time drew CIC'LY's eyes aſide.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new diſaſters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft' in joking talk
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of MARIAN they divine,
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet COLIN CLOUT, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas MARIAN's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſlin days when I my threſher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſic of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoking pail:
In harveſt, when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought ſupply;
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been ſun-burnt for thy ſake:
When in the welkin gathering ſhow'rs were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with COLIN on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;

Straight on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for
haſte. [oaf,
When hungry thou ſtood ſtaring, like an
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well
thy meſs. [leſs!
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage

Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met:
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads
they ſhook;
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.
Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our
old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock.
I bore theſe loſſes with a Chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel whilſt thou
wert kind:
But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure night, or noon,
or morn.

Help me, ye gypſies! bring him home
again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

Have not I ſate with thee full many a
night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin
move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's
wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake,
Couldſt thou ſpell o'er the poſie on thy
knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?
If thou forgett'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But woe is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs
prove,
For knives, they tell me, always ſever love.

THE ESSENCE OF MASONRY.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with viſions miſlead, or with meteors conſume;
No Pegaſus' wings my ſhort ſoarings miſguide,
Nor raptures falſe lull me on Helicon's ſide;
All clouds now diſſolve, from the eaſt beams the day,
Truth riſes in glory and wakens the lay;
The eagle-eyed muſe ſees the light from the grove,
With a ſong to Freemasons of Friendſhip and Love.

Inſpir'd by the theme the Divinity flies,
And thron'd on a rainbow before her ariſe,
Paſt, preſent, and future, in ſplendid array,
Maſonic ſucceſſion their treaſures diſplay;
She views murder'd merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave gives its dead up at fellowſhip's call,
While the Craft by their badges their innocence prove,
And the ſong of Freemasons is Friendſhip and Love.

From thoſe ages remote ſee the muſe ſpreads her way,
To join in the glory the preſent diſplay;
In Freedom and Friendſhip ſhe ſees the true band
With Virtue and Splendour illumine the land;
Religion's pure beams break the vapours of night,
And from darkneſs myſterious the word gives the light,
While Lodges below, as the Choirs from above,
Join the ſong of Freemasons in Friendſhip and Love.

That the future might keep what the preſent beſtows,
In rapture prophetic the Cherub aroſe;
As he ſung thro' the ſkies angels echoed the ſound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around.
His ſentiments then let our ſong ſtill retain,
'Twas that Masons may ever true luſtre maintain,
And 'till time be no more our ſtrict union ſhould prove,
That the end of Freemasonry 's Friendſhip and Love.

PROLOGUE
TO THE COMEDY OF CROSS PARTNERS.
WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, JUN. ESQ.

THIS is a lady's piece—and after that
We need not ſue for favour—*verbum ſat.*
John Bull, a fine good-natur'd honeſt blade is;
No milkſop he—and yet John loves the ladies.
What, if half taken from the French our play,
Do not, good John, go growlingly away!
If *blunt* in *gallantry* you yield to no man;
And tho' you damn *Mounſeer*, zounds, man, don't damn the woman:
This to plain John: and as for maſter Jack,
In a green box, his coat half off his back,
What play, or whoſe, he little cares, ſo he
Sports but his figure at the comedy.
Too volatile to *give*, he *takes* the tone:
Jacky has no opinion of his own!
As critics frown or ſmile, look pleas'd or gruff,
Jacky is with 'em—thinks their word enough,
And cries damn'd good! damn'd fine! damn'd bad! damn'd ſtuff!
While others more refin'd, who deign to deck
Our lower range, with towels round their neck,
Stout, high-born, Britiſh youth, who lounge away
Three evening hours of a ſultry day,
In ten ſtrip'd under waiſtcoats at a play;
Vacant they ſit: nor praiſe, nor damn the ſcene,
Faſhion is moſt amazingly ſerene!
Or elſe lord Bob to lady Betty turns
(Whoſe gentle breaſt for ſweet lord Bobby burns)
And breathes cold nothings of his ardent love
Which, like his muſcles, nought he vows can move;
While o'er his forehead, to encreaſe her pangs,
In artificial eaſe, a *love-lock* hangs.
Theſe ſweet ſoft ſwains our drama ne'er perplex;
Nor dread we ought from the *ſtill ſofter* ſex.
Women whoſe every vein with feeling flows,
In whoſe mild breaſt each kindly paſſion glows:
Woman whoſe heart for ruder man will bleed,
Muſt feel for woman in her hour of need.
Whom fear we then?—all here ſucceſs muſt wiſh us,
And honeſt gods above be ye propitious!
By your loud *fiats* we muſt ſink or riſe—
Great ſhilling and two ſhilling deities!
It omens well—none here will ſure refuſe
Aid to a female—and a virgin muſe!

EPILOGUE.
WRITTEN BY THE SAME.

IN days of old, ſmitten with Hilpa's carriage,
The love-ſick Shalum offers made of marriage.
Life then was long—and neither at the brink on't,
The nymph took juſt one hundred years to think on't.
Still was ſhe coy—the youth ſtill briſkly ſued,
And through another century he wooed!
Cold was the fair, cold as the virgin moon!
For 'twas ſcarce decent ſhe ſhould yield ſo ſoon.
At length as time roll'd on—in prime of life,
About four hundred—they were man and wife.
Theſe bright examples ſeem not to delight
The Shalum and the Hilpa of to-night.
Fickle, alas were they in their devotions,
And yet they ſhew'd ſome ſtrange old faſhion'd notions.
In theſe enlightened times who muſt not wonder,
When want of paſſion keeps a pair aſunder.
What boots it, if the parties love or hate?
Acre weds acre now—eſtate—eſtate.
Bridegroom and bride form the convenient tether,
That ties two bulky properties together.
The licence gain'd, the parents are delighted
To think their children's faith will ſoon be plighted,
For manſions, barns, and outhouſes united.
At laſt the parſon joins in wedlock's bands
Parks, paddocks, fences, fiſhponds, woods and lands!
Sometimes, indeed, the ſpendthrift lord has led
A low-born, vulgar helpmate to his bed;
While

While the rich cit, enraptur'd makes for life
His portion'd girl, the needy noble's wife.
Thus coupled peer and miſs, we merely ſee
A Plum is married to a pedigree.
And pride and intereſt in joint relation,
Have formed a matrimonial combination,
What then for our Maria can be ſaid?
'Tis evident that ſhe is country bred;
For love, mere love forſooth—to take her ſwain
With ſentiments ſo vilely tramontane
She ſhou'd be trundled out of town again!
And yet, 'tis really wonderful to find
How London will improve a country mind.
In town her intellects may ſoon grow ſtronger,
Then let her figure here a few nights longer,

A SONG, SET TO MUSIC.

[*See the Plate.*]

SWEET are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield,
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows,
And yet more ſweet the bluſhing roſe.
View now the gardens, fields and bow'rs,
Buds and gay bloſſoms, fruits and flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe.

A LADY *having received a Bouquet from a* BOY, *ſent him the following Verſes.*

NEXT your dear image in my breaſt,
Your fancied flowers I fondly plac'd,
But mourn my adverſe fate,
Who by compulſive attoms hurl'd,
Was forced ſo ſoon into this world,
Where you arrived too late.

The ANSWER, *written by* JOHN BRENAN, *Eſq.*

PERMIT me, dear madam, to tell you you've err'd
In this hardy cenſure on Fate,
Which tho' my arrival it ſomewhat deferr'd,
By no means has ſent me too late.

Here Providence wiſely has acted its part,
Well knowing, or I'm much miſtaken,
That Woman, however ſhe may have the ſtart,
Would willingly be overtaken.

TO MISS F. M.

On her requiring the Author to write her ſome complimentary Verſes.

BY JOHN BRENAN, ESQ.

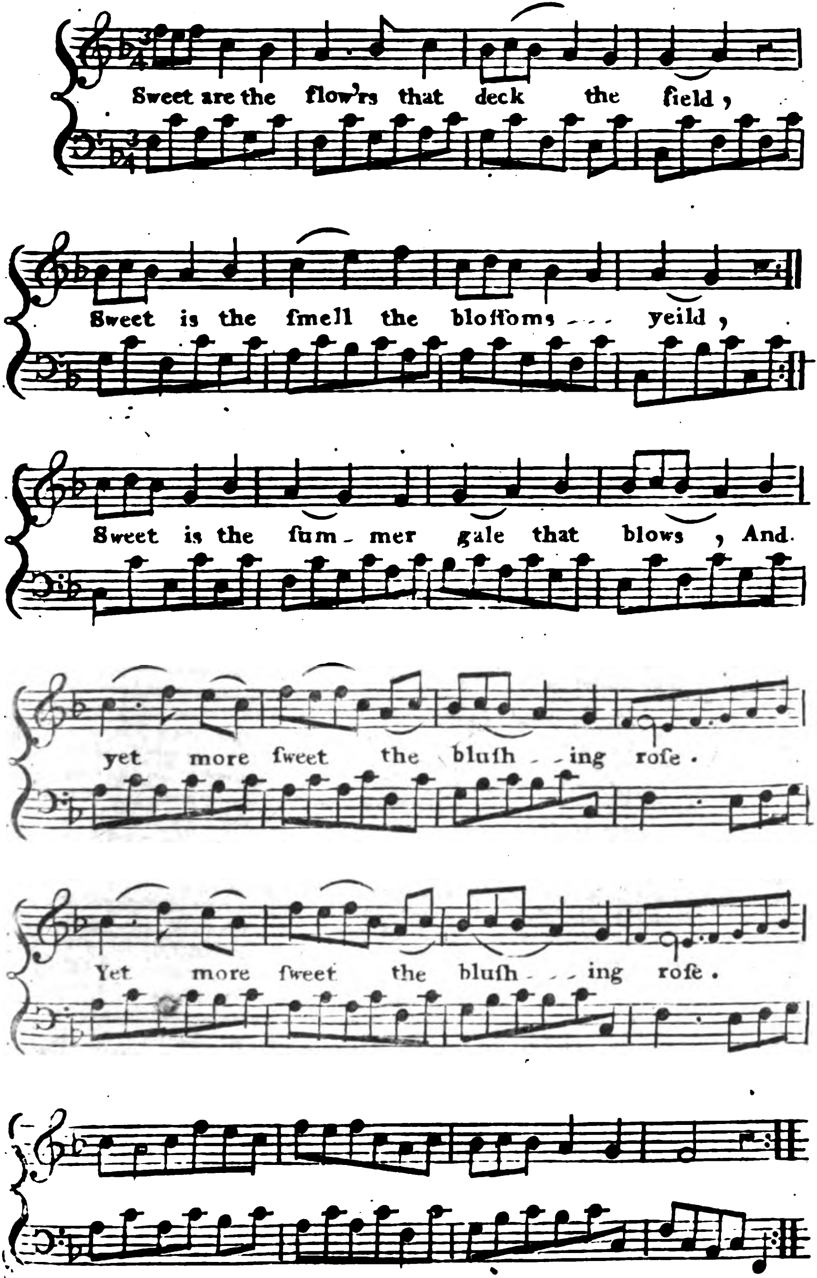
REQUIRE not in verſe, the great channel of fiction,
To be prais'd for your wit, for your beauty or youth
You modeſtly think I muſt borrow fine diction,
But to compliment you is to tell you the truth.

EPITAPH ON W—— N——, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

POOR N—— beneath this ſtone
A quiet nap is taking,
His wife requeſts you may not moan,
For fear of his awaking.

SWEET ARE THE FLOW'RS.


Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms - - - yeild,
Sweet is the ſum - mer gale that blows, And.
yet more ſweet the bluſh - - ing roſe.
Yet more ſweet the bluſh - - - ing roſe.

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

Continuation of CHAP. II. *from page* 288.

THE Jacobins, in almoſt every department of the kingdom, expreſſed the higheſt diſpleaſure at the conduct of the National Aſſembly reſpecting La Fayette; they alſo openly accuſed the executive power (the King) of traitorous duplicity, and called for an immediate ſuſpenſion of his authority. So loud a clamour pervaded the walls of the Aſſembly, its members intimidated, promiſed to diſcuſs the matter: but on Friday the 10th of Auguſt, the citizens of Paris, agitated to a furious phrenzy, at what appeared to them the criminal ſupineneſs of the Aſſembly, early in the morning cauſed the alarm bells to be rung, and the drums to beat to arms in all parts of the city and ſuburbs; in conſequence of which the ſtreets were ſoon filled with multitudes variouſly armed and diſpoſed to every act of deſperation.

This commotion was for ſome days apprehended at the Thuilleries palace, though perhaps not ſo early or ſo formidable as it now broke forth. It ſeems to have diſconcerted a plan to favour the invaſion of the enemy on the frontier, by an exploſion in the capital, where the infatuated monarch with the aſſiſtance of a Swiſs regiment, retained in the palace againſt the declared opinion of the Aſſembly and the voice of the Pariſians, and the auxiliary aid of the eighteen hundred *Gardes de Corps*, diſbanded by a decree, but ſecretly maintained in the city at his expence, together with a numerous body of counter-revolutioniſts who lurked in the different quarters of Paris waiting the event, was at once to have thrown off the maſk and openly declared for a reſumption of the old government.

The frantic multitude now filled every avenue to the Thuilleries. Petion, the mayor of Paris, haſtened to the palace, and endeavoured in vain to reſtore order; while in the city the conſternation that prevailed cannot be deſcribed: it was a dreadful pauſe, pregnant with terror. The National Aſſembly ſeemed alone to poſſeſs a calmneſs and fortitude commenſurate to the dreadful criſis, and the power of deliberating. They ſent for the mayor; he appeared at the bar and gave an account of what meaſures he had adopted for the public ſafety—he was thanked for his zeal and allowed to return to his duty. The mayor had juſt left the hall when the miniſter of juſtice entering, implored a protection for the King and royal family! A deputation was immediately nominated for the purpoſe, but before the deputies could enter upon their commiſſion, the King, the Queen, the Prince Royal, the Princeſs his ſiſter, and Madame Elizabeth, preſented themſelves: "I come here," ſaid the monarch, "in order to avoid the commiſſion of a great crime, for I know "I am in perfect ſafety in the midſt of you gentlemen."

As by the conſtitution the legiſlative body cannot do buſineſs while the executive power is preſent, the King and his family were uſhered into a box uſually occupied by perſons employed to minute the proceedings for the public prints, until apartments in the building could be prepared for their preſent accommodation; this was ſoon effected, and this moſt wretched of royal families diſpoſed of in the preſident's chamber.

The Aſſembly then proceeded to buſineſs, at which they muſt for a time be left, while the readers attention is drawn to the bloody ſcene acting at the Thuilleries.

When Petion, the mayor, came to the Carouzel near the Thuilleries, he found ſeveral detachments of the national guards, accompanied by an immenſe populace, preparing to attack the palace, in which the Swiſs guards had ſhut themſelves, with a determination to defend it to the laſt extremity. The aſſault was furious, and the gates being forced open, a dreadful conflict enſued; the Swiſs guards, reckleſs of danger, maintained their ground with a bravery that would have done honour to a better occaſion, and with ſome pieces of cannon, and a heavy diſcharge of muſketry from their own files, and a continual fire of the houſehold from the windows,

dows, numbers of the aſſailants, ſome ſay two thouſand, fell; but the frantic multitude, undiſmayed at the carnage of their fellows, by perſeverance at laſt overpowered the Swiſs, and in return revenged the ſlaughter of their comrades by the indiſcriminate maſſacre of almoſt every perſon they found in the palace. The victors then broke into the royal apartments, and ſeizing what jewels, money and papers they found, carried them (for rapine was not their object) to the National Aſſembly. The frantic populace then paraded through the ſtreets of the city overturning, disfiguring and deſtroying the ſtatues of their kings, and every veſtige of royalty, in their way.

From tranſactions at which humanity muſt ſhudder, let us again return to the National Aſſembly.

After ſome proceedings of little moment, it was determined to take into conſideration an addreſs of the commons of the city of Paris, preſented a few days before at the bar by M. Petion, reſpecting the King, which the reader will find in a note *, it was, on the motion of M. Vergniaud, decreed:

“ That

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* ‘ LEGISLATORS.

‘ It is at the moment when the country is in danger, that all her children ſhould preſs round her. Never was it threatened with a greater danger than at preſent. The commons of Paris have ſent us to you. We bring into the ſanctuary of the laws the wiſhes of an immenſe city. Full of reſpect for the repreſentatives of the nation, and of confidence in their courage and patriotiſm, the citizens of Paris have not for a moment deſpaired of the public ſafety. But they think, that to cure the diſorders of France, you ought, without an inſtant's delay, to attack them at the root. It is with heart-felt grief that they have found it neceſſary to commiſſion us to appear before you this day, as accuſers of the head of the executive power. The people know that they might with juſtice uſe againſt him the language of indignation. But expreſſions of anger become not men of ſtrong minds. Compelled as we are to impeach Louis XVI. before you, and before all France, we will do it, on the one hand without aſperity, and, on the other, without mincing the charge, which would betray a puſillanimity unworthy of our character. This is not a time to liſten to the voice of that long indulgence, which, however it may become a generous nation, never fails to encourage kings to commit perjury. When the ſalvation of the ſtate is in queſtion, even the finer feelings of the heart and the more amiable paſſions ſhould be ſuſpended.

‘ We will not recal to your recollection the whole of the conduct of Louis XVI. from the firſt day of the revolution; his bloody projects againſt the city of Paris; his predilection for prieſts and nobles; his averſion to the main body of the people; the national aſſembly inſulted by the ſervants of the court, ſurrounded by armed men, wandering through a royal city, and unable to find an aſylum but in a tennis court. We will not recal to your recollection oaths ſo often broken, proteſtations daily made, and daily violated, till the moment when a perfidious flight opened the eyes even of thoſe citizens who were moſt blinded by the fanaticiſm of ſlavery. We will not bring forth to view whatever the people were pleaſed to bury under the veil of pardon, which they granted him on that occaſion. But to forgive is not to forget. In vain ſhould we ſtrive to forget all thoſe crimes; they will ſully the page of hiſtory, and the memory of them will be handed down to poſterity.

‘ But we feel it a duty incumbent upon us to lay before you a conciſe enumeration of the acts of kindneſs done by the nation to Louis XVI. and to contraſt them with the ingratitude of that prince. How many reaſons might have been aſſigned for removing him from the throne, when the people aſſerted by force their ſovereignty! The memory of an imperious and all-devouring dynaſty, which for one king, had given us twenty tyrants; hereditary deſpotiſm increaſing from reign to reign with the miſery of the people; the public finances completely deſtroyed by Louis XVI. and his two immediate predeceſſors; infamous treaties, for which the national honour was ſacrificed; the eternal enemies of France becoming her allies and her maſters. Such, were the rights which Louis XVI. could plead to a conſtitutional ſceptre. The nation, faithful to its character, purſued the dictates of generoſity rather than thoſe of prudence. The deſpot of an enſlaved ſoil became the king of a free people.

After

" That the National Aſſembly conſidering that the want of a confidence in the
" executive power is the cauſe of all our evils, and that this want of confidence
" has

After having endeavoured to eſcape from France, that he might reign at Coblentz, he was placed again upon the throne, perhaps contrary to the wiſh of the nation, which ought to have been conſulted upon the occaſion.

' This great act of kindneſs to the king was followed by a thouſand others. Towards the cloſe of the laſt aſſembly we ſaw the rights of the people weakened, that the power of the crown might be ſtrengthened; the firſt officer of the public made the hereditary repreſentative of the nation; a military houſehold eſtabliſhment formed for the purpoſe of adding ſplendour to his throne; and his legal authority ſupported by a civil liſt, to which no other bounds were given than thoſe which he himſelf was pleaſed to ſet to it.

' Soon did we behold the kindneſs of the nation turned againſt herſelf. The power with which Louis XVI. was armed for the defence of liberty, he employed againſt it. Let us take a view of the internal parts of the kingdom. Wicked miniſters are removed by the irreſiſtible force of public contempt; yet theſe are the men whoſe removal he regrets. Their ſucceſſors warn the nation and the king of the dangers that ſurround the country; Louis XVI. diſmiſſes them, becauſe they ſhewed themſelves honeſt citizens. The inviolability of the king, and the perpetual change of miniſters, elude the laws annexing reſponſibility to the agents of the executive power. A body of life guards, hoſtile to liberty, is diſſolved in appearance, but is ſtill ſuffered to exiſt in reality.

' Forced to accuſe Louis XVI. we ſhall do it without paſſion and without artifice. We ſhall not retrace his whole conduct from the firſt inſtant of the revolution, his plans againſt the city of Paris, his attachment to the nobleſſe, the outrages offered to the conſtituent aſſembly by the valets of the court, when that body was ſurrounded by armed men, and forced to take refuge in a tennis-court.

' We do not refer to his oaths ſo often violated; we paſs over all that has been covered by the pardon of the people. But it is proper to notice the kindneſs of the nation to its king, and the ingratitude which he has ſhewn to it. Let us examine alſo what were the rights of Louis XVI. to the conſtitutional throne. The deſpotiſm of a dynaſty, which in twenty kings ſcarcely reckons a good one, the ruin of our finances, and the completion of treaties burthenſome to the nation, theſe were his rights. Treacherous miniſters have been removed by the public contempt; he has teſtified to them his regrets. Patriot miniſters have been removed by him, and they carried with them the regret of the country. A guard of conſpirators has been in appearance diſſolved, but exiſts in reality, ſince it continues to be paid by the king.

' Prieſts endeavour to arm children againſt their fathers in an interior war; without, the armies of the enemy menace our territory, and traitors, led by the brothers and relatives of the king, are ready to enter the country. It is to avenge Louis XVI. that the execrable houſe of Auſtria would add another page to the hiſtory of its enormities; and, having conceived the wiſh of Caligula, would at one blow cut off the heads of all good French citizens. Flanders called us into its boſom; our troops entered, but the orders of the king recalled them.

' The head of the executive power is the chief link in the counter-revolution chain. He has ſeparated his intereſts from thoſe of the nation; we alſo ſeparate ours from his. His conduct is a ſeries of acts of diſobedience to the conſtitution. While the king ſhall be at the head of the nation, we cannot be free. Louis XVI. invokes the conſtitution; we invoke it alſo, and demand his depoſition. As we have not confidence in this dynaſty, we demand its excluſion. When the perjured and the ſlaviſh ſhall approach, they will then find ten millions of citizens, friends to liberty, ready to receive them.

' The head of the executive power is the firſt link in the great chain of the counter revolution; he ſeems to have had his ſhare in the plots at Pilnitz, the exiſtence of which he ſo long delayed to communicate to you. His name is every day found in oppoſition to the nation; it is a ſignal of diſcord between the people and their magiſtrates, between the ſoldiers and their generals. He has ſeparated his intereſt from that

" has called forth from all parts of the kingdom a wiſh, that the authority en-
" truſted by the conſtitution to Lewis XVI. ſhould be revoked; and that the only
" means of reconciling what they owe to the ſafety of the people, with their oath
" of not encreaſing their own power, are to ſubmit to the ſovereign will of the
" nation, decree as follows:

" I. That the French people are invited to form a National Convention. That
" a committee propoſe to-morrow a plan for pointing out a time and mode
" for this Convention.

" II. The Executive Power is proviſionally ſuſpended 'till the National Conven-
" tion ſhall have decreed the meaſures neceſſary to be purſued for preſerving
" national independence. The Civil Liſt is ſuſpended. And the com-
" mittee will point out the ſum which the legiſlative body ought to allow
" for the ſubſiſtence of the royal family.

" III. The ſix miniſters now in office ſhall exerciſe the executive power. The
" extraordinary commiſſion ſhall preſent, in the courſe of this day, a plan
" for the organization of the miniſtry.

" IV. The extraordinary commiſſion ſhall preſent a plan for appointing a go-
" vernor to the Prince Royal.

" V. The King and Royal Family ſhall remain under the protection of the
" legiſlative body 'till the department ſhall prepare apartments for them
" at the Luxembourg palace.

" VI. The King and Royal Family are under the ſafeguard of the law, and
" their protection is entruſted to the national guard of Paris.

" VII. All magiſtrates, officers and ſoldiers who ſhall quit their poſt, ſhall be
" declared infamous and traitors to their country.

" VIII. The department of Paris ſhall this day cauſe the preſent decree to be
" proclaimed.

" IX. It ſhall at the ſame time be tranſmitted by extraordinary couriers to the
eighty-three departments."

The Aſſembly had now continued its ſitting until one o'clock in the morning of the 11th of Auguſt, at which time, on the motion of M. Briſſot, it was reſolved, " That the ſix miniſters having loſt the confidence of the nation, ſix others be " appointed from among the members of the Aſſembly; and that three commiſ- " ſioners, with full power to ſuſpend or remove all ſuſpected commanders, be " choſen for each of the armies."

On

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that of the nation. Let us do ſo too. So far from having oppoſed, by any formal act, the enemies either abroad or at home, his conduct is one continued act of diſobedience to the conſtitution. As long as we have ſuch a king, liberty cannot take root among us.

'Feeling ſome little remains of indulgence, we could have wiſhed it had been in our power to call upon you only to ſuſpend the exerciſe of his authority, for as long as the county ſhall be in danger. But the conſtitution ſtands in the way of ſuch a wiſh. Louis XVI. is ever appealing to that conſtitution; we appeal to it alſo in our turn, and call upon you to declare, that he has forfeited the crown.

'This great meaſure being once adopted, it is doubtful whether the nation can place any confidence in the reigning dynaſty, we deſire that miniſters really reſponſible, appointed by the national aſſembly, but out of your own body, according to the law of the conſtitution, and choſen openly, not by ballot, may in the interim exerciſe the functions of the executive power, until ſuch time as the will of the people, our ſovereign and yours, ſhall have been legally declared in a national convention, to be aſſembled as ſoon as the ſafety of the ſtate will admit. In the mean time let our enemies, be they who they may, go beyond our frontiers; let the baſe and the perjured quit the land of liberty; let three hundred thouſand ſlaves advance, they will find on their way ten millions of freemen, prepared for either death or victory, fighting for equality, for their houſes, for their wives, and for their chidren. Let every one of us be a ſoldier in his turn; and if we muſt have the honour of dying for our country, let each of us, before he breathes his laſt, render his memory illuſtrious, by the death of a ſlave or a tyrant.'

On the enſuing day, being Sunday the 12th, it was decreed, "that the King's "authority and functions be ſuſpended; that himſelf and his family remain in "cuſtody as hoſtages, and that in lieu of the civil liſt, a ſum of 500,000 livres be "allowed for the King's expences until the meeting of the National Convention."

On Monday the 12th of Auguſt, purſuant to an order of the Aſſembly, the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princeſs Royal, and Madame Elizabeth the King's ſiſter, were conducted from their temporary aſylum near the hall of the Aſſembly, to the houſe, late the comte d'Artois', called the Temple.

The ſame day, the National Aſſembly publiſhed a declaration written by M. Condorcet. It was entitled; 'An expoſition of the motives on which the French National Aſſembly have proclaimed the convocation of a National Convention, and pronounced the ſuſpenſion of the executive power in the perſon of the King.' It was as follows:

'The National Aſſembly owe to the nation, to Europe, and to poſterity, an exact account of the motives which have determined their late reſolutions.

'Placed between the duty of remaining faithful to their oaths, and that of ſaving their country, they wiſhed to fulfil both at the ſame time, and to do all that the public ſafety required, without uſurping powers with which the people had not entruſted them.

'At the opening of their ſeſſions, an aſſemblage of emigrants, formed on the frontiers, kept up a correſpondence with all the enemies of liberty that were ſtill to be found in the departments, or among the troops of the line: and fanatical prieſts, infuſing alarm into ſuperſtitious minds, ſought to perſuade thoſe deluded citizens, that the conſtitution wounded the rights of conſcience, and that the law had confided the functions of religion to ſchiſmatical and ſacrilegious perſons.

'Finally, a league formed among powerful kings, menaced the liberty of France. They fancied that they had a right to fix to what degree the intereſt of their deſpotiſm permitted us to be free; and they flattered themſelves that they ſhould ſee the ſovereignty of the people, and the independence of the French empire, proſtrate before the arms of their ſlaves.

'Thus every thing announced a civil and religious war, of which a foreign war would ſoon increaſe the danger.

'The National Aſſembly thought it their duty to repreſs the emigrants, and the factious prieſts, by ſevere decrees; and the King employed againſt thoſe decrees the ſuſpenſive refuſal of ſanction, which the conſtitution granted him. In the mean time, thoſe emigrants and thoſe prieſts were buſily acting in the name of the King; it was to re-eſtabliſh him in what they called his lawful authority that the former had taken up arms, and the latter were preaching aſſaſſination and treaſon. Theſe emigrants were the brothers of the King, his relations, his former body guards. And while the correſpondence of theſe facts, with the conduct of the King, authorized, nay, enjoined diſtruſt, this refuſal of the ſanction applied to decrees that could not be ſuſpended without being annihilated, ſhowed clearly how the veto, ſuſpenſive according to the law, rendered definitive by the manner of employing it, gave to the King the unlimited and arbitrary power of rendering null all the meaſures which the legiſlative body might think neceſſary for maintaining liberty.

'From that moment, from one end of the kingdom to the other, the people ſhewed thoſe gloomy diſcontents that announced impending ſtorms, and ſuſpicions of the executive power were diſplayed with energy.

'The National Aſſembly were not diſcouraged. Princes who profeſſed themſelves the allies of France, had given to the emigrants not an aſylum, but the liberty of arming, of forming themſelves into military bodies, of levying ſoldiers, of providing warlike ſtores; and the King was invited, by a ſolemn meſſage, to break, on this violation of the rights of nations, a ſilence that had been kept too long. He ſeemed to yield to the national wiſh; preparations for war were ordered; but it was ſoon perceived, that the negotiations conducted by a weak or treacherous miniſtry, were confined to obtaining vain promiſes, which remaining unexecuted, could not be regarded but as a ſnare or an inſult. The league of kings aſſumed, in the mean time, a new activity; and at the head of this league appeared the Emperor, brother-in-law to the King of the French, united to the nation by a treaty uſeful to himſelf alone.

'The National Aſſembly thought it neceſſary for the ſafety of France, to oblige the Emperor to declare whether he would be her ally or her enemy, and to pronounce between two contradictory treaties, of which the one bound him to give ſuccours to France, and the other engaged him to attack her; treaties which he could not reconcile, without avowing the intention of ſeparating the King from the nation, and of repreſenting a war againſt the French people, as ſuccours granted to his ally. The Emperor's anſwer augmented the diſtruſt which this combination of circumſtances rendered ſo natural. In it he repeated the abſurd charges againſt the aſſembly of the repreſentatives of the French people, againſt the popular ſocieties eſtabliſhed in our cities, with which the partizans of the French Miniſtry had long wearied the counter-revolution preſſes. He made proteſtations of his deſire to continue the ally of the King, and he had juſt ſigned a new league againſt France, in favour of the authority of the King of the French.

'Theſe leagues, theſe treaties, the intrigues of the emigrants, who had ſolicited them in the name of the King, had been concealed by the miniſters from the repreſentatives of the people. No public diſavowal of theſe intrigues, no effort to prevent or diſſolve this conſpiracy of monarchs, had ſhewn either to the citizens of France, or the nations of Europe, that the King had ſincerely united his own cauſe to that of the nation.

'This apparent connivance between the cabinet of the Thuilleries and that of Vienna, ſtruck every mind; the National Aſſembly thought it their duty to examine with vigour the conduct of the miniſter for foreign affairs; and a decree of accuſation was the reſult of this examination. His colleagues diſappeared with him, and the King's council was formed of patriot miniſters.

'The ſucceſſor of Leopold followed the courſe of his father. He thought proper to require for the princes, formerly poſſeſſing fiefs in Alſace, indemnifications incompatible with the French conſtitution, and derogatory to the independence of the nation. He wanted France to betray the confidence, and violate the rights of the people of Avignon. At length, he announced other cauſes of complaint, which could not, he ſaid, be diſcuſſed without having recourſe to arms.

'The King ſeemed to feel, that this provocation to war could not be borne patiently, without betraying a ſhameful weakneſs; he ſeemed to feel how perfidious was this language of an enemy who pretended to take an intereſt in his fate, and to deſire his alliance, for no purpoſe but to ſow the ſeeds of diſcord between him and his people, calculated to enervate our ſtrength, and to ſtop or diſconcert our motions; he propoſed war by the unanimous advice of his council, and war was decreed.

'By protecting the aſſemblages of the emigrants, by permitting them to menace our frontiers, by ſhewing troops in readineſs to ſecond them on the firſt ſucceſs, by preparing a retreat for them, by perſiſting in a threatening league, the king of Hungary obliged France to make preparations of defence, ruinous in their expence, exhauſted her finances, encouraged the audacity of the conſpirators diſperſed through the departments, excited uneaſineſs among the citizens, and thus fomented in them, perpetuated trouble. Never did hoſtilities more really juſtify war, and to declare was only to repel it.

'The National Aſſembly were then able to judge to what degree, notwithſtanding promiſes ſo often repeated, all the preparations of defence had been neglected. Nevertheleſs, their uneaſineſs, their diſtruſt, ſtill reſted on the former miniſters, on the ſecret councils of the King; but they ſoon ſaw the patriotic miniſters croſſed in their operations, attacked with rancour by the partizans of the royal authority, by thoſe who made a parade of perſonal attachment to the King.

'Our armies were tormented with political diviſions: diſcord was ſown among the commanders of the troops, as well as between the generals and the miniſtry. Attempts were made to transform into the inſtruments of a party, which concealed not its deſire of ſubſtituting its will for that of the repreſentatives of the nation, thoſe very armies that were deſtined to the external defence of the French territory, and to maintain the national independence.

'The machinations of the prieſts becoming more active in the moment of war, made a reſtraining law indiſpenſable—one was paſſed.

'The formation of a camp between Paris and the frontiers was a diſpoſition happily calculated for external defence, while at the ſame time, it ſerved to give ſecurity to the internal departments, and to prevent the troubles which their diſquiets might have produced; the formation of ſuch a camp was ordered; but theſe two decrees were rejected by the King, and the patriotic miniſters were diſmiſſed.

'The conſtitution had granted to the King a guard of 1800 men, and this guard audaciouſly manifeſted a contempt of civic duties, which inſpired the citizens with indignation, or with terror; hatred of the conſtitution, and above all, of liberty and equality, were the beſt titles for being admitted into it.

'The aſſembly was forced to diſſolve the guard, to prevent both the troubles which it could not fail ſoon to occaſion, and the plots of a counter-revolution, of which but too many indications were already manifeſted. The decree was ſanctioned; but a proclamation by the King beſtowed praiſes on thoſe very men, whoſe diſmiſſion from his ſervice he had juſt pronounced, to thoſe whom he had admitted to be men juſtly accuſed of being the enemies of liberty.

'The new miniſters excited well-founded diſtruſt; and as this diſtruſt could not ſtop at them, it fell on the King himſelf.

'The application of the refuſal of ſanction to decrees, rendered neceſſary by circumſtances, of which the execution ought to have been prompt, and muſt ſtop with the decrees, was regarded in the general opinion, as an interpretation of the conſtitutional act, contrary to liberty, and even to the ſpirit of the conſtitution. The agitation of the people of Paris became extreme; an immenſe crowd of citizens joined to form a petition; in it, they ſolicited the recal of the patriotic miniſters, and the retraction of the refuſal to ſanction the decrees in favour of which the public opinion had been loudly declared. They deſired leave to paſs in arms before the National Aſſembly, after their deputies had read their petition. This leave, which other armed bodies had before obtained, was granted them. They deſired to preſent it under the forms eſtabliſhed by the law; but at the moment when municipal officers were coming to inform them, that their deputies, who had been refuſed at firſt, were going to be admitted, the gate was opened, and the crowd ruſhed into the palace. The zeal of the mayor of Paris, the aſcendancy which his virtues and his patriotiſm give him over the minds of the citizens, the preſence of the repreſentatives of the people, of whom ſuceſſive deputations conſtantly ſurrounded the King, prevented all ſerious diſorders, and few aſſemblages ſo numerous ever gave occaſion to leſs diſorder of any kind.

'The King had mounted the enſigns of liberty, he had done juſtice to the citizens, by declaring, that he thought himſelf in ſafety in the midſt of them; the day of the federation was approaching; citizens from all the departments were to repair to Paris, there to ſwear to maintain that liberty for which they were going to fight on the frontiers; and all might ſtill have been repaired. But the miniſters ſaw nothing in the events of the 20th of June, but a favourable occaſion for ſowing diviſions between the inhabitants of Paris, and thoſe of the departments; between the people and the army; between the ſeveral portions of the national guard; between the citizens who remained at their homes, and thoſe who were flying to the defence of the ſtate. The very next day the King changed his language; a proclamation, full of calumny, was profuſely diſtributed among the armies; one of their generals came in the name of that which he commanded, to demand vengeance, and to point out his victims. A conſiderable number of directories of department by unconſtitutional reſolutions, diſcloſed the plan they had long before formed, of raiſing themſeves into a ſort of intermediate power between the people and their repreſentatives; between the National Aſſembly and the King. Juſtices of the peace commenced, in the very palace of the Thuilleries, a dark procedure, in which it was hoped to involve thoſe of the patriots, whoſe vigilance and talents were the moſt dreaded. Already one of theſe juſtices had attempted to infringe the inviolability of the repreſentatives of the people, and every thing announced a plan dexterouſly concerted for finding in the judicial order, the means of giving an arbitrary extenſion to the royal authority. Letters were ſent from the miniſter for the home department, directing the employing of force againſt the federates, who might wiſh to take at Paris the oath to fight for liberty, and it required all the activity of the National Aſſembly, all the patriotiſm of the army, all the zeal of the enlightened citizens, to prevent the fatal effects of this plan of diſorganization, which might have lighted up the flames of civil war. An emotion of patriotiſm had extinguiſhed in fraternal union, the diviſions that had appeared but too often in the National Aſſembly, and from this alſo the means of ſafety might have ſprung. The proſecutions commenced by the King's order, at the inſtance of the intendant of the civil liſt, might have been ſtopped. The virtuous Petion, puniſhed by an unjuſt ſuſpenſion, for having ſpared the blood of the people, might have been reinſtated by the King; and it was poſſible, that this long ſeries of faults and treaſons, might have fallen again entirely upon thoſe perfidious counſellors, to whom a confiding people had the long habit of attributing all the crimes of our Kings.

‘ The National Aſſembly then ſaw, that the ſafety of the country required extraordinary meaſures.

‘ They opened a diſcuſſion on the means of ſaving their country; they inſtituted a commiſſion charged to conſider of and prepare a plan of theſe means.

‘ The declaration that the country is in danger, called all the citizens to the common defence, all perſons in the public truſt to their poſts; and yet, in the midſt of complaints inceſſantly repeated of the inaction of government, of the neglect, or ill management of the preparations for war, of the uſeleſs or dangerous motions of the armies, the avowed object of which was to favour the political plans of one of the generals, miniſters unknown or ſuſpected, were ſeen to ſucceed one another rapidly, and to preſent, under new names, the ſame inactivity and the ſame principles.

‘ A declaration of the general of the enemy, which doomed to death all freemen, and promiſed to cowards and traitors his diſgraceful protection, could not but add to theſe ſuſpicions. In it the enemy of France ſeemed to attend to nothing but the defence of the King of the French. Twenty-ſix millions of men were nothing in his eſtimation, in compariſon of a privileged family; their blood muſt wet the earth to to avenge the ſlighteſt inſult; and the King, inſtead of expreſſing his indignation againſt a manifeſto intended to take from him the confidence of the people, ſeemed to oppoſe to it, and that reluctantly, a cold and timid diſavowal.

‘ Who then can be aſtoniſhed that ſuſpicions of the ſupreme head of the executive power ſhould inſpire citizens with the deſire of no longer ſeeing the forces intended for the common defence at the diſpoſition of a King, in whoſe name France was attacked, and the care of maintaining her internal tranquillity confided to him, whoſe intereſts were the pretext of all her troubles? To theſe motives, common to all France, were joined others, peculiar to the inhabitants of Paris. They ſaw the families of the conſpirators at Coblentz, forming the habitual ſociety of the King and his family. Writers, paid by the civil liſt, endeavoured, by baſe calumnies, to render the Pariſians odious or ſuſpected in the eyes of the reſt of France. Attempts were made to ſow diviſions between the poor citizens and the rich; the national guards were agitated by perfidious manœuvres, in order to form in it a party of royaliſts. In fine, the enemies of liberty ſeemed to be divided between Paris and Coblentz, and their audacity increaſed with their number.

‘ The conſtitution enjoined the King to give notice of approaching hoſtilities to the National Aſſembly; and long ſolicitations were neceſſary to obtain of the miniſtry the tardy information of the march of the Pruſſian troops. The conſtitution pronounced abdication againſt the King if he did not, by ſome formal act, declare his oppoſition to enterprizes undertaken in his name againſt the nation; and the emigrant princes had opened public loans in the King's name, had hired foreign troops in his name, had levied French regiments in his name, had formed a military houſehold for him out of France; and theſe facts were known for more than ſix months before the King, whoſe public declarations, whoſe remonſtrances with foreign powers, might have prevented the ſucceſs of thoſe meaſures, had diſcharged the duty impoſed upon him by the conſtitution.

‘ It was on ſuch powerful motives, that the numerous petitions, ſent from a great number of the departments, the wiſh of ſeveral ſections of Paris, followed by the general expreſſion of the wiſh of all the commons, ſolicited the forfeiture of the King, or the ſuſpenſion of the royal power; and the National Aſſembly could no longer ſhrink from the examination of this grand queſtion.

‘ It was their duty not to decide but after a mature and well-conſidered examination, after a ſolemn diſcuſſion, after having heard and weighed all opinions. But the patience of the people was exhauſted; all at once, they appeared united as one man in the ſame will; they marched to the King's reſidence, and the King came to ſeek an aſylum in the Aſſembly of the repreſentatives of the people, whoſe ſeat he knew that the faternal union of the inhabitants of Paris with the citizens of the departments, would always render an inviolable aſylum.

‘ National guards had been charged with defending the reſidence which the King had abandoned, but with them Swiſs ſoldiers were ſtationed. The people had long ſeen, with painful ſurpriſe, Swiſs battalions ſharing the guard of the King, although the conſtitution did not allow him to have a foreign guard. It had long been eaſy to foreſee, that this direct violation of the law, which was conſtantly obtruded on every eye, would ſooner or later occaſion great misfortunes. The National Aſſembly had neglected nothing to prevent them. Reports, diſcuſſions, motions made by individual members and referred to committees, had appriſed the King ſeveral months before of the neceſſity of diſmiſſing from about his perſon, men, whom every where elſe the French always regarded as friends and brothers, but whom they could not ſee retained about a conſtitutional King, in direct contradiction to the conſtitution, without ſuſpecting that they had become the inſtruments of the enemies of their liberty.

'A decree had ordered their removal: their commander, ſupported by the miniſtry, demanded changes in that decree: the National Aſſembly conſented to thoſe changes. A part of the ſoldiers was to remain near Paris, but without doing any duty that might renew diſquiets; and it was contrary to the ſenſe of the National Aſſembly, contrary to the law, that on the 10th of Auguſt they were employed on a ſervice, from which every motive of humanity and of prudence ought to have kept them away: they received orders to fire on the armed citizens, at the inſtant when the latter were inviting them to peace—when unequivocal ſigns of fraternity announced that peace was going to be acceped—at the inſtant when a deputation of the National Aſſembly was ſeen advancing in the midſt of arms, to ſpeak the words of peace and conciliation, and prevent carnage. Then nothing could ſtop the vengeance of the people, who had thus proof of a new act of treachery, at the very moment they were coming to complain of thoſe of which they had long been the victims.

In the midſt of theſe diſaſters, the National Aſſembly, afflicted, but calm, took the oath to maintain equality and liberty, or to die at the poſt; they took the oath to ſave France, and they ſought for the means.

'They ſaw but one, which was that of recurring to the ſupreme will of the people, and inviting them to exerciſe immediately their inalienable right of ſovereignty, which the conſtitution has recognized, and which it could not ſubject to any reſtriction. The public intereſt required that the people ſhould manifeſt their will by the ſenſe of a National Convention, formed of repreſentatives inveſted by them with unlimited powers; it required no leſs than that the members of this Convention ſhould be elected in each department in an uniform manner, and according to a regular mode. But the National Aſſembly could not reſtrain the powers of the ſovereign people, from whom alone the members of that aſſembly hold all the powers they poſſeſs. They were bound to confine themſelves to conjuring the people, in the name of their country, to follow the ſimple regulations traced out for them. In theſe, the forms inſtituted for elections were reſpected, becauſe the eſtabliſhment of new forms, even ſuppoſing them to be better, would have been a ſource of delay, perhaps of diviſion. They preſerved in them none of the conditions of eligibility, none of the limitations of the right of electing or being elected, eſtabliſhed by the former laws, becauſe theſe laws, which are ſo many reſtrictions on the exerciſe of the rights of ſovereignty, are not applicable to the National Convention, in which this right ought to be exerciſed with complete independence. The diſtinction of active citizens appears not in theſe regulations, becauſe it is alſo a reſtriction of the law. The only conditions required are thoſe which nature has preſcribed, ſuch as the neceſſity of being connected, by a fixed reſidence, with the territory for which the right of citizenſhip is exerciſed, of having attained the age at which men are held by the laws of the nation of which they make a part, to be in a condition to exerciſe their perſonal rights; finally, of having preſerved abſolute independence of will.

But to aſſemble new repreſentatives of the people required time; and although the National Aſſembly have made as ſhort as poſſible the periods of the operations which the convention made neceſſary; although they accelerated the period at which they muſt ceaſe to bear the burden of the public weal, in ſuch a manner as to avoid the leaſt ſuſpicion of ambitious views; the term of forty days would ſtill have expoſed the country to great misfortunes, and the people to dangerous commotions, if to the King had been left the exerciſe of the powers conferred upon him by the conſtitution; and the ſuſpenſion of theſe powers appeared to the repreſentatives of the people the only means of ſaving France and liberty.

'In pronouncing this neceſſary ſuſpenſion, the aſſembly have not exceeded their powers. The conſtitution authoriſes them to pronounce it in the caſe of the abſence of the King, when the terms at which this abſence incurs a legal abdication is not yet arrived, that is to ſay, in the caſe in which there is not yet ground for a definitive reſolution, but in which a proviſional act of rigour is evidently neceſſary, in which it would be abſurd to leave the power in hands which could no longer make a free and beneficial uſe of it. In the preſent inſtance, then, theſe conditions are as evidently united as in the caſe provided for by the conſtitution, and in conducting ourſelves by the principle which the conſtitution has pointed out, we have obeyed it—far from having infringed it contrary to our oaths.

'The conſtitution foreſaw, that all accumulation of powers was dangerous, and might change into tyrants of the people thoſe who ought to be only their repreſentatives; but it judged alſo, that this danger ſuppoſed a long exerciſe of this extraordinary power, and the term of two months is that which it has fixed for all caſes in which it permits this union of powers, which in all other caſes it has ſo rigorouſly proſcribed.

'The National Aſſembly, far from extending this term, has reduced it to forty days only; and far from exceeding the period fixed by the law on the plea of neceſſity, they have brought themſelves within the narroweſt limits.

'When the power of ſanctioning the laws is ſuſpended, the conſtitution has pronounced, that the decrees of the legiſlative body ſhall have of themſelves the character and authority of laws; and ſince he, to whom the conſtitution gave the choice of miniſters, could no longer exerciſe his functions, it was neceſſary that a new law ſhould put the choice into other hands. The aſſembly conferred the right on themſelves, becauſe this right could not but be given to electors who belonged to the whole nation, and becauſe they alone have that character at preſent. But they were careful to avoid giving ground for the ſuſpicion that, in conferring this power on themſelves, they ſought to gratify ambitious or perſonal views; they decreed, that the election ſhould be made aloud, that each of them ſhould pronounce his choice in preſence of the national repreſentation, in preſence of the numerous citizens who attended their ſittings. They took care that each of their own body ſhould have his colleagues for his judges, the public for a witneſs, and ſhould anſwer for his choice to the whole nation.

'Frenchmen, let us unite all our forces againſt the foreign tyranny which dares to threaten with its vengeance twenty-ſix millions of freemen. Within ſix weeks a power, which every citizen acknowledges, will pronounce on our diviſions: woe to the man who liſtening, during this ſhort interval, to perſonal ſentiments, ſhall not devote himſelf wholly to the common defence, who ſhall not ſee, that at the moment when the ſovereign will of the people is about to ſpeak, we have no enemies but the conſpirators of Pilnitz, and their accomplices.

'It is in the midſt of a foreign war, at the moment when numerous armies are prepared for a formidable invaſion, that we call upon the citizens to diſcuſs in a peaceable aſſembly the rights of liberty. That which would have appeared raſh among any other people, ſeemed to us not above the courage and the patriotiſm of the French; and undoubtedly we ſhall not have the misfortune of finding ourſelves deceived in judging you worthy to forget every other intereſt but that of liberty, of ſacrificing every other ſentiment to the love of your country.

'Citizens, it is for you to judge, if your repreſentatives have exerciſed for your good the powers you have confided to them, if they have acted according to your wiſhes in making uſe of their powers, which neither they nor you could foreſee to be neceſſary. We have diſcharged our duty in ſeizing with courage on the only means of preſerving liberty that occurred to our conſideration. Ready to die for it at the poſt in which you have placed us, we ſhall carry with us, at leaſt on quitting that poſt, the conſolation of having maintained it faithfully.

'Whatever judgment our contemporaries or poſterity may paſs upon us, we ſhall not have to dread that of our own conſciences; to whatever danger we may be expoſed, the happineſs will remain to us of having ſpared the torrents of French blood which a weaker conduct would have cauſed to flow; we ſhall be ſpared remorſe at leaſt; nor ſhall we have to reproach ourſelves with having ſeen a means of ſaving our country, and not having dared to embrace it. (Signed) GUADET, Preſident.'

The miniſters choſen by the aſſembly were,

M. DANTON, Miniſter of Juſtice.	M. SERVAN, Miniſter of War.
M. LE BRUN, ——— for Foreign Affairs.	M. MONGE, ——— of Marine.
M. ROLAND, ——— for the Interior.	M. CLAVIERE, ——— of Contributions.

Theſe immediately entered upon their functions, and the Commiſſioners appointed for the armies proceeded on their miſſion. The three ſent to general La Fayette's army were however arreſted on their way (it was thought by the general's order) at the town of Sedan by the municipality; but being next day releaſed, the firſt uſe they made of their liberty was to ſuſpend M. La Fayette from the command of the army, and appoint M. Dumourier in his ſtead.

The National Aſſembly had now declared La Fayette an enemy to his country, and this officer after ſounding the diſpoſition of the troops, whom he found inflexibly attached to the aſſembly, quitted the army, accompanied with thirteen or fourteen officers, on the 19th of Auguſt, and took the route through Liege for Holland; but at Liege, though in a neutral country, he was captured by an Auſtrian detachment, and brought a priſoner to the citadel of Luxembourgh.

The duke of Brunſwick, at the head of the combined armies, conſiſting of the flower of the Auſtrian and Pruſſian forces, and the corps of French emigrants, under the comte D'Artois, amounting together to upwards of ſeventy thouſand men, now entered the French territory in the province of Lorrain, (at preſent called the departments of Meuſe and Moſelle) near the fortified town of Longwy. This great army was ſupported by two others of thirty thouſand men each, the troops of the emperor, under the prince of Hohenloe and comte Clayrſait, which by the ſubſequent operations ſeem to have been ſtationed on the frontier to awe the garriſons in the fortified towns, while the grand army penetrated into France as far as Paris.

On the 23d of Auguſt the town of Longwy was inveſted by the combined army, and though well provided to ſuſtain a ſiege, on the trenches being opened againſt it, opened its gates to the enemy.

When the news of this event reached Paris, it cauſed great conſternation; not ſo much on account of the importance of a capture, that muſt unavoidably have taken place in a few days, where ſo conſiderable a force was employed in effecting it, but the non-reſiſtance of the garriſon and town's people gave the ſtrongeſt cauſe to ſuſpect the place was traitorouſly given up. Theſe ſuſpicions were in a few days after unequivocally confirmed. But whatever might be the ſentiments of individuals on this occaſion, the National Aſſembly betrayed no weakneſs or diſcompoſure; but after having decreed the immediate conſtruction of a ſtrong camp near Paris, proceeded in a cool and regular manner in every other reſpect to provide for the public ſafety; particularly in cauſing a number of ſuſpected perſons to be impriſoned for the purpoſe of legal procedures againſt them; among theſe was the Queen's confidential attendant, the princeſs de Lamballe, widow of the late ſon of the duke of Penthievre. Two of the perſons apprehended on the 10th of Auguſt on ſuſpicion of traitorous acts were tried on the 23d and executed on the 26th of the ſame month; theſe were M. de Porte and M. Duroſoi, the editor of the Paris gazette. He was convicted of having kept up a correſpondence with the emigrants; that he tranſmitted large ſums of money to them; that he procured recruits for them; that he kept a proſcription liſt; and that he had on the 8th drawn out a plan which was to have been executed on the 10th.

The ſuſpenſion of the King having determined the Britiſh cabinet to recal Earl Gower, their ambaſſador at Paris, the following official notice to the preſent proviſional executive council of France was delivered: "That his Britannic majeſty is afflicted with the deepeſt grief for the events which have lately taken place at Paris, both on account of the intereſt which he takes in every thing which concerns their moſt chriſtian majeſties, and of his deſire to ſee the kingdom of France tranquil and happy. As it appears that the exerciſe of the executive power has been withdrawn from the hands of the King, his Britannic majeſty is of opinion that his ambaſſador has no occaſion for remaining any longer at Paris, this ſtep being proper to manifeſt his intention of remaining neutral, as to what concerns the internal government of France. He is commiſſioned to expreſs his Britannic majeſty's ſolicitude and anxiety for the fate of their moſt chriſtian majeſties. He expects that their perſons will be protected from every kind of violence; the commiſſion of which would excite univerſal indignation throughout Europe."

To this notification the following anſwer was ſent:

'The proviſionary executive council ſees with regret the deciſion of the Britiſh cabinet to recal an ambaſſador, whoſe preſence always atteſted the favourable diſpoſition of a free and generous nation, and who had never been the organ but of amicable expreſſions and benevolent ſentiments; but if there is any thing that can diminiſh this regret, it is the renewal of the aſſurance given by England to the French nation of its determined neutrality.

"This aſſurance appears to be the reſult of the intention wiſely reflected upon, and formerly explained by his Britannic majeſty, of not concerning himſelf with the interior arrangements of the affairs of France. Such a declaration cannot be ſurpriſing on the part of an enlightened and dignified people, who were the firſt to acknowledge and eſtabliſh the principle of national ſovereignty, which, ſubjugating the expreſſion of every particular will and arbitrary caprice to the empire of the law, was the firſt that gave an example of ſubjugating even kings themſelves to this ſalutary yoke, and which, in fine, could not too dearly purchaſe, after violent ſtorms and long convulſions, that liberty to which it owes ſo much of its glory and proſperity.

"The principle of national ſovereignty, unalienable from the people, is about to be manifeſted in an illuſtrious manner in the National Convention, the convocation of which has been decreed by the legiſlative power, and which, without a doubt, will fix all parties in its intereſts. The French nation have reaſon to hope, that in this deciſive moment the Britiſh cabinet will not depart from that juſtice, moderation, and impartiality, that it has ſhewn to the preſent time.

"In this implicit confidence, founded upon facts, the underſigned renews to his excellency Earl Gower, in the name of the proviſionary executive council, the aſſurance which he has before had the honour of giving, *viva voce*, that the commercial connections between the two nations, and their affairs in general, ſhall be followed on the part of the French nation, with the ſame juſtice, and even loyalty, hitherto obſerved. The council likewiſe flatter themſelves, that this reciprocity will be held entire on the part of the Britiſh government, and that on this footing, nothing will be able to alter the good underſtanding ſubſiſting between the two nations. (Signed) Le Brun,

Miniſter of Foreign Affairs."

On the ſame day, Auguſt 26, M. Guadet propoſed, in the name of the Extraordinary Commiſſion, that the title of French citizen ſhould be conferred on the following perſons, who had rendered themſelves illuſtrious by their love of liberty, viz. Thomas Paine, Dr. Prieſtley, De la Paw, Wilberforce, Waſhington, Clarkſon, Williams, Maddiſon, Hamilton, Richard Feldebert, Malachouſki, Pilatoſki, Poniatouſki, and Mackintoſh.—'France declares they are her children ſince they are thoſe of liberty.'—This was decreed.

[*To be continued.*]

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAM Newenham, Eſq. (ſecond ſon of Sir Edward Newenham, Knt. one of the repreſentatives in parliament for the co. Dublin) to Miſs Barbara Lynam, with a fortune of 10,000l.—At Galway, Mr. John Hynes, merchant, to Miſs Burke.—Mr. John Maher, of Freſhford, merchant, to Miſs Alicia Murray, of Kilkenny.—David Foley, Eſq; of Youghall, to Miſs Carey.—Captain David Wallis, of Limerick, to Miſs Halpin.—H. B. Cox, Eſq; of the King's Co. to Miſs Eliza Smith.—At Perth, in Scotland, Henry Lindſay, Eſq; of Abbey-ſtreet, to Miſs Sandeman.—Mr. George Blood, of Pruſſia-ſtreet, to Miſs Blood, of Balliſheen, co Clare.—E. A. Whyte, Eſq; of Grafton-ſtreet, to Miſs A. Freeman, of the King's Co.—At Clonmell, Mr. James Forbes, of Dublin, merchant, to Miſs Eliza Watſon.—Mr. John Walſh, of New-ſtreet, merchant, to Miſs Hayes, of Bridge-ſtreet.—The chevalier O'Gorman, to the widow Cuffe.—At Waterford, George Cotten, Eſq; to Miſs Bates, daughter of alderman Bates.

DEATHS.

AT Dingle, Walter Huſſey, Eſq.—In Angleſea-ſtreet, James Lane, Eſq; one of the ſheriff's-peers of this city.—In Biſhop-ſtreet, Capt. Benjamin Hunt, late of the 5th regiment of dragoon guards.—At Lord Lifford's, co. Tyrone, Miſs Ambroſia Hewitt.—J. Phillips, Eſq; of Mount Phillips, co. Tipperary.—At White's-town, co. Waterford, John Kenedy, Eſq.—At Mallow, Capt. Palliſer Wheeler of the 35th regiment.—At Ballinahinch, the Rev. John Sturgeon.—At Rathmines, Mr. Edward Byrne, late an eminent brewer.—Surgeon Sullivan.—At Monaghan, aged 80, the Rev. Mr. Hawkſhaw.—At Maynooth, Mr. George Euſtace.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *NOVEMBER*, 1792.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A CHART OF THE NETHERLANDS, NOW THE THEATRE OF WAR,
Exhibiting the Marches of, and Places where Actions have happened, between the hoſtile Armies;

GRAY'S ELEGY,
AN ELEGANT DESIGN, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED;

AND

A MASONIC GLEE, SET TO MUSIC.

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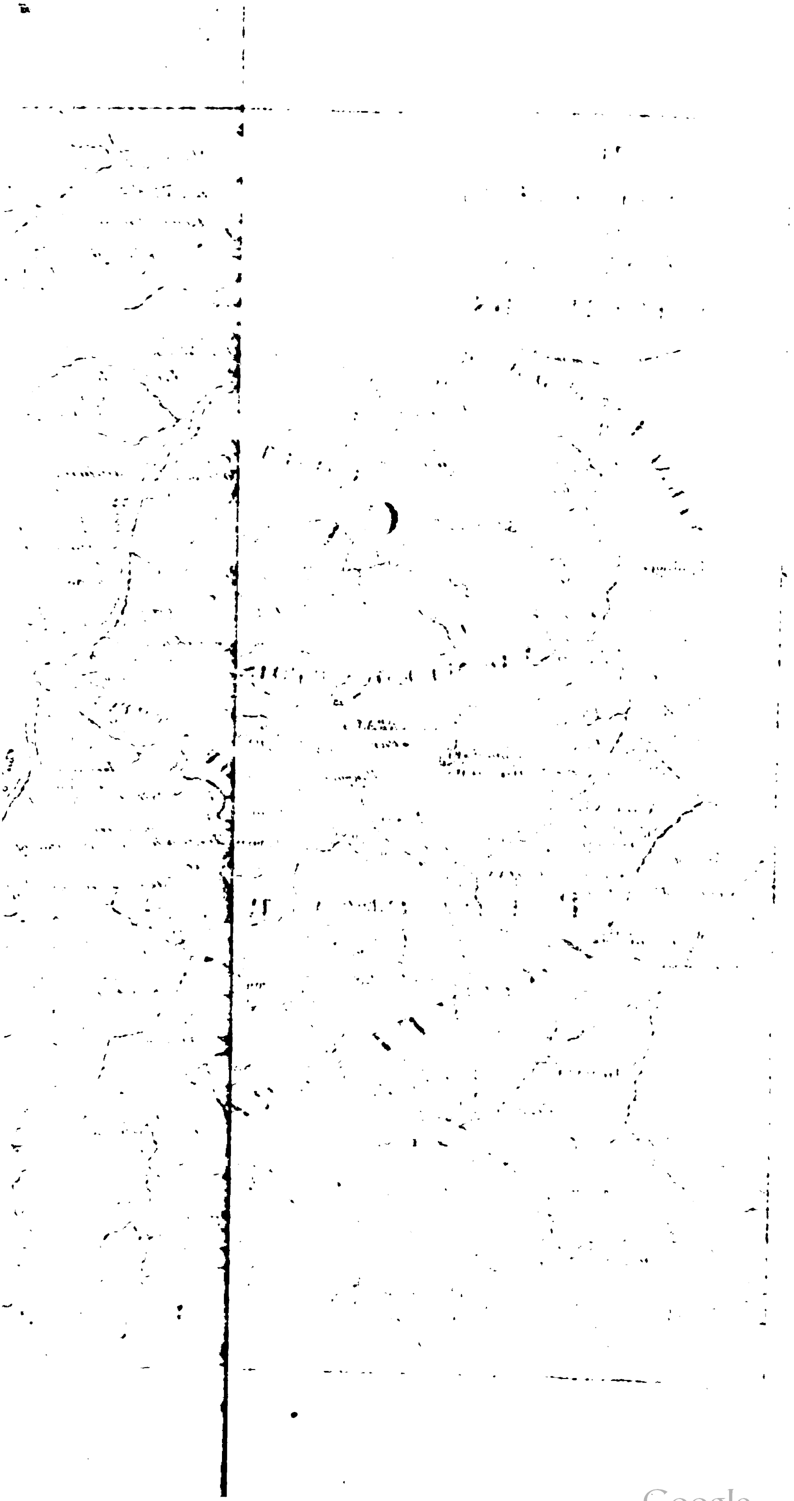

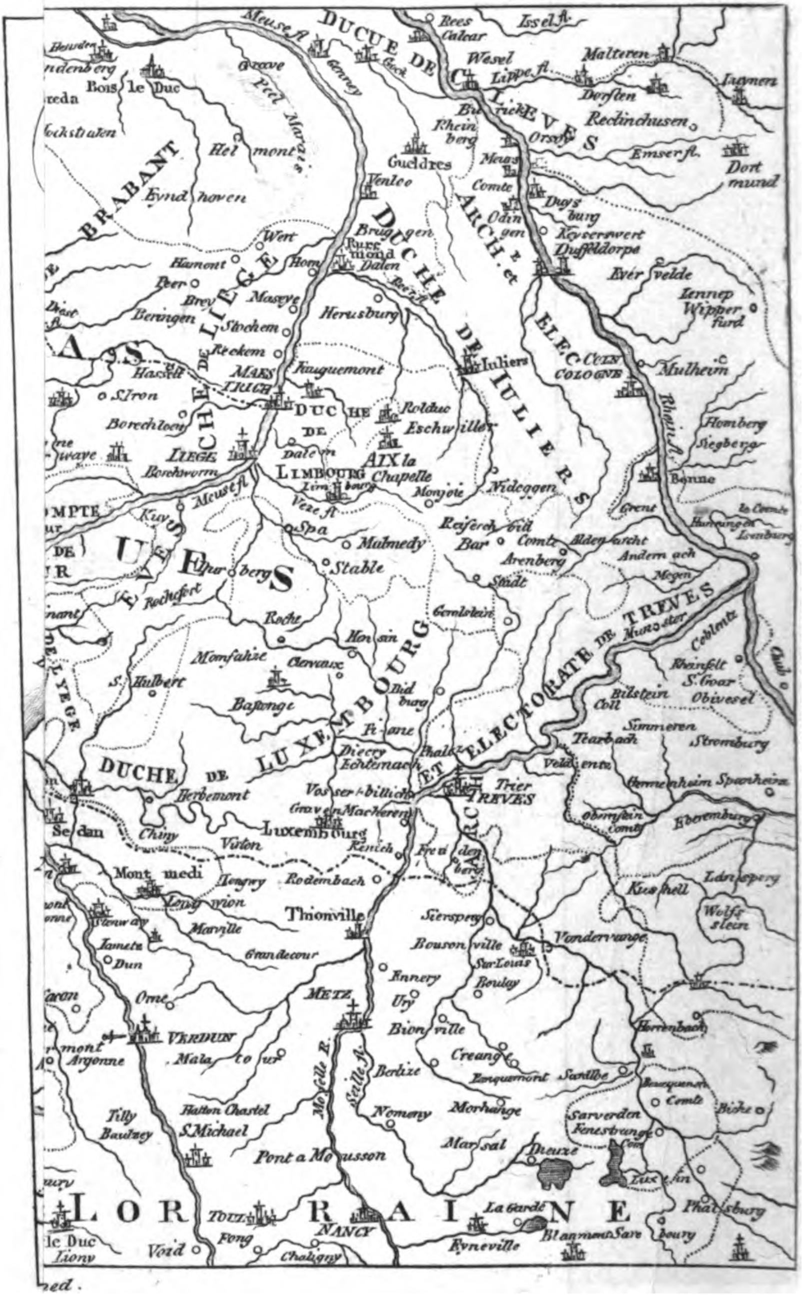

DUCUE DE CLEVES
Meuse fl.
Rees
Calear
Issel fl.
Wesel
Lippe fl.
Malteren
Dorsten
Recklinhusen
Emser fl.
Dort mund
Bois le Duc
Breda
Helmont
BRABANT
Eyndhoven
Venloo
Gueldres
Rheinberg
Orsoy
Meurs
Comte
Duysburg
Keyserswert
Dusseldorpe
Ever velde
Lennep
Wipper furd
DUCHE DE IULIERS
ARCH. et ELEC. COLOGNE
Coln
Mulheim
Rhein fl.
Homberg
Siegberg
Bonne
Ruremond
Dalen
Hamont
Peer
Brey
Maseyk
Beringen
Stochem
Reckem
LIEGE
Hasselt
MAESTRICH
Fauquemont
Heinsburg
Iuliers
S. Tron
Borchloen
DUCHE DE LIMBOURG
Roldue
Eschwiller
AIX la Chapelle
Dalem
Limbourg
Monjoie
Nideggen
Meuse fl.
Veze fl.
Spa
Malmedy
Stable
Reiferscheid
Bar
Comte
Arenberg
Altenarcht
Andernach
Megen
Stadt
Huy
Rochefort
Marche
Gemünden
ELECTORATE DE TREVES
Coblentz
Rhinfelt
S. Goar
Obiwesel
Bilstein
Coll
Simmeren
Trarbach
Stromburg
Roche
Houfalize
Montjoie
Clervaux
S. Hubert
Bastogne
Bidburg
DUCHE DE LUXEMBOURG
Dieckirch
Echternach
Veldentz
Creutznach
Sponheim
DE LYEGE
Herbemont
Trier
TREVES
Luxembourg
Grevenmacheren
Sedan
Chiny
Virton
Rench
Freudenberg
Mont medi
Longwy
Rodembach
Kusell
Lautterecken
Wolfstein
Thionville
Stenay
Marville
Siersperg
Bouson ville
Sar Louis
Vaudervange
Iametz
Dun
Grandecour
Ennery
Boulay
METZ
Ury
VERDUN
Mala tour
Bionville
Creange
Horrenbach
Berlize
Sarlibe
Bourquenon
Comte
Biche
Moselle R.
Seille fl.
Nomeny
Morhange
Sarverden
Fenestrange
Hatton Chastel
S. Michael
Tilly
Baulzey
Marsal
Dieuze
Pont a Mousson
Luxelin
Phalsburg
LORRAINE
TOUL
NANCY
La Garde
Blamont
Sare bourg
Fong
Chaligny
Vaid
Ligny
Bar le Duc
Ryneville

ned.

f the Armies.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *NOVEMBER*, 1792.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

Account of the AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS, *now the Seat of War, deſcribing the chief Cities and fortified Towns. Illuſtrated with a* CHART OF THE COUNTRY, *on which is marked the Progreſs of the French Forces, and the Places where the principal Actions have happened between the hoſtile Armies.*

THE Netherlands, or Low Countries, conſiſt of ſeventeen provinces, in eight of which the Houſe of Auſtria has poſſeſſions, namely 1. Brabant; 2. Antwerp; 3. Malines; 4. Limburg; 5. Luxemburg; 6. Namur; 7. Hainault; 8. Flanders.

BRUSSELS, the capital of Auſtrian Brabant, and the ſeat of the governors-general, is ſituated on the ſmall river Senne, which runs through it. It is a rich and handſome city, and among the public ſtructures the ducal palace, where the governor reſides, the town-houſe and the arſenal, are ſuperb. No city in Europe, except Naples and Genoa, makes a finer appearance at a diſtance; but like them, when in the town, it is all up and down hill; it is ſurrounded with a double brick wall, in which are ſeven gates, but the city being ſeven miles in compaſs, is too large to hold out a long ſiege. In Bruſſels are ſeven fine ſquares or market-places; that of the great market is one of the moſt beautiful in the world; the town-houſe takes up one quarter of it, and has a very high ſteeple, on the top of which is a brazen ſtatue of St. Michael, 15 feet high. In one of the apartments, which is handſomely adorned, the ſtates of Brabant meet; in three other rooms, there is the hiſtory of the reſignation of Charles V. wrought in tapeſtry, ſo well executed, that it may be miſtaken for painting. In the other parts of this ſquare are the halls of the different trades. There are here ſeveral palaces of the nobility; that of Orange now belongs to the king of Pruſſia. The opera-houſe is built after the Italian manner, with rows of boxes in which are chimneys, one is covered over with looking-glaſs, ſo that they can ſit by the fire and ſee what is doing on the ſtage. There are twenty public fountains, adorned with ſtatues, at the corners of the moſt public ſtreets; and in the centre of the town-houſe is one with Neptune, the Tritons, and the horſes ſpouting water. The hoſpitals are well endowed, ſome of which are for the maintenance of ſtrangers for three days.

There is alſo a foundling-hoſpital, and one for penitent courtezans. Among the churches, that of St. Gudula is very magnificent. It ſtands on the top of a hill near the gate of Louvain, and is ſurrounded with iron balluſtrades; it is an old Gothic ſtructure, with two large ſteeples at the eaſt end, and is finely adorned within. There are ſeveral monaſteries and nunneries, two of which laſt are Engliſh. The nunnery called the Beguinage, is like a little town, being ſurrounded with a wall and ditch, and has a little ſtreet where each nun has an apartment;—ſix or ſeven hundred girls are educated here.

In 1695, Bruſſels was bombarded by Marſhal Villeroy, who demoliſhed four thouſand houſes, the ſtadt-houſe and ſeveral churches. In 1708, it was beſieged again by the Elector of Bavaria, but the Duke of Marlborough ſoon came to its aſſiſtance, and obliged him to raiſe the ſiege with precipitation. Marſhal Saxe, the French general, took it in 1746; but it was reſtored by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. On the 13th of November, 1792, the army of the French republic, under the command of General Dumourier, took poſſeſſion of this place, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants. It is much fallen from its former ſplendour, and all the trade which is now carried on there is in lace, camblets, and tapeſtry, which they make in great perfection. E. Long. 4° 8′. N. Lat. 50° 51′.

ANTWERP, capital of the province of that name, is alſo a city of the duchy of Brabant, and is called the marquiſate of the holy Roman empire is ſituated in E. Long, 4° 15′. N. Lat. 51° 12′. It lies in a low marſhy ground, on the Scheld, 24 miles from Bruſſels, to the north; it is the third city in rank in Brabant, large and well built, containing 22 ſquares, and above 200 ſtreets, all ſtraight and broad, eſpecially that called the Mere, in which ſix coaches can go a-breaſt; moſt of the houſes are of free-ſtone, and have an air of antiquity, being lofty, and having courts before and gardens behind. At the head of the Mere, is a crucifix of braſs, thirty-three feet high. The cathedral is dedicated to the Virgin Mary,; the Stadt-houſe and the Exchange are magnificent ſtructures: the latter is the firſt building of that kind in Europe, and on its model, the Exchanges of London and Amſterdam are built; its pillars are all of blue marble, and carved, but all in a different manner. The Exchange coſt the city 300,000 crowns. Antwerp, towards the end of the 15th century, was one of the moſt celebrated commercial towns in Europe. The Scheld, on which it ſtands, being 20 feet deep at low water, and riſing 20 feet more at flood. Ships of the greateſt burden came up to the quays. But when the ſeven united provinces formed themſelves into a free ſtate, after having ſhaken off the yoke of Spain, they got the entire command of the navigation of the Scheld, which ruined the trade of Antwerp and transferred it to Amſterdam. This made the inhabitants turn their heads to painting, jewelling, and banking, which they have continued to this day with great ſucceſs and reputation; for at Antwerp, bills of Exchange may be negociated for any ſum to any part of Europe; and in the time of Queen Anne's wars, two brothers of the name of De Kinning, paid, the one the army of France, and the other that of the confederates; beſides, here is a fine manufacture of tapeſtry and lace; and for the promoting of trade, an inſurance company has been erected. This city is the ſee of a biſhop; who as abbot of St. Bernard, is the ſecond prelate in Brabant. The biſhopric is of great extent, and the Cathedral a moſt noble pile, with one of the fineſt ſteeples in the world. The Emperor, Charles V. when he made his entry into Antwerp, ſaid it ought to be put into a caſe and ſhewn once a-year for a rarity. The houſe of the hanſe-towns, built when the city was in its flouriſhing condition, is a ſtately building, with magazines above for dry goods, and cellars below for wet, and in the middle ſtory were 300 lodging-rooms for merchants, but now it is turned to a horſe-barrack. There is a market here called the Fridays market, becauſe it is held every Friday, where all ſorts of houſhold goods, pictures, and jewels are ſold by auction. No city in the Netherlands has ſo many and ſo fine churches as this; many of them, particularly the Cathedral and Jeſuit's church, are adorned with paintings by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who was a native of this city, and by Quinten Maſſeys, who is ſaid to have been a blackſmith, but having fallen in love with a painter's daughter, and being told by her father, when he aſked her of him in marriage, that he would have none but a painter for his ſon-in-law, he went to Italy to ſtudy painting, and in a few years returned ſo eminent in his new profeſſion, that he found no difficulty in obtaining the father's conſent. He is interred at the entry of the cathedral, where his effigy ſtands, with an inſcription, ſignifying that conjugal love made an Apelles of a blackſmith. The above-mentioned jeſuits church is extremely magnificent, and the chapel of the Virgin joining to it ſtill more ſo; among the cloiſters the moſt remarkable are the noble and rich abbey of St. Michael, on the banks of the Scheld, the apartments of which are truly royal, and where all ſovereign princes that paſs this way actually lodge; and the Engliſh nunnery of the order of Tereſa, the nuns of which never wear linen, nor eat fleſh, and lie upon ſtraw; the grates of the convent are ſo diſmal, that it looks like a priſon. As to the fortifications of the city, it is environed with a fine wall planted with rows of trees on each ſide, with walks between, broad enough for two coaches to go a-breaſt, being alſo defended by a very ſtrong large regular citadel in form of a pentagon, erected by the Duke of Alva in 1568, which commands the town and neighbouring country. The magiſtracy of this city is choſen only out of the ſeven patrician families, and conſiſts of two burgomaſters, 18 echevins, beſides inferior magiſtrates. Among the privileges granted to it by its princes, there is one by which every perſon born in it is a citizen, though both his father and mother are foreigners.

In 1585, Antwerp underwent a remarkable ſiege by the Duke of Parma, it was the moſt wealthy city in the Netherlands, and had long been the object of his deſigns; but the difficulties attending the enterprize, made him poſtpone it for a conſiderable time. In order to ſucceed, it was neceſſary to cut off the communication of the city with Holland, Ghent, and all places above and below Antwerp, on the Scheld. To effect this, he laid ſiege to Liſkenſhouk and Lillo, places of the utmoſt importance to the ſecurity and commerce of the city, both were obſtinately defended, and the ſiege of the latter was raiſed after it had been carried on for three months; however the Duke gained ſeveral other ports on the river, where he built forts and greatly annoyed the ſhipping and trade of the city. He next laid ſiege to Dendermonde, in order to cut off the communication with Ghent, in which he ſucceeded by the reduction of the town. His next attempt was on Velvorde, this place he took by aſſault, and thereby cut off the communication with Bruſſels. Finding, however, this method of hemming in the city tedious and ineffectual, while an opening to the mouth of the river remained, he formed a deſign of building a bridge acroſs the Scheld, the extremeties of which were to be defended by ſtrong forts and out-works. He began with collecting great quantities of wood at Callo, and fort St. Philip's, where he intended the bridge ſhould be built; but his project was for ſome time retarded by the Antwerpers, who broke down the dykes, overflowed the whole country, and carried off his magazines by the inundation. Not diſcouraged by this loſs, he applied himſelf diligently to repair it, and with incredible expedition cut a canal from Steken to Callo, by which he carried off the waters: he then ſet to work upon the bridge, and finiſhed it in ſeven months, without any interruption from the Zealanders. During the building of the bridge, Aldegonde, governor of Antwerp, propoſed to build a fort on Converſleyn Dyke, in order to ſecure that important poſt, and then breaking down the dyke, when the bridge was near finiſhed; but he was violently oppoſed by certain citizens, who apprehended that their lands and villas would be deſtroyed by the inundation. This unſeaſonable oppoſition, with the negligence of the magiſtrates, who, becauſe the markets were high, had not laid in a ſufficient ſtock of corn, occaſioned the loſs of the city. However, in deſpite of all the Duke of Parma's precautions, the Zealanders found means to throw in a convoy of corn, but the citizens knowing they would not run the riſk of carrying it back again, ſo cheapened the price, that theſe bold traders refuſed ever to bring their goods again to ſo bad a market.* The Antwerpers having through avarice brought on their ruin, began in a ſhort time to ſuffer by famine; they preſſed the Zealanders to attempt ſomething for their relief, but it was now too late, while the magiſtrates were deliberating on ſome means for deſtroying the bridge, which they might have prevented from being ever compleated, one Ginebelli, a Mantuan engineer, offered his ſervice, undertaking at a certain expence to blow it into the air: even in this extremity, the expence was grudged, but neceſſity at laſt overcame this obſtacle. Ginebelli was furniſhed with two large veſſels, a number of ſmall boats, and every thing neceſſary; he formed the large veſſels into fire ſhips which he ſet a drift with the ſtream, deceiving the enemy by means of falſe fires lighted up in the fleet of ſmall boats: the train of one of the fire ſhips was expended before the time expected, and ſhe blew up with a terrible exploſion, but with little damage to the bridge; the other was more ſucceſsful, carrying off all the outworks, ſetting fire to the whole bridge, and burying above 500 ſoldiers in the ruins it made; the fire, however, was ſoon extinguiſhed, and the bridge repaired by the duke of Parma, while the Antwerpers were prevented, by avarice, from repeating the experiment, ſo that they were ſoon reduced to the greateſt ſtraits, and obliged to ſurrender. It is ſaid that the city of Amſterdam had obſtructed every meaſure for the relief of Antwerp, hoping to profit by its deſtruction;

it was not doubted but the proteſtants would forſake it, as ſoon as it fell into the hands of an arbitrary catholic prince, and this conjecture was ſoon fulfilled by the removal of many families with their effects to Amſterdam. After the battle of Ramillies, the city of Antwerp ſurrendered to the Duke of Marlborough; it was taken by the French in 1746, but reſtored to the houſe of Auſtria, at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. This city was taken by the French, on the 16th of November, 1792.

THE VAGARIST.

Nº V.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1792.

AFTER a three months reſidence in the country, the conſequence of a preſſing invitation from an old friend, I am again ſafe and ſnug in my city apartments; not much pleaſed with an excurſion, the particulars of which, I ſhall probably, when in a humour to do it, communicate to my readers. Until I get my hand in for that, or ſomething better, I ſhall catch at the Cynthia of the minute, and exhibit her as I find her; diſhevelled or adorned. Her appearance this day, has little to recommend her, being only the opening of the Dublin Theatres.

If a foreigner had viſited the Iriſh metropolis in the laſt four months, he would naturally conclude, that the inhabitants of this city, were leſs fond of public amuſements than thoſe of any other of the European capitals; or, that an inordinate love for play, the pleaſures of the table, or the gratification of private vices, entirely engroſſed them: true it is, that from the beginning of July to the firſt day of this month, there has been no place of public amuſement in Dublin.

This dull ſuſpenſion at length ended on Thurſday the firſt inſtant, by the opening of Aſtley's Amphitheatre in Peter-ſtreet, with its wonted variety of equeſtrian feats, dances, pantomimes, tumbling, and interludes.

To bring an olio of this kind to the bar of criticiſm, would be a ridiculous abſurdity: the exhibition is not intended as a correct dramatic one, though actors are employed, (and ſome not contemptible) neither as a muſical one, though good voices are not wanting, and the inſtrumental performers very tolerable; nor will I compare the dancing with that of the Hay-market in London, or the *Salle d'Opera* in Paris, yet even on their boards, MERCEROT, would be applauded. As to the horſemanſhip, Aſtley is undoubtedly the prototype of that kind of exhibition in thoſe kingdoms. Aſtley's Amphitheatre amuſes every rank, his attention to pleaſe is indefatigable: it is crowned with ſucceſs, for it is filled every night.

Laſt Wedneſday the Theatre Royal in Crow-ſtreet opened with the comedy of the *Weſt-Indian*, and the muſical entertainment of *Roſina*.

The houſe has undergone neither alteration or improvement ſince laſt ſeaſon, it has however been refreſhed with a coat of ſize, the ſwelling frieze over the boxes has been painted green, and an attempt made to gild the *cariates* at the green boxes.

The play was thus caſt, Belcour Mr. *Betterton*, (from one of the Engliſh theatres); Varland, Mr. *Moſs*; Major O'Flaherty, Mr. *Owenſon*; Stockwell, Mr. *Duncan*; Captain Dudley, Mr. ———; Young Dudley, Mr. *Palmer*; Fulmer, Mr. *Sympſon*: Charlotte Ruſport, Mrs. *Kenedy*; Louiſa Dudley, Mrs. *Mountain*; Mrs. Fulmer, Mrs. ———

In the entertainment, Mr. *Duffy* did Belville; William, Mr. *Palmer*; Roſina, Miſs *R. Ryder*; Phoebe, Mrs. *Hitchcock*.

The managers of the Dublin Theatres, differing diametrically from all other dealers, who offer their commodities for money, (when they inform the public of the great and excellent aſſortment they have laid in, humbly ſolicit cuſtomers, grateful for paſt favours) are of late years in the habit of trumpeting *their own liberality*, for having procured ſuch entertainment, that the public is not only called upon to give its *money*, but alſo incur a debt of GRATITUDE, ever to remain upon the manager's books. If this is the caſe, and ſurely no one can doubt what is ſo often uncontrovertedly repeated; I know not what to make of the debut in Crow-ſtreet, for notwithſtanding the drollery of Moſs and the judgment of Mrs. Kenedy, the play was far under mediocrity. The entertainment was ſomething better: Duffey's manner is much improved, the ſame cannot be ſaid of his voice: Palmer always pleaſes, and Miſs R. Ryder's Roſina deſerved and obtained applauſes. Between the play and entertainment, a comic ballet dance was very well executed by Mr. Laſcelles and Mrs. Parker.
E.

ORIGIN *of* POWDERING *the* HAIR.

THE ancients ſometimes dyed it, and ſometimes covered it with gold duſt. They knew nothing of powders.

The Chriſtian fathers, exclaim with great vehemence againſt coſmetics, but do not ſay a word about powder. Frequent deſcriptions are found in the older romances of female dreſs and ornament, but we do not find any mention made of powder.

The old painters were minute in repreſenting the faſhions of their times, but in the oldeſt pictures you ſee no powder.

In Branture we read that Margaret de Valois had very black hair, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal or change by various devices; had powder been then uſed, the remedy would have been obvious. Powder was firſt introduced among the French, for we have no earlier account of this cuſtom than in the Journal of L'Etoile, who wrote in 1592. He tells us that in that year ſome nuns were ſeen in Paris with their hair dreſſed and powdered.

Since his time it has gradually been gaining ground in Europe. The Turks alone reject it, whoſe turbans render it unneceſſary to uſe or ornament.

HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN ENGLAND.

BY THE LATE RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

[*Continued from page* 302.]

IT appears, however, from a ſingular and curious Latin tract, that in the reign of Henry II. both tournaments and horſe-races, or ſomething very like races, were cultivated with much earneſtneſs and care. Smithfield was then the chief theatre for theſe ſports, as well as the firſt market for all ſorts of horſes. This place was originally called Smoothfield, *planus campus & re & nomine*, from its being a ſmooth level piece of ground, and therefore ſet apart as a proper ſpot, on which to ſhew and exerciſe horſes. Without one of the gates of the city, ſays the hiſtorian, is a certain field, plain or ſmooth, both in name and ſituation. Every Friday (as at preſent) except ſome greater feſtival intervene, there is a fine ſight of horſes brought to be ſold. Many come out of the city to buy or look on; to wit, earls, barons, knights, and citizens. It is a pleaſant ſight to behold the horſes there, all gay and ſleek, moving up and down, ſome in the amble, and ſome in the trot, which latter pace, although rougher to the rider, is better ſuited to men who bear arms. Here alſo are colts, yet ignorant of the bridle, which prance and bound, and give early ſigns of ſpirit and courage. Here likewiſe are managed, or war-horſes, (*Dextrarii*) of elegant ſhape, full of fire, and giving every proof of a generous and noble temper. Horſes likewiſe for the cart, dray, and plough, are to be found here; mares big with foal, and others with their colts wantonly running by their ſides.

Every Sunday in Lent, after dinner, a company of young men ride out into the fields on horſes which are fit for war, and excellent for their ſpeed. Every one among them is taught to run the rounds with his horſe. The citizens' ſons iſſue out through the gates by troops, furniſhed with lances and ſhields: the younger ſort have their pikes not headed with iron, and make repreſentation of battle and exerciſe a ſkirmiſh. To this performance many courtiers reſort when the court is near, and young ſtriplings, yet uninitiated in arms, from the families of barons and great perſons, to train and practiſe. They begin by dividing into troops, ſome labour to outſtrip their leaders, without being able to reach them; others unhorſe their antagoniſt, without being able to get beyond them. At other times two or three boys are ſet on horſeback to ride a race; the ſignal being given, they ſet off, and puſh their horſes to their utmoſt ſpeed, ſparing neither whip nor ſpur, urging them, at the ſame time, with loud ſhouts and clamours, to animate their endeavours, and call forth all their powers.

The next period in which any particular mention is made of horſes, is in the reign of Edward II. It appears from the annals of this prince, written by John de Trokelow, in the year 1307, that Edward was very fond of horſes, and ſent for them to Champagne in France. He alſo gave a commiſſion, in the ſecond year of his reign, to Bynde Bonaventure, and his brother, *pro viginti dextrariis et duodecim jumentis emendis in partibus Lombardiæ:* and requires all his friends and loving ſubjects to aſſiſt them in this important commiſſion.

The genius of Edward III. naturally inclining him to war, conſequently made him fond, as he is reported to have been, of its images and repreſentatives, tilts and tournaments; horſes are too eſſentially neceſſary to both, not to have been deemed by him objects highly deſerving his care and attention. He was, therefore, cautious and provident to be well ſupplied with them; and his own kingdom not being able to anſwer his wants, as well may be preſumed, he purchaſed from time to time from other countries. We find him indebted to the count of Hainault 25,000 florins for horſes, which he had furniſhed. The horſes which the king had bought, were all marked, ſo as to diſtinguiſh the property.

This prince likewiſe ſends to France, *pro quatuor dextrariis, ſeu magnis equis.*

The ſort of horſes then in uſe for princes, military perſons, and others of rank and diſtinction, were called *Dextrarii.* Edward bought theſe horſes to equip himſelf for a war, in which he was engaged againſt Scotland, and to ſolemnize a tournament which he was to give at Werks; for which ſervices theſe *Dextrarii* were accounted moſt fit, and always deſtined to them.

They were ranked at the head of all other ſpecies of horſes, and anſwered for the moſt part to what is meant at preſent by a managed horſe, or one dreſſed and diſciplined for war; to which, and the exerciſe of the tournament, they were ſet apart; for, upon common occaſions, perſons of rank and conſideration always rode upon horſes of inferior degree, diſtinguiſhed by the names of courſers, amblers, palfreys, hackneys, nags, and poneys, recommended by their eaſy paces, and quiet temper. In ſeveral countries, it was a cuſtom rigorouſly obſerved, that no knight of chivalry, or other gentleman, ſhould ride upon a mare, it being thought diſhonourable and vile.

The mares were always devoted to the cart, and all the ignoble ſervices; and whether upon this account it was thought diſgraceful in a gentleman to ride them, or whether they were put to theſe ſervile taſks merely becauſe they would not ride them, is a queſtion hitherto undetermined. The Spaniards, Turks, and ſome other nations, ſtill adhere to this abſurd notion, upon all occaſions.

The moſt obvious and natural reaſon which can be aſſigned for this partiality againſt the mare, ſeems to be that the female ſex is thought (among horſes at leaſt) not to have the ſtrength, fire, and dignity of the male, and therefore is not ſo correſpondent to the character and pomp of a knight, or warrior, as the horſes; nor, as it was not a general cuſtom to geld horſes, could they have been truſted among the oppoſite ſex. In other reſpects there is no reaſon to think them inferior to horſes, and *cæteris paribus*, always ſuperior, as being perfect in nature, to geldings.

The horſes known by the name of *Dextrarii* in Latin, *Deſtriere* in Italian, *Deſtrier* in the French languages, were ſo called from the word *Dextra*, ſignifying in the Latin, the right hand; they all having been carefully handled, dreſſed, or managed, as we call it, from the Italian word *maneggiare*, which in its literal ſenſe, means no more than ſimply to handle. Others ſay, that it is to be taken in a figurative ſenſe from the word dextra, importing dexterity and readineſs with which they work under their riders; and others, that they are ſo denominated from being led by grooms, when they attended their maſters into the field or liſts, by the right hand. The firſt explanation ſeems to be the moſt clear and juſt.

Theſe *Dextrarii* were alſo called *magni Equi*, or great horſes, becauſe they were required to be of the largeſt ſize, and were always intended to ſerve in war, or in the exerciſes of the tournament, which were nearly allied to it. As the riders were cloathed in compleat armour, they were of a prodigious weight, and conſequently demanded very ſtrong and able-bodied, as well as tall horſes, to carry them through their enterprizes; great and ſized horſes were therefore required, in oppoſition to palfreys, courſers, nags, and other common horſes: and foraſmuch as theſe great horſes were all required to be dreſſed or taught, that they might perform their taſks with more readineſs and fidelity; and as it is neceſſary that the rider ſhould have knowledge and ſkill to guide his horſe, thoſe perſons who profeſſed the ſcience of arms were obliged to learn the art of managing their horſes, in conformity to certain rules and principles; and hence came the expreſſion of learning to ride the great horſe.

Theſe heavy-armed troops were called in claſſical Latin, *Cataphracti*: the light-armed cavalry were ſtiled in unclaſſical Latin, *Hoblearii*, from their riding hobbies, or ſmall horſes, in French called *Holbin*, or *Aubin* from the Italian word *Ubino*, ſignifying a ſmall horſe, as the word hackney is derived fron the French, *Haquinée*, and that from the Italian *Achinea*, which means a quiet ordinary horſe.

Modern horſemen will, perhaps, be ſurprized to hear, that theſe tilting and war-horſes were all taught to amble; an uſurping pace, which, for ſome centuries, almoſt univerſally depoſed the trot.

In the account of the expences of purchaſing and bringing into England the horſes which were bought for Edward in France, among other articles, in the diſburſement of his wardrobe, upon this occaſion we find trammels (*Trynellis*, for the accounts are written in Latin) charged as an article, and with the following addition, explanatory of their uſe, in teaching horſes to amble. *Haud aliter ſcilicet appellabant inſtrumenta illa, quibus uſi ſunt ſabri* ferrarii, *ſive* ſolearii (*anglice* farriers), *ut eo facilius ad tollutim incedendum redderentur equi, quem quidem inceſſum mollem* (ambling) *lingua vocitamus vernacula.* The word *Traymells*, or *Traynells*, ſeems to be taken from the Italian word *Tramenare*, to ſhake, to wriggle; which term is very expreſſive of the motion of the amble. Theſe were made of yarn, or ſtrong liſt, and frequently of iron, like chains, or fetters: in forming of which laſt, it was neceſſary to employ *ſabri ferrarii*, or ſmiths, and *Solearii*, thoſe who ſhod horſes with iron ſhoes, with a long point coming from the toe, being put upon the hinder feet, to teach horſes to amble, which ſhoes might be comprehended under the word trammels, as producing the ſame effect.

In the reign of Henry VII. (for in a work like this, there muſt be wide gaps) *Polydore Virgil* reports, that the Engliſh were wont to keep large herds of horſes in their paſtures and common fields; and that, when the harveſt was gathered in, the cattle of different owners fed promiſcuouſly together, for which reaſon they were obliged to caſtrate the horſes: for as a large number of mares went together, as well as geldings, if ſtoned horſes had been admitted among them, much diſorder and miſchief muſt have happened. No horſes, therefore, were allowed to mix with them, and it is at this day contrary to law, to turn a ſtoned-horſe into a common paſture. Hence the neceſſity of gelding. Thoſe horſes which were kept to cover mares, were always confined in ſafe and incloſed grounds, but more frequently in the ſtable, and were called *Equi ad Stabulum*, by contraction *Stallum*. Whence the Italian term *Stallone*, the French *Etalon*, the Engliſh, Stallion, or ſtalled horſe, are derived; which expreſſion prevails, and is in uſe at preſent with regard to the ox, which ſometimes being kept from the paſture in order to be fattened, is called the ſtall-fed, and ſtalled ox.

The ſame writer ſays likewiſe, in confirmation of the cuſtom of uſing ambling horſes, "that the Engliſh were not given to trot, but excelled "in the ſofter pace of the amble."

The prince above-mentioned was ſo ſenſible of what advantage a ſtrong and generous race of horſes is to a kingdom, that he earneſtly promoted, and encouraged the culture of them. It ſeems to have been at all periods of time, an univerſal deſire to have large horſes, for ſmall and weaker ſorts could not have executed the buſineſs required of them; and it appears by an act of parliament of the eleventh year of this reign, that the number of Engliſh horſes ſent abroad was ſo exceſſive, that it was neceſſary to attend ſeriouſly to this grievance, and prohibit all farther exportation. The act recites, that not only a ſmaller number of good horſes were left within the realm, for the defence thereof, but alſo that great and good plenty of the ſame were in parts beyond the ſea, which in times paſt were wont to be within this land; whereby the price of horſes was greatly enhanced here, to the loſs and annoyance of all the king's ſubjects within the ſame. To remedy this, an act was made, by which no owner of an horſe ſhould preſume to tranſport it out of the kingdom, upon pain of forfeiture of the ſame; nor any mare of the value of ſix ſhillings and eight pence, without the king's ſpecial licence, upon pain of forfeiture of the ſame mare, the owner, or his deputy, receiving for the ſaid mare, the ſum of ſix ſhillings and eight pence at the time of ſeizure: the mare or mares to be ſold openly, by the proper officer, for the beſt price offered, and the half or all the overprice to be to the king, and the other part to him who ſeized: and farther, that no mare ſhall be ſent out of the land which is above the value of ſix and eight pence, and under the age of three years, without paying the king's cuſtom of ſix and eight pence per mare, the king's ſpecial licence being firſt obtained. Beſides this, another clauſe follows, which muſt have been ſo effectual, as almoſt to make the preceding regulations totally uſeleſs. It enacts, that if any perſon will give for any of the mares ſo to be carried, ſeven ſhillings, it ſhall be lawful for him to take away the ſaid mare for his own uſe, if ſhe had not been taken before by the king's officer, nor the king's licence firſt obtained; it being lawful for any denizen notwithſtanding, to tranſport an horſe abroad, without the king's licence, provided ſuch horſe be for his own uſe, and he declares upon oath, at the time of ſhipping, that he does not intend to ſell them.

[*To be continued.*]

ZULBAR;

AN INDIAN TALE. BY *M. FLORIAN*.

THE following tale, to which I have made no addition, was given me by one of Tippoo Saib's ambaſſadors;—an obliging man, but ſomewhat of a miſanthrope. I give it a place here, as a mark of gratitude to the ingenuous Indian, who loſt much time in tranſlating it for me.

'Man, perfidious and baſe, ſhall no longer deceive me. Too long have I worſhipped the falſe virtues he aſſumes: too long, in order to believe him good, I have been blind to his actions, and liſtened only to his voice. I was very aſſiduous in admiring him at the ſhort intervals when he took pains to appear eſtimable, and ſaw him not in the continued periods, when he was actually otherwiſe. I am now weary of obſerving that long ſeries of falſhood, ſo obvious after mixing with the world. I can ſee nothing but what is really contemptible in that ſociety of animals, at once proud and mean, envious and diſdainful; influenced, at the ſame time, by a deſire of praiſe, and a careleſſneſs with reſpect of virtue; by the love of indolence, and the neceſſity of being active: they diſtreſs themſelves to beguile their time, and torment themſelves in order to live. Nature, who has treated them as they deſerve, has condemned them to a multiplicity of evils: but theſe evils are not ſufficient for them; they have combined together, to invent a thouſand more, in hopes that their neighbours may endure them; and of all their agreements, this is the only one, which they have not violated.

'But why all theſe vain complaints? I reſemble that vile ſlave, whom his maſter ſent into a wretched inn.—"If you fare well," ſaid he, "wait for me; in a few days, be certain that I ſhall come to take you away. If you fare ill, nothing hinders your going away without me."—'The ſlave waited in much diſtreſs, but the fooliſh fellow could find no way to get out.'

Thus it was that Zulbar ſpoke; who, though young, had experienced injuſtice and ingratitude. He was then in an extenſive foreſt, in ſolitude and ſilence. A formidable ſtorm harrowed up the ground with torrents of rain and hail: gleams of lightning, at intervals, illuminated the gloomy foliage. The thunder roared at a diſtance; and the wretched Zulbar, fatigued and wet, exiled from his country, a fugitive, in rags, wandered with a ſlow ſtep, with his head bent down beneath the ſhade of the cocoa-trees. On a ſudden, in a paroxyſm of deſpair, he ſtopped, drew his poniard, and lifted his arm to ſtab himſelf, when a voice exclaimed,—'Reverence thy life; thou mayeſt render me ſervice!'

'Ah,' ſaid he, 'I am weary of being ſerviceable; I have found too much ingratitude.' Neverthel·ſs, having ſaid this, he had dropped his dagger; and, by an involuntary movement, advanced toward the place whence the voice proceeded. Seeing no perſon near him, 'Where are you!' he exclaimed, 'appear inſtantly!—what is it you want?

'I want you,' replied the voice, 'to ſtoop to the foot of this buſh of wild roſes. Look carefully on the gound, and remove this roſe-leaf, the weight of which hinders me from moving.'

Zulbar, in amazement, looked on the ground, diſcovered the roſe-leaf and removing it with the point of his dagger, which he ſtill held in his hand, ſaw an ant, which, ſhaking off the rain with which it was oppreſſed, made an effort with its wings to place itſelf at the feet of Zulbar. It thus addreſſed him:

'Generous ſtranger, I thank you. During a whole hour, that I have been under that leaf, I have only been able to diſengage my head. Without your charitable aid, I had, perhaps, loſt my life, which would have been very diſagreeable, as I am well ſatisfied with my condition. You do not ſeem very well contented with yours: I have heard your bitter complaints, and beheld you on the point of terminating your exiſtence. How agreeable will it be to me, my dear benefactor, to be inſtrumental in rendering your life more ſupportable.'—'And who are you, then?' replied Zulbar, more aſtoniſhed than ever, 'how is it, that you are able to ſpeak and to reaſon?'—"You would be diſtreſſed enough,' replied the inſect, "were I to put that queſtion to you. Begin you by relating your calamities; my advice may, perhaps, be uſeful to you. By what you have uttered, it appears that you have great reaſon to complain of mankind. I am not at all ſurpriſed; they are almoſt all of them worthleſs, and yet I have always thought, that with a little care, it would be poſſible to elude their malice. I have hardly ſeen an unfortunate perſon, who has not been the cauſe of his own miſeries."

'You are very ſevere,' anſwered the Indian, 'and you will doubtleſs prove to me that the leaf, under which you were oppreſſed, fell upon you through your own fault.'

Saying this, Zulbar ſeated himſelf by the ant. The inſect, the better to hear him, climbed up a branch of the wild roſe. Zulbar thus began:

'I am the ſon of a rich jeweller in the city of Tipra. My father, ſatisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his induſtry, did not wiſh that I ſhould continue his profeſſion. He built a convenient and handſome houſe at a moderate diſtance from the capital. He bought the lands which were contiguous, and left me, at the age of eighteen years, maſter of an eſtate, uniting beauty with convenience;—a charming retreat, and plenty of ready money. I had a ſiſter younger than myſelf, of diſtinguiſhed beauty, but of a diſpoſition ſtill more amiable. She poſſeſſed whatever can conciliate affection, and had all the qualities which juſtify eſteem. Her name was Balkis, and we agreed never to forſake each other.

'Both of us affluent, much beyond our neceſſities, we determined to employ our property in promoting the happineſs of others. Our houſe, open to our neighbours, to ſtrangers, and to travellers, was yet more particularly the aſylum of the poor. Our principal expences, were thoſe of benevolence and hoſpitality. My ſiſter's province laid in the diſtribution of alms in private, rendering aſſiſtance to the ſick and infirm, and in giving portions to young maidens who had not wherewithal to marry. It was mine to provide work for thoſe who wanted bread, and to do the honours of our houſe to thoſe who were inclined to viſit us. On all public occaſions, our villagers were ſure to find with us a plain, but plentiful repaſt, which was diſtributed to them in front of our manſion, and of which we ourſelves partook. We had alſo muſic, and danced together till the evening ; and never did our gueſts leave us, till they had crowned us with flowers, kiſſing our hands with tears of joy, and entreating heaven to watch over us.

‘ For four years I enjoyed this peaceful delight, of which the value is never known till it is loſt : I wanted nothing, I wiſhed for nothing. I loved my ſiſter,— ſhe loved me in return. This pure friendſhip ſatisfied our hearts. I heard the name of Balkis bleſſed by thoſe who knew her, and Balkis ſometimes heard bleſſings pronounced on her bother. This was our recompence, and the moſt affectionate methods of making return for our benevolence. Of all mankind, I was doubtleſs the happieſt, when, one morning, I received a viſit from a young Faquir in our neighbourhood, who came to us every week to recruit his ſtock of proviſions.

‘ Zulbar,’ ſays he, ‘ have you heard the news ?’—‘ No,’ I replied, ‘ what has happened ?’—‘ The queen of Tipra is dead. The king has publiſhed an edict, by which all the maidens of his kingdom, from ſixteen to twenty years old, are obliged to meet in a large plain near his capital. In the midſt of this plain, is a narrow path of the fineſt ſand, upon which, with the extremity of a wand, myſterious characters are traced. All the young women, by turns, are to run over this path ; and ſhe, whoſe ſwift feet ſhall not obliterate one of theſe myſterious characters, is to be queen of Tipra.’—‘ What is it to me,’ I replied, ‘ if the king ſhall ſelect for his wife the ſwifteſt of his ſubjects ?’—‘ How,’ returned the Faquir, ‘ will you diſobey the king ? Muſt not your ſiſter Balkis alſo appear at the plain ? Her virtues deſerve from heaven to be placed upon the throne. Think of the glory which muſt follow, and of all the good ſhe will be able to do. Reflect how her brother Zulbar, whoſe wiſdom and talents are buried in this miſerable village, will ſoon perhaps employ, for the felicity of a whole nation, thoſe talents, an account of which he owes to God. Remember, alſo, that religion and morality forbid your oppoſing the deſigns of heaven.’

‘ This converſation threw me into a profound reverie. My tenderneſs for Balkis, my hope of ſeeing her on a throne, of which I knew her to be worthy ; the certainty of the happineſs ſhe would procure to her ſubjects ; the deſire’——‘ Of being her miniſter,’ interrupted the inſect. —“ This is the motive which decided you, though, perhaps, you did not dare to ſay ſo. Ah ! I am not unacquainted with the value of thoſe diſintereſted ſentiments which ſelf-love conceals, by which we hide from ourſelves our ambition and our vanity. You remind me of a certain fox I one day ſaw in a trap.’—‘ See,’ ſaid he to me, in a complaining voice, ‘ what I ſuffer from loving my brethren. Paſſing near this machine, I feared that the bait which it contained, might allure ſome innocent fox to its deſtruction. I wiſhed to take away this treacherous bait, and the trap has fallen on myſelf.”

‘ I ſhall ſay no more, Zulbar, I ſee that you are unhappy enough ; I beg you will reſume your ſtory.’

‘ It ſhould ſeem that you already know it,’ returned the melancholy Indian. ‘ I conducted my ſiſter to the plain, and ſhe it was whom the king preferred.

‘ From this moment ſhe became miſtreſs of the kingdom, and diſpoſed of all employments. Loaded with honours, courted, feaſted, anticipated in my wiſhes, I ſaw myſelf the idol of the court, and the object of univerſal veneration. I was young, rich, credulous, and the brother of the favourite. The grandees and the courtiers thronged around me, heaped careſſes upon me, and eagerly contended for my friendſhip. I was not avaricious; I believed myſelf beloved, and my affections were expanded. I divided, without reſerve, among my new friends, my effects, my credit, and my wealth. I diſpoſed of all my land to beſtow on them its value. I inceſſantly importuned my ſiſter to obtain for them what they wanted, and believed myſelf ſufficiently repaid for my trouble, and indeed my ruin, by the extreme gratitude of thoſe whom I obliged, by the encomiums they heaped upon me, and by the lively ſenſibility they expreſſed toward me.

‘ Such repeated praiſes, and ſuch numerous friends, at length emboldened my ſiſter to obtain for me the poſt of vizier. All the court applauded the choice; I was more praiſed, more courted than ever. They already commended the ſucceſs which attended my adminiſtration: they talked only of my glory; and having always heard myſelf extolled as a being of ſuperior order, I at length believed myſelf ſuch, and reſolved ſo to prove myſelf. I exerted all my talents—I employed all my time, to regulate the affairs of the kingom, to render it more flouriſhing, and to diminiſh the burdens of the people. Till now I had been prodigal of my own property, I became careful of that of the king. I retrenched numerous abuſes, I only recompenced real ſervices; and at the ſame period, I had the opportunity of ſeeing the public treaſure doubled, and half the taxes removed. By this event, I hoped to juſtify the good opinion which was entertained of me. I preſumed that this conduct would render my faithful friends a thouſand times happier than myſelf. But I had no longer any friends. They murmured openly againſt me. Cabals were formed to drive me from my poſt. They, among whom I had divided my effects, were the moſt active to do me injury. Above all, the Faquir,—the young Faquir, whoſe deſtructive advice firſt led me to court; and whom, by way of recompence, I had made the chief of our prieſts, was at the head of my enemies. The king himſelf every day treated me with increaſing coldneſs. The better I ſerved him, the leſs he loved me. I was hated by the court and by the city. Every one conſpired to effect my ruin, and without the protection of Balkis, my perſecutors would have accompliſhed their aims, by bringing me to the ſcaffold.

‘ One idea alone conſoled me; it was, that the people were happier than they had ever before been under my predeceſſors, although the grandees ſtill oppreſſed them. The impunity thoſe perſonages enjoyed, had induced them to believe that the laws were not made for them. I took an opportunity of undeceiving them. The officer of the police came one morning to inform me, that two young noblemen, having the evening before quarrelled with a poor taylor, had beaten him with their canes till they left him dead upon the ſpot. Immediately I ſent for the two nobles, heard them acknowledge their crime, pointed out to them the law which condemned them, and ordered them to be delivered to the elephants.

‘ This act of juſtice, of which they had never before ſeen an inſtance, exaſperated all the court. My ſiſter had great difficulty to preſerve my life; but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend and their father; and believed, becauſe they had ſeen me their friend when they were injured, that I ſhould continue ſo, even if they became injurious. The day following two taylors quarrelled with a noble, and beat him with their clubs till he expired under their blows. I ſent immediately for the two offenders, heard them alſo confeſs their crime, ſhewed them the law which condemned them, and commanded them to be delivered to the elephants.

'From this moment I was execrated by thoſe, who the day before had adored me; and becauſe I had no ſiſter who could appeaſe every one of this furious mob, an immenſe crowd hurried to my palace, carrying with them fire and ſword. My former friends ſhewed them the way,—my ſlaves opened to them the gates,—my wives ſhewed them my apartment. I had barely time to withdraw myſelf by a ſubterraneous path, which brought me to the fields. I changed my dreſs with a mendicant, and haſtened to conceal myſelf in the depth of the foreſt. Soon, in ſpite of every peril, my tender friendſhip for my ſiſter, carried me back to the city. I heard a public crier promiſe a thouſand pieces of gold to whomſoever ſhould produce my head. I was informed that Balkis, repudiated by the king, was driven in baniſhment from his dominions. Diſguiſed in theſe tatters, I followed at a diſtance, the footſteps of my ſiſter. I wandered from deſert to deſert, proceeding only by night, and hiding myſelf by day; not venturing to approach any villages, except to ſolicit alms. Alas! I was refuſed theſe at the door of my own houſe. I bathed with my tears of hunger, the ſteps of my ancient reſidence; and I had nearly died of famine before that aſylum, which had ſo often been opened to misfortune. At length, compelled by fatigue, after having a hundred times braved death—after drinking the very dregs of the cup of infamy, I left the kingdom of Tipra, but I have never yet met with Balkis. I perceive that I cannot exiſt in her abſence; and, had it not been for you, a ſtroke of my dagger would have delivered me from theſe accumulated evils. Do you ſtill think that they were merited?'

'Yes,' replied the inſect. 'Why did you truſt the Faquir who extolled your talents? Why bring your ſiſter to the preſence of the king? Why accept the office of vizier? If I thought proper I might propoſe to you a number of ſimilar queſtions. You knew not then, my friend, that there is but one good in the world—that is Obſcurity! Obſcurity! that divine bleſſing, which Brama grants to his favourites alone. Obſcurity! the ſource of eaſe, and the origin of every felicity! You once poſſeſſed this, unthinking man, and took great pains to loſe the ineſtimable benefit. You tortured yourſelf, to furniſh fortune with the means of torturing you alſo. I was not born, it muſt be acknowledged, with all the advantages which nature conferred on you. I was the eldeſt ſon of the ſovereign of Baghnagour, and was the heir of his crown; and, but for a Bramin, who was my friend, muſt have had that misfortune. This Bramin, whoſe name was Dabchelim, taught me, in an auſpicious hour, wiſdom! a ſtudy which is ſuppoſed to be difficult, tedious, painful, and complicated; and yet, it conſiſts but in two ſimple maxims—to do nor evil, and to live in ſolitude.

'At the age of ſeventeen years, my rank, my grandeur, and the throne which ſo nearly threatened me, were the objects of my averſion. I began to know mankind. I ſaw my country torn in pieces by a civil war, the moſt bloody and moſt terrible that had ever been ſeen on the banks of the Ganges. The motive of this horrid war was nothing elſe than the privilege claimed by a certain caſt, to wear pointed caps. The other caſt inſiſted that all, without diſtinction, ſhould wear round caps.—Theſe furious blockheads burned the harveſts and villages, murdered their parents and their brethren; the one ſtill to wear theſe caps, which had always given them the head-ach; the others, to deprive them of this cap, which they derided aloud, but ſecretly envied.

'Such ferocity of pride, and perverſeneſs of folly, inſpired me with all that contempt for mankind which they deſerved, together with that pity of their debaſement which one of their own race muſt in duty feel. I reſolved to fly from them, to conceal myſelf in the extremity of the world in order to avoid the miſery of living with ſuch wicked fools. My father died, and the ſame day, leaving an authentic paper, by which I ceded to my brother my crown and my claims, I departed, with Dabchelim, and we came both of us to fix our abode in this ſilent foreſt, which is fuller of myſtery than you imagine.

'Here we conſtructed a hut, we made a garden, in which we planted trees, that were to yield us our ſuſtenance—we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were occupied by virtue, labour, and friendſhip only. Here we lived a hundred years, without ſorrow or ſickneſs, free alike from fears and vain hopes; forgotten, and unknown; from ourſelves and by ourſelves, enjoying that repoſe which is the firſt of bleſſings; that delicious peace, which the race of men never can diſcover; that ſweet but animated friendſhip, which ſolitude increaſes, which is a ſubſtitute for all that we have not, embelliſhes every pleaſure which it divides, as well as thoſe for which it is a repreſentative! Happy indeed we were! The century to which our lives were prolonged, ſeemed but a ſhort moment! Our long white beards warned us that we were approaching the term of our exiſtence, and our hearts and ſenſibilities were not yet grown old, when Brama, to compleat our felicity, appeared to us as we ſlept—Children of Adimo, ſaid he, you have known true happineſs! it is time that your pure ſouls ſhould be diſencumbered from the fleſh it has ſo long inhabited; it is time for it to animate ſome other portion of duſt, and commence the metamorphoſis to which Viſnou has ſubjected it. But you ſhall not be ſeparated from each other, and ſhall change your condition but not your manners. Revive to be always happy, to love each other: to labour and to live in ſolitude.—At theſe words he diſappeared, and, inſtantly awaking, I found myſelf beneath a tuft of thyme, by the ſide of my friend, who, with myſelf, was become an ant. Delighted with our new ſtate, we contemplated, with gratitude, the faculty of retaining our ſentiments and taſte, and to begin life anew, occupying a ſtill ſmaller portion of the world. We conſtructed our manſion beneath this tuft of thyme; we wandered round the vicinity of our new abode, and we learned that all the animals of this foreſt had been men like ourſelves; but happy or miſerable, puniſhed or rewarded, according to the good or evil they have done: the wicked, become reptiles, have no nutriment but their poiſon; the avaricious, changed into mice, periſh with hunger, amid their food; the envious transformed into waſps, die near a honeycomb: conquerors and warlike princes, all thoſe lovers of glory, who fill the earth with terror and with ſorrow, are become timid deer, themſelves the victims of fear, and condemned to expire beneath the fangs of the tigers, often as they have cauſed ſoldiers to be ſlain,—while good kings, changed into bees, faithful couples into doves, virtuous men into various kinds of birds, labour, love, and ſing as they did before.

'Such are the inhabitants of this foreſt, which is called the Foreſt of Matamorphoſes. It is forty years ſince, with my beloved Dabchelim, I became an inſect. We have ſufficient for our common wants; and among the animals of the foreſt, we have not deſired to contract any friendſhip, except with an old lion, called Darud. This union ſeems to ſurpriſe you; it is becauſe you know not, my friend, that when the ſoul is freed from its human encumbrance, it is no longer ſuſceptible of pride; it ſees no difference betwixt matter, however differently animated: a lion and an ant are equal in her ſight, as they are in the ſight of Brama. This worthy and brave lion, whom we ſee almoſt every day, was formerly a common ſoldier, who fought ſixty years for his country,—who, for ſixty years was virtuous, honeſt, and valiant, but always forgotten by his maſters,—they ſuffered him to die without promotion. Brama made him a lion. He it is who ſometimes devours conquerors, the heads of factions, the diſturbers of the peace of nations, now become deer. He it is who avenges, after having defended mankind. The good Darud came this morning to viſit us; I have left Dabchelim with him. I left our abode, in ſpite of the advice of my brother, who vainly repreſented to me, that, the leaves being wet, ſome accident might happen to me. I did not believe him, and had got as far as this wild roſe. I tried to climb up one of the branches, but a leaf, overcharged with rain, fell off, and I along with it; without your aid it would have cruſhed me to pieces. Thus, you ſee again, Zulbar, that I met with this calamity from not having in mind the ſage maxim,—'During a ſtorm, and a long time afterward, quit not the boſom of thy friend.'

'If you will become our friend—if your misfortunes, as I believe they may, have really diſguſted you againſt thoſe pernicious things, which fools only envy, I offer you, with all my heart, the hut which Dabchelim and I conſtructed. There your days will glide peacefully away; you will be tranquil and unknown. You may, perhaps, be happy in comprehending the force of that great truth I learned from Dabchelim:—It is better to be ſilent than to ſpeak,—it is better to ſit than to ſtand,—it is better to ſleep than to be awake,—the ſovereign good is death.'

The ant was ſilent. Zulbar, more affected than ſurpriſed with his diſcourſe, accepted his offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his life in an obſcure retreat, unknown, filled his heart with tranſport; but the remembrance of Balkis cauſed his joy to be intermingled with grief. He proceeded on his way, with the inſect for his guide, in order to find Dabchelim; when, having advanced a little way, they heard a loud roar, which terrified Zulbar, and cauſed him to ſtop. 'Be not afraid,' cried the ant, 'it is our friend Darud doing ſome act of juſtice.' They ſoon arrived at the tuft of thyme, where the two friends abode. The firſt object which caught the eye of Zulbar, was a woman who had fainted, near whom was a huge lion, having in his bloody fangs, the body of a man who he had ſlain. Zulbar uttered a loud cry, and fled back; but in a moment he pauſed, and joy diſſipating his terrors, he ran forward to embrace Balkis. It was ſhe,—it was his ſiſter, who, conducted beyond the dominions of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful Faquir, whom Zulbar had introduced at court, and who a long time had been enamoured of his ſiſter. Alone, without aſſiſtance, in the midſt of a foreſt, joined by this villain, ſhe was about to become the victim of his brutality, when the lion Darud, running toward her cries, tore the Faquir in pieces; and then couching at the feet of Balkis, waited with impatience till the uſe of her ſenſes returned.

The care, the aſſiduity, and the voice of Zulbar ſoon reſtored her:—ſhe opened her eyes, and recognized her brother, and, throwing herſelf into his arms, preſſed him a long time to her boſom; then turning to the lion; who regarded them both with a ſoftened eye, both of them hung round his neck, bathing his long mane with tears of gratitude; while the two ants, moved at the ſcene, partook of their feelings, and enjoyed their happineſs.

Dabchelim and the venerable Darud were inſtructed by the firſt ant in the adventures of Zulbar; and promiſed him, as did the prince of Baghnagour, an eternal friendſhip. The brother and ſiſter were conducted by them to the hut where they were to reſide. Darud defended the entrance, while Dabchelim and his friend reſided in the garden. Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, at length, ſurrounded by reaſonable beings, were convinced, that to be happy, it was only neceſſary to have friends of approved fidelity, and a retreat, obſcure and unknown.

On the Uſe of COMETS, *and their* LUMINOUS APPEARANCE.

BY HUGH WILLIAMSON, M. D.

FROM THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HELD AT PHILADELPHIA.

A COMET is a ſolid dark body revolving round the ſun in ſtated periods, receiving light and heat from the ſun. Comets revolve as other planets do in an ellipſis, one part of which is much farther from the ſun than another; ſome of them are very eccentric; that which appeared anno 1680 was twelve thouſand millions of miles from the ſun in aphelio, it was not half a million in perihelio. The period of the comet which appeared anno 1758 is 75 years. That of 1661 is 120 years. And that of 1680 is 575 years. Though comets doubtleſs move in an ellipſis, yet from the extreme length of their path, the ſmall part that falls under our obſervation, the difficulty in determining the comet's abſolute diſtance or velocity, &c. we have obtained no certainty concerning the period of any comet except the three I have mentioned, nor ſhall we ever determine their periods in all probability, except by a ſeries of obſervations on the return of each particular comet, which may require ſeveral thouſands of years.

Comets receive their light and heat from the ſun, for they appear to have no light of their own, and are thence inviſible, except on their near approach to the ſun. In the year 1723, an aſtronomer had the fortune to diſcover a comet by means of his teleſcope before it was bright enough to become viſible by the naked eye. The great comet which appeared anno 1743 ſeemed no larger than a ſtar of the fourth magnitude when firſt diſcovered; as it came down towards the ſun it acquired a tail, and increaſed gradually in ſize and luſtre till it obtained that amazing form with which it terrified half the world. As this comet departed from the ſun, its tail decreaſed, it loſt its brightneſs, till in a ſhort time it became inviſible; this has alſo been the fate of every other comet; hence it is plain that their light, like that of other planets, is borrowed from the ſun.

Having juſt mentioned thoſe general properties in which comets evidently agree with other planets, I ſhall now try to account for that luminous train which attends them on their approach to the ſun, from which they are generally denominated blazing ſtars, and are ſuppoſed to differ eſſentially from every other planet or ſtar. If I ſhould be ſingular in any part of my opinion on this ſubject, I preſume I ſhall be indulged, ſince it is matter of mere hypotheſis.

Comets are not blazing ſtars, they do not burn at all, nor is there any remarkable heat in that tail which has ſo often terrified the nations, and been thought to portend diſſolution to the world itſelf. The comet of 1743 had acquired a tail ſome thouſands of miles long above two months before he paſſed the ſun, while he was yet three hundred millions of miles from the ſun. Surely this could not be a flame of fire kindled by the ſun, elſe comets take fire in a place where every drop of water on this globe would inſtantly freeze. There is no great reaſon to think that comets burn by their own heat, ſince their tail, whatever it be, as well as their light, evidently depends on the ſun, as we have already explained.

Philoſophers have differed greatly in their attempts to account for the tail of a comet. One imagines that comets are ſurrounded on all ſides by a lucid fiery vapour, or atmoſphere, which on account of the ſun's ſuperior light, is only viſible in the dark, whence we ſee no part of it but that which is in the ſhadow of the comet on the ſide oppoſite to the ſun. According to him their atmoſphere extends in all directions ſeventy or eighty millions of miles, for ſome comets have appeared with a tail of that length, ſo that from the near approach of comets to the earth we muſt frequently have been enveloped in that ſame lucid atmoſphere.

From the extreme viciſſitudes which comets ſeem to endure, at one time penetrated with intolerable cold, at another time blazing with deſtructive heat, ſome have irreverently conjectured that they were deſigned as a place of future reſidence for the unhappy tranſgreſſors in this ſtate, and thus vainly ſuppoſe that fifty or an hundred worlds were created for the ſake of puniſhing the inhabitants of this little globe. It is ſufficient to have mentioned ſuch conjectures.

The great Sir Iſaac Newton was of opinion, that comets were deſigned, among other purpoſes, to nouriſh and refreſh this earth and all the neighbouring planets. He imagined that by vegetation and putrefaction, a great deal of radical moiſture is conſumed or changed into earth; that the tail of a comet is a thick vapour exhaled from the comet by the heat of the ſun, which vapour is ſcattered through the planetary regions, and part of it being received within our atmoſphere, occaſionally ſupplies our loſs of moiſture.

Whatever properties have been aſcribed to heat, it ſeems very clear that evaporation cannot be performed unleſs by means of an atmoſphere whereby the fluid is attracted, ſuſpended and carried off. Therefore if we ſuppoſe that the earth and all the planets are ſupplied with radical moiſture from the comets, we muſt all ſuppoſe, that the ſolar ſyſtem is univerſally filled with an atmoſphere ſufficient for attracting and ſuſpending fluids, which hypotheſis would certainly deſtroy our preſent ſyſtem of aſtronomy. Beſides this we may obſerve, that from the moſt accurate chymical analyſis, there ſeems great reaſon to believe, that all the apparent changes in matter depend on combination and ſolution alone. That water may be combined with earth and again ſeparated from it; but, that ſince the creation, this globe has not ſuſtained the abſolute loſs of one ounce of water, or gained one ounce of earth. Therefore we do not require any nouriſhment from the vapour of comets.

I ſee no reaſon to doubt that comets were created like this world, to be the reſidence of intelligent beings; ſome of them no doubt which travel to immenſe diſtances through the heavens, may be inhabited by an order of beings, greatly ſuperior to this ſhort lived race of mortals, and much better fitted for comprehending and admiring the works of their divine original, which they behold in greater perfection. One of the primary ideas we form of the ſupreme being is, that he is the ſource of life, intelligence and happineſs, and delights to communicate them; the earth we tread, the water we drink, and the very air in which we breathe, ſwarm with living creatures, all fitted to their ſeveral habitations. Are we to ſuppoſe that this little globe is the only animated part of the creation, while the comets, many of which are larger worlds, and run a nobler courſe, are an idle chaos, formed for the ſole purpoſe of being frozen and burnt in turns. We cannot admit the thought; the comets are doubtleſs inhabited. The great viciſſitudes of climate, is the only plauſible objection that has been made to this opinion. The comet of 1680 came within one hundred thouſand miles of the ſun, but the ſun's whole diameter is more than ſeven hundred thouſand miles. The comet's heat was then ſuppoſed to have been two thouſand times hotter than red hot iron; but the ſame comet was about twelve thouſand millions of miles from the ſun, at his greateſt diſtance, when it is ſuppoſed, that he perceived ten thouſand times leſs heat than we uſually enjoy. Hence it is ſuppoſed, that ſuch a planet could never afford a comfortable reſidence for rational creatures.

But here philoſophers have taken for granted that the heat of every body is inverſely as the ſquare of its diſtance from the ſun, a propoſition which I greatly ſuſpect; for I apprehend that it is contrary to experiment.

Were heat a certain body proceeding immediately from the ſun, the quantity of heat in any ſpace would doubtleſs be inverſely as the ſquare of its diſtance from the ſun. But I ſee no reaſon to believe that heat comes from the ſun, while there is much reaſon to think that it does not. We perceive that light comes from the ſun. We alſo perceive that heat is produced in the bodies on which the rays of light fall, hence we are apt to confound light and heat together, though it be demonſtrable that light is not heat and that heat is not light. So contracted is our knowledge of the primary conſtituent parts of bodies, that we cannot readily determine why any particular cauſe ſhould not excite heat with equal facility in all bodies. But we are taught by experience that different quantities are produced by the ſame cauſe, according to the medium on which it operates. It alſo appears that the particular aptitude of any body to be heated is nearly as the elaſticity of that body, or the coheſion of its parts. Whatever produces a tremulous motion in the particles of any body, excites heat in that body, and vice verſa whatever excites heat produces a tremulous motion in the particles of the body. Does heat therefore conſiſt in nothing elſe than the rapid vibrations of the minute particles of any body? or is there an elementary principle of fire diffuſed through all bodies, which is only excited or brought into action by any cauſe which produces a tremulous motion in the particles of thoſe bodies? the latter ſeems moſt probable, though in ſolving the preſent hypotheſis there is no difference whether heat depends on the ſimple vibration of the particles of matter, or whether it depends on the fire which was only brought into action by the vibration of thoſe particles, provided it ſhould appear that the heat in every body is uniformly as the vibratory motion of the particles of that body.—This I apprehend is the caſe, and ſhall beg leave to mention ſuch evidence as ſeems to render the matter at leaſt very probable.

Philoſophers have enumerated five methods by which heat is generated, viz. 1, by attrition, 2, chymical mixture, 3, fermentation, 4, inflammation, and 5, by the ſun. In all theſe caſes it appears that the heat depends on a vibratory motion which by one means or another is excited in the particles of the body.

Let us ſee how this theory of the generation of heat may be ſubſervient to the inhabitants of the cometary worlds.

It is evident that comets are ſurrounded with an atmoſphere very different from that of our globe; the height of our atmoſphere is hardly ſuppoſed to exceed 60 or 70 miles, while that of a comet is frequently 8 or 10,000 miles. Why ſhould they have ſuch a weight of atmoſphere more than us? this is doubtleſs ſubſervient to ſome very extraordinary purpoſe. We may alſo ſuppoſe with great probability, that the atmoſphere of a comet differs greatly from ours. The particles may be ſmaller, more ſubtile, elaſtic, and much more eaſily heated, whence the ſun's rays may be enabled to warm ſuch an atmoſphere compreſſed together by the weight of eight or ten thouſand miles, at a diſtance from the ſun, in which we ſhould perceive the moſt intenſe cold. This will explain the manner in which the inhabitants of a comet may be ſufficiently warm at their greateſt diſtance from the ſun; but if they were proportionably heated on their neareſt approach to the ſun, their ſummer heats would be intolerable; but this muſt certainly be the caſe if their atmoſphere were in a permanent ſtate, and continued in all ſeaſons of equal denſity and weight. We are certain, however, from obſervation, that this is not the caſe; for as the comet approaches the ſun, we can eaſily perceive its atmoſphere greatly rarified, and thence rendered leſs fit for generating or retaining heat. But this is not the principal relief which cometarians receive from the ſummer's heat. The atmoſphere of a comet ſeems to undergo a change which is peculiar to itſelf. It is removed by the rays of light, and thrown off to a conſiderable diſtance behind the planet. It is demonſtrable that the rays of light paſs with amazing velocity, they travel above thirteen millions of miles in a minute; ſuch amazing velocity multiplied into their weight, however ſmall they be, muſt give them a conſiderable momentum or impelling force, which muſt be great in regions near the ſun; by this force they repel the extremely ſubtile and light particles of air, and drive them off to ſuch a diſtance behind the comet that their weight is hardly perceived on its ſurface. The atmoſphere being thus repelled by the ſun's rays, and thrown as it were into a ſhelter behind the planet, will be there extended longitudinally in the form of a ſhadow, being very rare towards the top. Eevery particle near the ſurface of this immenſe ſtream of air muſt be illuminated by the refraction and reflection of the ſun's rays, whence they will exhibit the faint appearance of a blaze. Thus we are apt to imagine that a comet is intenſely hot, and that a prodigious flame proceeds from it, while we ſee nothing elſe than its enlightened atmoſphere.

As the inhabitants of comets are not preſſed by day, when they come near the ſun, with a thouſandth part of the atmoſphere which uſually ſurrounds them, and which is doubtleſs the mediate and principal cauſe of their perceiving heat, we my eaſily ſee how they may be tolerably cool at noon day, on their neareſt approach to the ſun.

If we might form any conjecture concerning the life of a cometarian, from the annual periods of the world which he inhabits, we ſhould apprehend that he far exceeds the years of an antediluvian. Or might we attempt to meaſure the continuance of this globe, from the length of time which will be neceſſary to bring the aſtronomy of comets, as well as every other ſcience, to that perfection at which they muſt doubtleſs arrive, we ſhould infer that a ſmall portion of that time is yet elapſed. On which ever of theſe ſubjects the mind is ſuffered to ſtray for a few minutes, it will find ſufficient ſubject of pleaſing ſpeculation.

REFLECTIONS *on the* PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES *of the* FRENCH REVOLUTION, *whether ſucceſsful or unſucceſsful.*

NOTHING can be more evident, than that a mighty change in the direction of the public ſentiments of Europe is likely to riſe from the French revolution, whether it be ſucceſsful or unſucceſsful. If it be ſucceſsful, the ſpirit of extreme democracy is likely to ſpread over all Europe, and to ſwallow up in a volcanic eruption every remnant of monarchy and of nobility in the civilized world. The probability of ſuch effects is ſo ſtrongly believed by the enemies of that revolution, that it is the ground of their alarm, the ſubject of their invective, and the pretext of their hoſtilities. It was to prevent ſuch conſequences, that Mr. Burke ſo benevolently counſelled the princes of Europe to undertake that cruſade in which they are now ſo piouſly engaged.

If, on the other hand, the efforts of France be unſucceſsful; if her liberties be deſtroyed, there can be little doubt that ſuch a ſhock will moſt powerfully impel the current of opinion to the ſide of monarchy; a direction in which it will be likely for ſeveral ages to continue. The example of the deſtruction of the great French republic would diffuſe diſmay and ſubmiſſion among a multitude, who only judge by events; and the bloody ſcenes which muſt attend ſuch a deſtruction, would indeed be ſufficient to appall the ſterneſt and moſt ardent champions of liberty. The ſpirit of Europe would crouch under the dark ſhade of deſpotiſm, in dead repoſe and fearful obedience. The royal confederacy which had effected this ſubverſion, would doubtleſs continue its concert and its efforts. The principle of maintaining the internal independence of nations, being deſtroyed by the example of France, no barrier would any longer be oppoſed to the arbitrary will of kings. The internal laws of all the European ſtates would be dictated by a council of deſpots, and thus the influence of moral cauſes on public opinion, co-operating with the combined ſtrength and policy of princes, 'every faint veſtige and looſe remnant' of free government will be ſwept from the face of the earth.

In either alternative, England cannot be exempt from the general ſpirit. If the phrenzy of democracy be excited by the ſucceſs of France; if the ſpirit of abject ſubmiſſion and of triumphant deſpotiſm be produced by her failure; in the firſt event the peace, in the ſecond the liberty of England is endangered. In the firſt event a furious republicaniſm, in the ſecond a deſperate toryiſm is likely to pervade the country. Againſt the prevalence of both extremes there only exiſts one remedy. It is to invigorate the democratic part of the conſtitution; it is to render the houſe of commons ſo honeſtly and ſubſtantially the repreſentative of the people, that republicans may no longer have topics of invective, nor miniſters the means of corruption. If the one ſpirit prevail, it is neceſſary to reform the houſe of commons, that the diſcontents of the people may be prevented. If the other ſpirit prevail, the ſame reform is neceſſary, that it may be ſtrong enough to reſiſt the encroachments of the crown. In the one caſe, to prevent our government from being changed into a pure democracy; in the other, to prevent it from being changed into a ſimple monarchy. In either event the ſame precaution is neceſſary. The ſame reform will preſerve the Engliſh conſtitution from the ſap of royal influence, and from the ſtorm of tumultuous democracy. A conſtitution which provided a pure repreſentative of the people, and which included only enough of monarchy for vigour, and only enough of ariſtocracy for deliberation, would bid a juſt defiance to the moſt magnificent and ſeductive viſions of democratic enthuſiaſm. A people who felt that they poſſeſſed a vigorous popular controul on their government, could ſee little obnoxious, and nothing formidable in the powers of the peerage and the crown, and would feel none of that diſcontent which alone could make them acceſſible to the arts of republican miſſionaries. The ſucceſs of the French, the faſcinating example of their ſuperb democracy, will have no dangerous effects on the minds of contented Engliſhmen. But what wiſdom can avert the effects which muſt ariſe from ſuch a model of repreſentation, and ſuch a ſpirit as the ſucceſs of France will produce in Europe, if that ſpirit is to operate on a diſſatisfied people, and that model be perpetually compared with the ruins of a free government? In the alternative then of the ſucceſs of the French revolution, nothing ſurely can be ſo indiſpenſible as a ſpeedy reform in the repreſentation of the people.

That to infuſe a new portion of popular vigour into the houſe of commons, is the only remedy that can be oppoſed to the triumphant toryiſm which the ſubverſion of the French republic muſt produce, is a propoſition ſo evident, as neither to demand proof nor to admit illuſtration. We have ſeen the influence of an odious and unpopular court victorious during a long reign, in hoſtility to the prejudice, and in defiance of the jealouſy of the people. What then are we to expect from that increaſed and increaſing influence, conducted perhaps with more dexterity in the cabinet, ſeconded with equal devotion in the houſe of commons, and aided by the blind enthuſiaſm of a people, who are intoxicated by commercial proſperity, and infatuated by all the prejudices of the moſt frantic toryiſm? Under ſuch a ſtate of things, what can prevent the formation of an uncontrouled monarchy, and the abſorption of every power by a court, from which Engliſhmen are to learn what remnant of perſonal ſecurity it will vouchſafe to ſpare, what formality of public freedom it will deign to endure, with what image of the conſtitution it will indulge and amuſe an infatuated rabble.

Such are the effects which the ſucceſs or the ſubverſion of French democracy ſeem calculated to produce on the temper and ſentiments of the European nations. This therefore is the moment to repair and to ſtrengthen the Engliſh conſtitution. The fate of France hangs in ſuſpence. Her ſucceſs is yet too dubious, widely or dangerouſly to diffuſe a ſpirit of imitation; and the conteſt between her and the deſpotic league is ſtill too equal to plunge the people of Europe into the lethargy of ſervility or deſpair. This then is that pauſe of tranquillity, during which we have to prepare againſt the hurricane with which we are menaced. This therefore is the moment when what was before expedient is become neceſſary; when that reform is now ſafe, which in future may be impracticable or dangerous. Reform was before uſeful to improve; it is now neceſſary (and perhaps the period of its efficacy is ſhorter than we may imagine) to preſerve the government. Menaced by the predominance of a democratical or a monarchical ſpirit, give the people their rights, and they will not be provoked to demand more; create an independent houſe of commons, and the power of the crown will be checked; deſpotiſm and tumult will be equally averted; the peace of the country will be preſerved; the liberty of the country will be immortalized.

The Death of FATIMA, *the Daughter of* MAHOMMED; *a Tranſlation from the* Deh Mujlis *, *in the Aſiatic Miſcellany.*

THOUGH traditions differ in regard to the time during which Fatima was abſorbed in grief for the loſs of her father, yet they agree in this, that it continued long inceſſant. At the end of about ſix months, her huſband Ali going one day into her apartment, beheld her employed in kneading dough, for bread, mixing up a compoſition for her children's hair, and making preparations for waſhing their garments. Ali, aſtoniſhed at the novelty of the ſcene, addreſſed her, ‘O! worthy to be ſerved by men and angels! O! ſole daughter of the prophet, and laſt of apoſtolic women! O! mother of the two martyrs! never yet have I beheld your attention engaged by two employments at a time, and now I ſee it taken up with three.—What myſtery does this conceal?’—The holy Fatima, (her eyes bathed in tears) replied, ‘O! prince, diſtinguiſhed in the plain of La Futtah, and ſurnamed of the Almighty, the Lion of God! O! bud of the garden, and line of Abu Taleb! the happineſs of our union draws to a cloſe; the hour of ſeparation is arrived, and the period of abſence is about to commence.—Laſt night I dreamt I beheld my father, ſtanding on an eminence, and looking round as if in expectation of ſome one's approach. I called out, “Whence are you, O my parent! my heart is afflicted, and my body waſted with anguiſh, on your account.” He replied, “I am now come for you; the time is arrived in which you muſt wean your affections from the fleſh, and break the bonds of your earthly habitation; in which you muſt remove your tents from the ſtraits of earth, to the world of heaven; make haſte, for I cannot depart without you:” I replied, “O my father, this event is my wiſh, the conſummation of which I have ardently ſighed for.” “Uſe no delay, then,” he repeated again, “for to-morrow night you muſt accompany your parent.”—I here awoke, with my heart entirely abſorbed by the deſire of the world to come, and am certain, that the cloſe of this day, or to-morrow evening, will be the period of my diſſolution; I am therefore making bread to-day, as grief on my account may render you incapable of doing it to-morrow, and my children in conſequence may hunger in vain; I waſh their garments now, knowing not who will attend to the wants of my orphans hereafter; and I am preparing to clean their hair at this time, ignorant whom they will have to clean it when I am gone.’—Thus, Fatima was anxious to keep their hair from being polluted by common dirt; had ſhe beheld what afterward happened, their graceful ringlets defiled with duſt, and their enchanting countenances ſtained with blood; how would ſhe have ſupported the heart-rending ſight!

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* *The Deh Mujlis conſiſts, as its name implies, of ten ſuch narratives as that here preſented to our readers; each containing an account of the death of one*

When Ali had heard her to a concluſion, the tears running down his cheeks, he replied, ‘O! my beloved, hardly yet have I recovered from one wound, when lo! another is inflicted on me; and to the death of your father, is the loſs of you now to be added.’ Fatima deſired him to be comforted under both, and not to leave her, as the moments of her life were numbered, and their next meeting would be in the world of

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one of the Mahommedan patriarchs, or ſome other diſtinguiſhed perſonage. A portion of this book is read daily, during the Aſhocrah, or ſolemn Mourning, celebrated by the Muſſulmans on the firſt ten days of the month Mohurrum.—The narrative, here ſelected, is a pleaſing and even uſeful fiction, inculcating in a very beautiful and pathetic manner, the wiſdom and happineſs of fulfilling the relative duties, incumbent upon us in this tranſient period of our exiſtence.

of eternity. She put the garments of her children in water, and bedewed their heads with the fondeſt tears of maternal love; 'Would to heaven!' ſhe exclaimed, 'I were ignorant of the cruel fate which awaits them; and of the extent to which it will be carried! Go,' ſhe continued, 'my children, to the burial ground of Buckea; and employ your prayers to heaven, in behalf of your mother.'

When they were gone, ſhe extended herſelf on the bed, and deſired Ali to ſit down by her: ſhe called for Aſmah, the daughter of Awmiſe; and deſired dinner might be ready by the time her ſons would return, and ſerved up to them in another apartment; that they might eſcape the miſery of ſeeing her in her laſt agonies. Aſmah did as ſhe had been directed, and on their return brought up dinner. The princes, in aſtoniſhment, demanded, if ever ſhe had ſeen them ſit down without their mother, and wherefore ſhe ſuppoſed they would do it now; Aſmah ſaid, her miſtreſs being indiſpoſed, they had better not wait for her; but they replied, that without their mother's company, no refreſhment could be palatable to them, and went ſtrait toward her apartment.

On ſeeing them approach, Fatima deſired Ali to take them away again, to the tomb of her father, that they might humble themſelves before God; while ſhe endeavoured to repoſe herſelf. When they were gone, ſhe deſired Ali to take her head to his boſom, for her life now ebbed faſt. Ali replied, he had neither heart nor reſolution to behold her in ſuch a ſituation; or to attend to language ſo affecting. 'O! Ali!' ſhe anſwered, 'the road which I am going, is a road which all muſt travel; and the fullneſs of my grief is ſuch, as muſt, of neceſſity, be allowed utterance. Be patient, then, and imbibe the bitter draught of my diſſolution.' Ali took her to his boſom; when, in the affliction with which he was overwhelmed, a tear dropped on her cheek: ſhe opened her eyes, and ſeeing the violence of his grief, obſerved, that the preſent was rather a ſeaſon for teſtamentary duties, than unavailing ſorrow. 'O! firſt of women!' he quickly replied, 'reveal your will.' 'I have four requeſts,' continued Fatima: 'Firſt, If I have miſbehaved myſelf towards you, or ever given you uneaſineſs, that you forgive me.' He anſwered, 'God forbid! during the time we have lived together, neither in word nor in act, have you done aught to give my heart a pang; you have been my perpetual ſolace; not my ſorrow: my comforter in affliction; not the diſturber of my repoſe. In you, I have found the faithful miſtreſs; not the imperious tyrant: poſſeſſed of the ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs of the roſe; not the ſharpneſs and annoyance of the thorn.' 'Secondly, Let my children,' ſhe continued, 'be dear to you; forſake not thoſe who poſſeſs ſo tender a place in my heart; withdraw not from their heads your foſtering hand; and, ſhould the forwardneſs of youth ever break out in them, let it obtain your forgiveneſs. Thirdly, Let me be conveyed to my grave by night; that as in life, my perſon has been ſecluded from the eyes of men, ſo, in death, my bier may be ſacred from their view. Fourthly, Neglect not to frequent the tomb of her, to whom you have been ſo dear; and whoſe faithful and affectionate companion you have been. Now, alas! the connexion muſt, of neceſſity, be diſſolved.' Ali promiſed a faithful obſervance of her requeſts; and propoſed others on his part: Firſt, That if he had been ever wanting in his attention to her, ſhe would forgive him. Secondly, When ſhe beheld her father, that ſhe would preſent the ſalutation of one who continued to feel and deplore his loſs. Thirdly, that ſhe would not, for any part of his conduct toward her, complain of him to the prophet. Fatima anſwered, ‘ God is my witneſs, that during the time we have lived together, I have not experienced from you a word or a deed, that can be complained of: on the contrary, your conduct toward me has been full of manlineſs, liberality and kindneſs; engaging words, and laudable actions.’

While they were engaged in this affecting diſcourſe, a noiſe of lamentation and complaint ſuddenly aſſailed them, from without; and in a voice interrupted by ſobs, admittance was ſoon after ſolicited by Hoſſen and Hoſſain, that they might take a laſt farewell of their parent. Ali opened the door, and taking them affectionately in his arms, aſked by what means they had diſcovered their mother's approaching end. They replied, ‘ On arriving at the mauſoleum of our grandfather, we heard a voice ſaying, “ Behold! the orphans of Fatima are arrived!” which was followed by another, ſaying, “ Behold! the interceſſors of the day of judgment are arrived!” and then a third, which reſembled the voice of the prophet; ſaying, “ Lo! the darlings of my heart are here!” When we entered the mauſoleum, and had performed our devotions, we heard a voice proceed from the tomb, ſaying, “ Return, my children, that you may behold your mother, to meet whom I am come here, for the laſt time.” With this they ruſhed on, and beheld Fatima, with her head reclined on the pillow; they fell at her feet, beſeeching her to open her eyes, and bleſs her orphans with a laſt look. Fatima, arouſed, took them to her boſom, ſaying, ‘ O! my beloved ſons! God knows what is to happen to you, after I am gone; and to what extent the tyranny of your enemies will be exerciſed againſt you! She then called for her daughters, and delivered them to Hoſſen and Hoſſain; earneſtly and repeatedly recommending them all to the proction of Ali.

When her huſband and children had left her, Fatima deſired Aſmah to prepare water for her ablutions; which ſhe went through with a minute attention to the precepts and ceremonies of her religion, in a manner that is ſeldom done; after which, ſhe directed her couch to be ſpread, and threw herſelf on it; ſhe then ſpoke to her ſervant of a certain unction made from the camphire of Paradiſe, and given to her father by the angel Gabriel, for the purpoſe of his body being anointed with it after his deceaſe, which he had divided into three parts; one part for himſelf, one for Ali, and one for her: the latter ſhe deſired might be brought: when it was produced, ſhe bade Aſmah apply it, after her death, to the uſe for which it was deſigned. She now deſired to be left alone; as ſhe wiſhed to commune with her God. Aſmah has related, that about half an hour after ſhe had quitted her miſtreſs, ſhe heard her weeping aloud, which induced her to go in, when ſhe obſerved Fatima engaged in the moſt pious and fervent devotion; invoking the Almighty, by the honour of her father, and his deſire again to behold her; by the miſery which preyed on the heart of Ali, at the proſpect of her diſſolution; by the grief of her ſons, and diſtraction of her daughters; to have mercy on her father's diſciples, and to pardon the ſins of the ungodly. At this

Aſmah could not ſuppreſs her ſobs, which attracting the notice of Fatima, ſhe demanded if ſhe had not deſired to be left alone, and to be called to in a ſhort time; that if no anſwer was returned, it might be known ſhe had departed to the boſom of her father. On this, Aſmah again retired, and ſoon after calling, no anſwer was returned; when, entering the apartment, and drawing the veil from her miſtreſs' face, ſhe ſaw that ſhe was no more. 'From God we are, and to God we muſt return.'

Deſcriptive Obſervations on HINZUAN *or* JOHANNA, *an Iſland between the North End of* MADAGASCAR *and the Continent of* AFRICA.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[*Concluded from page* 323.]

ABOUT five miles from Matſamudo lies the town of Wani, where Shaikh Abdullah, who has already been mentioned, uſually reſides. I ſaw it at a diſtance, and it ſeemed to be agreeably ſituated. When I had paſſed the rocky part of the road, I came to a ſtony beach, where the ſea appeared to have loſt ſome ground, ſince there was a fine ſand to the left, and beyond it a beautiful bay, which reſembled that of Weymouth, and ſeemed equally convenient for bathing; but it did not appear to me, that the ſtones over which I was carried had been recently covered with water. Here I ſaw the frigate, and taking leave of it for two days, turned from the coaſt into a fine country very neatly cultivated, and conſiſting partly of hillocks exquiſitely green, partly of plains which were then in a gaudy dreſs of rich yellow bloſſoms: my guide informed me that they were plantations of a kind of vetch which was eaten by the natives. Cottages and farms were interſperſed all over this gay champaign, and the whole ſcene was delightful; but it was ſoon changed for beauties of a different ſort. We deſcended into a cool valley, through which ran a rivulet of perfectly clear water; and there finding my vehicle uneaſy, though from the laughter and merriment of my bearers I concluded them to be quite at their eaſe, I bade them ſet me down, and walked before them all the reſt of the way. Mountains clothed with fine trees and flowering ſhrubs preſented themſelves on our aſcent from the vale, and we proceeded for half an hour through pleaſant wood-walks, where I regretted the impoſſibility of loitering a while to examine the variety of new bloſſoms, which ſucceeded one another at every ſtep, and the virtues as well as names of which ſeemed familiar to Tumuni. At length we deſcended into a vally of greater extent than the former; a river or large wintry torrent ran through it, and fell down a ſteep declivity at the end of it, where it ſeemed to be loſt among rocks. Cattle were grazing on the banks of the river, and the huts of the owners appeared on the hills; a more agreeable ſpot I had not before ſeen even in Swiſſerland or Merionethſhire; but it was followed by an aſſemblage of natural beauties, which I hardly expected to find in a little iſland twelve degrees to the ſouth of the line. I was not ſufficiently pleaſed with my ſolitary journey to diſcover charms which had not actual exiſtence, and the firſt effect of the contraſt between St. Jago and Hinzuan had ceaſed. But, without any diſpoſition to give the landſcape a high colouring, I may truly ſay what I thought at the time, that the whole country which next preſented itſelf as far ſurpaſſed Ermenonville or Blenheim, or any other imitations of nature which I had ſeen in France or England, as the fineſt bay ſurpaſſes an artificial piece of water.

Two very high mountains covered to the ſummit with the richeſt verdure, were at ſome diſtance on my right hand, and ſeparated from me by meadows diverſified with cottages and herds, or by vallies reſounding with torrents and water-falls: on my left was the ſea, to which there were beautiful openings from the hills and woods; and the road was a ſmooth path, naturally winding through a foreſt of ſpicy ſhrubs, fruit-trees, and palms. Some high trees were ſpangled with white bloſſoms equal in fragrance to orange flowers: my guide called them *Monongo's*, but the day was declining ſo faſt that it was impoſſible to examine them. The variety of fruits, flowers, and birds, of which I had a tranſient view in this magnificent garden, would have ſupplied a naturaliſt with amuſement for a month; but I ſaw no remarkable inſect, and no reptile of any kind. The woodland was diverſified by a few pleaſant glades, and new proſpects were continually opened; at length a noble view of the ſea burſt upon me unexpectedly, and having paſſed a hill or two we came to the beach, beyond which were ſeveral hills and cottages. We turned from the ſhore, and on the next eminence I ſaw the town of Domoni at a little diſtance below us: I was met by a number of natives, a few of whom ſpoke Arabic, and thinking it a convenient place for repoſe, I ſent my guide to appriſe the king of my intended viſit. He returned in half an hour with a polite meſſage; and I walked into the town, which ſeemed large and populous. A great crowd accompanied me, and I was conducted to a houſe built on the ſame plan with the beſt houſes at Matſamudo. In the middle of the court-yard ſtood a large Monongo tree, which perfumed the air: the apartment on the left was empty; and in that on the right ſat the king on a ſofa or bench covered with an ordinary carpet. He roſe when I entered, and, graſping my hands, placed me near him on the right; but as he could ſpeak only the language of Hinzuan, I had recourſe to my friend Tumuni, than whom a readier and more accurate interpreter could not have been found. I preſented the king with a very handſome Indian dreſs of blue ſilk with golden flowers, which had been worn only at one maſquerade, and with a beautiful copy of the Koran, from which I read a few verſes to him: he took them with great complacency, and ſaid, ‘ he wiſhed I had come by ſea, that he might have loaded one of my boats with fruit and ſome of his fineſt cattle. He had ſeen me,’ he ſaid, ‘ on board the frigate, where he had been according to his cuſtom in diſguiſe, and had heard of me from his ſon Shaik Hamdullah.’ I gave him an account of my journey, and extolled the beauties of his country: he put many queſtions concerning mine, and profeſſed great regard for my nation. ‘ But I hear,’ ſaid he, ‘ that you are a magiſtrate, and conſequently profeſs peace: why are you armed with a broad-ſword?’—‘ I was a man,’ I ſaid, ‘ before I was a magiſtrate; and if it ſhould ever happen that law could not protect me, I muſt protect myſelf.' He ſeemed about ſixty years old, had a very cheerful countenance, and a great appearance of good-nature mixed with a certain dignity which diſtinguiſhed him from the croud of miniſters and officers who attended him. Our converſation was interrupted by notice, that it was the time for evening prayer; and when he aroſe he ſaid, 'This houſe is yours, and I will viſit you in it after you have taken ſome refreſhment.' Soon after, his ſervants brought, a roaſt fowl, a rice pudding, and ſome other diſhes, with papayas and very good pomegranates: my own baſket ſupplied the reſt of the ſupper. The room was hung with old red cloth, and decorated with pieces of porcelain, and feſtoons of Engliſh bottles: the lamps were placed on the ground in large ſea-ſhells; and the bed-place was a receſs, concealed by a chintz hanging, oppoſite to the ſofa on which he had been ſitting. Though it was not a place that invited repoſe, and the gnats were inexpreſſibly troubleſome, yet the fatigues of the day procured me a comfortable ſlumber. I was waked by the return of the king and his train; ſome of whom were Arabs, for I heard one ſay, '*Huwa rakid,*' or, 'he is ſleeping;' there was an immediate ſilence, and I paſſed the night with little diſturbance except from the unwelcome ſongs of the muſquitos. In the morning I was equally ſilent and ſolitary; the houſe appeared to be deſerted, and I began to wonder what was become of Tumuni: he came at length, with a concern on his countenance, and told me, that the bearers had run away in the night; but that the king, who wiſhed to ſee me in another of his houſes, would ſupply me with bearers, if he could not prevail on me to ſtay till a boat could be ſent for. I went immediately to the king, who I found ſitting on a raiſed ſofa in a large room, the walls of which were adorned with ſentences from the Koran in very legible characters: about fifty of his ſubjects were ſeated on the ground in a ſemicircle before him, and my interpreter took his place in the midſt of them. The good old king laughed heartily when he heard the adventure of the night, and ſaid, 'You will now be my gueſt for a week, I hope; but ſeriouſly, if you muſt return ſoon, I will ſend into the country for ſome peaſants to carry you.' He then apologiſed for the behaviour of Shaik Salim, which he had heard from Tumuni, who told me afterward he was much diſpleaſed with it, and would not fail to expreſs his diſpleaſure: he concluded with a long harangue on the advantages which the Engliſh might derive from ſending a ſhip every year from Bombay to trade with his ſubjects, and on the wonderful cheapneſs of their commodities, eſpecially of their cowries. Ridiculous as the idea may ſeem, it ſhowed an enlargement of the mind, a deſire to promote the intereſt of his people, and a ſenſe of the benefits ariſing from trade, which could only have been expected from a petty African chief, and which if he had been ſovereign of Yemen might have been expanded into rational projects, proportioned to the extent of his dominions. I anſwered, that I was imperfectly acquainted with the commerce of India; but that I would report the ſubſtance of his converſation, and would ever bear teſtimony of his noble zeal for the good of his country, and to the mildneſs with which he governed it. As I had no inclination to paſs a ſecond night in the iſland, I requeſted leave to return without waiting for bearers: he ſeemed very ſincere in preſſing me to lengthen my viſit, but had too much Arabian politeneſs to be importunate. We therefore parted; and at the requeſt of Tumuni, who aſſured me that little time would be loſt in ſhewing attention to one of the worthieſt men in Hinzuan, I made a viſit to the governor of the town, whoſe name was Mutckka: his manners were very pleaſing, and he ſhewed me ſome letters from the officers of the Brilliant, which appeared to flow warm from the heart, and contained the ſtrongeſt eulogy of his courteſy and liberality. He inſiſted on filling my baſkets with ſome of the fineſt pomegranates I had ever ſeen; and I left the town impreſſed with a favourable opinion of the king and his governor. When I re-aſcended the hill, attended by many of the natives, one of them told me in Arabic, that I was going to receive the higheſt mark of diſtinction that was in the king's power to ſhew me; and he had ſcarce ended, when I heard the report of a gun: Shaik Ahmed had ſaluted me with the whole of his ordnance. I waved my hat, and ſaid 'Allah Acbar.' The people ſhouted, and I continued my journey, not without fear of inconvenience from exceſſive heat and the fatigue of climbing the rocks. The walk, however, was not on the whole unpleaſant. I ſometimes reſted in the valleys, and forded all the rivulets, which refreſhed me with their coolneſs, and ſupplied me with requiſite water to mix with the juice of my pomegranates, and occaſionally with brandy. We were overtaken by ſome peaſants, who came from the hills by a nearer way, and brought the king's preſent of a cow with her calf, and a ſhe-goat with two kids: they had apparently been ſelected for their beauty, and were brought ſafe to Bengal. The proſpects which had ſo greatly delighted me the preceding day had not yet loſt their charms, though they wanted the recommendation of novelty: but I muſt confeſs, that the moſt delightful object in that day's walk of near ten miles was the black frigate, which I diſcerned at ſun-ſet from a rock near the prince's gardens. Cloſe to the town I was met by a native, who, perceiving me to be weary, opened a fine cocoa-nut, which afforded me a delicious draught: he informed me, that one of his countrymen had been puniſhed that afternoon for a theft on board the Crocodile; and added, that in his opinion the puniſhment was no leſs juſt, than the offence was diſgraceful to his country. The offender, as I afterwards learned, was a youth of good family, who had married a daughter of old Alwi; but being left alone for a moment in the cabin, and ſeeing a pair of blue morocco ſlippers, could not reſiſt the temptation, and concealed them ſo ill under his gown, that he was detected by a mariner. This proves that no principle of honour is inſtilled by education into the gentry of this iſland: even Alwi, when he had obſerved, that 'in the month of Ramadan it was not lawful to paint with hinna, or to tell lies,' and when I aſked, whether both were lawful all the reſt of the year, anſwered, 'that lies were innocent if no man was injured by them.' Tumuni took his leave, as well ſatisfied as myſelf with our excurſion: I told him before his maſter, that I transferred alſo to him the dollars which were due to me out of the three guineas; and that if ever they ſhould part, I ſhould be very glad to receive him into my ſervice in India.

Mr. Roberts, the maſter of the ſhip, had paſſed the day with Sayyad Ahmed; and had learned from him a few curious circumſtances concerning the government of Hinzuan, which he found to be a monarchy limited by an ariſtocracy. The king, he was told, had no power of making war by his own authority; but if the aſſembly of nobles, who were from time to time convened by him, reſolved on a war with any of the neighbouring iſlands, they defrayed the charges of it by voluntary contributions, in return for which they claimed as their own, all the booty and captives that might be taken. The hope of gain or the want of ſlaves is uſually the real motive for ſuch enterpriſes, and oſtenſible pretexts are eaſily found: at that very time he underſtood, they meditated a war, becauſe they wanted hands for the following harveſt. Their fleet conſiſted of ſixteen or ſeventeen ſmall veſſels, which they manned with about two thouſand five hundred iſlanders, armed with muſkets and cutlaſſes, or with bows and arrows. Near two years before they had poſſeſſed themſelves of two towns in Mayata, which they ſtill kept and garriſoned. The ordinary expences of the government were defrayed by a tax from two hundred villages; but the three principal towns were exempt from all taxes, except that they paid annually to the chief Mufti, a fortieth part of the value of all their moveable property, and from that payment neither the king nor the nobles claimed an exemption. The kingly authority, by the principles of their conſtitution, was conſidered as elective, though the line of ſucceſſion had not in fact been altered ſince the firſt election of a Sultan. He was informed, that a wandering Arab, who had ſettled in the iſland, had, by his intrepidity in ſeveral wars, acquired the rank of a chieftain, and afterwards of a king, with limited powers; and that he was the grandfather of Shaikh Ahmed: I had been aſſured that queen Halimah was his grandmother; and that he was the ſixth king; but it muſt be remarked, that the words *jedd* and *jeddah* in Arabic are uſed for a male and female *anceſtor* indefinitely; and, without a correct pedigree of Ahmed's family, which I expected to procure but was diſappointed, it would ſcarce be poſſible to aſcertain the time when his forefather obtained the higheſt rank in the government. In the year 1600, captain John Davis, who wrote an account of his voyage, found Mayata governed by a king, and Anſuame, or Hinzuan, by a queen, who ſhewed him great marks of friendſhip: he anchored before the town of Demos (does he mean Domoni?) which was as large, he ſays, as Plymouth; and he concludes, from the ruins around it, that it had once been a place of ſtrength and grandeur. I can only ſay, that I obſerved no ſuch ruins. Fifteen years after, captain Peyton and ſir Thomas Roe touched at the Comara iſlands; and from their ſeveral accounts it appears, that an old ſultaneſs then reſided in Hinzuan, but had a dominion paramount over all the iſles, three of her ſons governing Mohili in her name. If this be true, Sohaili and the ſucceſſors of Halimah muſt have loſt their influence over the other iſlands; and, by renewing their dormant claim as it ſuits their convenience, they may always be furniſhed with a pretext for hoſtilities. Five generations of eldeſt ſons would account for one hundred and ſeventy of the years which have elapſed ſince Davis and Peyton found Hinzuan ruled by a ſultaneſs; and Ahmed was of ſuch an age, that his reign may be reckoned equal to a generation: it is probable, on the whole, that Halimah was the widow of the firſt Arabian king, and that her moſque had been continued in repair by his deſcendants; ſo that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe two centuries to have paſſed, ſince a ſingle Arab had the courage and addreſs to eſtabliſh in that beautiful iſland a form of government, which, though bad enough in itſelf, appears to have been adminiſtered with advantage to the original inhabitants. We have lately heard of civil commotions in Hinzuan, which we may venture to pronounce, were not excited by any cruelty or violence of Ahmed, but were probably occaſioned by the inſolence of an oligarchy naturally hoſtile to king and people. That the mountains in the Comara iſlands contain diamonds, and the precious metals, which are ſtudiouſly concealed by the policy of the ſeveral governments, may be true, though I have no reaſon to believe it, and have only heard it aſſerted without evidence; but I hope that neither an expectation of ſuch treaſures, nor of any other advantage, will ever induce an European power to violate the firſt principles of juſtice, by aſſuming the ſovereignty of Hinzuan, which cannot anſwer a better purpoſe than that of ſupplying our fleets with ſeaſonable refreſhment; and although the natives have an intereſt in receiving us with apparent cordiality, yet, if we wiſh their attachment to be unfeigned and their dealings juſt, we muſt ſet them an example of ſtrict honeſty in the performance of our engagements. In truth, our nation is not cordially loved by the inhabitants of Hinzuan, who, as it commonly happens, form a general opinion from a few inſtances of violence or breach of faith. Not many years ago an European, who had been hoſpitably received and liberally ſupported at Matſamudo, behaved rudely to a young married woman, who, being of low degree, was walking veiled through a ſtreet in the evening: her huſband ran to protect her, and reſented the rudeneſs, probably with menaces, poſſibly with actual force; and the European is ſaid to have given him a mortal wound with a knife or bayonet, which he brought, after the ſcuffle, from his lodging. This foul murder, which the law of nature would have juſtified the magiſtrate in puniſhing with death, was reported to the king, who told the governor (I uſe the words of Alwi) that 'it would be wiſer to huſh it up.' Alwi mentioned a civil caſe of his own, which ought not to be concealed. When he was on the coaſt of Africa in the dominions of a very ſavage prince, a ſmall European veſſel was wrecked; and the prince not only ſeized all that could be ſaved from the wreck, but claimed the captain and the crew as his ſlaves, and treated them with ferocious inſolence. Alwi aſſured me, that when he heard of the accident, he haſtened to the prince, fell proſtrate before him, and by tears and importunity prevailed on him to give the Europeans their liberty; that he ſupported them at his own expence, enabled them to build another veſſel, in which they ſailed to Hinzuan, and departed thence for Europe or India: he ſhewed me the captain's promiſſory notes for ſums which to an African trader muſt be a conſiderable object, but which were no price of liberty, ſafety, and perhaps life, which his good, though diſintereſted, offices had procured. I lamented, that in my ſituation, it was wholly out of my power to aſſiſt Alwi in obtaining juſtice; but he urged me to deliver an Arabic letter from him, incloſing the notes to the governor-general, who, as he ſaid, knew him well; and I complied with his requeſt. Since it is poſſible that a ſubſtantial defence may be made by the perſon thus accuſed of injuſtice, I will not name either him or the veſſel which he had commanded; but if he be living, and if this paper ſhould fall into his hands, he may be induced to reflect how highly it imports our national honour, that a people whom we call ſavage, but who adminiſter to our convenience, may have no juſt cauſe to reproach us with a violation of our contracts.

BRITISH THEATRE.

ON Friday, October 19, was performed at Drury-lane Haymarket Theatre, for the firſt time, a new muſical after piece, called THE PRISONER.

This *petite* piece is the production of a gentleman, who has before written ſucceſsfully for the ſtage, but who wiſhes to remain concealed. He has taken Mr. Atwood to his aid as a compiler and compoſer, whoſe *coup d'eſſai* in muſicals we are to conſider it, and a powerful aid-de-camp, he has proved himſelf, ſince the muſic is the chief recommendation of the performance,

The French, who make more of every thing, than any other people, have, of late years, dropped their long dialogues, and taken up the mode of engrafting good ſongs and pleaſing ſpectacle upon ſlight fables, by which effect is produced much better than ſuch writing as is now to be had for the ſtage could have by the ordinary aſſiſtance of the actors. This is a thing of that ſort. Its beſt ſcene, where the Priſoner is ſhewn in an iron cage, has ſcarcely any dialogue; yet this is intereſting, and the others are entertaining, while the whole is a pleaſant Paſticcio.

The characters were thus repreſented:

Marcos, Mr. Kelly; Bernardo, Mr. Dignum; Paſqual, Mr. Sedgwick; Roberto, Mr. Suett; Gaoler, Mr. Wewitzer; Narciſſo, Maſter Walſh; Clara, Mrs. Crouch; Thereſa, Miſs De Camp; Nina, Mrs. Bland; Juliana, Miſs Menage.

The fable of this piece is as follows: Don Bernardo being enamoured of Clara, demands her of her brother Don Marços, who, from a family pique, haughtily refuſes, and ſends her into a diſtant province. Marcos, accidentally ſeparated from a hunting party, is ſeized by Bernardo and thrown into priſon; this circumſtance gives name to the piece; but it is not till two years afterward that the ſcene commences, with an account of ſome diſturbances among the ſlaves, which Bernardo relates to his friend Paſqual, together with his fears that Clara has been deſtroyed; on which account he is determined to wreak his vengeance on the priſoner, by immediate execution. The ſecond ſcene diſcovers Clara as a ſoldier, with Nina, who has enliſted as a drummer; they aſſume this diſguiſe, the better to learn what has become of Marcos, and (Clara acknowledges with no little anxiety) to know the ſituation of her lover. In the third ſcene (Thereſa, Bernardo's ſiſter) in a ſoliloquy, betrays her affection for the priſoner, on having been witneſs to the heroic ſpirit he ſhewed on being ſeized and dragged to a dungeon, lamenting her inability to extricate him. At this time the gaoler's children appear, when the thought ſtrikes her to obtain his releaſe through their means, by working upon their feelings. She got the promiſe that they would uſe their endeavour; and, after an arch device of the girl to prevent the diſcovery of a letter, a trio cloſes the ſcene. The fourth diſcovers to Clara, through the miſtake of Nina, that her lover has a miſtreſs in his tent, beautiful and beloved. This enrages her to a ſort of diſtraction, and ſhe determines on vengeance.

The ſecond act is one compleat ſcene of a priſon, the ſtage being divided; on one ſide exhibiting a dungeon, on the other the keeper's lodge. The goaler's children introduce Roberto (Marcos' ſervant) with wine for their father. He gets this introduction, to learn whether his maſter is confined there; and when, from ſome circumſtances, he collects it to be him, retires in order to apprize his friends of it, who are ſuppoſed to be among the mutinous ſlaves. The goaler then enters, through the perſuaſion of his children; he tipples not a little, but places himſelf in ſuch a manner that when aſleep they ſtill ſeem effectually precluded from getting into the dungeon; but having taken the keys out of their father's pocket, at length by ingenious and perilous management, they get into the cell, when a new obſtacle ariſes, for they find Marcos chained down, and faſtened by a padlock they have no key of. This obliges them cautiouſly, and almoſt hopeleſsly, to return for it; they procure it at laſt, and effect his releaſe; but juſt as he is in the attitude of ſtepping over the goaler's head, he riſes, but it is only to yawn and fall aſleep again, which gives Marcos the opportunity of a complete eſcape. Paſqual and Bernardo then appear to demand the priſoner, learn his eſcape, and on an alarm being ſounded, the act concludes with a chorus of the ſoldiery.

The third act ſhews Marcos at the head of his party. In the third ſcene Clara ſtands centinel before the tent of her lover; and being agitated by jealouſy on ſeeing him ruſh into his ſiſter's arms, whom ſhe ſuppoſes a miſtreſs, attempts Thereſa's life, but is prevented by Paſqual. Marcos being taken priſoner, he and Clara are brought to the General's tent. An ecclairciſſement ſucceeds through the confuſion of Nina, and at the interceſſion of Thereſa, a general pardon, when they exchange ſiſter for ſiſter, and the curtain drops.

The following are the moſt approved airs.

AIR.—Mr. *Dignum.*

Whene'er ſhe bade me ceaſe to plead,
  Her breaſt would gently heave,
And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart
  Ill-practis'd to deceive:
As ſwelling waves that ſeem inclin'd
To greet the ſhores they leave behind,

AIR.—Mr. *Sedgwick.*

Where the banners of glory are ſtreaming,
  Her image ſtill lingers above;
And her eyes ſeem all terribly gleaming,
  Which glow'd but with tranſport of love.

Deeds of arms my ſoul inſpire
As the battling thunders roll,
She and fame my boſom fire,
And to conqueſt light my ſoul.
And 'mid ſlaughter madly wounding,
Heroes dying, groans reſounding,
Armour claſhing,
Lightening flaſhing,
Angel pinion'd o'er her lover;
With protecting wing ſhe'll hover;
Valour's genius—Memory's pleaſure,
Guardian of life's ſacred treaſure.

What can check the ſoldier's courſe,
Who, where war delights to rove,
Strikes with more than mortal force,
Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love.

Air.—Mrs. *Bland.*

How charming a camp, where ſoldiers late and early,
With hair ſo tightly trimmed up, and powder'd ſo fine.
March, ſhoulder, preſent; while the ſerjeant ſo ſurly,
Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line.
To a dub-a-dub—while ſo merry
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.
Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions ſure are bolder,
Yet the damſels don't fear 'em—nay one, as I live,
Came and aſk'd me to give her my heart—but I told her,
Says I, that's beſpoke, and I've nothing elſe to give,
But a dub-a-dub—ever merry,
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

Air.—Maſter *Walſh.*

Tears that exhale from the ſprings of good nature,
Fall like the dew upon ſympathy's breaſt;
Wiſhes reviving, bloom with freſh beauty,
And in gay colours are gaudily dreſt.

Yet when I think on the danger that threatens,
Fear blights my boſom with doubt and diſmay,
Fond expectation all cheerleſs and languid,
Droops, drops its bloſſom, and withers away!

Air.—Mrs. *Crouch.*

Poor Carlos ſued a beauteous maid,
On her his happineſs ſtaking;
She frown'd upon his love—he ſigh'd
"Ah me! my heart is breaking."

She took a ſwain of large domains,
His humble love forſaking;
He thought her happy, and he ſmil'd,
Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
She found with anguiſh aching:
He ſunk, and gave her ſuch a look,
Juſt as his heart was breaking.

Excellent Character of LEWIS XII. *King of* FRANCE.

IT is the unanimous opinion of the French hiſtorians, that more royal virtues, with fewer defects, were never more conſpicuous in any of their princes than in that of their excellent monarch Lewis XII. France, they ſay, was never happier, richer, nor more tranquil than under his auſpicious reign. Juſtice was never better adminiſtered, wiſer laws were never enacted, and ſcarcely any ever ſo well executed. Military diſcipline was never ſo exact or ſo ſevere; but, at the ſame time, the troops were punctually paid. In ſucceeding times, the quartering of them in provinces was eſteemed a grievance. But in the time of Lewis it was conſidered as an advantage, and the provinces ſolicited it as ſuch. His family and his court, the nobility and populace, equally ad-admired him, and unanimouſly called him their *father*; the title with which he was moſt pleaſed, and which he made it the ſtudy of his life to deſerve. He began his reign with aboliſhing impoſts; and, at the time of his death, he had diminiſhed above half of them. He was obliged ſometimes to raiſe extraordinary taxes; but when he ſigned edicts for that purpoſe, he did it with tears. His very misfortunes endeared him to his ſubjects; for he might have maintained his conqueſts in Italy, if he would have raiſed large ſums upon his people. But he thought any loſs light, when compared with that of their affections. He was thought a little too ſaving; and, in the beginning of his reign, his ſubjects took the liberty of expreſſing this in ſatires, and even of ridiculing it on the ſtage. The king knew it very well; but it gave him no offence. He ſaid upon that occaſion, what ought ever to be remembered: ‘ I had much rather my ſubjects ſhould laugh at my parſimony than weep at their own diſtreſs.’ The cuſtom in France then, was for the crier to proclaim the demiſe of perſons of all ranks; and they did his, in theſe words: ‘ The good king Lewis, the father of his people is dead;’—at once the moſt artleſs and the moſt conſummate panegyric.

MEDITATIONS *on the* RUINS *of* PALMIRA.

BY M. VOLNEY.

HERE, ſaid I to myſelf, an opulent city once flouriſhed; this was the ſeat of a powerful empire. Yes, theſe places, now ſo deſert, a living multitude formerly animated, and an active croud circulated in the ſtreets which at preſent are ſo ſolitary. Within thoſe walls, where a mournful ſilence reigns, the noiſe of the arts and the ſhouts of joy and feſtivity continually reſounded. Theſe heaps of marble formed regular palaces, theſe proſtrate pillars were the majeſtic ornaments of temples, theſe ruinous galleries preſent the outlines of public places. There a numerous people aſſembled for the reſpectable duties of its worſhip, or the anxious cares of its ſubſiſtence: there induſtry, the fruitful inventor of ſources of enjoyment, collected together the riches of every climate, and the purple of Tyre was exchanged for the precious thread of Serica; the ſoft tiſſues of Caſſimere for the ſumptuous carpets of Lydia; the amber of the Baltic for the pearls and perfumes of Arabia; the gold of Ophir for the pewter of Thule.

And now a mournful ſkeleton is all that ſubſiſts of this opulent city, and nothing remains of its powerful government, but a vain and obſcure remembrance! To the tumultuous throng which crouded under theſe porticos, the ſolitude of death has ſucceeded. The ſilence of the tomb is ſubſtituted for the hum of public places. The opulence of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty. The palaces of kings are become the receptacle of deer, and unclean reptiles inhabit the ſanctuary of the gods.—What glory is here eclipſed, and how many labours are annihilated!—Thus periſh the works of men, and thus do nations and empires vaniſh away!

The hiſtory of paſt times ſtrongly preſented itſelf to my thoughts. I called to mind thoſe diſtant ages when twenty celebrated nations inhabited the country round me. I pictured to myſelf the Aſſyrian on the banks of the Tygris, the Chaldean on thoſe of the Euphrates, the Perſian whoſe power extended from the Indus to the Mediterranean. I enumerated the kingdoms of Damaſcus and Idumea; of Jeruſalem and Samaria; and the warlike ſtates of the Philiſtines; and the commercial republics of Phoenicia. This Syria, ſaid I to myſelf, now almoſt depopulated, then contained a hundred flouriſhing cities, and abounded with towns, villages, and hamlets. Every where one might have ſeen cultivated fields, frequented roads, and crouded habitations. Ah! what are become of thoſe ages of abundance and of life? What are become of ſo many productions of the hand of man? Where are thoſe ramparts of Nineveh, thoſe walls of Babylon, thoſe palaces of Perſepolis, thoſe temples of Balbec and of Jeruſalem? Where are thoſe fleets of Tyre, thoſe dock-yards of Arad, thoſe work-ſhops of Sidon, and that multitude of mariners, pilots, merchants, and ſoldiers? Where thoſe huſbandmen, thoſe harveſts, that picture of animated nature of which the earth ſeemed proud? Alas! I have traverſed this deſolate country, I have viſited the places that were the theatre of ſo much ſplendour, and I have beheld nothing but ſolitude and deſertion; I looked for thoſe ancient people and their works; and all I could find was a faint trace, like to what the foot of a paſſenger leaves on the ſand. The temples are thrown down, the palaces demoliſhed, the ports filled up, the towns deſtroyed, and the earth ſtript of inhabitants, ſeems a dreary burying-place.—Great God! from whence proceed ſuch melancholy revolutions? For what cauſe is the fortune of theſe countries ſo ſtrikingly changed? Why are ſo many cities deſtroyed? Why is not that ancient population reproduced and perpetuated?

Thus abſorbed in contemplation, new ideas continually preſented themſelves to my thoughts. Every thing, continued I, miſleads my judgment, and fills my heart with trouble and uncertainty. When theſe countries enjoyed what conſtitutes the glory and felicity of mankind, they were an unbelieving people who inhabited them: it was the Phenician, offering human ſacrifices to Moloch, who brought together within his walls the riches of every climate; it was the Chaldean, proſtrating himſelf before a ſerpent, * who ſubjugated opulent cities, and laid waſte the palaces of kings and the temples of the gods; it was the Perſian, the worſhipper of fire, who collected the tributes of a hundred nations; they were the inhabitants of this very city, adorers of the ſun and ſtars, who erected ſo many monuments of affluence and luxury. Numerous flocks, fertile fields, abundant harveſts, every thing that ſhould have been the reward of piety, was in the hands of idolaters: and now that a believing and holy people occupy the countries, nothing is to be ſeen but ſolitude and ſterility. The earth under theſe bleſſed hands produces only briars and wormwood. Man ſows in anguiſh, and reaps vexation and cares; war, famine, and peſtilence, aſſault him in turn. Yet, are not theſe the childern of the prophets? This Chriſtian, this Muſſelman, this Jew, are they not the elect of heaven, loaded with gifts and miracles? Why then is this race, beloved of the Divinity, deprived of the favours which were formerly ſhowered upon the Heathen? Why do theſe lands, conſecrated by the blood of the martyrs, no longer boaſt their former temperature and fertility? Why have thoſe favours been baniſhed as it were, and transferred for ſo many ages to the other nations and different climes?

And here, purſuing the courſe of viciſſitudes which have in turn tranſmitted the ſceptre of the world to people ſo various in manners and religion, from thoſe of ancient Aſia down to the more recent ones of Europe, my native country, deſignated by this name, was awakened in my mind, and turning my eyes towards it, all my thoughts fixed upon the ſituation in which I had left it. †

I recollected its fields ſo richly cultivated, its roads ſo admirably executed, its towns inhabited by an immenſe multitude, its ſhips ſcattered over every ocean, its ports filled with the produce of either India; and comparing the activity of its commerce, the extent of its navigation, the magnificence of its buildings, the arts and induſtry of its inhabitants, with all that Egypt and Syria could formerly boaſt of a ſimilar nature, I pleaſed myſelf with the idea that I had found in modern Europe the paſt ſplendour of Aſia; but the charm of my reverie was preſently diſſolved by the laſt ſtep in the compariſon. Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture: who, ſaid I to myſelf, can aſſure me that their preſent deſolation will not one-day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter ſome traveller like myſelf will ſit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder ſea, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too ſlow to take in the multitude of ſenſations; who knows but he will ſit down ſolitary amid ſilent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatneſs changed into an empty name?

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* *The dragon Bel.*

† *In the year 1782, at the cloſe of the American war.*

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of* ENGLISH MONEY.

ALTHOUGH it has been much controverted amongſt the learned, whether the ancient Britons had any money, yet it is juſtly believed by ſome authors, that in the earlieſt times, when money was firſt coined in this Iſland, it was both of gold and ſilver, wherein there was little or no allay; and this has been much confirmed by divers pieces of ſuch like money dug up in different parts of this kingdom, which have been allowed to be Britiſh, whereof we ſee divers in Cambden. Indeed ſome authors have quoted Cæſar to prove the contrary; but as an ingenious perſon has obſerved, Cæſar's words are, *Nummo utuntur parvo aneo:* nor can I ſee, (ſays he) any reaſon to doubt of Britiſh coins of all ſorts of metal, till ſome ſhall inform me whoſe coins thoſe are which Mr. Cambden and other writers take to be Britiſh. This was the more ancient ſtate of money in Britain; but in proceſs of time it being found convenient to have a proportion of baſer metal mixt with the pure gold and ſilver, the word Sterling was introduced, derived, as ſome will have it, from Eaſterling, a ſtandard uſed by the merchants trading hither from the eaſtern parts, or from thoſe Eaſterlings themſelves who were the firſt workmen of it; of which opinion is Sir Henry Spelman, and the author of a very old treatiſe concerning money, entered at large in the red book in the time of Edward III. There are thoſe that fetch it from the caſtle of Sterling in Scotland, as if it had been firſt coined there. Others derive it from the name of an ancient indenture or bond, which was taken by the Jews for ſecurity of their debts, and which was called the Jews ſtar. But theſe opinions are confuted by a late learned author, who proves that the Eaſterlings had no ſilver money amongſt them till the middle of the thirteenth century, ſo that conſequently we could not have our firſt refiners from thence; but affirms, that the words *Sterlinus* and *Denarius* were both indifferently uſed to ſignify that ſmall piece of money which our Kings then coined, with little amulets or ſtars in each quarter of the reverſe. As to the antiquity of the word amongſt us, it is a ſtrong diſpute amongſt our antiquarians, whether it be any older than the reign of Henry II. Nay, ſome will bring it as low as Richard I. Lowndes is of opinion, that the word ſterling (denoting the goodneſs or degree of fineneſs) was not known in the time of the conqueror, in regard there are no mention thereof in doomſday book, which values every manour (as it was worth in the times of the confeſſor or conqueror) in money *ad Numerum,* which imported twenty ſhillings: or *ad Penſam;* or, *ad Pondus,* but not in ſterling money; and yet the denomination of ſterling was ſoon after introduced, becauſe the ſtatute of the 25 Edward III. refers to ancient ſterling, as do the old indenture of the mint, and the ancient entry concerning money; by which (ſays he) it ſeems evident, that a ſterling, or eaſterling, in a reſtrained ſenſe, ſignified nothing but a ſilver penny, which at the firſt was about three times as heavy as it is now; and was once called a Londres, becauſe it was to be coined only in London. That the ancient ſterling of England mentioned in the ſaid ſtatute, and the ſtandard and allay of the old eaſterling, mentioned in the indenture, (20. May 46. Edw. III.) and the old right ſtandard of England, are to be underſtood thus: a pound weight troy of gold was divided into twenty-four carracts, and every carract into four grains of gold; and a pound weight of the old ſterling or right ſtandard gold of England, conſiſted of twenty-three carracts, three grains and a half fine gold, and half a grain allay, which allay might be ſilver or copper; and a pound weight troy of ſilver was divided into ounces, pennyweights, and grains, as at preſent, and ſixty grains were equal to one grain of gold; and the pound weight of old ſtandard ſilver, conſiſted as it does now, of eleven ounces two pennyweight fine ſilver, and eighteen pennyweight allay.

The firſt eight kings after the conqueſt continued to coin the like monies as their predeceſſors, only a little lighter; for of the Saxon pennies there are ſome at this day that weigh more than a pennyweight; whereas few of thoſe which follow reach twenty-two grains. Till the time of Edward I. the Engliſh pennies were to weigh a pennyweight, equal to twenty-four of our preſent grains; ſo that a pound of ſilver was a pound both in weight and tale. The Normans alſo continued the like method as to inſcriptions, having round the king's head, his name and ſtyle, which was very ſhort; only REX, or REX ANGLO; and on the reverſe, the name of the mint-maſter, and place of coinage.

That all great ſums were yet paid by weight and touch, is generally agreed, for by reaſon of the lightneſs and badneſs of money, it was ordained that the fines of manours ſhould be paid *ad Penſam*, which was as much money for a pound ſterling as weighed 12 ounces troy; ſo that payment of a pound *de Numero*, imported 20s. *ad Scalam* 20s. 6d. and *ad Penſam* ſo much as weighed 12 ounces. The coins of the two firſt Williams are ſo rare (ſays Mr. Thoreſby) that my utmoſt diligence could but procure one of either king, till by an accident, *Anno* 1703-4, a neſt of them was found at York. On their coins they both appear in a pearl diadem with labels at each ear, (as in Speed) and an arch croſs the Head, ſo that it is difficult to diſtinguiſh them, nay abſolutely impoſſible. Indeed it was obſerved ſome of them repreſented the king with the full face, and other with the ſide face, and ſometimes with the ſceptre, but were undoubtedly aſcribed to both: but Mr. Thoreſby ſeems plainly to have diſtinguiſhed the difference, and aſcribes all thoſe with the full face to the conqueror, who reigned nigh as long again as his ſon, and had greater occaſions for money; and thoſe with the half face and ſceptre to Rufus. Indeed Dr. Nicholſon gives us an account of one with the full face, and inſcribed WILLIAM II; but Mr. Thoreſby has rectified that miſtake, which many have been led into by the form of the letter V at the end of PILLEMV: that which they miſtake for II as he obſerves upon a nicer obſervation, by the declining of the ſtroke will appear to be deſigned for a V; by which accident there appears greater variety than ever was known before of the conqueror's money, whereof there are inſcribed: WILEM. WILLEM. WILLEMV. or WILLEMUS. PILLEM. PILLEMV. or PILLEMUS. REX. REX. A. ANGL. ANGLO. or ANGLOR. Reverſe a croſs fleuree with four ſceptres, or a croſs with four pellets in each quarter, the name of the mint maſter and place of mintage; whereof there are of HEREFORD. LVNDNEN. LOND. LVNDRE. or LYNDR. for London, C. Canterbury, EO or EOPER York, LINDCOLN. Lincoln, EXETER. LOYNC Lancaſter, PINC Wincheſter, DEOTFOVRD. Thetford, of this there is one inſcribed REX. I. which ſays the ſame author, is not to be reckoned a numeral letter, it being improper to pretend a diſtinction when there was none of the name before, but for part of the letter A.

There is likewiſe of Robert, eldeſt ſon of William the Conqueror, RODBERTVS—the prince on horſeback with a large ſword in hand, reverſe, flowers-de-lis in each quarter of a croſs fill the area, flowers, creſcents, &c. in place of the inſcriptions.

The coins of this king are exceedingly rare, if, as is juſtly believed, all thoſe with the full face are to be aſcribed to the conqueror: nevertheleſs, in conformity to ſeveral authors, I ſhall place one with the full face to this king, inſcribed PILLEM. REX AN. a croſs on each ſide the king's head; reverſe, a croſs compoſed of double lines.

The coins of Henry I. are of the ſame ſhape and ſize with the former, inſcribed HENRIC. REX, ſo Speed has given it: or HENRIC. REX. ANGL. The king's full face, ſceptre and croſs, and an open crown with three flowers-de-lis, which diſtinguiſhes this king's coin from thoſe of Henry II. Reverſe, a croſs potent in each quarter of a large croſs.

King Stephen is ſaid to have coined a great deal of money, though it is now very rare, and is the ſame ſize with his predeceſſor's; the firſt after the conqueſt that is half-faced, with this inſcription, STIEFN. B. and on the reverſe, SPTIDET: DN EV, which may poſſibly be the blundered name of ſome of his royal lords. A different ſort ſhews both his eyes, though even there the face is ſomewhat ſideways; the crown much the ſame with that of Henry I. only the flowers raiſed higher. Another, inſtead of the king's head has two angels, with STIEFEN. RE. Mr. Thoreſby has one with both the figures of Stephen; and Henry likewiſe of EISTAOHIVS. *Euſtatius*, ſon and heir apparent to King Stephen, but died before him, with a horſe on one ſide, and a large croſs of flower-de-lis, which fills the area upon the other, without inſcription: another of EUSTATIUS, figure with a ſword in his hand; reverſe, EBORACI. ED. TS, a pellet in each quarter of a croſs, ſurrounded with a roſe.

The coins of Henry II. exhibit him full-faced with crown and ſceptre; the crown conſiſting of a row of pearls of five points, with a croſs raiſed upon the middlemoſt, and HENRICUS. REX. A fairer ſort exhibits him with a long beard; reverſe, a croſs of double lines, terminating at the inner circle; and four pellets in each quarter, which on ſome are conjoined by a ſmall ſtroke in form of a croſs, DODELM. ON. WINC. (Wincheſter) NICOLE. ON. LVND. (London) one I have, ILGEH. ON. LVN. ON EVE. (York) ON CANT. (Canterbury) ON. NICOLE. (Lincoln). An eminent antiquary has obſerved that he had two prodigal ſons, Henry and John. Henry who died before him, was crowned in his life-time; whether he coined any money is uncertain, but it is certain he had a great ſeal.

Richard I. his penny is remarkable from all his predeceſſors by the two faces, inſcribed RICUS. R : : : S REX. and reverſe, A : V : : ON : : NICO : and—REX ANGL. reverſe, LONDON, three pellets in each quarter of the croſs. His money is very rare.

John, his coins give him full faced in a triangle, with crown and ſceptre, inſcribed, JOHANNES. REX. reverſe, ROBERD. ON. DIVE (Divelin, or Dublin) a half moon and ſtar in a triangle, a ſure token the monies upon which it appears were coined in Ireland; the moſt ancient harps, for which that kingdom is noted, being of that form. He was the firſt that had the title of *Dominus Hiberniæ*.

Henry III. inſcribed HENRICVS REX III. or REX TERCI. which ſufficiently diſtinguiſhes this prince's coins; his head full faced and crowned, whereof there are two ſorts, one with the ſceptre, the other without. The crown, (inſtead of the five points as in the former) conſiſts of a pretty thick line, raiſed at each end, with a croſs in the middle above the line, and three pearls below. Inſtead of the four pellets, on the reverſe, in form of a croſs, are three in form of a triangle; and a large double line croſs continued to the outer rim. The Iriſh coin has the king's head in a triangle; but on the reverſe, the Engliſh croſs and pellets. This king was the firſt that coined half-pence and farthings round, as appears by one in the Muſæum of the earl of Pembroke; before which time they uſed to break the penny into halves and quarters.

This Prince (as appears by the red book in the exchequer) amongſt other great atchievements of his moſt prudent government, left that of reſtoring and eſtabliſhing good monies for the uſe of the people, to recommend his name to ſubſequent generations. He ſent for Mr. William de Turnemire, and his brother Peter, and others, from Marſeilles, and one Friſcobald, and his companions from Florence, and employed them in the working money, which money as appears by the ſaid book, was made in the ſame manner: firſt it was caſt from the melting pot into long bars; thoſe bars were cut with ſheers into ſmall ſquare pieces of exact weights; then with the tongs and hammer they were forged into a round ſhape; after which they were blanched, (that is, made white or refulgent by nealing or boiling) and afterwards ſtamped or impreſſed with an hammer to make them perfect money. For the coining of this money he had thirty furnaces at London, eight at Canterbury (beſides three the Archbiſhop had there) twelve at Briſtol, twelve at York, and more in other great burghs; in all which places they made the ſame hammered money of ſilver, ſupplied by the king's changers eſtabliſhed at the ſame places, who (according to the certain rates or prices preſcribed to them) took in the clipped, rounded, and counterfeit monies to be recoined, and bought gold and ſilver of the merchants and others, to be fabricated into new monies; at the ſame time ordaining, *Quod proclametur per totum Regnum quod nulla fiat tonſura de nova Moneta ſub periculo Vitæ & Membrorum, & amiſſionis omnium Terrarum & Tenementorum, &c.* And this hammered money continued through all the reigns of ſucceeding kings and queens, till about the year of our Lord 1663.

This prince was the firſt that fixed the ſtandard of the coin; he was alſo the firſt that uſed *Dominus Hybernie* (conſtantly) upon his money, which is never wanting on his coins, nor in thoſe of his ſon Edward II. nor in the groats of Edward III. but was afterwards left out; nor is there any more mentioned of Ireland upon the ſilver money, till King Henry VIII. He likewiſe left out the ſceptre, which appears no more upon the ſmall money till Henry VIII. nor upon the large till Queen Elizabeth's crown and half crown, and the name of the mint-maſter on the reverſe, inſtead of which he put the place of mintage. He was likewiſe the firſt that forbid the uſe of broken money. But it is difficult to diſtinguiſh the money of this king from Edward II. becauſe the face, ſtile, weight and reverſe, are alike: but a learned antiquary has ſince determined thoſe with the three firſt letters EDW. to the firſt Edward: 1ſt, becauſe of the plenty of this ſort; for every one knows Edward I. coined abundantly more money than his ſon. 2dly, From the mintage at Dublin, which this Edward ſet up, and have always EDW. and never otherwiſe; whence it is to be concluded, that all that are ſo writ do belong to him. EDW. R. ANG. DNS. HYB. the king full-faced and crowned, with an open crown conſiſting of three fleurs-de-lis, with two rays or leſſer flowers not raiſed ſo high: the croſs compoſed of a ſingle line, pretty broad, and continued to the outer rim; three pellets in each quarter, circumſcribed with the place of coinage, viz. London, Canterbury, York, VILLA. KINGESTON, Durham, Newcaſtle, Berwick, Lincoln, Exeter, Briſtol, VILLA. SCI. EDMVNDI. Likewiſe his Iriſh money, the head in a triangle CIVITAS. DVBLINIE. Alſo Waterford and Cork, both halfpence and pennies, which proves Sir John Davis was miſtaken when he ſays that in this reign there was but one mint in Ireland. At the ſame time there were divers foreign and counterfeit coins; one with a mitre, another with a lion upon it, a third of copper, blanched to reſemble the money of England, a fourth reſembling that of king Edward, and a fifth plated, known by the name of pollards, crokards, ſtaldings, eagles, leonines, and ſteepings, cried down by act of parliament; two of them making in value but one ſterling, their compoſition being an artificial mixture of ſilver, copper, and ſulphur.

Afterwards he is reported, but falſely, to have ordered the minting of groats; and Speed pretends to give a cut of one of one of them, but in this it ſeems pretty certain he was miſtaken.

[*To be continued.*]

Account of TRAVELS *into* NORWAY, DENMARK, *and* RUSSIA, *in the Years* 1788, 1789, 1790, *and* 1791.

BY A. SWINTON, ESQ.

THE author of theſe travels notices his two recent predeceſſors in this northern tour, Meſſrs. Wraxall and Coxe. He admires the celerity of Mr. Wraxall's movements, who effected a journey of 2000 miles round the Baltic ſea, in the courſe of five months! a pace too rapid 'to ſuppoſe that he had it in his power to draw many of his reflections from actual obſervation:' the preſent writer accordingly corrects occaſionally the wrong information which Mr. W. received, and the premature opinions that he formed. Mr. Coxe, he obſerves, travelled at a rate ſomewhat ſlower, and much more ſolemn; and he acknowledges the importance of his ſubjects of attention: but another traveller was yet wanted, for he adds,

'It is not, however, long details, biographical, hiſtorical, or, philoſophical, that are expected by every reader to form the principal parts of books of travels. What the traveller himſelf obſerved, inferred, ſuffered, or enjoyed—but above all, manners, cuſtoms, dreſs, modes of life, domeſtic economy, amuſements, arts, whether liberal or mechanical, and, in a word, whatever tends to illuſtrate the actual ſtate of ſociety, and that not only among the great, but the body, and even the very loweſt body of the people: all this, in the opinion of thoſe who read rather for amuſement, than the ſtudy of either politics or natural philoſophy, ſhould enter into thoſe narratives which are ſuppoſed to hold a kind of middle rank between the ſolidity of ſtudied diſcourſe and the freedom of colloquial converſation.

'It is on this humble ground that the author of this volume, notwithſtanding what has been publiſhed by the reſpectable gentlemen abovementioned, is induced to offer to the public a variety of obſervations which he has been enabled to make, by frequent voyages to Denmark, and a reſidence of ſeveral years in Ruſſia.'

As a ſpecimen of theſe travels, we exhibit Mr. S.'s journey from Revel to Peterſburgh, in November:

'I left Revel Thurſday morning, and, for the firſt time, ſeated myſelf in a ſledge. I could not brook the idea of being dragged upon a hurdle to the Ruſſian capital. A few miles travelling, however, ſoon reconciled me, and I found it very agreeable. A ſledge is a large oblong baſket, partly covered at top, in the faſhion of an half chaiſe; this is put upon a frame, turning up in the front, like the bow of a ſhip. In this latitude one cannot uſe a chaiſe with any comfort; beſides, it is very heavy with wheels, and requires double the number of horſes. It is wonderful with what expedition the bulkieſt ſledge is drawn along the ſurface of the ſnow.

'Before travellers ſet out, they convey their baggage into the bottom of the ſledge, if they journey with one only; above this large feather beds are laid, ſerving both to warm and to defend the traveller againſt the ſudden jolting of the vehicle. Here he lies, covering himſelf with blankets and furs. He is, beſides, dreſſed in furs; a fur coat or pellice, boots lined with fur, and a cap reſembling a muff; nor is this wanting: his hands cloathed with furred gloves, are likewiſe thruſt into a muff almoſt as large as a French jack-boot. With this, too, he defends his face againſt the cold, which, in driving quickly, is felt to penetrate even this load of ſkins, if the wind be oppoſite. Now, if all this warehouſe of garments be required, conceive the condition of an Engliſhman, in his poſt-chaiſe and thin ſurtout, traverſing Ruſsland! He would not reſemble, but actually be a frozen mummy; and the froſt would preſerve the carcaſe as well as the richeſt balms in Egypt.

'We now ſee nothing but villages, half-buried in ſnow. The roads are only diſtinguiſhable by the tracks of ſledges, and red painted verſtpoſts. It is about three hundred verſts, or two hundred miles from Revel to the capital. The road leads through the provinces of Eſthonia and Ingria, bordering upon the Finland gulph.

'At the approach of winter there are no ſtorms; the breeze is gentle as zephyr. The clouds almoſt bruſh the tops of the foreſts, ſeeming to reſt their loads upon the branches. The Ruſſian driver has found a method to diſturb the ſilence of the midnight hour, by hanging a bell among the harneſs: he accompanies this inſtrument with his voice. There is no difference in dreſs between the Fins and Ruſſians. I have found out which is which, by their manner of ſaluting. The Ruſſian driver, when I give him a little drink-money, either bows, or gets down upon his knees, and touches my ſhoe or the earth with his head. He has a quicker eye in his head than the Fin. The Finlander embraces my knees, and kiſſes my cloaths, or, if you pleaſe, the hem of my garment. The Fin has a ſimple look.

'We arrive at different poſts, change horſes, and away, like lightning. In the morning we entered a poſt-houſe, and had ſome coffee, while our bed of furs was adjuſted in the ſledge. It is made, as any other bed after a night's work. A Ruſſian gentleman is here ſmoaking his pipe; his ſervant is employed in putting his bed in order. His ſledge is far preferable to ours, being neatly built and painted, with windows at the ſide, and curtains in the front; he has ſeveral feather-beds under him, bolſters and pillows without number. This is very unlike the hardy Scythian's we have heard of—but ſo things are; and the boor is as warmly clothed as his betters; he rolls himſelf in a ſheep's ſkin, with the wool inwards: were it outwards, he would look like a ſheep upon its hinder legs: but the ſharpneſs of a Ruſſian eye is not favourable to that diſguiſe. The accommodation is tolerably good from Revel to Narva. However, according to cuſtom, we take our proviſions along with us, ready dreſſed; a loaf, a cold tongue, and a bottle of brandy, are the contents of my wallet. It does not appear that the poſtmaſters are under any obligations to keep proviſions for travellers, for reaſons formerly noticed. At one of the poſts, we could not even procure a bit of bread; at the next ſtage we had an excellent dinner, and a glaſs of equally excellent wine. There are accommodations of another kind to be had in thoſe latitudes, at the lower order of taverns, called Cabacks, or Brandy ſhops. I could not help taking notice of a ſign-poſt, hung at the corner of a hut, within thirty verſts of Revel, upon the Riga road. The painter had done his beſt to inſpire other paſſions, beſides that for brandy, in the wayfaring Chriſtians. The deſign was above criticiſm—the execution beneath it. I expected to ſee ſome living figures to correſpond with the ticket. I ſaw a nymph, aged fifty, bringing water from the well. Had it been another Sarah, I might, perhaps, have reſted my camels.

'Theſe provinces are chiefly inhabited by Fins; a people as ſtupid in their viſage as the Ruſſians are lively. They are now ſhut up in their cottages: very few are without doors. A dreary ſcene is every where preſented to view, with ſcarcely the appearance of life.

'We arrived at Narva at ſix o'clock, in the dark. A centinel demanded our paſſports as we entered the gates, in the name of ſome great man, or Prince, or Sovereign; and in his own name he craved ten copies. You cannot be ſo unreaſonable as to expect an account of Narva, ſeen only at four, or five, or ſix o'clock of a winter's evening. I ſee a jumble of houſes, and if the light, or rather the dark, does not deceive me, I ſee vacancies where houſes might be built.

'We paſs under a kind of triumphal arch upon the other ſide of the town. I cannot imagine that this was erected in honour of Charles XII. The maſter of the poſt-houſe in the ſuburbs adviſed us to ſtay all night, as the river Yamburgh was not ſufficiently frozen to bear carriages with ſafety. We had to croſs this river in our firſt ſtage from hence. My German companion would not conſent to remain, and away we drove, our bells jingling, and our coachman ſinging.

'We are now at the banks of the river, twenty verſts from Narva. Our poſtillion is gone to procure ſome Ruſſian fiſhermen for our guides. I permitted the ſledge and horſes, the Ruſſians and German, to go firſt. The pieces of ice, hurled together in this particular place, were to ſerve us for a bridge. I kept the caravan in ſight, and walked with caution behind. The adventure was not of my planning, ſo I allowed the gentlemen to ſhew me the road. I heard the water rumbling under me, and upon every ſide: this, at one o'clock, in a winter morning, was no agreeable ſituation. We are ſafely over, and I have laid myſelf down to ſleep. The poſtillion ſounds his horn. I have looked out, and beheld what to me appeared enchantment: the palace of Saladin, a noble ſquare of buildings, and ſpacious ſtreets. Am I in Peterſburg? Surely it is at a greater diſtance from Narva, or I have ſlept a long time. This city, of whoſe exiſtence I had never heard, is pleaſantly ſituated, near the banks of the river of the ſame name. The moon, peeping out between two clouds, enabled us to view Yamburgh.

'The poſtmaſter is a Ruſſian, the firſt I have ſeen in this office. As we approach Peterſburg, the poſtmaſters are, in general, Ruſſians; and the Ruſſian and Finniſh villages more mixed together.

'We are now in Ingria, and, notwithſtanding that the ground is covered with ſnow, I can ſee marks of a fruitful country. It is level, and not incumbered with foreſts or bruſh-wood; and upon the roads, a number of ſledges are loaded with all ſorts of proviſions going to market. The ſight is new and ſtrange: every ſledge has one ſmall horſe, and a reverend driver cloathed in ſkins: a long beard hides one half of his face, while a fur cap nearly covers the other. We find a ſad alteration in our accommodations at the ſtages. The traveller, however, finds ſtill a warm room; and if he has tea or coffee, bread and cheeſe of his own, he may eat and drink; and not otherwiſe. Every thing is good or bad, by compariſon. I uſed to ſhrink from the entertainment at the German houſes in Livonia, and now I wiſhed for any diſh, if it only ſmoaked. I cannot eat my cold proviſions in ſo cold a climate. Even a ſharp air creates no appetite, if you are lying in a ſledge among feathers. I am therefore convinced, that walking, and next to it riding, is the beſt exerciſe for the preſervation of health, in every climate.

'The Fins dwell in villages. I can ſee no detached huts in all the country. Their dwellings are wretched indeed. They conſiſt of ſmall fir trees, laid upon one another: the roof is covered with deal boards, and it is rare to ſee any of them new.—What ſurpriſes me, they build their villages in open fields, when the neighbourhood of a wood might protect them from the ſevere weather.

'We now draw near to Peterſburg, upon a riſing ground called Ropſhaw, within forty verſts of the Ruſſian metropolis.—The view of the champaign before us is truly romantic. It is bordered with foreſts. The ſhrubs, of unequal height, powdered with ſnow, exactly reſembles waves; and the thinly ſcattered trees, and bruſhwood at the bottom, the maſts and hulks of veſſels.

‘ We now entered a wood, twenty verſts from Ropſhaw, and ſoon arrived at the palace of Strelina, upon the ſhore of the Gulph of Finland. The Gulph turns very narrow at Cronſtadt, and the palace of Strelina is ſeveral verſts nearer Peterſburg, which we can now diſtinguiſh—its gilded ſpires and domes, and the Coaſt of Carelia, oppoſite to us, forming the north, as Ingria, where we now are, does the ſouth ſhore of this narrow channel, leading from Cronſtadt to the capital.

‘ The ideal ſcenery at Ropſhaw was here realiſed. I ſaw the frozen Gulph, with ſhips arreſted in various parts, as they had been attempting to reach Cronſtradt or Peterſburg, at the ſetting in of the froſt.

‘ Peterſburg is eighteen verſts from Strelina, where we come upon an elegant road, having marble and granite columns to mark the verſts. The ſeats of the nobility are a farther ornament to this grand avenue into the capital. The ſnow is ſpangled with temples, Chineſe palaces, and many ſuperb buildings, all the way to the gates; and, what is ſtill a finer ſight, the road is crouded with a brave and induſtrious peaſantry, bringing to that emporium every neceſſary of life.

‘ Had one trod the banks of the Neva a hundred years ago, when the foundations of Peterſburg were not laid, and forced his way through the bull-ruſhes, which then overſpread them, and were he now to behold this new creation, he would imagine himſelf in a dream, reading the Arabian Night's Entertainments. If Milton had wrote within this period, I ſhould have ſuppoſed that he had borrowed from thoſe wonderful improvements the ideas expreſſed in theſe beautiful lines:

“ Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation——————
————from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtile magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſcents!”

The following is a general view of Peterſburg:

‘ I feel myſelf here as in another world, the dreſs, the manners, and cuſtoms of the people are ſo different from thoſe of other nations in Europe.

‘ Beſides the variety of nations which compoſe the Ruſſian empire, in my daily walk through the city I meet with Engliſh, Danes, French, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, Portugueſe, Venetians, Poles, Germans, Perſians, and Turks; the latter are arrived here priſoners from Oczakow. This aſſembly is a natural maſquerade, and no city upon earth preſents any amuſement of this kind in ſuch perfection as Peterſburg. In other great cities the variety of ſtrangers are not ſo diſtinguiſhable as here, owing to their accommodating themſelves to the dreſs of the country in which they reſide or ſojourn, in order to prevent the mob from ſtaring at them.

'In Peterſburg there is no need of this compliance; let foreigners be dreſſed ever ſo oddly, they will find, in every lane, ſubjects of the Ruſſian empire to keep them in countenance. She brings into this ball her various ſwarms, from the ſnowy mountains of Kamſchatka, to the fertile plains of the Ukraine—a ſpace of 4000 miles; Siberians, Tonguſians, Calmucs, and an endleſs train of Tartar nations, the Fins, the Coſſacs, &c. Peterſburg is a ſtrange city, even to the Ruſſians: it increaſes daily, with new recruits from every corner of the empire.

'Ruſſia reſembles an heir newly come to his eſtate. She is only beginning to learn, and ſeems ſtruck at her own importance. This young heir has got his different maſters to attend him: the Engliſh maſter is teaching him the art of navigation and commerce; the French, as uſual, to dance and to dreſs; the Italian is drawing plans for his houſe, and teaching him to ſing: the German makes him wheel to the right and left, and teaches him all the other arts of war.

'The truth is, the Ruſſians are going on too faſt in affecting, as well as attaining improvement. Foreigners have put too many things into their heads, and, I believe, are picking their pockets, by the idle ſchemes with which they amuſe them. The Ruſſians, in general, look upon foreigners as a kind of ſuperior beings in regard to the arts and ſciences. They value themſelves chiefly upon their valour, and the ſtrength of their army and navy.

'The improvement that firſt attracted my attention is the theatre: in the depth of a ſix month's winter, this naturally attracts us from other objects perhaps more valuable. They have French, German, and Ruſſian comedians, and an Italian opera. The maſquerade is a favourite amuſement at this dreary ſeaſon. There are ſuch great diſtinctions of ranks without doors, that they are happy at times to ſink and forget theſe in a maſque. On the contrary, in England we are ſo much upon a level, without and within doors, that it would be no amuſement or relaxation to repeat the ſame ſcenes: and this I take to be the reaſon that we have few maſquerades.

'The French actors are highly eſteemed; and I aſſure you the Ruſſian players are no leſs ſo, in comedy. The latter have a peculiar turn for works of humour; but in tragedy they cut a poor figure. Tragedy has no charms in their eyes, and I am very much of their way of thinking. There are a ſufficient number of melancholy ſcenes preſented every day in real life: I prefer, with the Muſcovites, to ſing and dance while we may.

'This turn for humour in the Ruſſians is attended with a fault: their comedy too often approaches to farce. They enjoy, with all their ſouls, their native operas, in which are introduced rural ſcenery and manners, and native airs. Were I not afraid of your calling me Goth, I would tell you I prefer many of the Ruſs ſongs to the Italian: they are ſimple, but exquiſitely pleaſing—the Ruſſians forget every thing elſe while they are liſtening to them. Even among the waggoners, and other ruſtics, we ſhall ſometimes find five or ſix, dividing their voices into as many keys, and producing a concert, no way contemptible. They are ſelf-taught, and do not underſtand what tenor, or baſs, or triple means.

I wonder that the Italians have not pretended that ſome David Ritzio had viſited this country, ſeeing they are jealous of their quavers.

'The Ruſſian inſtruments of muſic are ſimple as their ſongs; of theſe, the Balileka is the favourite of the common people. This is a kind of guittar, with two ſtrings: the performer places it upon his knee, and ſtrikes the wire with ſuch art, as to move ſome correſponding chord in the breaſt of every Ruſſian within hearing. Several of their other inſtruments reſemble thoſe of the ancient Romans; particularly the pipe of Pan is matched by their whiſtle, of nine or ten joints, placed at each others' ſides, of unequal lengths.

'You muſt always expect to hear poetry mentioned with muſic. Ruſſia has produced two excellent poets, in Lomonoſof, and Sumorokof. The ſongs of the peaſants are not deſtitute of poetry; and, as they convey the trueſt characteriſtic of a people, I will hereafter endeavour to give you a tranſlation of ſome of the beſt.—Poetry, under all its diſguiſes, has delivered to us more faithful pictures of our anceſtors than hiſtory. This ſublime art impels to truth. Truth is the actor in poetry; fiction is the ſcenery and dreſs.'

On POLITICAL CORRUPTION *and* TEMPERATE INNOVATIONS.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN SHIPLEY, D.D. LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

RIGHTEOUSNESS and mercy; or in the modern uſe of language, juſtice and benevolence, are ſo far from being fit to be excluded from the cabinets of princes, that good government is nothing elſe but the full exerciſe and diſplay of thoſe ſovereign virtues. They contain in themſelves the very art and myſtery of true policy. They are not beneath the attention of the greateſt monarchs; ſince God himſelf does not diſdain to uſe them in the government of the world. And all the miniſterial arts and refinements which lead through the crooked paths of policy, falſely ſo called, are a ſort of unwiſe cunning, that leads only to guilt and diſgrace; and to cheat, and betray the people it was their duty to protect. Let it be allowed me to mention one inſtance of this falſe policy with a becoming dread and abhorrence; the art of government by a corrupt influence and bribery. Perhaps human nature does not afford a ſtronger inſtance of the power of habit to make men do wrong. It is unneceſſary, and improper for me to ſay, how long this practice has prevailed, and how far it has extended in our own country. There is a decency attending our profeſſion that juſtly reſtrains us from provoking paſſions and enmities by perſonal cenſures; but there is alſo a dignity in truth, which ought to embolden us to inform the greateſt of their duty. It is the fault of the people in all countries to be credulous and generous; and to place a too unſuſpecting confidence in their rulers; from whence it has happened, that in moſt nations, except our own, the appearance, or name of freedom is hardly to be met with. But if any thing upon earth is ſacred, it is the rights which a people have expreſsly reſerved to themſelves; after truſting every thing elſe to the diſcretion of their rulers. Such, with us, is the ſecurity of our perſons; a trial by known laws and unprejudiced judges; and, above all, the independency of parliament; eſpecially of your own repreſentatives; To undermine theſe rights, and to corrupt theſe repreſentatives; is to deprive us of all that is valuable in our free government; and to ruin the very eſſence of our conſtitution. Under the appearance and the expenſive forms of limited monarchy, it ſubjects us, in effect, to arbitrary will. It mocks men with the image of liberty, while it ſlips on their fetters, and rivets them faſt.

Every man who has a heart to feel, or eyes to ſee, muſt perceive the injuſtice, the ingratitude, the breach of truſt, and the pure conſummate iniquity of this corrupt influence. Every act of government in ſuch circumſtances becomes an act of fraud and diſhoneſty; and the evil is not the leſs, by aſſuming the appearance of law and liberty. But the worſt of all, is, the general profligacy of character, which muſt neceſſarily be introduced, by making honors and titles, and offices, the reward of betraying our country. Honeſty and integrity are an immediate diſqualification for any employment of truſt, or profit. Purſue the conſequences of this ſort of adminiſtration in your own minds, and ſee what at laſt it muſt produce. The true end of government is to make men better and happier; the plain and viſible end of corruption, is to make them worthleſs and miſerable; and a better expedient for that purpoſe has never yet been invented. This, at leaſt, I may preſume to ſay, is a ſpecies of government which is not of divine appointment.

On the wiſdom of temperate innovations, we ſhould above all, encourage thoſe plans which tend to reſtrain the expences, and leſſen the profits, and the frauds of government; and to guard againſt the growth of that encroaching power, from which neither we, nor our fathers, have been ſufficiently able to ſecure ourſelves. But ſome affect to be alarmed at theſe proceedings, as dangerous innovations, and a change in the conſtitution. That it is a change muſt be allowed; but a change that we ought to wiſh and pray for; a change from rottenneſs and diſeaſe, to vigour, health, and gladneſs. Changes and alterations are the natural ſteps which the mind of man makes in its progreſs towards improvement; they ariſe from the wiſdom of experience. The conſtitution itſelf is little more than a collection of ſuch changes and alterations as our forefathers found neceſſary to be made in the form of their government; and why ſhould not we be allowed to watch over our own ſafety, as well as they.

The order, conſtancy, and beauty of the creation itſelf is preſerved by thoſe periodical and ſalutary changes, by which the whole frame of nature is in a manner renewed and invigorated. But after all, what are the alarming changes theſe men are afraid of? Suppoſe that they were all to take place, the full effect of them could amount to no more than to give the nation a chance of having more honeſt repreſentatives than we have hitherto been bleſt with. Now, if honeſty was really that noxious weed, which ſome men ſeem to think it; yet it does not take root ſo deep, nor ſpread ſo faſt, that we need be under any fear of its over-running the land.

Diſaſtrous DEATH *of the* COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.

THE *ci-devant* Counteſs, as ſhe ſtyled herſelf, having commpleted the Hiſtory of her Life, was induced to delay its publication, from overtures being made for its ſuppreſſion by a perſon pretending to be charged with a commiſſion, for that purpoſe from the *then* HIGHEST POWERS in France. Some months were therefore waſted in fruitleſs negociation, till the unexpected flight, and conſequent embarraſſments, of the Royal Fugitives deſtroyed every flattering proſpect and pleaſing hope of the Counteſs being relieved from the difficulties in which the moſt vindictive perſecutions had involved her. The diſcuſſion of inferior objects neceſſarily gave way to the more momentous concerns of national affairs; and the ſpeedy flight of the negociator, who had impreſſed her with an idea that ſhe would ſoon be placed beyond the reach of fortune, by the immediate ſettlement of an annuity on herſelf, and the liquidation of her huſband's debts, on condition of giving up the manuſcript and printed copies of Her Life, left her to ſtruggle with the new-created difficulties his flattering aſſurances had ſo greatly increaſed.

During this time, debts ſhe had unavoidably contracted; not through luxurious indulgence, but by immediate neceſſity; for in the humiliating ſchool of adverſity ſhe had been taught the uſeful leſſons of frugality and moderation; and theſe ſhe daily practiſed with patient ſubmiſſion; yielding to her reverſe of fortune with a calm compoſure that would not have diſhonoured the rigid maxims of the moſt auſtere philoſopher. Theſe, however, ſhe had a reaſonable proſpect of being diſencumbered from. But her tranquillity was again interrupted by a ſhock ſhe little expected, and was leſs prepared to ſupport. Without previous demand, or intimation, a writ was iſſued againſt her for a debt of 30*l.* ſaid to have been contracted by her huſband during his reſidence in England; and ſhe was arreſted at her lodgings, oppoſite the Temple of Flora, near the Aſylum.

Here the fortitude which had ſupported her through more trying ſcenes forſook her. She was alarmed with the idea of its being a ſcheme once more to put her in the power of her enemies; and the dread of being again immured amid the horrors of a French priſon diſtracted her mind. It was natural enough for her to entertain this ſuppoſition, as ſimilar attempts had been unſucceſsfully made. The minion of juſtice frequently admoniſhing her of the neceſſity he was under of immediately conveying her to priſon, at length rouſed her to a due ſenſe of her ſituation. By the perſuaſive influence of a guinea, and a bottle of wine placed on the table, his forbearance was obtained for an hour or two, in which time ſhe told him ſhe ſhould be able to procure a friend to bail the action. The fellow's ſcruples being thus ſilenced, he was leſs attentive to his priſoner than the paſſing ſtrangers of the ſtreet, his attention being occupied by looking out of the window. The Counteſs, imagining this would be a favourable opportunity to extricate herſelf from the fell gripe of her mercileſs purſuer, with much art and dexterity ſlipped out of the room, and locking the door on the outſide, thought of her eſcape; ſhe ran into a neighbouring houſe, while the bailiff, ſenſible of the trick, remained at the window, coolly obſerving what courſe ſhe would take. Being ſatisfied of this, he ſoon liberated himſelf and followed her. He ſearched the houſe, which he vainly hoped would have proved her aſylum, without effect, till reaching the two pair of ſtairs back room, the door of which was locked, he concluded the unhappy fugitive had taken refuge in it, and without heſitation broke it open. This he had no ſooner accompliſhed, than, maddening with the idea of being again in his power, ſhe threw up the window, and jumped out before he could ſecure her.

By the raſh act of this frantic moment, falling againſt the trunk of a tree, ſhe broke one of her thighs, ſhattered her knee-pan, beat in one of her eyes, disfigured her face, and otherwiſe bruiſed her body in a manner too ſhocking to relate. The blood iſſued with a violence from her wounds, that for a while reſiſted every effort to ſtop its courſe, ſuſpended animation, and impreſſed the idea of immediate diſſolution. Recovering, however, from theſe dangerous ſymptoms, ſhe was at length, with much care though great difficulty, conveyed to her lodgings. But while the feelings of the ſurrounding ſpectators were agonized with humane ſympathy at this horrid ſpectacle, the officer, with a diſgraceful apathy, was only intent to maintain the legality of his caption, and refuſed to ſurrender the mangled carcaſe till he had good bail for his ſecurity. This was obtained from a gentleman who has ſince conteſted the validity of the writ, and nonſuited the party with whom it originated.

She continued for ſome weeks in a doubtful ſtate of painful ſuffering; and her friends rather cheriſhed than entertained the hope of her recovery. The exertions of her ſurgeon however ſeemed to co-operate with their wiſhes, and his ſkill effected more than their warmeſt hopes expected. No leſs diſtinguiſhed by humanity than profeſſional ability, it is a tribute enforced by truth to mention the name of Mr. Forſter, ſurgeon, near the aſylum.

About the expiration of the ninth week ſhe was ſo far recovered as to be judged out of danger. Her ſpirits, which had never forſaken her during this ſevere trial, ſeemed now to have recovered much of their wonted brilliancy. Her friends rejoiced in the event; but their imprudence ſoon put an end to every flattering proſpect. On Sunday, the 21ſt day of Auguſt, 1791, they inconſiderately gave her ſome mulberries, of which ſhe was extremely fond, to eat; they had an immediate and fatal effect; for ſcarcely had they ſettled on her ſtomach, before ſhe ſwelled to an aſtoniſhing degree, and was ſeized with a violent vomitting, which continued with little intermiſſion till the Tueſday night following, when ſhe expired. She was privately interred in the lower burying-ground at Lambeth, on the Friday following, aged 35.

Such was the melancholy termination of the life of that extraordinary woman, Jean de St. Remy de Valois. In whoſe character, whatever may be ſaid by the rigid daughters of chaſtity in the inſolence of virtue, there were many good and amiable traits. In her diſpoſition ſhe was generous and humane, in behaviour affable and engaging; and in her converſation ſprightly and entertaining; the life and ſpirit of whatever circle ſhe appeared in; and from the ſuperiority of her mental endowments, the envy or admiration of whoever knew them. She poſſeſſed a maſculine ſpirit, ſoaring far beyond the timidity of her ſex, which ſupported her through every perilous trial, except that which accelerated her diſſolution. Her appeal is now made to a higher tribunal; if on earth ſhe had the vices detraction has painted, let her death expiate them, and her grave conceal them.

PRECAUTIONS *to be uſed by thoſe who are about to undertake a* SEA-VOYAGE.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

WHEN you intend to take a long voyage, nothing, is better than to keep it a ſecret, as much as poſſible, till the moment of your departure. Without this you will be continually interrupted and tormented by viſits from friends and acquaintances, who not only make you loſe your valuable time, but make you forget a thouſand things which you wiſh to remember; ſo that when you are embarked and fairly at ſea, you recollect with much uneaſineſs affairs which you have not terminated, accounts that you have not ſettled, and a number of things which you propoſed to carry with you, and which you find the want of every moment. Would it not be attended with the beſt conſequences to reform ſuch a cuſtom, and to ſuffer a traveller, without deranging him, to make his preparation in quietneſs, to ſet apart a few days, when theſe are finiſhed, to take leave of his friends, and to receive their good wiſhes for his happy return?

It is not always in one's power to chooſe a Captain, though great part of the pleaſure and happineſs of the paſſage depends upon this choice, and though one muſt for a long time be confined to his company, and be in ſome meaſure under his command. If he is a ſocial ſenſible man, obliging, and of a good diſpoſition, you will be ſo much the happier. One ſometimes meets with people of this deſcription, but they are not common. However, if your's be not of this number, if he be a good ſeaman, attentive, careful, and active in the management of his veſſel, you muſt diſpenſe with the reſt, for theſe are the moſt eſſential qualities.

Whatever right you may have by your agreement with him to the proviſions which he has taken on board for the uſe of the paſſengers, it is always proper to have ſome private ſtore, which you may make uſe of occaſionally. You ought, therefore, to provide good water, that of the ſhip being often bad; but you muſt put it into bottles, without which you cannot expect to preſerve it ſweet. You ought alſo carry with you good tea, ground coffee, chocolate, wine of that ſort which you like beſt, cyder, dried raiſins, almonds, ſugar, capillaire, citrons, rum, eggs dipped in oil, portable ſoup, bread twice baked *. With regard to poultry, it is almoſt uſeleſs to carry any with you, unleſs you reſolve to undertake the office of feeding and fattening them yourſelf. With the little care which is taken of them on board ſhip, they are almoſt all ſickly, and their fleſh is as tough as leather.

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* *In French* pain buiſcuit. *It is made by cutting bread into ſlices, and baking it a ſecond time; it forms moſt wholeſome nouriſhment.*

All ſailors entertain an opinion, which has undoubtedly originated formerly from a want of water, and when it has been found neceſſary to ſpare it, that poultry never know when they have drank enough, and that when water is given them at diſcretion, they generally kill themſelves by drinking beyond meaſure. In conſequence of this opinion, they give them water only once in two days, and even then in ſmall quantities; but as they pour this water into troughs inclining to one ſide, which occaſions it to run to the lower part, it thence happens that they are obliged to mount one upon the back of another, in order to reach it, and there are ſome which cannot even dip their beaks in it. Thus continually tantalized and tormented by thirſt, they are unable to digeſt their food, which is very dry, and they ſoon fall ſick and die; ſome of them are found thus every morning, and are thrown into the ſea; whilſt thoſe which are killed for the table are ſcarcely fit to be eaten. To remedy this inconvenience it will be neceſſary to divide their troughs into ſmall compartments, in ſuch a manner that each of them may be capable of containing water; but this is ſeldom or never done. On this account, ſheep and hogs are to be conſidered as the beſt freſh proviſions that one can have at ſea; mutton there being in general very good, and pork excellent.

It may happen that ſome of the proviſions and ſtores which I have recommended may become almoſt uſeleſs, by the care which the Captain has taken to lay in a proper ſtock; but in ſuch a caſe, you may diſpoſe of it to relieve the poor paſſengers, who, paying leſs for their paſſage, are ſtowed among the common ſailors, and have no right to the Captain's proviſions, except to ſuch part of them as is uſed for feeding the crew. Theſe paſſengers are ſometimes ſick, melancholy and dejected, and there are often women and children among them, neither of whom have any opportunity of procuring thoſe things which I have mentioned, and of which, perhaps, they have the greateſt need. By diſtributing amongſt them a part of your ſuperfluity, you may be of the greateſt aſſiſtance to them. You may reſtore their health, ſave their lives, and in ſhort render them happy, which always affords the livelieſt pleaſure to a feeling mind.

The moſt diſagreeable thing at ſea is the cookery, for there is not, properly ſpeaking, any profeſſed cook on board. The worſt ſailor is generally choſen for that purpoſe, who for the moſt part is equally dirty and unſkilful; hence comes the proverb uſed among the Engliſh ſailors, that "God ſends meat, and the Devil ſends cooks." Thoſe, however, who have a better opinion of Providence, will think otherwiſe. Knowing that ſea air, and the exerciſe or motion which they receive from the rolling of the ſhip, have wonderful effect in whetting the appetite, they will ſay that Providence has given ſailors bad cooks, to prevent them from eating too much; or that knowing that they would have bad cooks he has given them a good appetite, to prevent them from dying with hunger. However, if you have no confidence in theſe ſuccours of Providence, you may yourſelf, with a lamp and a boiler, by the help of a little ſpirits of wine, prepare ſome food, ſuch as ſoup, haſh, &c. A ſmall oven made of tin plate is not a bad piece of furniture; your ſervant may roaſt in it a piece of mutton or pork. If you are ever tempted to eat ſalt beef, which is often very good, you will find that cyder is the beſt liquor to quench the thirſt generally cauſed by ſalt meat or ſalt fiſh. Sea-biſcuit, which is too hard for the teeth of ſome people, may be ſoftened by ſteeping it; but bread double-baked * is the beſt, for, being made of good-loaf bread cut into ſlices, and baked a ſecond time, it readily imbibes water, becomes ſoft, and is eaſily digeſted: it conſequently forms excellent nouriſhment, much ſuperior to that of biſcuit, which has not been fermented.

I muſt here obſerve, that this double-baked bread was originally the real biſcuit prepared to keep at ſea; for the word *biſcuit* in French ſignifies twice baked †. Peaſe often boil badly, and do not become ſoft; in ſuch a caſe by putting a two-pound ſhot into the kettle, the rolling of the veſſel by means of this bullet, will convert the peaſe into a kind of porridge like muſtard.

ELIZAPHAN.

AN EASTERN ESSAY.

"WHY ſhould age derive importance from the credulity of youth, or why ſhould youth indulge its pride by implicit obedience? The roads of virtue are inſuperably rugged; even virtue itſelf is but a diſtant good. If nature delights in harmony, that which unites in her ſyſtem muſt of courſe be agreeable, and that which is agreeable cannot ſurely be vicious; why then ſhould I be withheld from delightful gratification by the cenſures of impotency, or the remonſtrances of dotage—of dotage which gives precepts beyond the poſſibility of practice, and of impotency which invidiouſly decries the good that itſelf cannot enjoy? No more will I lend an ear to their tyrannic injunctions, or bend with tame compliance to their arbitrary dominion; I will no longer by reſiſting temptation, offer violence to nature, but ſet forth in the purſuit of pleaſures, while pleaſures can be procured." Such were the deluſive arguments by which Elizaphan, the ſon of Galed, obſcured the torch of reaſon, and turned from the walks of rectitude to the muſic of ſeduction in the mazes of error. Of the precepts in which he had been inſtructed by the ſages of admonition, he either forgot the application, or ſuppreſſed the influence, and expoſed the ſoil to be choaked with weeds, or over-run with briers, which had been planted with flowers of the ſweeteſt fragrance and moſt delightful bloſſoms. His life, at firſt, had been a life of lovelineſs, calm as the face of ocean when the winds of Heaven are aſleep, immaculate as the ſnowy covering on the plains of winter. No dark conceived deſign found admiſſion to his breaſt; no malevolent deſire raiſed its voice to be gratified. He aroſe every day to health, contentment and peace; to a new ſenſe of pure enjoyment and new variations of innocence; and when darkneſs put an end to feſtivity and eaſe, he retired more fully ſatisfied in the completion of his wiſhes, than the lover, when he repoſes on the cheek of beauty.

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* *Pain biſcuit.* † *It is derived from* bis, *again, and* cuit, *baked.*

Among the ſons of learning, whom command or inclination immured within the walls of literature, none more attracted his notice than Mazaroud, the Child of Chance, upon whom genius had exhauſted all the treaſures of ſcience, and ſimplicity all its elegance, its benignity and grace. A ſenſibility too refined for the groſs breath of vulgar converſe, was the only inheritance which he received from a long line of predeceſſors, whoſe name, though it formerly ſtruck provinces with reverential terror, was abſorbed and forgotten in the revolutions of time. But the patronage of Elizaphan was to obviate the deficiencies of fortune, to ſmooth the billows of adverſity, and calm the whirlwinds of chance, and conduct his friend unmoleſted through the rocks of oppoſition. Happy, therefore, in the mutual confidence of ſincerity and eſteem, they lived in all the artleſſneſs of unſuſpecting innocence, retiring ſometimes to ſhades of laurel from the burning rays of the dog ſtar, and ſometimes wandering by the virgin light of the ſilver lamp in the firmament, till the ſeaſon of childhood imperceptibly declined, and youth and vigour were called forth to the deparments of active life.

When Elizaphan iſſued into the world, he found his paſſage unobſtructed, and the proſpect pleaſing. Whatever could excite envy or attract admiration, whatever could delight the ſenſe or ſoothe the fancy, was before him; proſperity marked his footſteps, ſcattering riches as he advanced; his halls reſounded with the ſongs of eulogy, and mirth and gladneſs watched his portals to chace ſorrow from his chambers.

But as fortune ſeldom makes thoſe virtuous whom her bounties make rich, Elizaphan was ſoon vanquiſhed by her repeated allurements. The firſt proof which he gave of her conqueſt was in the perſon of his friend. No ſooner did Mazaroud lay claim to his engagements, than his ſuit was treated with deriſion, and he was expelled his friend's preſence with contempt and inſult. The leaſt ſemblance of indifference is a wound to a generous mind: he received the treatment with a ſilent dignity which deſpiſes ſupplication, and having no patron to diſtinguiſh his worth, or bring his excellence into notice, he languiſhed ſecretly from the world in the ſhades of want and miſery, like the flower that perfumes the meadow with its odours, yet periſhes in all its lovelineſs, either unvalued or unobſerved.

Meantime, Elizaphan puſhed on in his career of felicity, and loſt all ſenſe of early virtue in the intoxications of pleaſure. His paſſions were no longer awed by the fear of reaſon or of ſhame, nor was his appetite reſtrained from interdicted joys. The report of Thirza had often ſounded in his ears, he eyed her with wantonneſs, and reſolved on fruition. Thirza by far ſurpaſſed all her rivals in Tadmor; the deſpair of the maidens, the delight of the youth. Her cheeks were tinged with the vermillion of the roſes of Ararat, and her breaſts were fairer than the lilies that drink the tears of the morning in the vallies of Zared. She was accompliſhed in mind as ſhe was lovely in perſon; more ſprightly in genius than the adepts in wit; more tranſcendant in beauty than the virgins of Paradiſe. But her virtue was no proof againſt the ſeduction of Elizaphan: by his reiterated artifice her credulity was deceived—ſhe became the triumph of the maidens and the ſcorn of the youth, and ſunk a victim to the grave by untimely diſſolution.

Thus wandering from pleaſure to pleaſure, and from ſweet to ſweet, in the wide extended regions of unbridled licentiouſneſs, Elizaphan never ſuſpected any reverſe of fortune, till his expences were accumulated as his deſires increaſed, and his funds became exhauſted by profligacy and diſſipation. He then applied for aſſiſtance to his aſſociates in debauch, but they ſcoffed at the poverty which themſelves had haſtened, and fled his preſence as infecting, or his acquaintance as ignominious. Aſhamed therefore to have his wants any longer inſulted by thoſe who were former witneſſes of his ſplendour, he withdrew from their notice amidſt contumely and anguiſh. As he was ſtrolling, a wretched inhabitant, through the caverns of diſtreſs, all emaciated with hunger, and periſhing with nakedneſs, chance conducted him to the ſpot where Mazaroud, the faithful companion of his childhood, lay pining on the ground in the ſame ſorrowful predicament. The ſelf-conviction of his own baſeneſs would have impelled him to turn his ſteps, but his retreat was prevented by the words of the dying ſufferer, which ſtill impreſſed awfulneſs and implied command. 'My friend,' ſays he, 'the virtue that is able to ſuffer, is alſo capable to forgive, I ſhall not now inſult your remembrance with ungrateful repetitions, or embitter your miſeries with the gall of reproach. But only remark, my friend, how the world treats its champions, and learn to eſtimate its value by contemplating its rewards. A glitter of affluence is all that can engage its friendſhip, which derides the poſſeſſor at the firſt approach of decay. As for me, my life has been chequered with many evils, but thoſe evils rather gladden than affright remembrance. Even while I am now ſpeaking, I feel their mortal influence dealing death through my veins, and the heart which now aches, ſhall ſoon ceaſe its aching. But as life declines, its pains or pleaſures vaniſh, and the only comforts which afford ſupport, are the friendly comforts of reflection. Conſole yourſelf therefore, my friend, with the idea, that heaven has increaſed your wiſdom, while it has leſſened your pride, that repentance never comes late, when it comes ſincere, and that the world muſt debaſe us here, if we mean to be exalted hereafter.

' G——E R——N——LDS.

CHARACTER *of the Right Hon.* W———M P—T *and Mr.* D—D—SS.

From the third Part of the JOCKEY CLUB, *lately publiſhed in London.*

IN the preſent criſis, when the whole political machine is in motion, frequent inſtances of novelty and diſcovery occur. The real character of men inveſted with public functions, ſpite of all their efforts, will be developed, and either principle or place muſt be abandoned. No longer able, under the maſk of hyprocriſy, to impoſe on the credulity of one deſcription of perſons, or the enlightened judgment of another, their bold aſſertions of diſintereſtedneſs and patriotiſm, generally are proved to be no better than empty declamation, and the complexion of the times brings them forth, in the pure, native colours of truth.

The conduct of ſuch men, who with inſolent effrontery and unparalleled profligacy, have not heſitated to prefer a total loſs of reputation, to a dereliction of the power and emoluments of office,—who have preferred the inſidious ſmiles and rewards of a c—t, to the honourable gratifications of a juſt and deſerved popularity, demands the ſtigma of general abhorrence, and the heavieſt puniſhment ought to be inflicted. It is owing to the impunity of apoſtacy, that it is become ſo prevalent. The ſtupid apathy and indifference amongſt the people encourage it, and the example of B—ke, the quondam demagogue of ſedition, the rude, licentious, inſulter of monarchy, even at the foot of the throne: now, the *penſioned* flatterer and favourite of kings, yields encouragement to other vile traders in politics, with whom, infamy, ariſing from the ſacrifice of honour and integrity, is only a very inferior conſideration.

The ingratitude and apoſtacy of thoſe who have been elevated to fortune and to power, by the voice and concurrence of the people, in every age, in every country, is proverbial. There are Lameths and La Fayettes in France, as well as B—kes and P-tts in England. The great commoner, at the beginning of this century (Pulteny), betrayed the people. It was the policy and advantage of a court to blaſt his fame, and in conferring on him his peerage; they conferred at the ſame time, ruin and diſgrace. He ſunk, never to riſe again; yet the example ſeems wholly loſt upon his ſucceſſors. Our *heaven-born* miniſter, in the late recantation of his political creed, on whoſe faith, he enjoys his preſent omnipotence, gave a mortal ſtab to honour, conſiſtency, and gratitude, and agreeably with his uniform liberality and partiality for titles, added another to his name; the title of

GRAND APOSTATE.

By that immortal title, hiſtory will record, poſterity remember him, although he may for the preſent eſcape the chaſtiſement of a ſupine, degenerate nation.

Raiſed to power, on popular principles, it was through ſolemn and repeated pledges never to relax from his ardour and perſeverance in their cauſe, that he gained the confidence of his country. By thoſe flattering pledges, he firſt acquired his ſituation; by an ungrateful deviation from them, he ſtill preſerves it.

The name of P-tt was alone a tower of ſtrength; it ſerved as a guarantee for ſincerity and patriotiſm, from the veneration, in which the memory of his beloved anceſtor was held; but the echo anſwered not to the ſound, and had it not been for his name, the Grand Apoſtate had probably now been the muſty bookworm or fellow of a college, inſtead of the M-n-t-r of E—l—d. On the blind and abuſed confidence in an empty name, before he had paſſed through the terms required to qualify him for his degree, the reins of the Engliſh government were confided to his hands. Educated at Cambridge, under the tuition of a pedant, ignorant prieſt, whoſe ſtudies and habits were of a very different nature, he ſallied out at once from the cloiſters of Emanuel, a political phœnix, equal in his own opinion, to Sidney, Locke, Beccaria, or the moſt enlightened philoſopher, that ever wrote on the ſubject of civil governments. Merit it could not be that exalted him to his poſt, for an elaborate, ſtudied ſpeech is very inſufficient to conſtitute the character of a ſtateſman, and in the petty ſphere, where he had been confined, there was no room for action. Beſides, his youth and inexperience, together with his ſcholaſtic education, appeared inſuperable obſtacles to all preſent hope or expectations of that kind, and his earlieſt ambition was confined merely to the deſire of being elected a MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. Gratified in his firſt views, there was not wanting thoſe to point out to him the ſure and only road that would lead at once to the higheſt pinnacle of fortune. The pulſe had been felt, and the jeſuitical leſſons of his Right Reverend Tutor, had well fitted him for the purpoſe.

Government was at that time, from a variety of ſiniſter events, extremely unpopular, and it was a matter of the utmoſt importance, to find a man, not deſtitute of abilities, but altogether deſtitute of any fixed principle, to reſtore it to the leaſt degree of vigour, conformably with the *ancient ſyſtem*, which under no urgency whatever, was to be abandoned. In the ſon of Chatham, they found a perſon who poſſeſſed a ſort of hereditary popularity, and a degree of natural elocution, quite eſſential to their plan; added to which, he was grave and plauſible, young and hypocritical, and his youth was a particular recommendation, as it announced a probable exemption from the vices of thoſe blighted characters, that had reduced the government to ſuch perplexity and diſgrace. In adopting him, the crown was relieved from its embarraſſment; the GRAND APOSTATE ſtood forth the barrier between royalty and an imperious encroaching ariſtocracy, (ſuch were his inſtructions,) and thus became the miniſter of chance; but he ſoon converted that chance into certainty, forſaking all thoſe principles that he had *publickly* avowed, by which he acquired his *popularity*, and following up others, known to the ſecret, inviſible cabinet, by which he preſerves his *ſituation*.

When he firſt appeared a candidate for popular favour, as the channel through which he was to arrive at his preſent enviable and ſo much envied dignity, the ſtern inflexible virtue of the Elder Brutus, ſhone forth in his early orations. We imagined ourſelves in the Senate of Rome, at the time of the Gracchi. Like another Drawcanſir, he mowed down all before him. The N—ths, J—k—ſons, D-n-d-ſſes, and all the venal tribe, hid their diminiſhed heads. The golden age promiſed to revive,—the leaven of corruption was threatened to be deſtroyed. Alas! how fugitive, how viſionary the expectation! The language he now holds, and the doctrine he now inculcates, remind us of the palace of the Cæſars, during the rankeſt corruption of the empire.

At the beginning of his political career, *Prudence* dictated that he ſhould caſt every obloquy on the American war and its abettors, at a time when it was no longer practicable or even poſſible, ſo that all the flowers of his eloquence ſpent their fragrance in the deſart air; but it was neceſſary to put on the *Vizard* of patriotiſm, and hence, it became expedient to vent his indignation againſt the ſcandalous exorbitant influence of the executive power, and above all, to *inſiſt* on the neceſſity of ſhortening the duration of Parliaments, and of accompliſhing a general and radical reform in the ſyſtem of popular repreſentation, as the *only* means of ſtemming the torrent of corruption, and *ſecuring* the liberties of his country. The pupil of P-tt-m-n *topped* his part, for exceeding the moſt ſanguine hopes of his maſter;—hopes, on the realization of which, the mitre depended.

It may not be amiſs here to enquire, who, at that time, was the man moſt diſtinguiſhed for hoſtility to all thoſe generous patriotic ſentiments? D—d-ſs.

Who is now the confidential adviſer,—the man, with whom he is moſt cloſely connected, both by the habits of private life, and political intercourſe?

D—d-ſs, the uniform and zealous defender of all theſe meaſures, in oppoſition to which, the GRAND APOSTATE acquired that influence and authority, which he now abuſes to the injury of the people, through whom they were obtained. The man who never affected public virtue, is not half ſo criminal or deteſtable, as he, who once avowed that principle, and who, when afterwards inveſted with the power, neglects to avail himſelf of it; or at leaſt, who will not riſk the advantages of his ſituation, in riſking the attempt. What language is adequate to expreſs our contempt,—our abhorrence, of a Miniſter, now reprobating public ſocieties, and condemning that mode of collecting the ſentiments of the people, as having an influence over their repreſentatives, who begun his political race by placing himſelf at the head of an aſſociation, and who avowedly conſtituted all hopes of his country's ſalvation in the omnipotent authority, that conſtituents had at all times a right to exerciſe over their repreſentatives?—A Miniſter, who continued in office under that very plea of popular confidence, which he now inſolently and infamouſly diſclaims, and who himſelf *realized* the idea of abiding by the ſentiments of the people, in oppoſition to thoſe of the H—ſe of C—m-ns? This brief ſtatement of his apoſtacy, is not more glaring than his other pretexts, as we will preſently ſhew, are contemptible and abſurd.

The undeſigned venality and ſyſtematic proſtitution of ſuch a man as D—n-ſs, who renounces all pretenſion to principle, diſarms reſentment, and we feel a kind of contemptuous indulgence for a perſon, whom we can neither hate nor reſpect. Men may be influenced by his patronage, or ſeduced by his corruption; it is impoſſible for them to be deceived by his profeſſions. But we feel it a duty, conſiſtent with the plan of this publication, to expoſe the miſerable evaſions, under which, the ungrateful, ſpecious, and too ſucceſsful hypocrite, not only labours to diſguiſe his own character, but triumphantly to betray the people. D—d-ſs never affected to be the *Friend of the People, he was the K—g's Friend.* There are many who aſſert the paradox, that a man in Mr. P-tt's ſituation may be the friend of both; nevertheleſs, *facts* demonſtrate the contrary. We are ready to grant, that no perſon can be the wretch *voluntarily*, without having ſome kind of perſonal intereſt in ſo doing, to injure his country; but there are temptations which true policy requires ſhould be removed, (to uſe the language of a late noble Nabob) "too ſtrong for fleſh and blood to reſiſt;" and it is clear as the moſt evident principle in mathematics, according to the actual ſyſtem, that the M-n-ſ-t-r, who *uniformly* adopts every *meaſure of the C—n*, is, to all intents and purpoſes, the *Enemy of the people*, and the hiſtory of the preſent reign proves, beyond a doubt, that they who on trial evince not docility and allegiance to the above *fundamental* maxim, are ſpeedily ſent back, to vent their diſappointment in the rage of fruitleſs oppoſition. Such is the *only* condition, on which a man can retain his miniſterial functions.

The Crown not only wiſhes for the entire preſervation of the enormous civil liſt which already exiſts, that hot-bed of corruption, but cultivates with anxious care all reſources that tend to increaſe it; and, notwithſtanding the annual revenue of a million ſterling, and the repletion of the R-y-l coffers, *it often unfortunately wants more money*, and P—l—m—ts are baſe enough to provide for *ſuch wants*.

The intereſt of the nation requires that the civil liſt ſhould be reduced. The C—wn is hoſtile to a purer and more equal repreſentation, becauſe a H—ſe of C—m—ns fairly elected, conſulting the happineſs and ſpeaking the genuine ſenſe of their conſtituents would at once lop off all ſinecure places and unmerited penſions, ſwelling the luxury of lazy, worthleſs individuals, friendly to corrupt influence, burthenſome and oppreſſive to the people. They would disfranchiſe thoſe ſinks of infamy and venality, the R-y-l and ariſtocratic boroughs,—thoſe feudal corporations, whoſe charters originated in monopoly, injuſtice and uſurpation. Parliaments thus conſtituted, would wholly alter the ſyſtem. They would no longer connive at thoſe vile arts of deluſion and impoſtures practiſed by the C——t,—they would render a purity to the conſtitution, that might convert it into an object worthy of adoration,—they would deſtroy the barbarous political ſuperſtition now exiſting, which ſanctions the moſt flagrant and tyrannical evils,—they would not explore pretences at the *nod of a M-n-ſ-r, at the nod of a K—g*, to keep up the calamities of war, as an engine of bribery and force to the C——n,—they would avail themſelves of every occaſion, to avert or prevent them as a curſe to their country,—and above all, they would unite with a great and generous nation, now ſtruggling in the univerſal cauſe of mankind, againſt an infernal banditti of Crowned Robbers, to perpetuate a ſyſtem of peace and freedom, on the ruins of mercenary ſtanding armies and deſpotiſm.

The truth of theſe ſtrictures was never more forcibly elucidated, than by the general conduct of our GRAND APOSTATE. During the ſhort period of his oppoſition he was the moſt zealous advocate of peace, economy, and general reform,—the moſt determined *ſtickler* for reducing the overgrown power of the C—t. Let the hiſtory of his adminiſtration anſwer the queſtion; whether all his ſubſequent meaſures ſince in office, have not been in direct oppoſition to his former declarations.

We have in our former volumes obſerved that he only clung to his ſituation by a baſe compliance with every mandate of his R-y-l M—t-r, however derogatory from character and conſiſtency, or repugnant to his own original creed. Was ever aſſertion more fully verified?

Too cold to have been animated by the divine flame of patriotiſm, even in the zenith of popular frenzy, when borne triumphant through the ſtreets of London, by his credulous and deluded countrymen, when the ardour of youth might have been imagined in meridian glow; even then, the natural vapidity of his countenance never brightened; it ſtill diſplayed the faithful index of a cold unfeeling heart, and while *they* were indulging every ſanguine hope from his gratitude and exertions, *he* was inwardly meditating future ſchemes of perſonal ambition, as the moſt effectual method of inſuring to himſelf the gifts of fortune and of power.

He

In analyzing the flimſy evaſions which he ſo lately uſed, in exculpation of the infamous deſertion of principle, that he manifeſted on Mr. Grey's notice of an intended propoſition relative to a reform of Parliament, we ſhall diſcover, that they militate directly againſt himſelf. He *modeſtly* obſerves, "that from the actual proſperity of the kingdom, that under " his wiſe and auſpicious government, has reached a climax, at which " no nation under the canopy of Heaven ever arrived before, its bleſſings " cannot be increaſed, nor its reſources multiplied, and that it would be " madneſs at ſuch a period, to run on the dangerous rock of innovation."

It was an invariable rule of Deſcartes, the great French philoſopher, never to pronounce definitively on any queſtion, till he had firſt perfectly analyzed and aſcertained its truth. It is the far more convenient practice of the GRAND APOSTATE, and that *bleſſed Ignoramus*, his couſin, L—d G—nv—le, (who becauſe the former is firſt L—d of the T——y, C—c-ll-r of the E-c—q—r, Warden of the C-que P-ts, &c. &c. &c.) is alſo S——y of S-te, uniting in his own perſon, excluſive of the above appointment, ſinecures to a vaſt amount, to decide peremptorily and arbitrarily on all queſtions, when Heaven knows, their deciſion is generally erroneous and unfortunate enough.

Has he quite forgot his original declaration, before he ſipped the ſweets of corruption, "that the only *certain* mode of *ſecuring* and *perpetuating* the " Conſtitution of England (his darling conſtitution) againſt all the artifices and encroachments of intereſt or ambition, was by a radical reform in this principal branch of the legiſlature." Suppoſing therefore that declaration to contain his real ſentiments, (and whether it did or not, his treachery is equally manifeſt,) as it was ſolemnly uttered by him in the face of his country as a M--b-r of P--l--m--t, what objection can be poſſibly now ſtarted, capable of ſuperſeding that principle, paramount to all others——the ſecurity of national freedom? And granting, alas! how diſtant from the fact, the empire in that flouriſhing ſtate he deſcribes, what period ſo auſpicious, ſo likely to effect the accompliſhment of the grand object, as that of perfect internal tranquillity, and according to his own account, of univerſal ſatiſfaction.

His other argument is equally trivial and fallacious, "that from the " actual ferment and confuſion in the affairs of France, there would be " danger in attempting it." It is needleſs to expatiate on the falſehood and wickedneſs of that doctrine, which repreſents any moral or political axiom founded in the principles of truth and juſtice, as dangerous; but if the ferment to which he refers, would contribute to the ſucceſs of the reform in queſtion, on which it muſt always be remembered that he himſelf declared the laſting welfare and ſecurity of the nation eventually to depend, then, agreeably with his own poſition, the *preſent is the proper time* for an attempt to be made, not only as the moſt likely for it to be crowned with effect, ſeconded by his own omnipotent influence and authority, but at leaſt to ſatisfy the expectations, and prevent future clamour and diſturbances amongſt the people. A wiſe miniſter would quickly perceive the policy in ſo doing, nor would he heſitate to do a little good, in order to avert a great miſchief. An honeſt Miniſter would purſue the line of his duty, fearleſs of all perſonal conſequences; but when a man deviates from the ſtrait line of truth, he generally wanders into an inextricable labyrinth, and is driven to all the miſerable ſubterfuges of craft and evaſion.

Thus, has our political Janus abandoned all thoſe pledges that raiſed him to the eminence on which he ſtands aloft, and ſuch the contradictory language that he has now the inſolent audacity to oppoſe againſt his own former ſentiments, and the authority of the wiſeſt men that ever wrote on the conſtitution of Government.——

P-TT verſus LOCKE.

The contraſt excites equal contempt and indignation; but the GRAND APOSTATE has been too precipitate, and diſcovered the cloven foot without intending it. In his ſolemn appeal to Mr. Grey, at the concluſion of his ſpeech, he touches him on that ſore, where he knows himſelf moſt vulnerable. He conjures the honourable Member in moſt perſuaſive and pathetic terms, to recollect the vaſt intereſt that he, (Mr. Grey) has at ſtake, the immenſe property that may be involved in the diſcuſſion of ſuch a queſtion at the preſent period; the danger to which the HEREDITARY NOBILITY might be expoſed, and by an immediate application to the honourable Gentleman's individual feelings, (to uſe a vulgar phraſe) turned the cat out of the bag, and *proved* that the intereſts of Ariſtocracy, connected with his own, had far more weight with him, than all the ſatisfaction and glory he could derive, from *perpetuating*, or from any effort to *perpetuate*, the freedom and proſperity of his country. In his ſublime apoſtrophe, the intereſts of the people never once were mentioned. The great LAND PROPRIETORS and HEREDITARY NOBILITY were the vortex that ſwallowed up all his thoughts.

When at the outſet of his miniſterial carreer, in compliance with his invidious pledges, he was under the neceſſity of propoſing a plan for the reform of parliament, it was with the full conſent of the C—n, knowing from the complexion of the H—e of C—m—ns at that time, the impoſſibility of ſucceſs, and it was neceſſary to keep up the farce of public ſpirit a little longer; beſides, he had not then reached that climax of ſupercilious pride and inſenſibility, which, from a continual practice in the habits and intrigue of c--ts, enables him now to diſdain popular opinion, and ſecure in the protection of his R--y--l M--t--r, to trample on all the rules of conſiſtency and gratitude. On this ſubject, we flatter ourſelves that we have refuted the GRAND APOSTATE with his own weapons.

On every occaſion, his conduct has been in uniform oppoſition to the intereſt and rights of the people; the treaſury for ever proſtituted to the moſt infamous manœuvres.—Every principle that he originally profeſſed has been violated during his adminiſtration, and the impunity with which he was ſuffered to ſcreen the culprit R—ſe, charged, on irreſiſtible evidence, with having ſtruck at the ſacred freedom of election, in the very teeth of his beloved conſtitution, which ſerves him equally for all the purpoſes of praiſe or corruption, bears the moſt complete teſtimony to the preſent apathy and degeneracy of the Engliſh nation, which however, may perhaps ere long, be awakened from its ſlumber. Nevertheleſs, this man is ſurrounded by creatures who dare to inſult us by enumeration of his virtues, dwelling particularly on his diſintereſtedneſs. Let us ſcout the impudent deluſion. His diſintereſtedneſs conſiſts in having contributed, on all occaſions, to increaſe the *expences* of the C—t at the expence of the people;—a bigoted devotion, (not from ſentiments of duty or conſcience moſt aſſuredly, as he ſtood pledged to to correct them), to ancient abuſes,—and an accumulation of penſions, places, and ſinecures on himſelf and connections, far beyond example in any one family, ſince the formation of governments, the produce of which is ranſacked from the very entrails of induſtry and labour, to enrich a ſet of venal, worthleſs, unfeeling paraſites.

It is agreeable with the canting adulation of courtiers to harp on the unrivalled proſperity of the country. We have, in the two former volumes of this work, pointed out the falſehood of ſuch repreſentations, proving from *facts there ſtated*, that as many crying and cruel evils exiſt under the Engliſh, as under the moſt deſpotic governments of Europe. It is from *facts* alone that we drew our concluſions, and on that ground, there can be little danger of our falling into error. The GRAND APOSTATE deals merely in declamatory aſſertion: He ſeems to think the ſound of his voice quite ſufficient to ſubſtantiate a poſition, or labours to undermine the judgment of men, by the moſt fallacious flattering appearances. Thence his inferences are drawn.

We are ready to admit, that there prevails in England at the preſent juncture, a ſcandalous revolting profuſion,—vulgar abortive attempts at elegance and grandeur,—a degree of gluttony, ſelfiſhneſs, and univerſal depravity, with an apathy and indifference to public concerns, unexampled at any former period of its hiſtory, or even by France herſelf, in the meridian of her ancient deſpotiſm. If, however, on one ſide, the ſuperficial obſerver is faſcinated by a treacherous diſplay of luxury and partial wealth, which have always eventually proved the bane of empires, a feeling mind recoils from thoſe ſcenes of wretchedneſs, viſible on the other. If there be any ſceptics to doubt this truth, let his M-j-ty's confidential M-n-t-r, on quitting the brilliant promenades of Hyde-park, or Kenſington, on a Sunday.—Let him,—No, his heart is too impenetrably cold, ever to glow with ſympathy at the diſtreſſes of others.—Let any of his high-born patrician friends, on return from thoſe crowds of gaiety and ſplendour, direct their reluctant ſteps to the purlieus of Shore-ditch, or Kent-ſtreet,—to the ſubterraneous caverns of Lewkners-lane, and St. Giles's, or to various other parts of this overgrown city, infeſted by all the complicated horrors of human miſery. There, let them behold, and profit by the contraſt; or let the GRAND APOSTATE, to crown his miniſterial triumph, attend at Union-hall, on a day when his half-ſtarved victims are ſummoned to ſhew cauſe, for inability to pay the taxes. There he will perceive another faithful mirror of his darling ſyſtem. He will diſcover numberleſs objects, ſtruggling againſt the ſeverity of their hard lot, to ſupport their families; infants almoſt naked, crawling after their wretched parents, called on to ſhew cauſe, for non-payment of thoſe rates, to be levied in behalf of others ſtill more deſperately wretched than themſelves. Poverty is their plea of indemnity; but alas! it cannot be admitted; and in default of immediate payment, the iron arm of law is extended, and a warrant at once iſſued, to make diſtreſs for the ſame. Let him reflect on the preſent exorbitant price of proviſions hitherto unequalled, unknown in other countries, precluding the poor from all poſſibility of comfort or enjoyment. Let him for a moment conſider the unhappy female proſtitutes who infeſt our ſtreets, far exceeding in number, and the hideouſneſs of their vice, what is to be found in any other city of the world, thereby driving them to every ſpecies of violence and exceſs; and, without adverting to other countleſs evils, that have been ſo frequently repeated, let him then rejoice in theſe *happy* fruits of his boaſted government; but let him ceaſe from calumniating thoſe, as enemies to order and *juſt* ſubordination, who venture to expoſe his vanity, ignorance and inſenſibility as the very imperfect rotten baſis, on which he affects to build ſuch redundant praiſe.

Let this all accompliſhed Stateſman, this man of univerſal knowledge and experience, *magically* acquired within the walls of his College, whoſe opinions he pretends to conſider as the teſt of truth and perfection, but which are virtually no more than the baſeleſs fabrick of a viſion, no longer proſtitute the power he has uſurped by fraud and apoſtacy, to increaſe the privileges, and ſwell the luxury of the great. He can have no other motive in ſo doing, than the perſonal influence and advantage he derives from them. Let him forſake his original character, and devote his reſources to a better purpoſe. Let him turn his thoughts to the lower claſſes of the people, labour to improve their forlorn condition, to cultivate their minds, and exalt them above the reach of thoſe fatal ſnares and temptations, to which, through their paſſions and inexperience, urged by penury and example, they ſo often fall the devoted victims.

Let him quit the old road of finance, torturing revenue, to follow the far better road, ſo new to him, of humanity, and no longer ranſack his exhauſted brains for the invention of taxes, but diſdaining little temporary partial reductions, miſerable deceitful traps of popularity; let him boldly ſtrike at the original ſource of thoſe taxes that exiſt, or, if over-ruled by the imperious authority of his R-y-l maſter, for once perform his duty, by a juſt appeal to the candour and feelings of his country. He is at preſent building on a falſe bottom, which, when he leaſt expects it, may fall in, and bury him in its ruins. Above all, let him take a ſalutary leſſon from recent events, and remember, as a warning, that when the court of Verſailles ſhone with unrivalled ſplendour,—when no *limits* were ſet to royal prerogative, or to royal profuſion,—when a Calonne was never wanting to proſtitute the public money, and an A-t-is was ever ready to take advantage of it.—Let him recollect, that when external appearances announced the moſt enviable proſperity and grandeur of the Throne, it was even then, that the People were ſunk in a fathomleſs abyſs of miſery and deſpair. The dazzling luſtre of the Crown, was the infallible criterion of Public Calamity, till at length, its rays were ſpent, and it ſunk under a total eclipſe.

All the oſtentatious parade and pageantry of the old French court, but by no means its taſte and elegance, are now tranſported into this country.—All its vices are here encouraged, the moſt apocryphal and dangerous ſymptoms of proſperity anxiouſly laid hold of, in order to obliterate every impreſſion of really cruel grievances, and a camp eſtabliſhed with our Royal warrior to direct it, in order to divert and call off the attention of the people from that critical and momentous point, where Kings, Miniſters, and Courtiers, are ſo exquiſitely ſuſceptible.

The league now entered into by the great Northern Powers, to ſtop the progreſs of liberty, (which like Meduſa's head, petrifies their ſouls with terror,) to cruſh all efforts that tend to improve the human lot, and to rob independent nations of their natural inalienable right to legiſlate for themſelves, requires infinite circumſpection in the choice of proper agents to ſupport it. The tyrannical maxim, "Divide et impera," has been played off with admirable effect, and the ſanguinary plans that have been long in embryo, and which are now labouring to annihilate the only free government in Europe, originated in the cabinet of German deſpots. Theſe plans were too congenial with the feelings of the *gang* in general, not to excite all their efforts of zeal and barbarity. Hence, they have, we believe, without exception, either openly or ſecretly, united to counteract the generous exertions of freedom of France, and if the Engliſh government inſidiouſly affects neutrality and indifference, fearful to awaken the dormant ſpirit, and rouſe the indignation of a people who were not always deaf to the calls of liberty and humanity, yet it is generally underſtood, that no government of them all feels more intereſt and anxiety in the unjuſt and inhuman cauſe.

There are daſtardly narrow-minded politicians, whoſe ideas have been formed in the cloſet or the college, and P-tt is of the number, who imagine that the deſtruction of France would be beneficial to England. Cruel policy! An alliance between the two nations, on juſt liberal principles, that is, agreeably with the French declaration of rights, would extend the bleſſings of peace and freedom over the whole continent of Europe, and under their benign auſpices, all the intolerable burthens and perſecutions reſulting from the actual ſyſtem, would be imperceptibly removed, and in time no veſtige of them be left, but it is not the intereſt of kings, to forſake the old path of iniquity and corruption, and miniſters in England either want wiſdom to diſcover the truth, or are too deſtitute of virtue and patriotiſm, to reſiſt the intereſt and controuling power of kings, which they deem incorporated with their own.

In the year 1736 or 1737, a ſubſcription was opened and liberally ſupported in this country, to reſcue Marie Thereſe, Empreſs of Germany, from the diſtreſſed ſituation to which ſhe was reduced by that ſpirit of conqueſt and ambition, which ever invariably diſtinguiſhed the Bourbon family, and at this juncture, a gentleman of abilities, and diſtinguiſhed by his philanthropy, has endeavoured to animate ſimilar exertions, in behalf of Poland; but in our opinion, his patriotiſm would have been much better directed, if he had turned the thoughts of his countrymen towards the affairs of France, for if that nation is ſubdued, there can be no doubt but the banditti will extend their ravages further. The ſuccour afforded to Marie Thereſe, reflected honour on the humanity of this nation, and conciliated the reſpect and approbation of Europe.

The Grand Apostate might have expiated all his political faults in now ſupporting a far better and more univerſal cauſe,—the Rights of Nations. He might have given a proper bias to popular enthuſiaſm, —have ſtood forth a generous mediator, and paralyzed the arm of tyranny; or, as we have before obſerved, if too weak to conquer the ſtubborn mind of his R-y-l maſter, he might have reſigned, with the benedictions of mankind to conſole him. But no, his frigid heart could not expand itſelf to ſuch ſublime projects! He laboured rather to revive thoſe horrors, that ſo long had rendered the life of man a torture, and to reſtore that deſpotiſm, which had ſo oft imbrued the world in blood. His mean ſpirit raiſes to itſelf a kind of factitious merit in pretended neutrality, when the mediation of England, without having recourſe to arms, according to his uſual deleterious ſyſtem, might have cruſhed the infernal cabal, prevented the wide rage of ſlaughter, and eſtabliſhed a laſting empire of peace and happineſs.

P-tt might have done all this, and in ſo doing, he would have exalted the character of his country, he would have immortalized his own. He remains the contemptible tool of G—ge III. the libelliſt of the Rights of Man, and the impudent calumniator of a conſtitution, founded on thoſe rights; the declaration of which, there is reaſon to believe, he never read, and therefore, as he is ignorant of the French language, he would do well, to read the tranſlation, or the original, which was decreed by the French Conſtituent Aſſembly, in the years —89, —90, and —91, ſolemnly ratified and accepted by the King, the 14, of September, 1791, and then, if it does not operate a manifeſt converſion from that ſide, to which his vile intereſt rivets him, it will at leaſt, produce a difference of ſentiment from that which he at preſent avows.

To caſt a gloſs over the native froſt of his character, he has occaſionally, alas! how ſeldom, engaged under the banners of freedom and humanity. In his exertions againſt the Slave Trade, he diſplayed a faſcinating eloquence, but even *there*, he would have entered into a baſe inſidious compromiſe with his friend D—d-aſs, if he had not been ſtimulated and forced to perſeverance by the ſincere and active zeal of Mr. Fox, whoſe conduct during the whole proceſs of that buſineſs, reflects infinite honour on his benevolent heart, which would admit of no compoſition whatever.

A ſtranger as he ever ſhewed himſelf to all the honeſt liberal paſſions of youth, he ſtill adheres in manhood to thoſe frigid contracted maxims that are in him the combined reſult of nature and education. Prodigal and abuſive of the national purſe as he has been on various, unneceſſary occaſions, without ſyſtem or object, unleſs it were to diſplay a contemptible, extravagant and diſgraceful gaſconade, flattering to his vanity, or that his ignorance might prompt him to believe would increaſe his reputation, we behold him now ſhrink back in affairs of a juſt and generous ambition, and refuſe all ſupport to a cauſe, that would add a crown of glory to the nation; and after having waſted millions under the moſt frivolous unmeaning pretences, he frowns with ſullen inſenſibility, and reſiſts every propoſition on the ſide of truth, humanity and freedom. We will for the preſent *ſettle our account* with the GRAND APOSTATE, urging him to keep in view thoſe great examples now in full force that muſt inevitably operate to the correction of tyrants, and which ſhould be a caution to him, no longer to abuſe the forbearance and generoſity of a patient ſuffering people.

A character frigid and ſelfiſh like this, could never conciliate to itſelf the leaſt warmth of friendſhip or affection. Unbeloved by them, hated by women, he ſeeks a ſubſtitute for every other enjoyment and conſolation in the charms of the Treaſury,—in frequent ſcenes of drunken debauch, and in the gratification which his vanity derives from the importance and dignity of his unmerited ſituation.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

Sir Peregrine Plebs.
George, his Nephew.
Lord Phaeton.
Captain Royston.
Farmer Yeoman.

Tunley.
Otho.
Robert.
Waiter, &c.

Lady Rebecca Plebs.
Sophia, her Daughter.
Mrs. Dorothy, the Cook.
Lucy.
Sucky.

ACT I. Scene, a Room in an Inn.

Enter Tunley, *with a bottle of Wine and Glaſſes, Captain* Royston *following.*

Tunley. THIS way, Captain; here's a bottle of the beſt wine ever tipt over tongue. You'll find good quarters here, I promiſe you. Your honor's name is——

Captain. Royſton.

Tunley. Ay, ay, I know; the ſame——Captain Royſton, of Royſton Hall, Oxfordſhire. Many's the time I've——

Capt. No, friend, of Clover Lodge, Wilts.

Tun. True, true, I know, Captain; Odſheart and my life, many a bottle have your father and I crack'd together. "Honeſt Tunley, "(ſaid he) you have the beſt wines, and moſt moderate charges on the "road." Ah! he lov'd a glaſs of good Sherry—many's the time parſon Pimple, he and I, have roar'd the Catch of 'A boat, a boat.'

Capt. You muſt miſtake: Claret was his favourite.

Tun. Ay, ay, I know, the very ſame, Claret; and whenever I brought him a bottle, he always made me ſit down and take the firſt glaſs myſelf: (ſits and drinks) Dear! dear! he was the beſt cribbage player ——Ay, ay, Sir Thomas, your father, was an overmatch for me.——

Capt. Sir Thomas!—My father was a colonel; Col. James Royſton.

Tun. I know, I know, the very ſame; Col. James Royſton of the Warwickſhire militia. Lord love you, I know him well; I cou'd have ſworn your honor was his ſon, the moment I beheld you: I ſaw the old gentleman about two months ſince—"Honeſt Tunley, "(ſays he) ſince you are ſo well acquainted with every body"——

Capt. But friend Tunley, you muſt ſtill miſtake; my father has been dead theſe ſeven years.

Tun. T[illegible]e; I know, ay, juſt about this time ſeven years: I remember it well—I never was ſo ſhock'd in my life; an old black mare of mine died the ſame day of the ſtaggers.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. A phaeton and four, with a coronet, and three footmen at the door——Shall I ſhew his Lordſhip into the parlour? or will you uſher him in yourſelf, ſir?

Tun. Odſheart, it muſt be my old friend the duke of——ſhew him in, you dog.

Waiter. Better wait on him yourſelf, ſir.

Tunley. I'm in company; do as I bid you—What do I keep you for, ſirrah! *(exit Waiter.)* Thank heaven, I am now ſnug and warm, and can afford—ay, and like a lord, will act by proxy too: Ha! ha! Sir, your good health.

Captain. A troubleſome old blade—how ſhall I get rid of him? *(aſide)*

Tun. Why, Captain, I think no more of a Lord—a Lord indeed! —ah! things will be altered ſhortly, if Sir Peregrine Plebs is to be believed.

Capt. Sir Peregrine Plebs! Do you know him? does he live in your neighbourhood?

Tun. Ods my heart, cloſe by. Know him—ay, ſeed, breed, and generation, theſe fifty years—Bleſs your heart, the greateſt French *publican* in all England; ay, and the moſt ſenſible man in the county too—for he has the greateſt fortune in it.

Capt. I have heard much of him—Do you know his nephew George?

Tun. Know him! as well as I know the way to my own mouth —the merrieſt rogue—ods life, he makes ſuch fun of his uncle, who is the greateſt newſmonger in Chriſtendom—always talking of revolutions and *natural* aſſemblies, kings, emperors, and French fiſh women: O he's a deep man, and ſo learned! not one in ten (I'll anſwer for myſelf) can underſtand him—the ſtrangeſt notions—only think, he ſays, a Lord's no more than a man—I don't know—the leaſt that's ſaid the better; but Parſon Pimple ſwears that's downright ſacrilege; and he muſt know, for he's chaplain to the Duke of———

Capt. But friend Tunley, what family has Sir Peregrine: if I miſtake not, a fine girl, a daughter?

Tun. Odſbobs! the greateſt beauty and fortune a hundred miles round. May I never let a Poſtchaiſe, or uncork a bottle, but I wiſh you had her; for your father, my old friend's ſake.—Here's to you. *(Drinks)*

Capt. Thank you, my good friend—To be plain with you, I have ſome liking for the young lady, and her couſin George is my particular friend, Is ſhe come-atable?

Tun. Atable? Why yes—Why no: ſhe is, and ſhe is not—Sir Peregrine and Lady Rebecca, never agree: ſhe is as proud of her anceſtry, as he is of his new politics—oppoſite as fire and water; or as the king of France to the king of the French. No, no, you'll have no chance, unleſs you can perſuade both parties to moderation.

Capt. I'll try, however.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Lord Phaeton deſires to ſpeak with you—'twa[illegible] his carriage that ſtopp'd.

Tun. Odſlife, I muſt fly to his Lordſhip; he's a good cuſtomer: tho' Captain, between me and the poſt, he's the moſt ignorant blockhead —but he's a Lord, ſo I'll ſay nothing. I'll be back with your honour immediately. *(Exit, carries off the bottle.)*

Capt. Don't hurry yourſelf, I requeſt you.——My loquacious hoſt, tho' troubleſome, is communicative—I have ſeen this young lady frequently in London, danc'd with her twice, and eſcorted her to ſeveral public places: if I miſtake not, ſhe has no objection to red coats. Egad, I'll even venture to Sir Peregrine's, drop for the preſent my excurſion into Wales, and as George and I formerly ſail'd together, his friendſhip may be of ſervice to me——O! here comes my hoſt.

Re-enter Tunley.

Tun. Beg pardon, Captain, for my rudeneſs in leaving you; but ſo many acquaintances in our way. Gadzooks, to ſend for me about his dogs, the puppy—and his bets about ſparring;—egad, I never ſparr'd in my life but about the reck'ning. Captain, you dine here to be ſure?

Capt. Why yes; what's for dinner?

Tun. The beſt larder in Chriſtendom—or, will you pick a bit in the family way?—a nice diſh of trout, and a ſmoaking hot gooſe, well ſeaſoned, with apple ſauce, juſt diſhing?

Capt. With all my heart: But tell me, who is this Lord Phaeton—you know him?

Tun. Know him, odſheart to be ſure; a young ſpendthrift peer—a diſtant relation of lady Rebecca——Odſgiblets, the gooſe will be ſpoiled; come along, Captain. *(going)* Decant a bottle of wine there—*(returns.)* I'll tell you ſuch ſecrets as will—I know them all, bleſs you, man, woman, and child. Uph! what a delicious ſmell of ſage and onion: this way your honour.—*(going, returns.)* Not a man better acquainted than old Tunley—Why Sir Peregrine has ſuch eſtates—Odſheart, Miſs will be worth a plumb at leaſt: three thouſand acres of the beſt land in Worceſterſhire; ay, and the old maſion houſe—ay, and the manorſhip of three villages——Zounds! don't cut up the gooſe till I'm ſeated. *(Exit Tunley in a hurry; Captain after him.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* PEREGRINE'*s. A Library.*

Enter Sir Peregrine and Otho.

Sir Per. Otho, come here, you black devil

Otho. Here, my good Maſſa.

Sir Per. You know I've had you a long time?

Otho. Oh me! long—long! too much great time, Maſſa.

Sir Per. You know I've taught you to read, write, and what is more than any of your complexion deſerve, have treated you like a chriſtian.

Otho. Iſs, iſs, like chriſtian treat me with damn bamboo—me no deſerve, nor like ſo treatment.

Sir Per. Now tell me truth, ſirrah, have you ſeen any looſe papers lying about? I went out this morning in ſuch haſte I'm afraid I've loſt it; if ſo, I've loſt my ſenſes.——

Oth. Iſs, Maſſa, you loſs you ſenſes.

Sir Per. You villain, you ſhall loſe your ſkin for your neglect——'twas my poem on "The Rights of Man:"—ſublimity was loſt in the profundity of thought——It began,

"Nature is law, and every *Black* and *White*,
"To perfect liberty has equal right."

Oth. A hah! me run away den—you no catch a me. *(Aſide.*

SIR PEREGRINE *ſtill repeating aloud*——

"All other laws that bind the human mind,
"Are only fetters to enſlave mankind."

Otho. Ooſh! you no fetter ſlave me more. *(Aſide.*

Sir Per. *ſtill repeating*—

" Men are all brothers, equal all by birth,
" Alike related to their mother earth."

Otho. O dear! O me! O rare! ſhaken de hand, Maſſa, me *you* broder, you *me* broder. *(Runs to him and ſhakes him violently by the hand.*

Sir Per. Zounds! my gouty hand—Raſcal! ſlave! villain! who ever thought of you or your vile race.—*(beats him off.)* A wretch, I'll have him pickled and ſent back to Jamaica, the dog.

Enter George.

George. What's the matter, uncle? Now to plague him a little. *(Aſide.*

Sir Per. The black dog! I'll bamboo his hide for him—Oh my poor hand! my poor hand!

George. What! has he bit you? nay then, there's danger—I'll have Smut hang'd or drown'd immediately—no time to be loſt—you muſt take the ormſkirk; or, before you go mad, ſuppoſe we ſmother you, to prevent miſchief?——

Sir Per. I'm ſuffocated with paſſion!—you've taken my breath away already. What do you mean by ſnapping at me thus, and throwing cold water on me in this manner, eh?

George. Snapping! ay, 'tis ſo: how he ſnarls!—Cold water! ay, he dreads it—ſtrong ſymptoms of the hydrophobia.——

Sir Per. Hydro-Devil; come here ſirrah, and liſten to me—Solon, Lycurgus; Burlamaqui and Baron Monteſquieu, were all of the ſame opinion about the matter I'm going to explain—

George. It's no matter to me what opinion they were of.——

Sir Per. O you ſtupid ſea-calf, you were always a heretick; will you never underſtand politics?

George. I don't think it politic to underſtand 'em.

Sir Per. But I've reduc'd it to a ſyſtem.

George. To aſſiſt who?

Sir Per. Zounds! you underſtand nothing—mind me, I ſay now, from Rochefoucult's maxims——

George. I tell you uncle, it's a maxim with me not to mind what you or they ſay.——

Sir Per. Get out of my ſight, you dog; you are more plague to me than a whole plantation of negroes. *(Exit George.)* Continually tormented by my family, it's enough to ſet a thinking man out of his mind. —Confuſion! here comes the plague of plagues.

Enter Lady Rebecca.

Lady R. What rude and boiſterous uproar is this?

Sir Per. Madam——

Lady R. Don't madam me—a fine work you've made.

Sir Per. Yes, I think it vaſtly clever.

Lady R. Vaſtly clever indeed, to publiſh ſuch——

Sir Per. No, no, there you miſtake; the work's not publiſh'd yet: but I'll carry it up to London, and have it printed.

Lady R. Do you think I'll ſubſcribe to any ſuch conditions? not I, I'll aſſure you.

Sir Per. I tell you, I don't want you to ſubſcribe—there are no conditions—'tis not to be publiſh'd by ſubſcription.

Lady R. I ſay, the vile impreſſion you have caus'd, is a proof ſufficient.

Sir Per. Then damn the engraver—Has he ſent it down—let me ſee the proof impreſſion, let me ſee it?

Lady R. See it! is it not daily and hourly before your eyes? you are a pretty groupe indeed—not a ſervant will do as I bid them—they all ſhake their heads and mutter—o' my conſcience, you've turn'd their heads, as well as your own—you have made them all philoſophers.

Sir Per. Every man in this enlightened age has a right to think for himſelf—if your commands were not ſo haughty, abſolute and overbearing—

Lady R. Abſolute and overbearing! By what *title* do you inſult me thus, Sir?

Sir Per. Title—by no title—woman—all nonſenſe—don't be uneaſy—I'll never inſult you again by the title of Lady Rebecca, I promiſe you.

Lady R. Inſufferable! By what *right* then do you uſe me thus?

Sir Per. Right. O now you come to the point—by "the *Rights of Man*," madam.

Lady R. Then by the "Rights of *Woman*," ſir—I'll not bear it—I ſee there's a conſpiracy form'd againſt me—but I'll take the firſt opportunity of eſcaping from your deſigns—Remember, I *proteſt* againſt all your proceedings. (*Exit.*

Sir Per. Hey day!—here's new doctrine! "The Rights of Woman!"—Zounds! I ſhall have a Counter Revolution in my family—we ſhall have pamphlets from every quarter, in favour of Rory—Tory—Rights of Woman—Ay—ay—women always ſtick up for abſolute power, wherever they can—but I'll proceed on true conſtitutional principles—while I have her, I'll keep her cloſe—the only way to enjoy and ſecure true liberty.—And for fear my daughter Sophia ſhould contract any of her mother's notions of birth and female prerogative—I'll give her to Farmer Yeoman, as an honeſt, plain man, like myſelf,—who deſpiſes all nonſenſical grandeur.—As I could wiſh, here he comes!

Enter Farmer Yeoman.

So Farmer——

Far. Servant—ſervant.

Sir Per. Well Farmer—what news? any thing from abroad?

Far. Wasn't out to day, till now.

Sir Per. Zounds! any news from France? you've ſeen the London paper at Tunley's? any thing from France?

Far. Some Yorkſhire horſes landed at Calais.

Sir Per. Damn your horſes—I mean the people—this is the time—now's the ſeaſon—things have long been ripe.

Far. Yes, harveſt long gathered in, and fineſt fruit ſeaſon ever known.

Sir Per. S'death! how ſtupid! you don't underſtand me: I ſay Farmer, I'm afraid there's the largeſt field in France, at preſent, for the Farmers General to ſow the ſeeds of foreign—

Far. Nay, you needn't be afeard—farmers in general know better—wrong time o'th' year to ſow any foreign ſeeds.

Sir Per. Plague on't he's as bad as the reſt—I'll ſee what principles he's of, before I mention my daughter—what do you think of my ſyſtem of Engliſh Agrarian laws—am I not right?

Far. Yes, if you ben't wrong.

Sir Per. Such natural equality—all property equally divided, what happineſs—don't you long, Farmer, to be equal to a Lord?

Far. Ay ſure—can't ſay but I do—tho'ſ I can't ſay as how I'd like Robin Flail, my threſher, to be equal to me neither.

Sir Per. Dear, dear, that's not what I mean—Suppoſe you were in France now—in Paris, for inſtance, how wou'd you act?

Far. Why, make my way to the firſt Inn and call for a bottle to refreſh me after my journey, and if they brought me any of their ſoup-meagre—throw it in their faces—dang me.

Sir Per. In one word—tell me, are you a Whig or a Tory?

Far. A what?

Sir Per. An Ariſtocrat, Democrat, or Jacobin?

Far. Dang it—don't call me names—I'm no more a Jacobite than yourſelf.

Sir Per. Zounds; Farmer, you either don't or won't underſtand me. What ſay you to a fine girl, can you underſtand me now?

Far. I never ſaid much to any of un.

Sir Per. I mean for a wife—do you think you cou'd digeſt one?

Far. Can't ſay I've any ſtomach at preſent as I hates your long meals mortally.

Sir Per. And a mortal long meal a wife is, for it laſts 'till death——I ſee it's all in vain—We'll drop the ſubject—any more news—S'Death, who comes here—

Enter Lord Phaeton, booted.

Lord P. Ah! my dear old fellow, 'tis an age ſince I ſaw you—always make free with my friends—Who's this? ſome tenant, I ſuppoſe—money's always welcome; for egad I find it ſo. So many bets now pending—Let me ſee, 500 on the King's plate; 6 to 1 on the bony Arabian; backed Mendoza for 200 againſt any of his weight and inches. Damme, I ſhall have it hollow, a dead take in. Knowing ones all flats.

Sir Per. They know *you* to be no better, and that's flat. (*Aſide.*

Lord P. How is Lady Rebecca and Sophia—growing a fine girl, eh? give her a good fortune? if ſo, I'll take her off your hands, damme—a fair exchange. She'll pay off incumbrances, and I'll make her a Counteſs.

Far. Wookers! what a bargain! a fine coronet!

Sir Per. Coronet! pſhaw! it's not worth *half* a crown—and ſhe'd find it ſit very uneaſy on her head.

Lord P. Damme, ſhe ſhall have two ſupporters.

Sir Per. And ſhe'll have need of them, if ſhe marry you.

Lord P. We'll have ſuch doings, ſuch routs; public breakfaſts, and private playing—

Sir Per. Private playing! deep enough, I warrant.

Lord P. You never ſaw me act—

Sir Per. Never like a Gentleman.

Lord P. Pſhaw! I deſpiſe their acting; I am an old ſtager—up to every trick, thro' every ſcene, and ſuch ſcenes as I have paid for—

Sir Per. Such ſcenes indeed! I'm glad, you've paid for 'em; for ſo young a man, you're an old ſtager indeed, up to every trick; eh, thro' every ſcene, ay, and I warrant, thro' ev'ry ſtage of vice, but I'm glad you've paid for 'em.

Lord P. Why I always pay what debts I pleaſe; what do you mean by your ſtage of vice; 'tis the School of Morality.

Sir Per. Why yes, in one ſenſe it may; as you ſo dearly pay for it, it may reform you; however, the time's at hand, when Lords will be thought no more of than other men.

Lord P. What's that you ſay, ſir—you ought to know better; we Lords have privileges peculiar; for inſtance, on the credit of our reputed fortunes, we deal on credit with the moſt reputed tradeſmen; if they *dun us*, we only ſmile, for in return, we have *done them*, and ſhou'd people grow troubleſome, we can take a trip to the ſouth of France by way of——

Sir Per. France! no—no—no buſineſs there; your Lordſhip wou'd loſe every *title* to reſpect there, I aſſure you.

Lord P. Hark ye, old Homeſpun—do you really think I'm not entitled to reſpect? don't I keep one of the firſt ſtuds, the firſt equipages, the firſt company, the moſt extenſive———

Sir P. Yes, I grant you, from the higheſt, to the very *loweſt*.

Lord P. Have n't I ſome of the moſt capital racers, got by Nimrod, whoſe ſire was got by Duke Humphrey, who was got by Brown George; who was got by Ourang Outang; his dam by Alfred, who was got by little John:—talk to me! I can produce better blood than ever ſtarted.

Sir Per. In my thought now, you've produced a better pedigree for your horſes than you can for yourſelf.

Lord P. How ſo, Sir?

Sir Per. Becauſe all the world knows you're an aſs.

Lord P. You old inſolent—I'll trim you for this.

Sir Per. What! ſtrike me.

Far. Nay, nay, not ſtrike maſter neither.

Lord P. Who are you, ſirrah?

Far. As good a man as you, if you go to that, and as tight a piece of fleſh.

Sir Per. That's right Farmer, ſtick up for the natural "*Rights of Man.*"

Lord P. Take that, raſcal; I'll beat you till I am ſick.

Far. That you'll ſoon be.

Sir Per. No, no boxing here; his Lordſhip's a noted bruiſer, you'd ſtand no chance, Farmer. Pray, my Lord, or Sir, what's your buſineſs with me?

Lord P. Buſineſs—ha! ha! no buſineſs, only a party of pleaſure.

Sir Per. Then pray what's your *pleaſure* with me.

Lord P. Pleaſure with you! no, no, my viſit is a matter of ceremony —no—not ceremony, of chance; no, not chance neither, to the ladies, the ladies; and ſo *bon jour*. (*Exit.*

Sir Per. There's a Lord, there's a title for you; for the credit of England, we have few like him. Why ſhould not the virtues of man deſcend in the ſame manner as in horſes. Eh, s'death, I'll go and conſult Taplin's Treatiſe on Farriery; and Locke on the Human Underſtanding, immediately. Come, Farmer.

Far. Nay I'll home, and have my horſe ſhod. (*Exit.*

Enter George and Captain Royſton.

Geo. Uncle, give me leave to introduce a particular friend of mine.

Sir Per. Sir, if you're a friend of my nephew George, you muſt be a very good natured man, for he'd try the temper of an Apoſtle.

Capt. Sir, I'd the honor to bear a commiſſion——

Geo. Yes, ſir, in the Eaſt York militia—he'll ſtand buff to any thing.

Sir Per. Militia! oh, that is, the National guards of England.

Capt. Why, true ſir, we guard the nation.

Sir Per. I love the militia—ſuch a martial appearance! I myſelf held a commiſſion in the Worceſterſhire: O what diſcipline—embodied for a whole month every year; ſuch fatigue! my conſtitution could not ſtand it, ſo I threw it up, previous to the coxheath encampment. George can witneſs what I ſuffered on the account.

Geo. Yes, the ridicule of the whole corps *(aſide.)* Captain, you ſay you've been in France? *(to him apart.)*

Capt. People in the ſervice muſt ſuffer occaſionally—When I left France the other day—

Sir Per. Eh! how! what! left France? well and what news, any thing freſh ſtirring?

Capt. Dear Sir, hav'n't you heard?

Sir Per. Heard—what! what!

Capt. That the National Aſſembly were remarkably aſſiduous in adjuſting ſeveral particulars.

Sir. Per. Ay, ay, I thought ſo, well, and ſo—

Capt. And in adjuſting them, ſome doubts aroſe reſpecting—

Sir Per. Aye, ay, they proceed with caution—well, but reſpecting what.

Capt. The—the—the particulars of which, being ſo important, have not as yet tranſpired.

Sir Per. So important! I gueſs'd as much—nothing like ſecrecy in theſe matters—this is news indeed! but how came they to be ſo ſilent? I always took the French for a talkative, loquacious people—Damn'd rude in them to keep us in the dark.

Capt. They intended likewiſe to divide all the landed property—

Sir Per. That's right! according to the old agrarian law—why this will bring every man upon a proper level—but how do they proceed?

Capt. Now he has puzzled me—what ſhall I ſay *(aſide)* Oh, by dividing—and then ſub-dividing the kingdom into ſo many millions of acres—

Sir Per. That's right—nothing ſo eaſy done in half an hour—the very method I have taken, but I allow no man more than an acre to himſelf—you ſee I've gone farther—

Capt. And all their perſonal eſtates, jewels, trinkets, and houſehold goods are divided into equal lots.

Sir Per. Oh! that's right!—what wiſdom in that meaſure, nothing ſo plain and eaſy—only common ſubtraction and addition—taking from the rich and giving to the poor—No man can grumble that's a true patriot. Captain, I thank you. Egad, he's a ſenſible fellow—would make a good huſband for my daughter, *(aſide.)* Captain, give me leave to introduce you to my daughter, Sophia, ſhe's a little abſolute like her mother—but I have them both under my thumb—they muſt ſubſcribe to every thing of their own free will by making a virtue of neceſſity. Choak me but he ſhall have her—he's juſt of my way of thinking. *(Aſide).*

Capt. Sir, I never conſider my private loſs for the public good—for inſtance, I was ſtopped about a month ſince by ſix ill-looking fellows in Rue St. Martin—who, ſans ceremonie, demanded my watch, purſe, and ſilver buckles: I immediately complied, as they hinted that the l'Argent was rather a ſcarce commodity.

Sir Per. Egad, you're a fellow of good metal and ſterling value—You ſhall have my daughter—and inſtead of your ſilver buckles; you ſhall be buckled together with gold. George, introduce him to your couſin, I muſt ſet off to London to publiſh my Poem, and my Grand Syſtem—I prove the greateſt thing ever attempted—that politics are capable of, of—what I've neither time to explain, or you to underſtand. Farewell, Captain, ſtick to your principles.

Capt. 'Twas ever my principle ſo to do, Sir—ha! ha! ha! well George—*(exit Sir Peregrine)* Matters go on ſwimmingly, better than I expected. I ſhall have no difficulty in gaining the woman.

George. Follow my orders, and I'll enſure you ſucceſs. My poor uncle! his principles are ſo ill digeſted—he'll certainly bring on him public ridicule and contempt; however, I have a ſcheme to expoſe him ſufficiently, without his expoſing himſelf; I'll plague both uncle and aunt. I have given Dorothy the Cook, her cue. She underſtands—and will drill the other ſervants. I ſhall have all the women on my ſide.

"And one's enough to execute the plan.
"And overturn the ſovereign Rights of Man." *(Exeunt.)*

END OF ACT I.

[*To be continued.*]

GOOD *and* BAD.

TWO friends who had not ſeen each other for a long while, met one day by accident.—How do you do, ſays one? "So ſo," replied the other; "and yet I was married ſince you and I were together." —That is good news.—"Not very good, for it was my lot to chuſe a termagant."—It is a pity.—"I hardly think it ſo, for ſhe brought me two thouſand pounds."—Well there is comfort.—"Not much, for with her fortune I purchaſed a quantity of ſheep, and they are all dead of the rot."—That is indeed diſtreſſing.—"Not ſo diſtreſſing as you may imagine, for by the ſale of their ſkins, I got more than the ſheep coſt me."—In that caſe you are indemnified.—"By no means, for my houſe and all my money have been deſtroyed by fire.—Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!—"Faith not ſo dreadful, for my termagant wife and my houſe were burnt together.

The

The PRESENT STATE *of the* REPRESENTATION *of* ENGLAND *and* SCOTLAND.

[*Continued from page* 368.]

Buckingham Town.

THIS is completely a rotten borough, the corporation conſiſting of the dependents of the Marquis of Buckingham, who has the ſole diſpoſal of the borough. It has ſent members in the 11th Ed. III. but diſcontinued under that king, and the privilege was again reſumed 36 Hen. VIII. The voters are only 13, viz. a bailiff, and 12 burgeſſes.

Aylesbury Town has preſerved ſome degree of independence. It was incorporated the 1ſt of Mary I. and the election is in the houſholders. It is ſaid there is a kind of *ſilent* bargain made here for votes, and that a candidate, in his canvas, holds up as many fingers as he means to give guineas; and there is ſaid to have been an inſtance of a certain member having ſuddenly left the town after his election, without making good his *dumb* promiſe.

Great Marlow. This borough ſent members to parliament ſeveral times before 3 Edw. II. and then ceaſed for 400 years, until reſtored 21 James I. The right of election is in the iuhabitants, paying ſcot and lot, their number about 200; but as the borough is the joint property of William Clayton and William Lee Antonie, Eſqrs. they have no other privilege than voting as thoſe two gentlemen pleaſe.

Wendover. This borough has the honour to be bought and ſold as often as its maſter pleaſes; and a ſhort time before his death, the late Earl Verney ſold it to its preſent poſſeſſor, John Barker Church, Eſq. The late poſſeſſor being oppoſed by Sir R. Daling, who obtained a majority of votes, the Earl in revenge inſtantly ejected thoſe who had voted againſt him out of their houſes, and they were obliged to promiſe good behaviour in future before they were admitted back to their habitations. This borough was repreſented in the time of Edw. I. but under Edw. II. intermitted ſending members, until reſtored again by James I.

Agmondeſham is wholly the property of the Drake family, of Shardelores, being bought by their anceſtor of Chales II. They rule the election completely, and the father and ſon are now members. Young Drake has often declared, *he ſees no neceſſity for a reform in parliamentary repreſentation.* This borough is antient; ſent members under Edw. I. and II. and then intermitted, until reſtored by James I.

Of this borough Mr. Waller, and Lord Lanſdown, are the two contending parties for the honour of repreſentation; but in the laſt conteſt, Lord Lanſdown prevailed. This town has returned members ever ſince 28 Edw. I.

Cambridge County. The ariſtocratic intereſt prevails here ſo powerfully, that no independent man dare try his fortune, and the Duke of Rutland and Earl of Hardwicke nominate each a friend, who are elected in general without oppoſition.

Cambridge Town, was incorporated by Henry I. the right of election is in the mayor, bailiffs, and freemen not receiving alms, whoſe number is about 200; but being chiefly non-reſidents and placemen, miniſtry has a powerful intereſt, and the preſent members were elected under that influence.

Cambridge Univerſity. Here the clerical intereſt prevails too powerfully to let any but good ſubjects to the court be elected: the right of election is in the doctors and maſters of arts.

Cheſter County. This county is not quite under the influence of ariſtocracy; the Earl of Stamford and Lord Cholmondely poſſeſs the greateſt intereſt, and Mr. Crewe, the preſent member, has alſo great influence; it wants only to create that gentlemen a peer, to make it as completely ariſtocratic as any county in England.

Cheſter City. Earl Groſvenor, by ſecuring the corporation, and obtaining a leaſe from the crown of ſeveral tenements, has eſtabliſhed his intereſt here. This city being in a county palatine, did not ſend members till 34 Henry VIII. The right of voting is in the freemen, who amount to about 1000.

Cornwall. This county ſends the greateſt number of members to parliament of any in the kingdom, being 44, owing to the number of rotten boroughs ſtill exiſting. The political influence of the county is in the Duke of Leeds, Lords Mount Edgecumbe, Falmouth, Camelford, and Eliot, on one ſide, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and Duke of Northumberland, on the other; ſo that a ſhew of liberty ſtill exiſts, and will exiſt, until ſome coalition takes place, and then the popular intereſt will moſt certainly be annihilated. Of the boroughs, which each ſend two members, are—

Saltaſh, which has only thirty-eight voters nominally, the whole being burgage tenures, the property of Mr. Buller, who has of courſe the ſole control of the borough.

St. Michael has only forty-two voters; the election is in the houſekeepers, and as Sir F. Baſſet and Lord Falmouth have the property between them pretty well equipoiſed, they, to avoid diſputes, put in one member each.

Helſtone has about four hundred houſes, but the number of voters, who are freemen, and are about 36, have been, until laſt election, under the control of the late Lord Godolphin, and his ſucceſſor the Duke of Leeds; however, at the laſt election, Sir S. Luſhington, and Sir G. Elliot were fortunate enough to defeat his intereſt.

St. Ives has about 130 voters, ſcot and lot men, but are ſwayed in their ſuffrages by the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Bucks, and Mr. Praid.

Tregony is an inconſiderable village, the elections of which were conteſted between Lord Falmouth and Sir Francis Baſſet, and they returned one member each; but the whole property has been ſold to the celebrated nabob Barwell; he now rules omnipotent in the elections.

Truro was alſo divided between Lord Falmouth and Sir F. Baſſet; but the latter having diſpoſed of his property to the former, he has intereſt enough with the voters, who are 25, to put in whom he pleaſes.

Penryn is a ſcot and lot borough; the voters, about 140, are under the *care* of Sir Francis Baſſet.

Fowey is a feudal borough, belonging to the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall; the number of voters 63, being ſuch as are the Prince's tenants: the patrons, however, are Lord Mount Edgecumbe and Mr. Raleigh.

Boſſiney, alias *Tintagel*, is a mere hamlet, of about twenty houſes; the number of voters are generally much leſs than the number of dwellings, and Lords Mount Edgecumbe and Bute are the patrons.

Leſtwithiel. The right of election is in the mayor, ſix burgeſſes, and ſeventeen aſſiſtants; the firſt ſeven are nominated by the Lord of the manor, who chuſe the other ſeventeen. This borough is completely under the influence of Lord Mount Edgecumbe.

St. Mawes is a hamlet of ſeven houſes, inhabited chiefly by fiſhermen; but as the right of election is in the portrieve and burgeſſes, the number of the latter is about twenty-two, who are completely under the control of the Marquis of Buckingham, the patron.

Camelford. This borough is under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Phillips, and has nineteen nominal voters.

Callington is of rather more conſequence than many of the former, but is as completely under influence; it was the laſt Corniſh borough which ſent members to parliament, being chartered only in 1585. There are about fifty voters, but the majority are under the influence of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Say.

Eaſt Looe was chartered 13th Eliz. the number of voters are about fifty, wholly under the control of John Buller, Eſq.

Weſt Looe has about the ſame number of voters, and is under the like control of a Mr. Buller, couſin of the above.

Launceſton is the county town, and pretty well peopled. The members of the corporation, who are about twenty, are all admitted at the will of the Duke of Northumberland, who conſequently reigns ſupreme patron of this borough.

Grampound ſcarcely deſerves the name of a village; the inhabitants are about two hundred, of which about twenty, being ſcot and lot men, have the privilege of voting. The borough is the ſole property of Lord Elliot, and conſequently at his diſpoſal.

St. Germains, a large pariſh, but the borough is a mean place, conſiſting of about ſixty fiſhermen's huts, of whom a part only have a right to vote; and theſe, as in the laſt place, are entirely ſubject to Lord Elliot.

Liſkard, a large market town, but in which the right of voting is veſted in the mayor, recorder, twenty-three burgeſſes, and about ſeven freemen, over whom Lord Eliot bears ſway.

Newport has about forty or fifty ſcot and lot voters; but as the place is the property of the Duke of Northumberland, his Grace's recommendation is ſufficient to procure a ſeat.

Bodmyn, ſaid to be the only borough in this county, not under the control of a patron; the right of voting is in the corportion, conſiſting of 36 perſons.

Cumberland County, the intereſt in which is divided between the Duke of Portland and Earl of Lonſdale; theſe two noblemen are ſaid to have ſpent 100,000*l.* in a conteſt in the year 1768, but now agree to ſend one member each, by which means, as they are of ſeparate parties, the county repreſentation is totally defeated.

Carliſle City. The number of electors are 650, the chief of which are in the intereſt of the Duke of Norfolk, who, to do him juſtice, has worthily acquired popularity by oppoſing the claims of the Earl of Lonſdale.

Cockermouth, being the property of the Earl of Lonſdale, who, to ſecure the borough to himſelf, purchaſed a great number of houſes at an enormous price, is wholly under his influence.

Derby County. The parliamentary intereſt which prevail are thoſe of the Duke of Devonſhire and Lord Scarſdale.

Derby has between ſix and ſeven hundred freemen, over whom the Duke of Devonſhire has found means to gain a powerful aſcendancy, and generally procures the return of his friends.

Devonſhire is one of thoſe counties which, from its extent, renders it a very difficult matter to conteſt, and it certainly ſupports as great a degree of independency as any in the kingdom.

Exeter City, the right of voting in which is in the magiſtrates and freemen, which do not exceed 1200, and has the honour to keep itſelf free from the influence of any individual.

Tiverton. The election intereſt here is wholly poſſeſſed by Lord Harrowby and Sir John Duntze, who each nominate a member; the choice is aparently in the corporation, conſiſting of 24.

Dartmouth, is a borough where the freemen only have a right to vote, and over theſe the two boards of Treaſury and Admiralty have abſolute control; their number does not exceed 20.

Aſhburton. Here the burgage-tenure-holders have a right to vote, and theſe being divided between Lord Say and Sir Robert Palke, each puts in a member.

Oakhampton. The intereſt which prevail here are thoſe of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Spencer; the number of voters are about 180.

Bearalſton gives right of voting to thoſe who have lands in the borough, of which the Earl of Beverly is chief proprietor, and by the proper uſe of his burgage-tenures, his Lordſhip ſecures the election of his friends.

Plymouth is large and populous, conſiſting of 20,000 inhabitants, yet the right of electing members is in a ſelf-elected corporation, conſiſting of about 160, over whom, by means of appointments properly beſtowed, the admiralty ſecures a complete influence.

Totneſs. In this borough exiſts an hereditary claim of burgeſsſhip; the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe votes in right of his anceſtor, who conveyed his manor of Totneſs to the corporation. Although this town is very populous, the right of election is in the corporation, conſiſting of 32 perſons, over whom the Duke of Bolton and F. Buller Yarde, Eſq. have control.

Plympton, is a corporation that has about 104 voters, and is under the influence of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

Taviſtock, is now poſſeſſed by the Duke of Bedford, he holds the freeholds and diſtributes them prior to the election, to a certain number of well diſpoſed people.

Barnſtable, was a borough before the conqueſt, ſent members to parliament, 23 Edw. I. and is a corporation conſiſting of 25 perſons, in whom and the common burgeſſes, the right of election reſides. This borough has no profeſſed patron: the number of voters are about 250.

Honiton, is a borough by preſcription, Sir George Young having an eſtate in the pariſh, is returned, as has one of his anceſtors for a century and a half, the other ſeat is open, and generally coſts the candidate from 2000 to 8000l. The right of voting is in the ſcot and lot houſekeepers, whoſe number is about 350.

Dorſet County. This county is much influenced in the elections by the family of Pitt Lord Rivers, but the Earl of Shafteſbury and Digby have alſo intereſt.

Dorcheſter, is a corporation, and the right of voting reſides in the inhabitants paying to church and poor, their number is about two hundred, and the ariſtocratic intereſt which prevails is in the Earls of Shafteſbury and Dorcheſter.

Lyme Regis, is wholly under the influence of the Earl of Weſtmoreland, the number of voters being only 34.

Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, to ſhew how much the repreſentation in parliament is in the hands of the people, we ſhall give a ſlight hiſtory of the ſale of theſe two boroughs, which ſend four members to parliament. They were once the property of the famous Bub Dodington, from him they paſſed to a Mr. Tucker, and then deſcended to the late Gabriel Steward, Eſq. who juſt before his death ſold them to W. Pulteney, Eſq. who poſſeſſing the freeholds which are conſiderable in number, nominates whom he pleaſes.

Bridport, was long under the influence of the late Humphrey Sturts, Eſq. on his death they have partly ſhook off the yoke; the number of voters are about 160.

Shafteſbury. The voters in this borough are ſcot and lot men, their numbers are about 29, their preſent patron, Sir John Call. Some ſcandalous inſtances of bribery in this borough have been brought before the Houſe of Commons.

Wareham has not above 120 houſes, wholly the property of John Calcraft, Eſq. who is therefore ſupreme patron of the borough.

Corſe Caſtle is the joint property of Henry Bankes and John Bond; the right of voting is the leſſors for years, who amount to about 44. Theſe two gentlemen are conſequently the patrons.

Poole is a borough of great conſequence, and the right of voting is at preſent conteſted. Adminiſtration by help of ſome leading men in the town, have generally found means to get their friends returned.

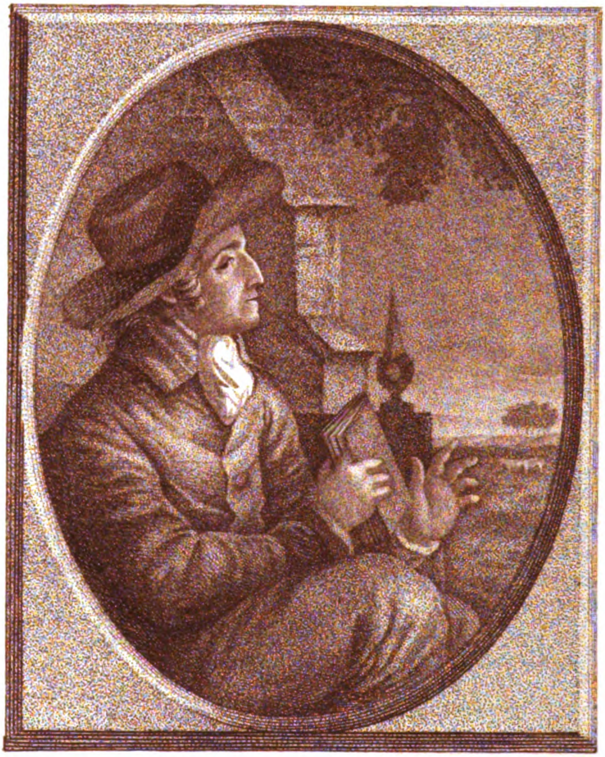
Durham County. Here the intereſt of the Earl of Darlington and Biſhop of Durham prevails, and a union of thoſe intereſts is conſidered as deciſive in a conteſt for the county.

Durham City has hitherto perſevered in its independence. The citizens have ſhewn a ſtrong attachment to the two families of Tempeſt and Lambton, although oppoſed by the Biſhop. The perſons who vote are freemen, who have acquired their freedom by ſervitude, and election into companies; their number is about 1200.

Eſſex. The two parties of Whig and Tory here form a coalition, and content themſelves with ſending one member each, by which kind of coalition the county is deprived of any real repreſentation.

[*To be continued.*]

POETRY.



GRAY'S ELEGY.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting Day —

POETRY.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. *GRAY.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glim'mring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learned to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Does in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

Nor farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

EPIGRAM ON AN EAST-INDIAN.

—— values himſelf on his *lacks* of *rupees*;
When he gives himſelf airs of importance 'tis fit
Other *lacks* be allow'd him in union with theſe,
Vaſt *lacks* of good-breeding, diſcernment, and wit.

SONG

SONG. BY DR. *GLYNN.*

TEAZE me no more, nor think I care,
Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's ſhrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indiff'rent 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be ſtole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its bluſhing lips
The roſe-bud opens, what care I
Who the od'rous liquor ſips,
The king of bees or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected ſee the merchant's crew
Tranſport it to a foreign ſhore.

Seeks the ſlave deſpoil'd to know,
Whether his gold, in ſhape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the ſtamp of George's face!

TO A VIOLET.

THO' from thy bank of velvet torn,
Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping creſt;
On Delia's boſom ſhalt thou find
A ſofter ſweeter bed of reſt.

Tho' from mild Zephyr's kiſs no more
Ambroſial balms thou ſhalt inhale,
Her gentle breath, whene'er ſhe ſighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be grateful for that bliſs
For which in vain a thouſand burn,
And, as thou ſtealeſt ſweets from her,
Give back thy choiceſt in return.

A TRANSLATION OF THE CELEBRATED IRISH SONG OF *COOLUN.*

BY MR. CLINCH.

DID you ſee the long auburn locks of my queen,
As ſhe bounds with dry feet o'er the dew-pearl'd green;
But oh! if you knew her ſoft languiſhing air,
And the virtues that dwell in a boſom ſo fair.

Farewell ſmiling morn when alone on the ſhore,
To tendereſt vows we both ardently ſwore,
I gave her my hand, but alas! on my breaſt
What ſorrows, what boding anxiety preſt.

Think no more, witching girl, of a youth doom'd to mourn,
You ne'er can be mine, for I'm poor and forlorn;
I told you a wretch cou'd not hope for ſuch bliſs,
E'er thy ſweet roſy mouth I firſt ventur'd to kiſs.

Be conſtant my love, and we never ſhall part,
Why weep you? tho' poor you're the lord of my heart:
Kind Providence, let us rely on its care,
Will bleſs with abundance ſo faithful a pair.

For you I'll abandon fame, fortune and friends,
But your virtues, dear youth, will be more than amends;
From my parents dread anger quick let us remove,
For, oh! what is duty compared to my love.

Cold toil wou'd be pleaſure for you lovely maiden,
A deſart with you more delightful than Eden;
Now I droop the whole day, and when home I repair,
How diſmal my cottage becauſe you're not there.

VERSES INSCRIBED TO MISS LINLEY.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ. (AFTERWARDS HER HUSBAND).

UNCOUTH is this moſs-covered grotto of ſtone,
And damp is the ſhade of this dew-dripping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreſhing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in ſecret her confidence ſought;
And this is the tree kept her ſafe from the wind,
As bluſhing ſhe heard the grave leſſon I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moſs-cover'd ſtone,
And tell me, thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia ſeem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did ſhe confeſs her reſentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whiſper a cauſe for the ſorrow I feel;
To hint how ſhe frown'd when I dar'd to adviſe,
And ſigh'd when ſhe ſaw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, ſilly leaves, ſo ſhe did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks cou'd I ſee;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She ſigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

Then weave thy leaves briſker, thou willow of woe,
I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I ſee:
I cannot, I will not believe it was ſo;
She was not, ſhe could not be angry with me.

For well did ſhe know that my heart meant no wrong,
It ſunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But truſted its taſk to a faltering tongue;
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet oh! if indeed I've offended the maid;
If Delia my humble monitions refuſe;
Sweet willow, the next time ſhe viſits thy ſhade,
Fan gently her boſom, and plead my excuſe.

And thou, ſtony grot, in thy arch may'ſt preſerve
Two ling'ring drops of the night-fallen dew;
And juſt let them fall at her feet, and they'll ſerve
As tears of my ſorrow intruſted to you.

Or leſt they unheeded ſhould fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her boſom of ſnow, and I ſwear,
The next time I viſit thy moſs-cover'd ſeat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'ſt thou, green willow, for ages thus toſs
Thy branches ſo dank o'er the ſlow-winding ſtream;
And thou, ſtony grotto, retain all thy moſs,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

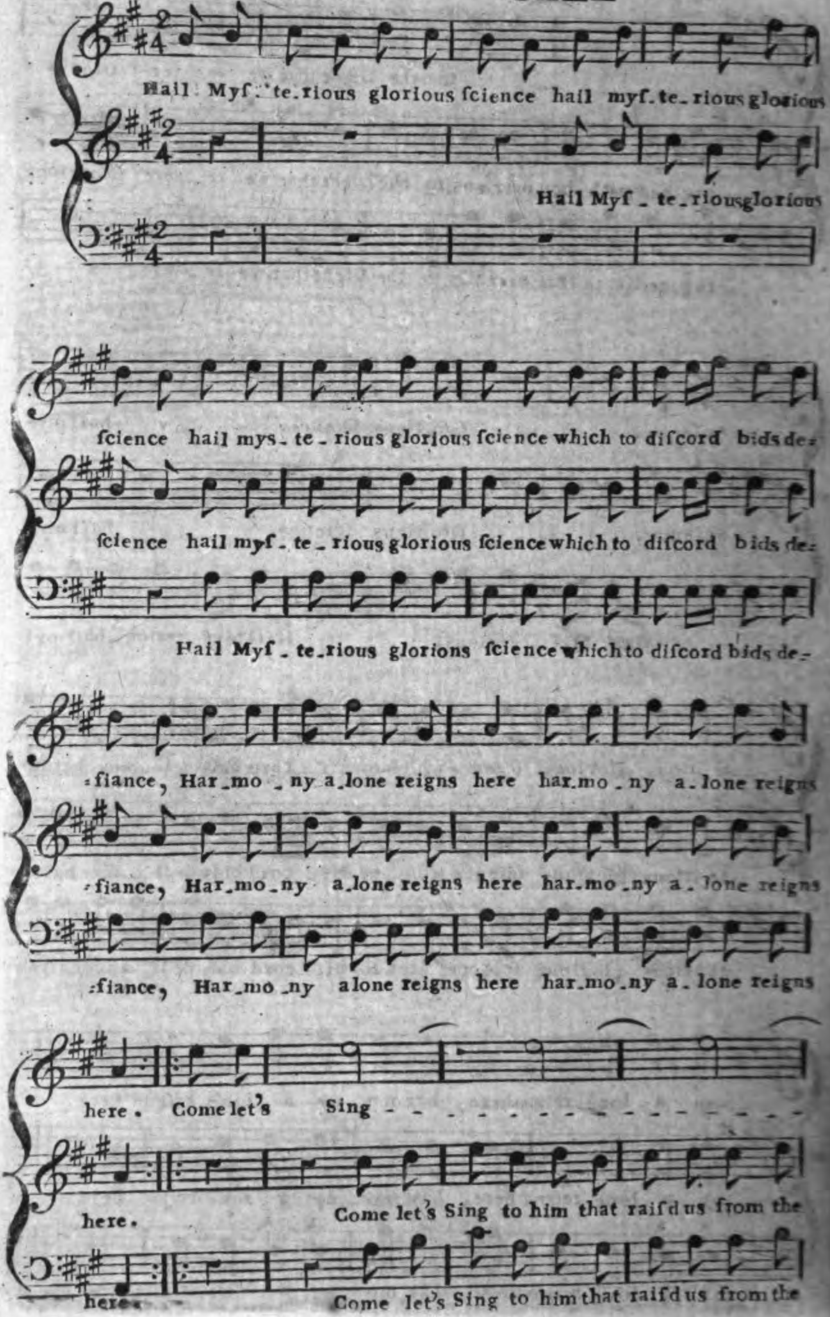
Nay more—may my Delia ſtill give you her charms
Each evening, and ſometimes the whole evening long;
Then, grotto, be proud to ſupport her white arms;
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her ſong.

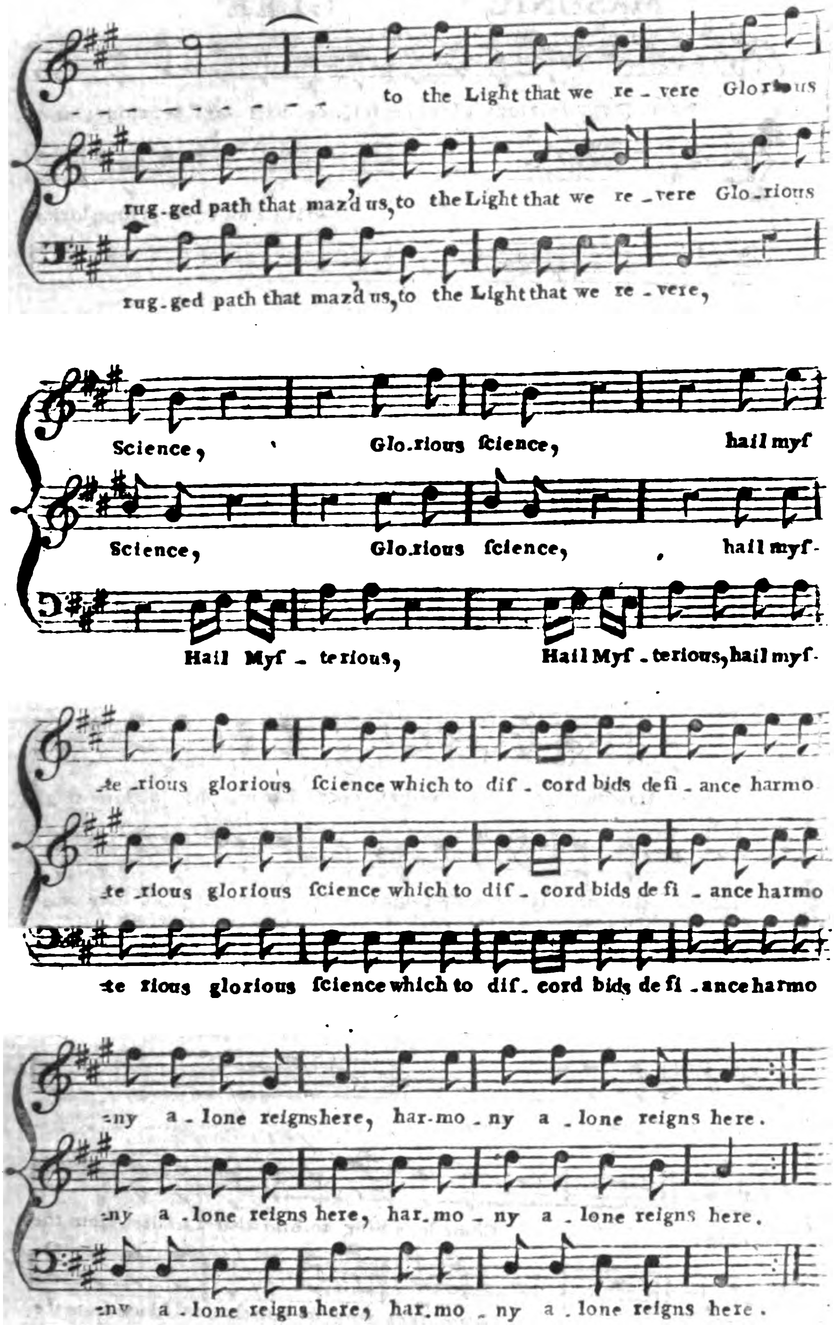
EXTEMPORE.

On TWO MAIDEN SISTERS—*Betty, the elder, good-humoured, and Jenny, the younger, lean, croſs and ugly, but had boaſted that ſhe was a* Toaſt *in her youth.*

ALAS! poor JENNY, vain thy boaſt,
That in thy youth thou waſt a Toaſt;
A Toaſt, if ever, thin and dry,
No butter on the Toaſt would lie;
To BET's good-humour I incline,
You are the *Toaſt*, but ſhe's the *Wine*.

MASONIC GLEE


Hail Myſ-te-rious glorious ſcience hail myſ-te-rious glorious
Hail Myſ-te-rious glorious
ſcience hail mys-te-rious glorious ſcience which to diſcord bids de-
ſcience hail myſ-te-rious glorious ſcience which to diſcord bids de-
Hail Myſ-te-rious glorions ſcience which to diſcord bids de-
-fiance, Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here har-mo-ny a-lone reigns
-fiance, Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here har-mo-ny a-lone reigns
-fiance, Har-mo-ny alone reigns here har-mo-ny a-lone reigns
here. Come let's Sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
here. Come let's Sing to him that raiſd us from the
here. Come let's Sing to him that raiſd us from the


to the Light that we re - vere Glorious
rug-ged path that maz'd us, to the Light that we re - vere Glo-rious
rug-ged path that maz'd us, to the Light that we re - vere,
Science, Glo-rious ſcience, hail myſ
Science, Glo-rious ſcience, hail myſ-
Hail Myſ - terious, Hail Myſ - terious, hail myſ-
-te - rious glorious ſcience which to diſ - cord bids defi - ance harmo
-te - rious glorious ſcience which to diſ - cord bids de fi - ance harmo
-te rious glorious ſcience which to diſ - cord bids de fi - ance harmo
-ny a - lone reigns here, har-mo - ny a - lone reigns here.
-ny a - lone reigns here, har-mo - ny a - lone reigns here.
-ny a - lone reigns here, har-mo - ny a - lone reigns here.

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

CHAP. III.

The Operations of the War in France continued —Verdun capitulates.—Effects of the News in Paris.—Horrible Maſſacre of the State Priſoners in Paris and at Verſailles.—Conduct of the Aſſembly and of the Miniſters.—Diſpoſitions of the French Generals.—Marſhal Luckner's Inactivity.—Wretched Condition of the French Army.—Happy Changes effected by Dumourier.—Siege of Thionville, and its gallant Defence.—Meeting of the National Convention.—Progreſs of the Pruſſian Army.—Irruption into and conqueſt of Savoy.—Liſle beſieged.—Truce between the French and Pruſſians.—Retreat of the Combined Armies.—Verdun and Longwy retaken.—The Sieges of Liſle and Thionville raiſed.

WHEN the reader of theſe ſketches conſiders that the affairs of France form at this day the cardinal feature of political hiſtory, he will excuſe the author's ſeeming dereliction of what relates to the tranſactions in other countries.

What has happened elſewhere ſince the counter-revolution in Poland, effected by the alarms or ambition of the Ruſſian empreſs, affords little elſe than the inſipid narrative of ordinary occurrences, and the contemptible intrigues of men to whom the conduct of public affairs is generally committed. Let us therefore continue our account of the operations of the combined armies on the French frontier.

From Longwy the armies marched towards Verdun, where the magiſtrates, notwithſtanding the warmeſt remonſtrances of M. Beaurepaire, the governor, ſhewed an immediate determination to receive the enemy within their walls, a capitulation was agreed to, at the firſt ſummons,* and on the 2d of September, a Pruſſian detachment under general Kalkereth, entered the town: an event which ſo affected

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* Theſe were the articles:

I. The garriſon, meaning all the troops which compoſe it, without exception, ſhall go out of the gate of France, in ſuch numbers as they chuſe, with arms and baggage, and ſhall retire from the place to ſuch ſtations as they deſire to go. Pruſſian conductors ſhall guarantee them from all inſult whatever.

II. Thoſe who chuſe to go out by the Cauſeway-gate, or St. Victor, ſhall alſo have permiſſion, and be under the protection of his Pruſſian Majeſty, as far as Metz.

III. Carriages ſhall be afforded gratis to the garriſon, as far as the firſt ſtation which they ſhall have choſen; if they prefer the waggons of the King, they ſhall be granted on condition of their being ſent back from Clermont, or from any firſt ſtation whence they may be returned by the carriages of the country.

IV. All the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood are from this moment under the protection of his Pruſſian Majeſty, on condition that they deliver up the arms of the ſtate, colours, and ammunition.

V. The Council of War ſhall give to a Pruſſian Officer, deputed for that purpoſe, a ſtate of the magazines, and every thing belonging to them, as they are at this time.

VI. The officer of artillery ſhall give a ſtatement of the artillery and ammunition.

The officers of the garriſon who will paſs this way as private perſons to return home, ſhall have permiſſion; the officers and troops which cannot ſet off to-day, and do not depart till to-morrow, ſhall be under the ſpecial protection of his majeſty; if the garriſon paſſes through a gate occupied by the Pruſſians, they ſhall paſs till the day after to-morrow, on the conditions of the capitulation, and if any of the members of the garriſon return as private perſons, they ſhall be treated as ſuch.

KALKRETH.

Beaurepaire, that on the following night, he put an end to his exiſtence with a piſtol.

The rapid progreſs of the invading armies filled Paris with diſmay and terror; dreadful conſequences were expected; and theſe unhappily ſoon followed the diſaſtrous tidings from the frontier. On Sunday the 2d September, the ſame day that Verdun capitulated, the council-general of Paris, alarmed, as they ſaid at the dangers of the country ordered the *tocſin* to be rung, the drums to beat to arms, and the alarm guns to be fired, while they iſſued the following notice:

"Citizens, the enemy is at the gates of the capital, Verdun is beſieged and cannot "hold out more than a week:—Citizens, let us this moment repair to the *champ* "*de mars*, let an army of ſixty thouſand men appear inſtantaneouſly, let us in ſhort "march againſt the enemy."

This extraordinary ſummons proved the ſignal of a moſt barbarous inſurrection, and a renewal, with horrid aggravations, of the bloody ſcenes that had already ſtained the French metropolis. Armed thouſands from every quarter filled the ſtreets, crying, "We will face the enemies of our country, but we will not leave "Paris expoſed to our worſt foes." They flew to the priſons, whoſe immates, committed as favourers of the king, they almoſt indiſcriminately maſſacred: by ten o'clock in the forenoon, the priſoners in the Abbaye, in the Chatelet, the refractory prieſts in the convent of the Carmiletes, theſe in the priſon of La Force, and a great number of other ſuſpected perſons, were put to death; among the victims in the priſon of La Force, was the princeſs of Lamballe, the unhappy favourite of the impriſoned queen.

The number that fell before the cloſe of this diſaſtrous day by the ſpears and daggers of the aſſaſſins, is computed to exceed four hundred; but this day of blood, dreadful as it was, did not glut their ſavage fury: the next ſun ſaw the maſſacres continued with unabating barbarity. In vain did the executive council interpoſe its authority, its perſuaſions, and its threats: all was ineffectual, the law had loſt its force, ſubordination was at an end, for anarchy was paramount.

Paris was not the only theatre on which theſe bloody ſcenes were acted. An account had reached the city that fifty-three priſoners from Orleans had been conducted to Verſailles on their way to Paris under a military eſcort; a party of the inſurgents immediately marched thither, where, determined not to be out-done by their Pariſian comrades, they immolated the unhappy priſoners, to the diabolical ſpirit that inſpired them: two only of theſe devoted victims by ſome accident eſcaped *.

The National Aſſembly, though horror-ſtruck at theſe dreadful tranſactions, continued its ſittings; the miniſters continued alſo to exerciſe their functions. How the latter were affected on the occaſion may be ſeen in a letter from M. Roland, miniſter of the home department, read in the aſſembly at its evening ſitting, the 3d of September, where he ſays,

"I acknowledge that revolutions are not brought about according to ordinary "rules; but I know alſo that the power which occaſions them ought ſoon to repair "under the ſhelter of the law, unleſs a complete diſſolution be intended. The "rage of the people, and the movement of an inſurrection, may be compared to a "torrent, which overturns obſtacles that no other force could deſtroy; but which, "by its overflowing, will carry ravage and devaſtation to a great diſtance from its "banks, unleſs it ſoon returns to its proper channel. Without the events of the "10th of Auguſt, we ſhould have been ruined; the court, prepared for a long "time before, waited only for a favourable moment to fill up the meaſure of its "treachery; to hoiſt over Paris the ſtandard of death; and to reign in it by terror. "The feelings of the people, always juſt and ready, when their opinion has not "been corrupted, anticipated the epoch marked out for their deſtruction, and rendered it fatal to the conſpirators.

"From the nature of things, and of the human heart, victory leads to ſome exceſſes; the ſea, agitated by a violent ſtorm, continues its roaring even after the "tempeſt has ſubſided; but every thing has its bounds, or ought at length to be "reſtrained.

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* Among the perſons murdered at Verſailles, we find the names of the biſhop of Maudes, the *ci-devant* duke de Briſſac, and the late miniſter De Leſſart.

“ If diſorganization became habitual; if men, fired with zeal, but deſtitute of
“ prudence or knowledge, pretend to interfere daily in the adminiſtration and im-
“ pede its operations; if, by the ſupport of ſome popular favour, obtained by
“ great ardour, and ſupported by loquacity, they diſſeminate miſtruſt, multiply
“ accuſations, excite the fury of the populace, and dictate proſcriptions, the govern-
“ ment is only a ſhadow, a nonentity; and the honeſt man, poſted at the helm of
“ affairs, ought to retire when he can no longer direct it; for he is not placed there
“ to be a ſtatue, but to act.”

After expatiating, at ſome length, on the neceſſity of unanimity, and of an implicit confidence in the executive power, M. Roland thus proceeds: “ Yeſterday
“ was a day, over the events of which it would be perhaps proper to draw a veil.
“ I know that the people in their vengeance aſſumed a certain appearance of juſtice;
“ they did not take as victims all thoſe who preſented themſelves to their fury;
“ they directed it againſt thoſe who they thought had been too long ſaved from
“ the ſword of juſtice; and whom, from the dangerous ſtate of circumſtances, they
“ were perſuaded they ought to ſacrifice without delay. But I know it is eaſy for
“ villains and traitors to abuſe this effervefcence, and that it ought to be checked.
“ We ought to declare to all France, that the executive power could neither foreſee
“ nor prevent theſe exceſſes. I know it is the duty of the executive power to put
“ an end to them, or to conſider itſelf as annihilated. I know alſo that this decla-
“ ration will expoſe me to the fury of ſome emiſſaries. Well, let them take my
“ life. I wiſh not to preſerve it, but to ſupport liberty and equality. Should they
“ be violated or deſtroyed, either by the reign of foreign deſpots, or the errors of a
“ deluded people, I ſhall have lived long enough; but till my lateſt breath I will
“ diſcharge my duty; to do this, is the ſummit of my ambition, and no power on
“ earth can take it from me.”

Since the capture of Verdun the military operations in that quarter, on the part of the French, conſiſted in the diſpoſitions made by generals Dumourier and Kellerman, to fortify the tenable poſts between that place and Chalons, ſo as to impede the progreſs of the combined armies towards Paris. Mareſchal Luckner, though nominally the commander in chief, we find either inactive or performing only a ſubordinate part in his camp at Chalons, while Dumourier ſeemed the main ſpring that gave life and ſpirit to the whole.

When in conſequence of La Fayette's defection, the command of this army was given to Dumourier, who found it to conſiſt of only ſeventeen thouſand men, ill-conditioned and diſcontented; with which he was to oppoſe a veteran army of eighty thouſand combatants, amply provided with every military appointment, commanded by experienced generals, and fluſhed with the ſucceſs which had hitherto attended their march into France: but Dumourier ſeems to have been providentially deſtined to retrieve the forlorn affairs of his country, at this important juncture; his unconquerable ſpirit roſe with the magnitude and variety of his difficulties. His firſt care was to inſpire ſubordination and confidence to his little army: he brought them to the enemy's preſence, where he taught them ſteadily to manoeuvre. The enemy, on the other hand, aſtoniſhed at the menacing diſpoſitions of foes they had heretofore deſpiſed, concluded, that the French army muſt have received prodigious reinforcements, and appeared to wait the certainty of their conjectures, before they would venture to attack the French poſts, or penetrate farther into the country; and more eſpecially, until the fortreſſes of Montmedy and Thionville, which they had left untaken on the frontier, had received Auſtrian or Pruſſian garriſons.

For this purpoſe, Montmedy was blockaded, and Thionville beſieged in form. In Thionville general Wimpſen commanded, and ſhewed every diſpoſition to defend the place to the laſt extremity. It was now the 11th of September, and the enemy had for ſome days kept up a conſtant fire on the town, from their gun and mortar batteries, depending however principally on the latter, in hopes to ſet the place on fire, intending amid the confuſion of the conflagration to aſſault the works, they found too tedious to deſtroy with their cannon. Wimpſen apprized of this deſign, and that on this night, by a furious bombardment, they would endeavour to effect it, having previouſly prepared materials for the purpoſe, while a ſhower of ſhells were falling, cauſed monſtrous fires to be lighted in the market place, and in other quarters where the bombs were chiefly directed. The blaze ſerved as a ſignal to the aſſailants, who not doubting but the town was on fire, advanced boldly to the ramparts, from which not a gun was fired until the ſtorming column was within muſket ſhot of the works, at this moment it was vigorouſly charged in flank by a detachment of the garriſon, who had ſallied out for the purpoſe, while a furious cannonade of grape ſhot from the walls enfiladed it in front: thus attacked, they fled in the utmoſt diſorder, leaving upwards of three hundred of their ſoldiers dead on the ſpot. From this day, to that on which the ſiege was raiſed, as ſhall be related, by the well directed fire from the works, and a number of ſucceſsful ſallies from the town, the beſiegers are computed to have loſt upwards of two thouſand men.

While Dumourier was taking every ſtep that time and circumſtance permitted to oppoſe the enemy, and infuſe diſcipline among his troops, an incident occurred, that might have been attended with fatal conſequences. The army under the command of this brave officer, by the junction of the corps under the generals Kellerman and Burnonville, was encreaſed to forty thouſand men, ten thouſand of which formed a van-guard, ſtationed between St. Menehould and Verdun, which laſt place was on the 15th of September, ſtill the head quarters of the combined, or rather the Pruſſian army, (few of the Auſtrians or French emigrants being at this place) under the duke of Brunſwick. On this day, a body of fifteen hundred Pruſſians, by a ſudden movement, fell in with the van of Dumourier's army, above mentioned, but theſe laſt inſtead of puniſhing the temerity or miſconduct of ſo inferior a corps, fled panic-ſtruck in the utmoſt diſorder to the main body. The general teſtified his indignation at their cowardice, he openly declared them a diſgrace to their country, and their profeſſion as ſoldiers; and after degrading their leaders in the ſight of the army, ſtripped them of their uniforms and drove them from the camp as unworthy to bear arms. As to the Pruſſian detachment, it reaped no other advantage from its victory, than the fame of the atchievement; while on the other hand, the baſe conduct of the French corps that fled before the enemy, appears to have inſpired the reſt of the army, from that day, with a courage whoſe ardour nothing could abate.

The day appointed for the National Convention to meet in Paris, (20th September) had now arrived, and the National Aſſembly was conſequently to terminate its labours, and conſign the fate of the ſuſpended king, together with the government of the empire, to the deliberation of the Convention. Accordingly on the next morning, being Friday the 21ſt, a member of the aſſembly, M. Francois, roſe and having obſerved, that the National Aſſembly ſhould end its operations by an act of reſpect to the National Convention; propoſed that an addreſs ſhould be preſented to this new conſtituent body, and "and let us repair," ſaid he, "to the "Thuilleries, where that auguſt body is now ſitting; let us ſerve as its firſt guard, "and bow before the ſovereignty of the people, whom they are going to repreſent." He then moved the following addreſs, which was unanimouſly agreed to:

To the NATIONAL CONVENTION.

"Repreſentatives of the Nation, the Members who compoſed the National Legiſlative Aſſembly, informed that the National Convention is conſtituted, have terminated their functions. They have agreed, at the ſame time, that their laſt act, as a body, ſhould be to wait upon you in the national edifice of the Thuilleries; to offer to conduct you, themſelves, to the place of your ſitting, to congratulate themſelves for having depoſited in your hands the reins of authority, and to ſet the firſt example of bowing before the Majeſty of that People whom you repreſent.

"We ought indeed to felicitate ourſelves, in a particular manner, for the happineſs we enjoy in ſeeing you aſſembled, becauſe it was in obedience to our voice that the nation choſe you; and becauſe, in yielding to our invitation, all the primary aſſemblies of France have unanimouſly ſanctioned thoſe extraordinary meaſures, which we thought ourſelves obliged to purſue to ſave 24 millons of men from the perfidy of one.—[Loud applauſes.]

"The difficult ſituation in which we have been ſince the memorable epoch of the 10th of Auguſt, would have doubtleſs required thoſe reſources, and that plenitude of power which you alone now poſſeſs. We have proviſionally done away every thing that the urgent intereſts of the people required, without encroaching upon the authority which was not delegated to us. In ſhort, Repreſentatives, you have arrived, inveſted with the unlimited confidence of a great and generous nation; commiſſioned by it to let its external enemies hear the voice of its independence; authorized to enchain at home the monſter of anarchy; in a ſituation to remove all obſtacles, and to make every head, without diſtinction, bend under the *protecting* and *avenging* ſword of the law. No pretences are any longer left for confuſion, no objects for diviſion. It is now the Nation which wiſhes for Liberty and Equality, and which has appointed you to eſtabliſh them upon a foundation which never can be ſhaken.

"Diſcharge, Repreſentatives, your important duties; realiſe the promiſes which we have made in your name; and may the French people ſoon be indebted to you for three gifts, the firſt and the moſt valuable that Heaven can beſtow upon mankind, Liberty! Laws! Peace!—Liberty, without which the French people can no longer live—Laws, which form the moſt ſolid baſis of Liberty—and Peace which is the only object, and the only end of war. Liberty! Laws! Peace! theſe three words were inſcribed by the Greeeks on the walls of the temple of Delphos. You will imprint them with indelible characters on the whole ſurface of the territories of France—and each of us, when we return to our reſpective departments, will every where inſpire confidence in your wiſdom; reſpect for the exiſting laws, in expectance of thoſe which are about to proced from your tutelary authority; ſubmiſſion to the free and popular Government which you are about to eſtabliſh, and the moſt ſincere wiſhes for maintaining among all the parts of this extended empire that unity, of which your auguſt aſſembly will ever be the common centre and bond of connexion."

The preſident, attended by the whole body, then proceeded to the hall in the Thuilleries where the National Convention was ſitting, and preſented the addreſs, which act terminated the exiſtence of the National Legiſlative Aſſembly.

The members of the National Convention who aſſembled this day amounted to upwards of two hundred, among whom we find two Engliſhmen, Mr. Thomas Paine, author of *Common Senſe, The Rights of Man*, &c. and Mr. Prieſtley, ſon to the celebrated Doctor Prieſtley.

The firſt proceeding of the Convention, after electing M. Condorcet preſident, and appointing other officers, was the receiving of the National Aſſembly's addreſs: and before the termination of this day's ſitting, was the paſſing of the following decrees:

I. A declaration, That there can be no conſtitution but that which is accepted by the people: That perſons and property are under the protection of the law.

II. That thoſe laws which have not been abrogated, and thoſe powers which have not been ſuſpended, ſhall be proviſionally preſerved and ſupported.

III. That the taxes actually exiſting ſhall be collected as formerly.

IV. That ROYALTY BE ABOLISHED in France.

On the next day the Convention decreed, "That all public acts ſhould be
" dated, *the firſt year of the French Republic*; and that the ſeal of the country ſhall
" be changed, and have for the legend FRENCH REPUBLIC: and that the national
" ſeal ſhall repreſent a woman ſitting on a bundle of arms, holding a pike in her
" hand with the cap of liberty upon it, on the exergue the words, *Archives of the*
" *French Republic.*

The Convention then proceeded to decree ſeveral regulations of leſſer moment; in doing which we ſhall leave them while we return to the operations of the northern armies.

On the 26th the miniſter of war informed the Convention that general Monteſquiou had entered Savoy almoſt without oppoſition, and on the 28th, communicated a diſpatch from the ſame general, dated from Chamberry, with an account that the entire dukedom had ſubmitted to the arms of the republic.

By this time the Pruſſian army which for ſome days had remained ſtationary at Verdun, extended its right by way of Vouſiers and Rhetel to the neighbourhood of Rheims; a movement, which has not yet been ſatisfactorily explained, as it does not appear to have had any eventual object in view, or to have been attended with the leaſt preſent advantage. On the contrary, the land it then covered, is the moſt barren and deſtitute of reſource in the kingdom of France; and at this time the elements conſpired to render the condition of this army truly diſaſtrous; cold rains fell almoſt inceſſantly, and rendered the roads by which the proviſions and forage were conveyed to their camp ſo deep and miry, that the convoys arrived with the greateſt difficulty: famine threatened to viſit the diſheartened bands, while ſickneſs, its fatal ally, had already commenced to ravage the devoted camp.

The ſituation of the enemy was not unknown to general Dumourier, every day he confined them to it he conſidered as an advantage, to effect which, he ſtrengthened all his poſts, eſpecially his head quarters at Sainte Menehould, in ſuch a manner, as to merit (to uſe the general's own expreſſion) the epithet of impregnable. The king of Pruſſia, who though not nominally the commander of the army, was in the duke of Brunſwick's camp and directed almoſt every operation, ſeaſible from the diſtreſs he witneſſed of the impracticability of advancing farther into France, and the impoſſibility of remaining much longer where he was; about the 23d of September made ſome overtures towards a negotiation to the French general, but this laſt not being veſted with diplomatic powers, wrote for inſtructions to the executive council in Paris, and until an anſwer might be expected, agreed to a kind of truce for four days; during which, not to loſe time a cartel for the exchange of priſoners (French emigrants only excepted) took place.

The anſwer of the executive council was laconic, "That no negotiation would "be entered into while the enemy remained on the territory of the republic."

The truce being terminated, diſpoſitions for a retreat were immediately made by the duke of Brunſwick, but as the laſt act of the abſurd piece he had performed, this generaliſſimo of the combined armies, on the very day it was to commence, (the 28th September) publiſhed a memorial differing little in ſpirit and ſubſtance from the bombaſtic manifeſto, which has already been noticed in this work.

From this day the tranſactions of the combined armies, preſent us with nothing but a calamitous chronicle, of an unexampled ſeries of diſtreſſes and diſgrace: the camp they abandoned reſembled charnel-houſes filled with the bodies of men and horſes, while the roads they paſſed were ſtrewed with ſick ſoldiers, with the dying, and the dead.

About ten days before the retreat of the confederate armies, the city of Liſle was attacked by a body of Auſtrian troops, under the command of the duke of Saxe Teſchen, an operation, it would be thought, more calculated to cauſe a diverſion that might favour the duke of Brunſwick's progreſs in France, than to reduce a city whoſe great and extenſive works required a more formidable force than he had under his command; if the manner of attacking the place did not bear the ſtrongeſt marks of vindictive reſentment: the artillery of the beſiegers, being directed not againſt the walls, gates or baſtions, but ſolely levelled at the deſtruction of the habitations and lives of the citizens. Shells were inceſſantly thrown into the town, and a cannonade of red-hot bullets, ſome of them, it is ſaid, even diſcharged by the arch-ducheſs, conſort to the general and aſſociated with him in the government of the Auſtrian Netherlands. Two thouſand houſes are ſaid to have been deſtroyed by the aſſailants, while the garriſon and town's-people ſeem to have gathered freſh courage from each deſperate attempt, by keeping up a well-directed and effectual fire from the town, and continual ſallies, deſtroying by each great numbers of the enemy. The news of the duke of Brunſwick's retreat at laſt reached the camp of the beſiegers; on the firſt or ſecond of the month, preparations for raiſing the ſiege were made, which in a few days after was effected.

The retreat of the confederated armies from the neighbourhood of Rheims, and their diſtreſsful ſtate, filled Paris with joy, which was encreaſed by accounts from the ſouthern army under general Monteſquiou, that he had without oppoſition penetrated into the duchy of Savoy, where he had taken poſſeſſion of Chamberry, the capital, and the whole ſurrounding country, where the people unanimouſly expreſſed a deſire to make a part of the French republic.

Such happy changes in the affairs of France called, in a particular manner, upon the executive council to deviſe ſuch meaſures as might turn thoſe fortunate events in the beſt manner to advantage. The advice of Dumourier as a ſtateſman and a general was wanted; he was ſent for, and arrived in Paris on the 10th, and on the 12th, the day before he quit the city to return to the army, he appeared at the bar of the National Convention, where being permitted to ſpeak, he addreſſed them in theſe words:

"Citizens, legiſlators! Liberty is every where triumphant; guided by philoſophy, it will overſpread the univerſe, and it will eſtabliſh itſelf on all thrones, after having cruſhed deſpotiſm, and enlightened the people.

" The conſtitutional laws which you are about to frame, will form the baſis of the happineſs and fraternity of nations. This war will be the laſt, and tyrants and privileged orders, miſtaken in their criminal calculations, will be the ſole victims in this ſtruggle of arbitrary power againſt reaſon. The army, which the confidence of the nation entruſted to my command, have deſerved well of their country. Reduced, when I joined them on the 28th of Auguſt, to 17,000 men, and diſorganized by traitors, whom puniſhment and ſhame every where purſue, they were neither intimidated by the number, diſcipline, threats, barbarity, nor firſt ſucceſſes of 80,000 ſatellites of deſpotiſm. The defiles of the foreſt of Argon were the Thermopylæ, where this handful of ſoldiers of liberty made a reſpectable reſiſtance for 15 days to that formidable army. More fortunate than the Spartans, we were ſupported by two armies, animated by the ſame ſpirit, whom we joined at the impregnable camp of St. Menehould. The enemy, in deſpair, wiſhed to attempt an attack, which adds a new victory to the military career of my colleague and friend Kellerman.

" In the camp of St. Menehould, the ſoldiers of liberty diſplayed other military virtues, without which even courage may be hurtful—confidence in their chiefs, obedience, patience, and perſeverance. That part of the republic conſiſts of a dry ſoil, deſtitute of wood and water. The Germans will rembember it; their impure blood will perhaps fertilize theſe barren plains, which are now drenched with it. The ſeaſon was uncommonly rainy and cold; our ſoldiers were badly clothed; were deſtitute of ſtraw to lie upon; had no covering, and remained ſometimes two days without bread, becauſe the poſition of the enemy obliged our convoys to take a long circuit by croſs roads, which are very bad at all ſeaſons, and which were then ſpoiled by the long rains; for I muſt do juſtice to the purveyors of proviſions and forage, who, notwithſtanding all the obſtacles of bad roads, wet weather, and the ſecret movements which I was obliged to conceal from them, ſupplied us with abundance as far as was poſſible; and I am happy in declaring, that we are indebted to their care for the good health of the ſoldiers. I never heard them murmur. Songs and joy would have made one take this formidable camp for one of thoſe camps of pleaſure, where the luxury of kings formerly collected embodied automata, for the amuſement of their miſtreſſes and children. The ſoldiers of liberty were ſupported by the hope of conqueſt; their fatigues and ſufferings have been rewarded; the enemy have ſunk under famine, miſery, and diſeaſe. This formidable army, diminiſhed one half, has fled. The roads are ſtrewed with the carcaſſes of horſes and dead bodies. Kellerman is in purſuit of them with more than 40,000 men, while I ſhall march with a like number to the aſſiſtance of the department of the North, and of the unfortunate and reſpectable Belgians and Liogoiſe.

" I have come to ſpend four days here, only for the purpoſe of ſettling with the executive council the plan of the winter campaign. I embrace this opportunity of preſenting my reſpects to you. I ſhall ſhew myſelf worthy of commanding the children of liberty, and to ſupport thoſe laws, which the ſovereign people are going eſtabliſh for themſelves by you their repreſentatives."

[*To be continued.*]

BIRTHS.

THE Counteſs of Weſtmeath of a ſon.——At Caſtle Bernard, Lady Hariot Bernard of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

AT Cork, Mr. Ganet Graham, to Miſs Graham of Mitchell's-town.—Richard Tooker, of the co. Cork, Eſq. to Miſs Anne Green, of Graige.—In Bourdeaux, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewſbury and Waterford, to Miſs Hoey, daughter of the late James Hoey, of Parliament-ſtreet, Dublin.—At Tralee, James O'Connor, gent. to Miſs O'Connell.—At Cork, Walter Croker, Eſq. to Miſs Margaret Nagle.—At Stoneville, co. Limerick, the Rev. George Studdart, to Miſs Maſſy, daughter to the late Hugh Maſſy, Eſq.—John Anſter, Eſq. of Charleville, to Miſs Mary Ann Hiffernan.—Richard Booker, Eſq. of Annmount, co. Cork, to Miſs Ann Green.—Captain Millard, of the 56th reg. to the Lady Dowager Riverſdale.—In Cork, Captain O'Dogherty, of the 28th reg. to Mrs. Dennahy.—John Molloy, Eſq. of the King's County, to Miſs Smith.—At Kinſale, Lieutenant Hoey, of the Royal Navy, to the widow Foot.—At Limerick, John Harnett, of Abbey-falle, Eſq. to Miſs Rowe.—At Tralee, Mr. Joſeph Williams, attorney, to Miſs Leyne.—John Sealy, Eſq. to Miſs Fitzmaurice.—At Platten, Mr. John Coulter, merchant, of Capel-ſtreet, to Miſs Chamney, of Drogheda.

DEATHS.

AT Crumlin, in the 95th year of her age, Mrs. Alice Brown, relict of the late Reverend Matthew Brown, vicar of St. Andrew's, Dublin.—At Birr, Andrew Ferguſon, Eſq.—At Cork, the widow Naſh.—At Nenagh, Paul Mennott, Eſq.—At Liege, the Right Hon. Conſtantine Phipps, Lord Mulgrave.—At Green-lane, co. of Kerry, John Mayberry, Eſq.—Near Caſtletown, the Reverend Michael Cunningham.—At Limerick, the widow Caſey, of Ballintery.—At Belfaſt, Mr. Chriſ. Wilſon, commander of the ſhip Minerva.—At Calcutta, in the Eaſt-Indies, Mr. Samuel Watſon, of Rockbook, co. Dublin.—In Dublin Barrack, James Acourt Dodd, Eſq. of the 35th reg. of foot.—In Cork, the Reverend Robert Auſtin, D. D. archdeacon of St. Peter's, in that city.—At the ſame place, the widow Collins.—In William-ſtreet, Mr. Walter Bell.—At Kilkenny, Richard Butler, Eſq. ſon of Thomas Butler, Eſq. of Kilcaſh.—In Cavendiſh-row, the widow Caldwell.—At Blarney, near Cork, Mrs. Whalley.—At Milford, in the co. of Clare, Mr. George Correyn, aged 90.—At Ennis, the wife of Charles Kean, Eſq.—In William-ſtreet, Mr. James Parke, of the Revenue.—In Corke, Lieutenant Burne, of the 58th reg.—At his houſe in Cavendiſh-row, Charles Gordon, Eſq.

PROMOTIONS.

LIEUTENANT General Warde, to the command in chief of the forces in Ireland.

6th Regiment of Dragoon Guards. Major George Veſey, from the 6th Foot, to be Major, vice St. Leger, exchanged; Cornet Edward Denny to be Lieutenant, vice Templeton, reſigned.

5th Regiment of Dragoons, Lieutenant William Irvine to be Captain Lieutenant, vice Coningham, reſigned: Cornet Norton Hutchinſon to be Lieutenant.

8th. Lieutenant Samuel Cooke, from the 13th Dragoons to be Captain, vice M'Lean, reſigned; Mr. John Browne to be Cornet, vice Henry Browne promoted.

12. Second Lieutenant the Hon. Robert Clive, from the 21ſt foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Stapleton promoted in the 58th foot.

17. Mr. Theobald Butler to be Cornet, vice Gwynn, promoted in 77 foot.

18. Mr. Joſhua Meredith to be Cornet, vice Gore, reſigned

8th Regiment of foot. Eldeſt Enſign Philip Armſtrong to be Lieutenant, vice Stoney reſigned. Mr. George Robert Stoney to be Enſign.

12th. Mr. Edward Villars Crotty to be Enſign, vice Severne, promoted.

22d. Mr. ——— Piers to be Enſign, vice Burke, reſigned. Mr. Adam Elliott to be Enſign, vice Crowley, reſigned.

40. Enſign Gerard Carige, from the half-pay of the late 82 regiment to be Enſign, vice Wigall exchanged.

41ſt. Mr. Francis Tidy, to be Enſign, vice Smith, promoted.

55th. Cornet Henry Fane, from the 7th Dragoon Guards, to be Lieutenant, vice Trembath, reſigned.

58th. Lieutenant the Honourable William Stapleton, from the 12th Dragoons, to be Captain Lieutenant, vice Rice, reſigned.

Staff.—Thomas Reed, Eſq. to be Provoſt Martial General, vice John Reed, reſigned.

David La Touche, jun. Eſq. to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

THE SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC MAGAZINE,

FOR *DECEMBER*, 1792.

EMBELLISHED WITH
AN ELEGANT TITLE FOR THE FIRST VOLUME,
In which is introduced APOLLO's RAPTURE, *a moſt beautiful Vignette;*
A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
CAPITALLY EXECUTED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING;
AND
THE SPELL;
ALL ENGRAVED BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

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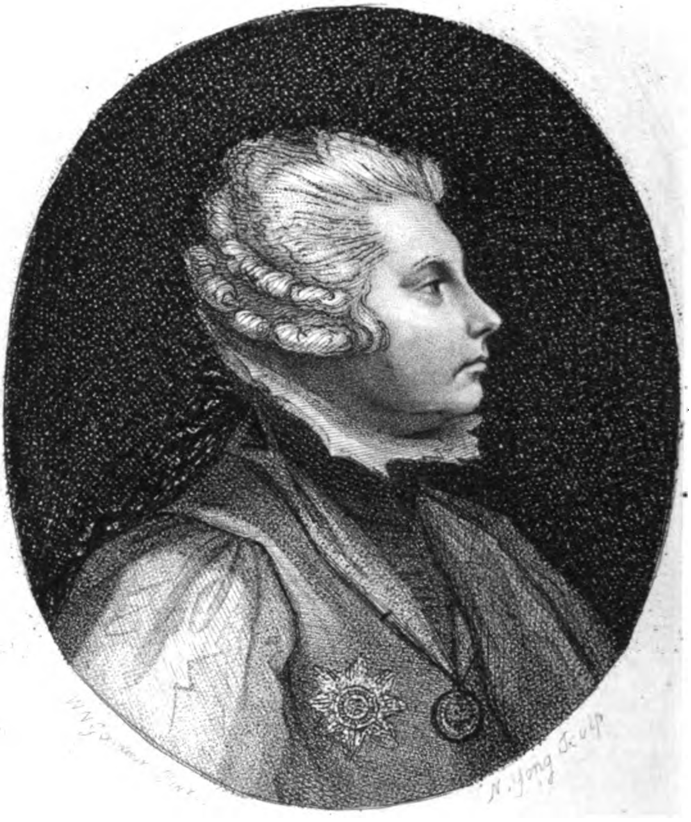
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N. Yong Sculp

His Royal Highneſs
GEORGE PRINCE of WALES.

THE
SENTIMENTAL AND MASONIC
MAGAZINE,
FOR *DECEMBER*, 1792.

A conciſe Account of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES; *illuſtrated with a ſtriking Reſemblance of that Prince, engraved by a capital Artiſt, from an original Painting.*

GEORGE-AUGUSTUS-FREDERICK, Prince of Wales, electoral Prince of Brunſwick-Luneburgh, Duke of Cornwall and Rothſay, Earl of Cheſter; Knight Companion of the moſt noble order of the Garter, Captain General of the Artillery Company, Steward of Plymouth, and Grand Maſter of the Britiſh Maſons; was born at the palace of St. James, Weſtminſter, on the 12th of Auguſt, 1762.

Of a perſon in a ſtation ſo exalted, as that of the heir apparent of the Britiſh empire, it is difficult to treat: his public actions, viewed through the dazzling ſplendour of a court, are either magnified by the medium that ſurrounds him, or loſt in its glare. On one hand, his favourites are laviſh in panegyric, while on the other, the diſcontend and invidious, whom theſe favourites keep aloof, in their reſentful endeavours to to render the courtiers obnoxious, depreciate the prince.

Whether the preceptors to whom the early part of this prince's education was committed, had abilities equal to the taſk, or if thoſe who ſucceeded them were more competent and faithful, are points on which there exiſts ſuch a variety of opinions, each, taking its complexion from the party to which it is attached, that it is prudent at this time to leave the ſubject to writers of a future day, who may with more coolneſs and better information reſume the diſquiſition.

When the prince had attained an age that made it proper, for the honour of the nation, that he ſhould have an eſtabliſhment, and in conſequence thereof, a court and houſehold were aſſigned him, ſuited to his rank and dignity, his diſpoſition and character was gradually developed to the public view. The nation ſaw a ſecond and ſucceſſive inſtance, in the ſpace of two centuries, of an heir apparent to the throne, aſſuming the *toga virilis*, and mixing with the people he would in the courſe of nature be called to govern, and emerging from the regularity of a domeſtic court, and preceptorial reſtraint, launch into the world. Thus did the ſubject of theſe anecdotes enter on public life, with a diſpoſition gay, wild, liberal and ingenuous, enjoying every pleaſure with avidity and zeſt in every ſhape, yet as its votary but not its ſlave; ſkimming the ſurface of diſſipation, he taſted of the ſtream, but ſunk not in its vortex: like the bird of Jove who ſometimes wings the valley but again ſoars aloft and reſumes its native element.

The prince of Wales is in his perſon tall, well formed, and remarkably graceful; his addreſs and manner being ſuch, that if he were not the prince of Wales, but moved in the loweſt ſphere of genteel life, he would be conſidered as one of the moſt accompliſhed gentlemen of his time.

With ſo captivating an exterior, the prince poſſeſſes an unqueſtionable taſte for polite literature, in all its walks; and not only delivers his ſentiments with eaſe on the graveſt and moſt abſtruſe ſubjects, but has an equal readineſs or facility in committing them to paper: his letters, for in this he is his own ſecretary, in the hands of many are the poſitive proofs of his judgment, perſpicuity, and underſtanding.

His taſte in the fine arts, eſpecially the ornamental ones, cannot be better exemplified than in the ſtile of the various decorations of Carleton Houſe, (the firſt and moſt elegant city reſidence in Europe) moſt of them of his own choice and deſign, as the artiſts employed there unanimouſly avow.

The ſhades in this great character, and what character is without them, would, in all probability, if duly and deeply inveſtigated, be found the effects of a liberal mind, a youthful hilarity or a tender ſuſceptibility. "He is no œconomiſt;" admitted, but has œconomy been ever inſerted in the catalogue of princely virtues; and is it not probable that the good ſenſe, which even thoſe who affect to condemn his conduct, allow him, will one day correct exceſſes of this kind? "He admits fools and profligates into his company," ſay the wiſe would be reformers of the age, but does he not alſo admit into his company characters of another caliber, is not the princely board ſtudded with gems of the firſt water, and are not the learned, the witty and the good, gueſts at Carleton-houſe?

The cenſors again return to the attack: "He has formed an improper connection." And which of you, unleſs your bodies are lifeleſs lumps, unanimated with a ſoul and dead to every tender feeling, has not at ſome one time formed an attachment? The nature of the attachment alluded to is not known, perhaps if it was, little could be urged againſt it: the object, we are told, poſſeſſes, with uncommon ſhare of perſonal attractions, mental endowments, the moſt praiſe worthy and captivating.

The conduct of the Prince of Wales, in 1789, when the calamitous ſtate of his royal father had made a kind of interregnum, was juſtly admired, and muſt live in the memory of every man whoſe intellects are not warped by party. Connected, as the prince was known to be, with the leaders of a faction who thirſted for power under his auſpices, he never for a moment loſt ſight of his duty and allegiance to his afflicted parent: though ſolicited to come forward and ſeize the reins that had fallen from the debilitated hands of his father, he modeſtly waited the ultimate event, while urged by the oppoſition in England, and by the Lords and Commons of Ireland: his only interference on this melancholy occaſion, was to order from his own purſe, that the poor of Weſtminſter ſhould be paid the annual donation at Chriſtmas of one thouſand pounds; which thoſe, who took upon them to manage the king's affairs at that time, peremptorily refuſed.

It is now upwards of two years ſince his royal highneſs was elected grand maſter of maſons in England; an office, which he has executed to the honour and advantage of the craft, with the grace, dignity and ſuavity of manner that ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes him on every occaſion. In this capacity we find him called upon through the medium of Lord

Donoughmore, to lay before his majeſty, reſolutions entered into on the 17th December, 1792, by the aſſociated lodges of the county of Armagh, declaratory of their ſtedfaſt adheſion to the king and conſtitution of theſe realms, and their determination to ſupport the government in its preſent form; of which duty, there is no doubt, but he has acquitted himſelf with his wonted propriety and attention.

ACCOUNT *of the* AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS.

[*Continued from page* 391.]

GHENT or the French call it GAND, is the capital of the province of Flanders; it is ſeated on four navigable rivers, the Scheld, the Lys, the Lieve, and the Moere, which run through it and divide it into canals: theſe form twenty-ſix little iſles, over which there are 300 bridges, among which there is one remarkable for a ſtatue of braſs, of a young man who was obliged to cut off his father's head; but as he was going to ſtrike, the blade flew into the air and the hilt remained in his hand, upon which they were both pardoned; there is a picture of the whole tranſaction in the town-houſe. Ghent is ſurrounded with walls and other fortifications, and is tolerably ſtrong for a place of its circumference, but all the ground within the wall is not built upon; the ſtreets are large and well paved, the market-places ſpacious, and the houſes computed at 36,000, built with brick: the Friday's market-place is the largeſt, and is remarkable for the ſtatue of Charles V. which ſtands upon a pedeſtal in the imperial habit: that of Cortere is remarkable for a fine walk under ſeveral rows of trees. In 1737, a fine opera-houſe was built there, and a guard-houſe for the garriſon. Near the town is a very high tower with a handſome clock and chimes; the great bell weighs 11,000 pounds.

This town is famous for the pacification ſigned here in 1526, for ſettling the tranquillity of the ſeventeen provinces, which was afterwards confirmed by the king of Spain. It was taken by Louis XIV. in 1678, who afterwards reſtored it. The French took poſſeſſion of it again after the death of Charles II. of Spain in 1706, from whom it was taken by the duke of Marlborough; and again poſſeſſed by the French in 1708, but taken from them the ſame year; laſt of all, the French took it by ſurprize after the battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1744, but at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle it was reſtored to Auſtria.

It is very well ſeated for trade on account of its rivers and canals; it ſtill carries on a great commerce in corn, and has linen, woollen and ſilk manufactures. The number of inhabitants is about 70,000, Eaſt Longitude 4° 0′ Lat. 51° 24′.

To the weſtward of Ghent is BRUGES, a large handſome epiſcopal city, capital of a territory of the ſame name: in the great market-place there is a houſe, founded in 1411, where they educate one hundred and thirty orphans; it was often taken and retaken in the late wars, particularly by the French in 1745. This place was formerly the Engliſh ſtaple for wool, and ſtill has a very good trade for foreign commodities, being ſeated on a fine canal, navigable from Oſtend, from which it is eight miles diſtant. Long. 3° 15′, Lat. 51° 12′ North.

OSTEND, is a ſtrong ſea-port town, the harbour is eſteemed a good one, and the town-houſe is magnificent. This place was more conſiderable before it underwent a long ſiege from the Spaniards, which laſted from 1601 to 1604, when it was almoſt entirely reduced to aſhes: in this ſiege the Belgians loſt 50,000 men, and the Spaniards 80,000. Iſabella Eugenia, governante of the Netherlands, made a vow that ſhe would not change her ſmock until Oſtend was taken, but before that happened it had greatly changed its colour; however the ladies of the court had their's dyed, that they might reſemble that of their miſtreſs. In 1706 it was taken by the Dutch, but reſtored to the emperor in 1724, when an Eaſt-India company was eſtabliſhed there, but ſuppreſſed by treaty in 1731. In 1745 it was taken by the French after a ſiege of ten days, and reſtored by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Long. 3° 1′ Lat. 51° 14′ N.

MONS in Hainault, is an ancient, large, handſome city. There is a chapter here conſiſting of thirty ladies of diſtinction, who have the liberty of leaving the community when they intend to marry. There are ſeveral manufactures and a good trade carried on at Mons. The city ſtands partly on a hill, and partly on a plain in a marſhy ſoil, on the rivers Haine, and Trouille, by which the ſurrounding country may be overflowed. It is ſeventeen miles N. E. of Tournay, and thirty-ſeven W. of Namur, Long. 4° 3′ E. Lat. 50° 27′ N.

NAMUR, is a large, rich and ſtrong town, capital of the county of that name; with a caſtle celebrated for its ſtrength. It is the ſee of a biſhop. This place was beſieged by king William the Third, of England, in 1695, who took it in the ſight of an army of 100,000 French, though there were 6,000 men in the garriſon. It is ſeated between two mountains, at the confluence of the rivers Maeſe and Sambre, Long. 4° 50′, Lat. 50° 29′ N.

MECHLIN or MALINES, is a handſome city, and capital of a diſtrict: it has an archbiſhop's ſee. The town conſiſts of ſeveral ſmall iſlands made by artificial canals, over which there are a great number of bridges. The cathedral church is a ſuperb ſtructure. In a very large houſe 800 to 1000 girls are brought up. It is a place of great trade, particularly famous for its founderies of cannon and mortars. The laces of Mechlin have been always in the firſt eſtimation. The territory of this town is a lordſhip, comprehending two ſmall diſtricts, containing nine towns of little conſequence and ſome villages: it is ten miles N. W. of Louvain, ten N. E. of Bruſſels, and fifteen S. E. of Antwerp. Long. 4° 34′, Lat. 51° 2′ N.

LOUVAIN is alſo a large town, celebrated for its univerſity: its walls are computed to be ſeven miles in circumferenee, but within them are ſeveral gardens and vineyards. The public buildings are magnificent: large quantities of cloth were formerly made here, which employed 15,000 weavers, but at preſent its trade is greatly decayed, and only remarkable for the goodneſs of its beer, with which it ſupplies the neighbouring towns. It its ſeated on the river Dyle, twelve miles N. W. of Bruſſels and forty N. E. of Mons. Long. 4° 49′, Lat 50° 53′ N.

This place, as well as all the others mentioned in this account, together with the whole of the Auſtrian Netherlands, Luxembourgh only excepted, ſurrendered to the French forces under general Dumourier in November, 1792.

The PRESENT STATE *of the* REPRESENTATION *of* ENGLAND *and* SCOTLAND.

[*Continued from page* 468.]

Colcheſter Borough.

NO borough in England has been more diſgraced by corrupt conteſts than this. Fordyce, the banker, Mayne, the banker, and Chriſtopher Potter, an adventurer, known by the name of the cheap baker, have all figured away as candidates for this town, and have ſoon after figured away likewiſe in the London Gazette. The corporation poſſeſs a power to make non-reſidents free, by which means they can always ſecure a majority for their favourite candidate. Colcheſter ſent members ever ſince the 23 Edw. I. It was incorporated by William III, and judgment of ouſter pronounced in 1740, which occaſioned a new charter to be granted in 1763. The right of election is in the ſworn burgeſſes not receiving alms, whoſe number is about 1400.

Malden. The influence at preſent prevailing here is that of J. H. Strutt, Eſq. and Ch. Callis Weſtern, Eſq. the preſent member. This is a very ancient town, being mentioned by Cæſar under the name of Comelodunum. It ſent members 25 Edw. II. is a corporation, made ſuch by Philip and Mary. The cuſtom of *Borough Engliſh* prevails here; the right of voting is in the freemen, whoſe number is about 195.

Harwich was formerly a treaſury borough, but the celebrated Jack Robinſon, of parliamentary notoriety, had the addreſs to ſecure the patronage to himſelf. The right of election is in 32 perſons only. It has ſent members ever ſince 17 Edw. III. but was afterwards diſcontinued until 12 James I. The right of election is in the mayor, 8 aldermen, and 24 capital burgeſſes.

Glouceſter County. The moſt prevailing ariſtocratic intereſt in this county is that of the Earl of Beaufort and the Earl of Berkeley, whoſe brother is one of the members. A ſingular event happened in 1624 for this county; the committee of the Houſe of Commons determined, that Sir J. Eſtcourt having a majority of votes, was duly elected, although *he had declared that he did not deſire to be choſen.*

Glouceſter City has ſhewn ſtrong ſigns of independency, yet the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Sydney have each a powerful intereſt. This city is ancient, was a Roman ſtation, and ſent members to parliament as early as 23 Edw. I. The right of election is in the inhabitants and freemen, whoſe number is about 3000.

Cirenceſter. The right of election is here undefined, the number who polled at the laſt election was about 600; the Earl of Bathurſt's intereſt has hitherto prevailed.

Tewkſbury. This borough may certainly be deemed independent, as it has the honour to ſend Mr. James Martin as repreſentative, a man who has had virtue enough to refuſe ſome of the moſt tempting offers from government. The right of election is in the inhabitants paying ſcot and bearing lot; their number is about 500.

Hants County. Although large, rich, and populous, is ſtill completely under the controul of government.

Portſmouth. The corporation here alone vote, their number about 110, the admiralty's intereſt ſtrongly prevails here; at preſent 'tis true, the oppoſition party prevails, but government we have no doubt will ſoon recover its influence.

Southampton Town. Is a county of itſelf, and its corporation highly reſpectable, who have great influence in the election, and the power of making honorary burgeſſes; it was repreſented 23 Edw. I.

Stockbridge. This borough has been very friendly to the gentlemen of the long robe, few elections paſſing without an appeal to parliament on the ſcore of bribery and corruption; the voters are inhabitants who pay to church and poor, in number about 57.

Chriſtchurch. Has had no deciſion on the right of election, but is a ſcot and lot borough, but the corporation aſſume the right of election, then umber of voters is only 24, and the patrons are Lord Malmeſbury, and George Roſe, Eſq. of notorious treaſury fame.

Lymington. The right of election is excluſively in the corporation, who are in number about 80, and wholly under the influence of Sir Harry Burrard.

Yarmouth, Iſle of Wight, contains about fifty houſes and cottages, the right of election is in the capital and free burgeſſes. Mr. Holmes and Mr. Jervoiſe, who have each friends, agree to ſend one member each.

Newtown, is a place ſo wretchedly decayed, as to have not more than ten cottages, but the right of voting is in 39 burgage tenures, of which Sir Richard Worſley, and Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, have a majority, and quietly ſettle the repreſentation.

Newport. This town is reſpectable, conſiſting of about 500 houſes, but the corporation, conſiſting of twenty four, elect the members, the Rev. Mr. Holmes is the patron.

Wincheſter City. Containing about one thouſand houſes, but its right of repreſentation is confined to the corporation, whoſe number does not exceed 60; the influence lies with Mr. Penton, and Mr. Leigh.

Andover. A corporation here aſſumes the privilege of electing the members, their number only 24, although the town contains 600 houſes; the Earl of Portſmouth, and Mr. Iremonger of Wharewell, are the patrons.

Whitchurch, is the joint property of Lords Middleton and Sydney, who although the voters are about 70, ſway the elections.

Petersfield. The right is here in the poſſeſſion of 154 freeholds and ancient dwellings, which are all the property of Mr. Jolliffe.

Hereford County. The Earl of Oxford's intereſt prevails here, but Sir George Cornwall and Mr. Walwyn oppoſing him in 1775, he has been obliged to let the former gentleman come in ſince on the independent intereſt.

Hereford City. A ſtrong ſtruggle has taken place here between the independent intereſt and the Duke of Norfolk, who, notwithſtanding the freemen are above 1200, can carry only one member.

[*To be continued.*]

HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN ENGLAND.

BY THE LATE RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

[*Continued from page* 396.]

IN the reign of the ſucceeding prince, Henry VIII. a particular regard was paid to the raiſing a breed of good horſes, and laws were made for the more certain attainment of that deſign.—The only method of ſecuring ſtrength and ſize in the progeny, is to ſelect the ſires and dams, of a certain proportion, ſize, and mould, and to permit no mare, or ſtallion, to breed, but under theſe reſtrictions.

A law was accordingly made, which directed, that every brood mare ſhould be, at leaſt, fourteen hands high.

This produced a very natural and juſt effect, and gave the kingdom many ſtout and uſeful horſes, inſomuch that Carew, in his hiſtory of Cornwall, ſuppoſes this law to have been the occaſion of loſing almoſt entirely the ſmall breed of horſes, which were peculiar to that country; and it is the ſame in the principality of Wales, where the little breed, once ſo abundant, is now almoſt extinct; their ſcarcity being a proof what changes air, food, and a mixture of blood, can produce in the animal world. The loſs, however of theſe Pigmies, which Mr. Carew regrets, was well repaired by a race of larger, and more able-bodied horſes; for theſe little animals, however pleaſing and uſeful in their own craggy and mountainous country, could not extend their merit beyond its bounds, being too inferior to the taſk of war, the ſpeed and fatigue of hunting, the ſplendour of tournaments, and the magnificent pageantries of the times, eſpecially of this reign, which all writers agree were exceſſive.

By another act of parliament of this king, we may perceive what anxiety there was for having large horſes. Some of the regulations are rather ſingular, but judicious, for the law is framed ſo as to conſider individuals in a comparative view of their rank and circumſtances. Every archbiſhop and duke are obliged under penalties, to keep ſeven trotting ſtoned-horſes for the ſaddle, each of which is to be fourteen hands high, at the age of three years. There are afterwards very minute directions, with regard to the number of the ſame kind of horſes, which are to be kept by other ranks and degrees, each in proportion to their circumſtances and ſtation.

Each perſon having benefices to the amount of one hundred pounds yearly, or a layman, whoſe wife ſhall wear any French hood, or bonnet of velvet, are obliged, under the penalty of twenty pounds, to keep one ſuch trottinge ſtone-horſe for the ſaddle. This ſtatute continued unrepealed till the 21ſt of James I. though, in fact, repealed by the eighth of Elizabeth, as to the Iſle of Ely, Cambrigeſhire, and many other counties, (which the preamble recites) which, on account of their rottenneſs, unfirmneſs, moiſture, and wateriſhneſs, were not able to breed, or bear horſes of ſuch a ſize.

The reaſon for enjoining ſtone-horſes to be kept, muſt have been for the ſake of breeding, and for the ſuperior labour they are thought to be able to undergo; and as they were more expenſive to maintain than mares or

geldings,

geldings, it being neceſſary to ſeparate and keep them apart, the rich and noble only are required to keep them in numbers proportioned to their rank and ability; while the lower people uſed geldings, for the advantage of turning them to graſs. Brood-mares, two at leaſt, were ordered to be kept by thoſe who had parks, encloſures, and other conveniencies.

Baked bread, known by the name of horſe-bread, was the uſual food of horſes, inſtead of oats and other grain: regulations were made concerning it in this reign, by parliament. Peaſe likewiſe were given in food.

It may not, perhaps, be unentertaining to the reader, to peruſe the following liſt of horſes, as it will give him a notion of the times, and ſet before him the different ſorts then in uſe among the nobility and others. The extract is taken from a manuſcript, now in the poſſeſſion of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, and lately printed, under the title of "The Regulations and Eſtabliſhment of the Houſehold of Algernon "Percy, the Fifth Earl of Northumberland. Begun *anno* 1512. "London printed 1768."

It begins, "This is the order of the chequir roul of the nombre of all "the horſys of my lordies and my ladys, that are apoynted to be in the "charge of the hous yearely, as to ſay: gentill hors, palfreys, hobys. "naggis, cloth-ſek hors, male hors. Firſt, gentill hors, to ſtand in "my lordis ſtable, ſix. Item, palfreys of my ladys, to wit, one for "my lady, and two for her gentill-women, and oone for her chamberer. "Four hobys and naggis for my lordis oone ſaddill, viz. oone for my "lorde to ride, oone to lede for my lorde, and oone to ſtay at home for "my lorde.

"Item, chariot hors to ſtond in my lordis ſtable yerely. Seven great "trottynge hors to draw in the chariott, and a nagg for the chariott "man to ride; eight. Again, hors for lorde Percy, his lordſhips ſon "and heir. A great doble trotting hors for my lorde Percy to travel "on in winter. Item, a great doble trottynge hors, called a Curtal, "for his lordſhip to ride on out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldynge hors for his lordſhip to ride upon when he comes into townes. "An amblynge horſe for his lordſhip to journey on dayly. A proper "amblyng little nagg for his lordſhip when he gaeth on hunting or "hawking. A great amblynge gelding, or trottynge gelding, to "carry his male."

Such were the horſes of ancient day, ranked into claſſes, and allotted to different ſervices.

The gentil horſe was one of a ſuperior and diſtinguiſhed breed, ſo called in contraſt to ſuch as were of a mean and ordinary extraction. The Italians at this day call their nobleſt breeds, Razza gentile. Gentleman is underſtood in this ſenſe, ſignifying a perſon of better birth and family. Nemeſian uſes the very word in this ſenſe.

——Gentili ſangnine firmus.

Palfreys were an elegant and eaſy ſort of horſes, which, for their gentleneſs and agreeable paces, were uſed upon common occaſions by military perſons and others; who reſerved their great, or managed horſes for battle, and the tournament. Their pleaſing qualities ſoon recommended them to the fair ſex, who having no coaches, uſed theſe palfreys, and always travelled on horſe-back.

Hobys were ſtrong, active horſes, of rather a ſmall ſize: they are reported to have been originally natives of Ireland, and were ſo much liked and uſed, as to become a proverbial expreſſion for any thing of which people are extremely fond. Nags come under the ſame deſcription, as to the ſize, quality, and employments.

Clothſek, was a cloak-bag horſe, as male-horſe is one who carried the the portmanteau. Horſes to draw the chariot were waggon horſes; from the French word charrette, whence the Engliſh word cart; for coaches, or chariots, (in our acceptation) were not known at this time. A great doble trottyng horſe, was a tall, broad, and well ſpread horſe, whoſe beſt pace was the trot, being too unweildy in himſelf, or carrying too great a weight, to be able to gallop. Doble or double ſignified broad, big, ſwelled out; from the French double, who ſay of a broad-loined filleted horſe, that he has les reins doubles and double bidet.

Henry was undoubtedly very fond of horſes, and ſo thoroughly convinced of what advantage they are to a kingdom, that he did every thing, both by his authority and example, to introduce and ſupport a generous breed, of which the nation was at this time ſhamefully unprovided.

Nor was this monarch only ſolicitous to introduce and eſtabliſh a generous and ſerviceable breed of horſes in the kingdom, but he extended his cares farther, and endeavoured to make his plan ſtill more uſeful, by providing experienced and ſkilful perſons to preſide in his ſtables, and ſpread by their means the rules and elements of horſemanſhip through the nation. This uſeful and becoming art, as the Duke of Newcaſtle ſays, began, or rather revived, about this time in Naples. The perſon who firſt taught it there was named Pignatelli. Henry invited two Italians, who had been his ſcholars, into England, and placed them in his ſervice. From one of thoſe were deſcended the Alexanders, who were riding-maſters, mentioned likewiſe by the Duke, and whoſe ſcholars filled the kingdom with horſemen.

The king likewiſe had an Italian farrier, named Hannibale, who was looked up to by his Engliſh brethren as an oracle; and who did not diſcover great myſteries, but yet taught them more than they knew before.

Sir Philip Sydney, in Elizabeth's reign, introduced the Signors Proſpero and Romano. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leiceſter, and maſter of the horſe to the queen, retained in his ſervice an Italian horſeman, whoſe name was Claudio Curtio. He wrote a book on the art, which is ſtill extant. Theſe, and ſome who come afterwards, at different intervals, formed many horſemen; and laid the foundation of the manege in England.

Nothing remarkable concerning horſes happened in the ſhort reign of Edward VI. but it appears from an act of parliament, made in the firſt year of his reign, that horſes were highly valued; for this act conſiders the ſtealing of them among the blackeſt crimes, and takes away the benefit of clergy from horſe-ſtealers, together with thoſe convicted of houſebreaking, ſacrilege, and murder. All other offences and felonies indeed, except treaſon, were afterwards entitled to this benefit, though excluded, by later acts of parliament.

By theſe prudent and judicious meaſures, the Engliſh breed of horſes was not only improved in ſtrength, and ſize, but alſo greatly increaſed in number.

The uſe of coaches was not known in England till the year 1580 (in Queen Elizabeth's reign) when they were introduced by Fitz-Allen, Earl of Arundel.

Till this period, ſaddle horſes and carts were the only methods of conveyance for all ſorts of people; and the queen rode behind her maſter of the horſe, when ſhe went in ſtate to St. Paul's. This faſhion, however, prevailed only in the former part of her reign, and was totally extinguiſhed by the appearance of coaches. Their introduction occaſioned a much larger demand of horſes, than former times had wanted; and ſuch was the number of them employed in this ſervice, that at the latter end of the queen's reign a bill was propoſed in the Houſe of Lords, to reſtrain the ſuperfluous and exceſſive uſe of coaches. It was rejected upon the ſecond reading: the Lords, however, directed, that the attorney general ſhould peruſe the ſtatutes for promoting the breed of horſes, and conſider of ſome proper bill in its room.

The invention of gunpowder being known, and fire arms generally uſed, the heavy armour fell into diſrepute, and a light ſort was only uſed; a lighter and more active horſe therefore became neceſſary, and were accordingly cultivated and uſed. Sir John Smythe in his treatiſe on the good effects of archery in armies, written the year after the attempt of the Spaniſh Armada, ſpeaks of this ſort of armour and horſes with diſapprobation and contempt, and ſays, "their horſemen alſo ſerving on "horſeback with launces, or any other weapon, they think very well "armed with ſome kind of headpiece, a collar, and a deformed light "bellied beaſt."

This was the origin of the light and fleet breed of horſes in this country, which became as neceſſary when the weight of the riders was ſo conſiderably leſſened, as the ſtrong and ſlower ſort were, when heavy armour was worn.

Thoſe diſtinguiſhed trials of ſpeed and vigour between horſe and horſe, were not as yet eſtabliſhed and practiſed, in the manner in which they are exhibited at preſent. Nor were any horſes kept merely for the purpoſe of diſplaying their ſpeed upon certain occaſions, at ſtated ſeaſons, and conſecrated, like the running horſes of latter times, ſolely to the turf. It is nevertheleſs certain, that this comparative method of proving the goodneſs of horſes, was known in theſe times; and that private matches were made between gentlemen, who, depending upon their own ſkill, rode their horſes themſelves.

[*To be continued.*]

An ACCOUNT *of the* FIVE INDIAN NATIONS *of* CANADA.

BY CADWALLADER COLDEN, ESQ.

THE Five Nations (as their name denotes) conſiſt of ſo many tribes or nations, joined together by a league or confederacy, like the united provinces, and without any ſuperiority of the one over the other. This union has continued ſo long, that the Chriſtians know nothing of the original of it: the people in it are known by the Engliſh under the names of Mohawks, Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Sennekas.

Each of theſe nations is again divided into three tribes or families, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by three different arms or enſigns, the tortoiſe, the bear, and the wolf; and the ſachems, or old men of theſe families, put this enſign, or mark of their family, to every public paper, when they ſign it.

Each of theſe nations is an abſolute republic by itſelf, and every caſtle in each nation makes an independent republic, and is governed in all public affairs by its own ſachems or old men. The authority of theſe rulers is gained by, and conſiſts wholly in the opinion the reſt of the nation have of their wiſdom and integrity. They never execute their reſolutions by force upon any of their people. Honour and eſteem are their principal rewards; as ſhame, and being deſpiſed, their puniſhments. They have certain cuſtoms, which they obſerve in their public tranſactions with other nations, and in their private affairs among themſelves; which it is ſcandalous for any one among them not to obſerve, and theſe always draw after them either public or private reſentment, whenever they are broke.

Their leaders and captains, in like manner, obtain their authority, by the general opinion of their courage and conduct, and loſe it by a failure in thoſe virtues.

Their great men, both ſachems and captains, are generally poorer than the common people; for they affect to give away and diſtribute all the preſents or plunder they get in their treaties or in war, ſo as to leave nothing to themſelves. There is not a man in the miniſtry of the Five Nations, who has gained his office, otherwiſe than by merit; there is not the leaſt ſalary, or any ſort of profit, annexed to any office, to tempt the covetous or ſordid; but, on the contrary, every unworthy action is unavoidably attended with the forfeiture of their commiſſion; for their authority is only the eſteem of the people, and ceaſes the moment that eſteem is loſt. Here we ſee the natural origin of all power and authority among a free people, and whatever artificial power or ſovereignty any man may have acquired, by the laws and conſtitution of a country, his real power will be ever much greater or leſs, in proportion to the eſteem the people have of him.

The Five Nations think themſelves by nature ſuperior to the reſt of mankind, and call themſelves *Ongue-honwe;* that is, men ſurpaſſing all others. This opinion, which they take care to cultivate into their children, gives them that courage, which has been ſo terrible to all the nations in North America; and they have taken ſuch care to impreſs the ſame opinion of their people on all their neighbours, that they, on all occaſions, yield the moſt ſubmiſſive obedience to them. I have been told by old men in New-England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as ſoon as a ſingle Mohawk was diſcovered in the country, their Indians raiſed a cry from hill to hill, a Mohawk! a Mohawk! upon which they all fled like ſheep before wolves, without attempting to make the leaſt reſiſtance, whatever odds were on their ſide. The poor New-England Indians immediately ran to the Chriſtian houſes, and the Mohawks often purſued them ſo cloſely, that they entered along with them, and knocked their brains out in the preſence of the people of the houſe; but if the family had time to ſhut the door, they never attempted to force it, and on no occaſion did any injury to the Chriſtians. All the nations round them have, for many years, entirely ſubmitted to them, and pay a yearly tribute to them in Wampum;* they dare neither make war nor peace, without the conſent of the Mohawks. Two old men commonly go about every year or two, to receive this tribute; and I have often had opportunity to obſerve what anxiety the poor Indians were under, while theſe two old men remained in that part of the country where I was. An old Mohawk ſachem, in a poor blanket and dirty ſhirt, may be ſeen iſſuing his orders with as arbitrary an authority, as a Roman dictator. It is not for the ſake of tribute however, that they make war, but from the notions of glory, which they have ever moſt ſtrongly imprinted on their minds; and the farther they go to ſeek an enemy, the greater glory they think they gain; there cannot, I think, be a greater or ſtronger inſtance than this, how much the ſentiments impreſſed upon a people's mind, conduce to their grandeur, or one that more verifies a ſaying often to be met with, though but too little minded, that it is in the power of the rulers of a people to make them either great or little; for by inculcating only the notions of honour and virtue, or thoſe of luxury and riches, the people, in a little time, will become ſuch as their rulers deſire. The Five Nations, in their love of liberty, and of their country, in their bravery in battle, and their conſtancy in enduring torments, equal the fortitude of the moſt renowned Romans. I ſhall finiſh their general character by what an enemy, a Frenchman, ſays of them, Monſieur De la Poterie, in his Hiſtory of North America.

"When we ſpeak (ſays he) of the Five Nations in France, they are thought, by a common miſtake, to be mere barbarians, always thirſting after human blood; but their true character is very different. They are indeed the fierceſt and moſt formidable people in North America, and, at the ſame time, are as politic and judicious, as well can be conceived; and this appears from the management of all the affairs which they tranſact, not only with the French and Engliſh, but likewiſe with almoſt all the Indian Nations of this vaſt continent."

Their matters of conſequence, which concern all the nations, are tranſacted in a general meeting of the ſachems of each nation. Theſe conventions are commonly held at Onnondaga, which is nearly the center of their country; but they have fixed on Albany for the place of treating with the Britiſh Colonies.

They ſtrictly follow one maxim, formerly uſed by the Romans to increaſe their ſtrength, that is, they encourage the people of other nations to incorporate with them; and when they have ſubdued any people, after they have ſatiated their revenge by ſome cruel examples, they adopt the reſt of their captives; who, if they behave well, become equally eſteemed with their own people; ſo that ſome of their captives have afterwards become their greateſt ſachems and captains. The Tuſkaroras, after the war they had with the people of Carolina, fled to the Five Nations, and are now incorporated with them; ſo that they now properly indeed conſiſt of ſix nations, though they ſtill retain the old name of the Five Nations among the Engliſh. The Cowetas alſo, or Creek-Indians, are in the ſame friendſhip with them.

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* *Wampum is the current money among the Indians: it is of two ſorts, white and purple: the white is worked out of the inſide of the great conques into the form of a bead, and perforated to ſtring on leather; the purple is worked out of the inſide of the muſcle ſhell; they are wove as broad as one's hand, and about two feet long; theſe they call belts, and give and receive at their treaties as the ſeals of friendſhip, for leſſer matters a ſingle ſtring is given. Every bead is of a known value, and a belt of a leſs number, is made to equal one of a greater, by ſo many as is wanting faſtened to the belt by a ſtring.*

The Tuſkaroras, ſince they come under the province of New York, behave themſelves well, and remain peaceable and quiet.

The cruelty the Indians uſe in their wars, towards thoſe that do not or cannot reſiſt, ſuch as women and children, and to their priſoners, after they have them in their power, is deſervedly indeed held in abhorrence: but whoever reads the hiſtory of the moſt famed heroes, will find them, I'm afraid, not much better in this reſpect. Does Achilles's behaviour to Hector's dead body, in Homer, appear leſs ſavage?* this cruelty is alſo not peculiar to the Five Nations, but equally practiſed by all other Indians. It is wonderful, how cuſtom and education are able to ſoften the moſt horrid actions, even among a polite and learned people; witneſs the Carthaginians and Phenicians burning their own children alive in ſacriſice; and ſeveral paſſages in their Jewiſh hiſtory; and witneſs, in latter times, the Chriſtians burning one another alive, for God's ſake.

When any of the young men of thoſe nations have a mind to ſignalize themſelves, and to gain reputation among their countrymen, by ſome notable enterprize againſt their enemy, they at firſt communicate their deſign to two or three of their moſt intimate friends; and if they come into it, an invitation is made, in their names, to all the young men, of the caſtle, to the feaſt on dog's fleſh; but whether this be, becauſe dog's fleſh is moſt agreeable to Indian palates, or whether it be as an emblem of fidelity, for which the dog is diſtinguiſhed by all nations, that it is always uſed on this occaſion, I have not ſufficient information to determine. When the company is met, the promoters of the enterprize ſet forth the undertaking in the beſt colours they can; they boaſt of what they intended to do, and incite others to join, from the glory there is to be obtained; and all who eat of the dog's fleſh, thereby inliſt themſelves.

The night before they ſet out, they make a grand feaſt, to this all the noted warriors of the nation are invited; and here they have their war-dance, to the beat of a kind of kettle-drum. The warriors are ſeated in two rows in the houſe, and each riſes up in their turn, and ſings the great acts he has himſelf performed, and the deeds of his anceſtors; and this is always accompanied with a kind of dance, or rather action, repreſenting the manner in which they were performed; and from time to time, all preſent join in a chorus, applauding every notable act. They exaggerate the injuries they have at any time received from their enemies, and extol the glory which any of their anceſtors have gained by their bravery and courage; ſo that they work up their ſpirits to a high degree of warlike enthuſiaſm. I have ſometimes perſuaded ſome of their young Indians to act theſe dances, for our diverſion, and to ſhew us the manner of them; and even, on theſe occaſions, they have worked themſelves up to ſuch a pitch, that they have made all preſent uneaſy. Is it not probable, that ſuch deſigns as theſe have given the firſt riſe to tragedy?

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* *We ſhall anſwer the author—It certainly does. The brutality of Achilles was exerciſed againſt the* dead *body of an enemy ſlain in combat; that of the American Indians, is againſt the* living *bodies of their priſoners.*

They come to theſe dances with their faces painted in a frightful manner, as they always are when they go to war, to make themſelves terrible to their enemies; and in this manner the night is ſpent. Next day they march out with much formality, dreſſed in their fineſt apparel, and in their march, obſerve a profound ſilence. An officer of the regular troops told me, that while he was commandant of Fort-Hunter, the Mohawks, on one of theſe occaſions, told him, that they expected the uſual military honours as they paſſed the garriſon. Accordingly he drew out his garriſon, the men preſented their pieces as the Indians paſſed, and the drum beat a march; and with leſs reſpect, the officer ſaid, they would have been diſſatisfied. The Indians paſſed in a ſingle row, one after another, with great gravity and profound ſilence; and every one of them, as he paſſed the officer, took his gun from his ſhoulder, and fired into the ground near the officer's foot: they marched in this manner three or four miles from their caſtle. The women, on theſe occaſions, always followed them with their old clothes, and they ſend back by them their finery in which they marched from the caſtle. But before they go from this place, where they exchanged their clothes, they always peel a large piece of the bark of ſome great tree; they commonly chuſe an oak, as moſt laſting; upon the ſmooth ſide of this wood they, with their red paint, draw one or more canoes going from home, with the number of men in them padling, which go upon the expedition; and ſome animal, as a deer or a fox, an emblem of the nation againſt which the expedition is deſigned, is painted at the head of the canoes; for they always travel in canoes along the rivers, which lead to the country againſt which the expedition is deſigned, as far as they can.

After the expedition is over, they ſtop at the ſame place in their return, and ſend to their caſtle, to inform their friends of their arrival; that they may be prepared to give them a ſolemn reception, ſuited to the ſucceſs they have had. In the mean time, they repreſent on the ſame, or ſome tree near it, the event of the enterprize, and now the canoes are painted with their heads turned towards the caſtle; the number of the enemy killed, is repreſented by ſcalps painted black, and the number of priſoners by as many withs, (in the painting not unlike pot-hooks) with which they uſually pinion their captives. Theſe trees are the annals, or rather trophies of the Five Nations: I have ſeen many of them: and by them, and their war ſongs, they preſerve the hiſtory of their great atchievements. The ſolemn reception of theſe warriors, and the acclamations of applauſe, which they receive at their return, cannot but have in the hearers the ſame effect, in raiſing an emulation for glory, that a triumph had on the old Romans.

After their priſoners are ſecured, they never offer them the leaſt maltreatment, but, on the contrary, will rather ſtarve themſelves than ſuffer them to want; and I have been always aſſured, that there is not one inſtance of their offering the leaſt violence to the chaſtity of any woman that was their captive. But notwithſtanding this, the poor priſoners afterwards undergo ſevere puniſhments before they receive the laſt doom of life or death. The warriors think it for their glory, to lead them through all the villages of the nations ſubjects to them, which lie near the road; and theſe, to ſhew their affection to the Five Nations, and their abhorrence of their enemies, draw up in two lines, through which the poor priſoners, ſtark naked, muſt run the gauntlet: and on this occaſion, it is always obſerved, the women are much more cruel than the men. The priſoners meet with the ſame ſad reception when they reach their journey's end: and after this, they are preſented to thoſe that have loſt any relation in that or any former enterprize. If the captives be accepted, there is an end to their ſorrow from that moment; they are dreſſed as fine as they can make them; they are abſolutely free (except to return to their own country) and enjoy all the privileges the perſon had, in whoſe place they are accepted; but if otherwiſe, they die in torments, to ſatiate the revenge of thoſe that refuſe them.

If a young man or boy be received in place of a huſband that was killed, all the children of the deceaſed call that boy father; ſo that one may ſometimes hear a man of thirty ſay, that ſuch a boy of fifteen or twenty is his father.

Their caſtles are generally a ſquare ſurrounded with paliſadoes, without any baſtions or outworks; for ſince the general peace, their villages lie all open.

Their only inſtruments of war are muſquets, hatchets, and long ſharp-pointed knives; theſe they always carry about with them; their hatchet, in war-time, is ſtuck in their girdle behind them; and beſides what uſe they make of this weapon in their hand, they have a dexterous way of throwing it, which I have ſeen them often practiſe in their exerciſe, by throwing it into a tree at a diſtance: they have, in this, the art of directing and regulating the motion, ſo that though the hatchet turns round as it flies, the edge always ſticks in the tree, and near the place at which they aim at. The uſe of bows and arrows are now entirely laid aſide, except among boys, who are ſtill very dexterous in killing fowls and other animals with them.

They uſe neither drum nor trumpet, or any kind of muſical inſtrument in their wars; their throats ſerve them on all occaſions, where ſuch are neceſſary. Many of them have a ſurpriſing faculty of raiſing their voice, not only in inarticulate ſounds, but likewiſe to make their words underſtood at a great diſtance; and we find the ſame practiſed by Homer's Heroes,

> Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears—
> O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ears.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

JOURNEY *from* DAMASCUS *to* BARUTH, SAYDE, *and* ST. JOHN D'ACRE, *&c.*

BY M. PAGES.

WE departed from Damaſcus for Baruth, and marched towards the mountain, which we kept on our right: we aſcended it by a commodious road, and towards ten o'clock, after eight hours march, we ſtopped at a ſmall village. There I eat fruits, milk diet, and pulſe, which were remarkably good, though the ſoil was little cultivated, and exceſſively dry.

The following night we ſet off. Towards two in the morning, and after ſome eaſy aſcents and deſcents, we followed a narrow but long defile, which brought us to a vaſt and long plain in form of a little valley, named the Becca. It was marſhy, and of a blackiſh ſoil, very fertile. Through the middle of this plain flowed a river, which we paſſed. Some time after we arrived at a village, which ſerves as a ſtore-houſe for the grain produced by that neighbourhood. The third night, at the ſame time, we departed hence, and climbed up lofty and ſteep, but extremely well cultivated mountains. The aſcents and deſcents were very difficult. We were more than once obliged to alight, and ſeveral of our mules fell down.

Upon our way, fruits were brought us of all kinds, of which there is great plenty among thoſe rocks. What little ground there was, was planted either with vines or mulberries, and fruit trees. We reſted at a little houſe, where there were veſtiges of a conſiderable fountain, which watered the mulberry trees in its vicinity.

I remarked the difference of culture of theſe trees in Aſia and Europe. In the latter part of the world, they are left to grow as they will; whereas here they are pruned, by plucking off the leaves: they were at moſt eight or nine feet high.

I was every where well received. The moſt general food in that country is freſh and ſoured milk, and loaves baked on the ſides of a cylinder of maſonry, heated by a fire lighted within.

The inhabitants of thoſe mountains ſeemed to me diſtinguiſhed for their noble ſimplicity. I found in them neither the pride of the Turks of Damaſcus, nor the meanneſs and ſubmiſſion which appeared in the faces of the Chrſtians of the ſame city. Theſe Chriſtians of Damaſcus live rather like ſlaves than men, by the tyranny of the Mahometans, and by their meanneſs in moſt of their actions. We departed at night, as we were but a ſhort day's journey from Baruth. After having continued our road towards the top of thoſe mountains, I diſcovered the Mediterranean, and thanked God for having conducted me to a ſea which waſhed the ſhore of my country. The weather was cloudy, and it was long ſince I had ſeen the clouds heaped upon one another as I then ſaw them, or the rain fall; yet I began to regret the heat of the climates I had left behind, for the nights were cool upon theſe mountains.

We deſcended them gently, and I diſcovered a plain, whoſe verdure enchanted the eye. On the deſcent, the ſprings water and overflow by intervals the ſlope of the hills, and they give a verdure to the little ſoil which is to be found among thoſe rocks: they join afterwards themſelves, and forming large rivulets which, branching into canals, water the reſt of the hill and the plain. On the entrance of that plain we found a little fort or caſtle, ſituated near a ſmall river, which commands a vaſt proſpect over mulberry trees, which it waters as well as the greateſt rains. We croſſed this foreſt of mulberry-trees, which ſtretches over that vaſt plain. The ſoil is ſo well cultivated, that there is not a ſingle inch left barren; but water becomes ſcarcer as we remove from the mountains. At length we diſcovered the city of Baruth, where we arrived towards nine o'clock. I went to the cuſtom-houſe, where after having my baggage examined, I repaired to the hoſpital of the Capuchins, the common aſylum, where thoſe good fathers receive all ſtrangers.

The Jeſuits of Damaſcus had given me a letrer to the ſuperior of one of their hoſpitals, ſituated in Queſrouan. That part of the mountains of Libanus is inhabited by the Maronites alone, whom I had reſolved to viſit. I took minute informations from the ſuperior of the Capuchins, whoſe mild and calm phyſiognomy perfectly correſponded with the purity of his mind, and the true zeal with which he was animated for his function of his miſſion.

I remained only two days at Baruth, which is but a ſmall and ill-built town. It is, together with a great part of the mountains, in the power of an Emir, tributary to the Turks, which ſecures him from their vexations. It is inhabited by Chriſtians and Mahometans, who live in good underſtanding, through the mutual fear of the juſtice of government, which is altogether impartial; or elſe dreading immediate puniſhment for any inſults, which is often inflicted upon the ſpot.

I departed for Queſrouan, whoſe natural defences had been ſo much extolled to me by the number of inacceſſible mountains, in which it is as it were buried. They had alſo much boaſted the number and valour of its inhabitants, and the quantity of convents there for both ſexes. Indeed I was aſſured, that the Catholic religion was as fully exerciſed there as in France, the inhabitants not ſuffering any other ſect to live among them.

I croſſed a part of the plain of Baruth, where a little river flows, and continued my way to the ſea-ſhore by the way of Tripoli. I arrived at the foot of a mountain, which is aſcended by a flight of ſtairs cut in the rock. This work has been made by the Romans, who have placed divers inſcriptions in it. It is about twelve feet wide, and they have cut holes in the rock leſt the horſes ſhould ſlip: they have even taken the precaution to put rails on the ſide of the ſea, which rolls beneath among the rocks where we behold the moſt dreadful precipice.

After having aſcended by that way, which is eaſy enough, and having likewiſe deſcended on the other ſide, two leagues from Baruth, I paſſed a river called Dog's River. There the ſea-ſhore preſents a whole region of mulberry-trees, watered by the river, which is diſtributed by means of canals. I did not turn that way, but went to the right, going along the bank of the river, which although hemmed in at firſt by two mountains, almoſt perpendicular, grows wider afterwards, and is planted with mulberry-trees. The declivity of the mountain to the left was wrought into an amphitheatre, watered and planted in the ſame manner. I croſſed the river at a ford, above a long bridge, where there is an inſcription, and I began to aſcend near a mill upon a rough and unpleaſant path. Being arrived at the top, I viſited a convent of Maronite monks, called Louiſy. Their church is decent. There, from the top of a hill, I diſcovered the environs of the Jeſuits' hoſpital, named Aintoura: I made to it, going down hill and paſſing through a large village, I croſſed a very narrow dale whoſe ſoil, like all that country, was covered with mulberry and fig-trees, and with vines; but it was rather dry, being not well watered. I aſcended the ſlope of this mountain, leaving a well-planted country to the right behind me, and farther off a large village; after going a league, ſtill coaſting the mountains, I diſcovered on a ſmall eminence ſome houſes, and a convent of nuns, who are under the direction of the Jeſuits. Afterwards I arrived at this hoſpital, which lies two leagues off the Dog River.

I was well received by the ſuperior, to whom I imparted my wiſh of viſiting the Queſrouan. He offered to give me all the aſſiſtance in his power. The hoſpital ſtands about one third up the ſlope of a rough mountain, but which is all covered and planted. Though the ſoil is dry and gloomy, the vines and the trees thrive well. There is no village properly ſpeaking, the houſes are all diſperſed. Beſides the convent of nuns, a ſeminary is to be ſeen higher up, where the Jeſuits labour in educating novices, who may be inclined to the prieſthood; but they were confined in their local ſituation by a princeſs, the widow of an Emir, who profeſſing the Chriſtian religion, had requeſted a part of that ſeminary to reſide in.

The ſuperior brought me acquainted with a Sheick or Lord who lived two leagues off at a village called Jelton. The greater part of the reigning family of the Chriſtian Sheicks, which is very numerous, and divided in ſeveral branches, reſides in this village. The third day after my arrival he gave me a letter for the Sheick, and I ſet forward on my journey.

After having aſcended conſiderably, I paſſed on the height a little wood of pine-trees. The ſurface of the mountain was dry. I ſaw to the left the dales of Aintoura, and to the right an immenſe valley, formed by the Dog River, and the amphitheatre of the lofty mountains of the Antiqueſrouan, on which I diſcovered the poſſeſſions of the Emir of Solyma, whoſe village lay hidden behind a little hill.

On the ſide of this great valley, where the Dog River flows, there is a rich ſpring, which ſupplies this river with water, which is alſo encreaſed by rivers, that pour into it from the higher parts of the valley. This ſource ſprings from a profound cavern, and anti-cavern. This anti-cavern, which occurs at firſt, is very capacious, and formed in the rock, where there hangs a quantity of fine chryſtallizations.

The cavern that follows is lower on the declivity, and difficult of acceſs. Beſides the chryſtallizations, which are found there likewiſe, one ſprings from the vault, and falling within one foot of the ground, ſeems to form a kind of pillar of the ſize of a man. Through an aperture, the courſe of the water from its ſource may be ſeen, which paſſing underneath thoſe caverns, produces by its abundance and fall a conſiderable murmur. I aſcended afterwards another very high mountain, at the foot of which is the reſidence of a biſhop, and upon which is the village of Jelton. The ſoil was ſtill ſtony and dry, but the mulberry-trees were very freſh. Though this village is in a better condition than the others, yet the houſes do not ſeem to indicate it to be the reſidence of the Sheicks, or the lords of the country. Theſe lords are well united among themſelves, and lead a frugal, but noble and eaſy life: they might paſs rather for rich peaſants than lords; and it is to this ſimplicity and want of luxuries, that thoſe mountaineers owe the bravery which renders them free, and independent of the vexations of the Turks. They pay, however, the ſame tribute as they do to the Grand Signior; and they never fail, though their natural fortifications would engage them to revolt.

I went down to the Sheick, to whom I was directed: he was not at home, but there were ſeveral of his relations amuſing themſelves under an arbour of vines: they treated me politely, and I was ſoon after well received by the maſter of the houſe. He recommended to one of his ſons not to loſe ſight of me, and to conduct me to ſuch places as might be moſt entertaining and agreeable. He did not ſuffer me to depart until the third day of my arrival, and I ſpent my time among different Sheicks, who gave me good collations, as did likewiſe ſome refugee merchants, and the nuns of Aintoura, when I went to viſit them. I made one of their aſſemblies, which they held under the trees; they never failed to take me along with them to divine ſervice, or to an aſſembly in the evening, where all the youth met. In this aſſembly, after ſome amuſing diſcourſe, a pious lecture is given, and they recite ſome prayers. I was ſurpriſed to ſee ſo much urbanity among thoſe people. The mildneſs of the character of the Sheick's ſon, who accompanied me every where ſeemed to me moſt engaging.

That village is ſituated on a dry and ſtony ſoil, and has no other waters but that of the wells and ciſterns; but its elevation on the third degree of the amphitheatre of the mountains forms its ſtrength, and has determined thoſe lords to fix upon it for their reſidence. The whole country of Queſrouan belongs to them: taxes are paid to them, and they pay in their turn a conſtant tax to the Emir, who is himſelf a tributary to the Grand Signior. They adminiſter juſtice, and aſſeſs the impoſts; but the difference of degrees is not ſo great as in Europe, and every man here knows his own ſtation. The Catholics alone are looked upon as inhabitants, and even the Turks pay a duty upon the road to Tripoli, which through the lower dependencies of that country the Chriſtians alone are exempted.

When the inhabitants of this country go a certain diſtance from their village, they arm themſelves from head to foot. An injury never remains unpuniſhed among them; this accounts for the boldneſs of their appearance, which without bordering on effrontery, indicates a maſculine character, though ſtill good and affable. They are ſympathiſing and hoſpitable, and I think them witty, of a joking, and perhaps even ironical diſpoſition.

ON

ON ALCHYMY.

FROM CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

IT was but the other day, I read an advertiſement in a newſpaper, from one who pretends to have made great diſcoveries in the hermetic art. With the aſſiſtance of '*a little money*,' he could '*poſitively*' aſſure the lover of this ſcience, that he would repay him '*a thouſand fold!*' This ſcience if it merits to be diſtinguiſhed by the name, is moſt certainly an impoſition; which, ſtriking on the feebleſt part of the human mind, has ſo frequently been ſucceſsful in carrying on its deluſions.

As late as the days of Mrs. Manley, the authoreſs of the Atalantis, there is on record a moſt ſingular deluſion of alchymy. The recollection, whether it was herſelf, or another perſon, on whom it was practiſed, has now eſcaped me. From the circumſtances, it is very probable, the ſage was not leſs deceived than the patroneſs.

It appears, that an infatuated lover of this deluſive art met with one who pretended to have the power of tranſmuting lead to gold. This hermetic philoſopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country reſidence of his patroneſs; a long laboratory was built; and, that his labours might not be impeded by any diſturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn round on a ſpring; ſo that unſeen, and unſeeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without diſtracting the ſublime contemplations of the ſage.

During a reſidence of two years, he never condeſcended to ſpeak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroneſs. When ſhe was admitted into the laboratory, ſhe ſaw, with pleaſing aſtoniſhment, ſtills, immenſe cauldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did ſhe behold with leſs reverence the venerable figure of the duſty philoſopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progreſſes: and, having ſometimes condeſcended to explain the myſteries of the arcana, ſhe beheld, or ſeemed to behold ſtreams of fluid, and heaps of ſolid ore, ſcattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new ſtill, and ſometimes, vaſt quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune, in ſupplying the demands of the philoſopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the ſtandard of reaſon. Two years had now elapſed, vaſt quantities of lead had gone in and nothing but lead had come out. She diſcloſed her ſentiments to the philoſopher. He candidly confeſſed, he was himſelf ſurpriſed at his tardy proceſſes; but that now he would exert himſelf to the utmoſt, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation which, hitherto, he had hoped not to have been neceſſitated to employ. His patroneſs retired, and the golden viſions of expectation reſumed all their luſtre.

One day, as they ſat at dinner, a terrible ſhriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon, aſſailed their ears. They haſtened to the laboratory: two of the greateſt ſtills had burſt;

one part of the laboratory was in flames, and the deluded philoſopher ſcorched to death!

An author, who wrote in the year 1704, preſents us with the following anecdote, concerning an alchymical ſpeculation.

'The late Duke of Buckingham, being over-perſuaded by a pack of knaves, who called themſelves chemical operators, that they had the ſecret of producing the philoſopher's ſtone, but wanted money to carry on the proceſs; his Grace engaged to aſſiſt them with money to carry on the work, and performed his promiſe at a vaſt expence. A laboratory was built, utenſils provided, and the family filled with the moſt famous artiſts in the tranſmutation of metals.—Adepts of a ſuperior claſs, who would concern themſelves only about the grand Elixir, and a pack of ſhabby curs, to attend the fires, and do other ſervile offices; and yet, forſooth, muſt be alſo called philoſophers.

'This great charge continued upon the duke for ſome years; for, whoever was unpaid, or whatever was neglected, money muſt be found to bear the charge of the laboratory, and pay the operators; till this chimera, with other extravagancies, had cauſed the mortgaging and ſelling of many fine manors, lordſhips, towns, and good farms.

'All this time, nothing was produced by theſe ſons of art of any value; for, either the glaſs broke, or the man was drunk and let out the fire, or ſome other misfortune, ſtill attended the grand proceſs, at the time aſſigned for a *je ne ſcai quoi* to be produced, that muſt turn all things to gold. The duke encountering nothing but diſappointments, and the operators finding themſelves ſlighted, and money very difficult to be had, the project fell!'

Penotus, who died at ninety-eight years of age, in the hoſpital of Sierdon in Switzerland, had ſpent nearly his whole life in reſearches after the philoſopher's ſtone; and becoming, at length, from affluent circumſtances, reduced to beggary and reaſon, was accuſtomed to ſay—'that if he had a mortal enemy, that he durſt not encounter openly, he would adviſe him, above all things, to give himſelf up to the ſtudy and practice of alchymy.'

Every Philoſophical mind muſt be convinced that alchymy is not an art, which ſome have fancifully traced to the *remoteſt times*; it may be rather regarded, when oppoſed to ſuch a diſtance of time, as a modern impoſture. Cæſar commanded the treatiſes of alchymy to be burnt throughout the Roman dominions; and this ſhews the opinion of one who is not leſs to be admired as a philoſopher than a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this ſuccinct paſſage relative to alchymy—'the ancient books of alchymy, ſo liberally aſcribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the uſe or abuſe of chymiſtry. In that immenſe regiſter, where Pliny has depoſited the diſcoveries, the arts, and the errors, of mankind, there is not the leaſt mention of the tranſmutations of metals; and the perſecution of Diocleſian is the firſt authentic event in the hiſtory of alchymy. The conqueſt of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffuſed that vain ſcience over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was ſtudied in China, as in Europe, with equal ſucceſs. The darkneſs of the middle ages enſured a favourable reception to every take of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and ſuggeſted more ſpecious arts to deception? Philoſophy, with the aid of experience, has at length baniſhed the ſtudy of alchymy; and the preſent age, however deſirous of riches, is content to ſeek them by the humbler means of commerce and induſtry.'

After this, will it be credited that, even in this enlightened age, a writer ſhould ſtand forth as its advocate? Mr. Andrews, in his anecdotes, has an article concerning alchymy. His account of Nicholas Flamal is not accurate. He attributes 'his myſterious proſperity to that *great ſecret* which has been ſought for through ages, and which, *to this day*, has its *believers*.' Of theſe *believers*, undoubtedly, Mr. Andrews is one!

The COUNTENANCE *an* INDICATION *of the* INTERIOR CHARACTER.

BY THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON.

THE countenance is a thing merely exterior, but, from which, there are certain conſequences to be drawn, to know the interior character and diſpoſitions of perſons. A firm and ſteady countenance ſuppoſes that a man preſerves a preſence and a compoſure of mind; on the contrary, an embarraſſed countenance indicates confuſion, and a diſturbed mind. Therefore thoſe who are expert in galantry, like ſkilful politicans, know how to take advantage of the appearance of the countenance to forward their deſigns.

It would be equally impolite and aukward to diſcompoſe women in public; there are private opportunities when we ought to be leſs circumſpect. So the politician, in his private conferences, hazards blunt and unexpected propoſitions, obſerves the effects they produce upon him who was not prepared to receive them, according to which he puſhes his point, or retreats. A certain and general rule in ſociety is, that an amiable man never ſtrives to embarraſs any body, and takes ſuch meaſures, as not to be embarraſſed himſelf; for nothing but embarraſſment makes men of ſenſe appear like fools.

As ſoon as a man is in place, or has acquired a fortune, he preſently acquires haughtineſs and airs of importance, which is eaſily believed to be the diſtinguiſhing mark and proof of ſuperiority. Nevertheleſs the more we are elevated, the more affable we ought to be, except on certain occaſions, wherein it is neceſſary to ſhew that we feel what we are, and to check thoſe who would otherwiſe forget it, and fail in what is due to us.

I have ſomewhere read, that we ought never to lay aſide an air of authority, ſo far as not to have it in our power to reſume it when neceſſary: becauſe appearance is often neceſſary to evince reality.

Never make a great blow with a timid air, the effect would be loſt: but appear to pity thoſe whom you are obliged to puniſh; ſeem ſorry to refuſe thoſe whoſe demands you cannot comply with, and to be happy and ſatisfied at having it in your power to confer upon them ſome favour.

I ſhall be anſwered that all this is ſoon ſaid, but very delicate and difficult of execution; I acknowledge it; but it is what a man in place muſt ſtudy to acquire. *Hic meta laborum.*

Great bablers and tale-bearers have ſeldom a firm countenance, or, at leaſt, eaſily loſe it. Fools never have it; but half wits poſſeſs it ſometimes, and then it is a great merit in them, as it conceals a part of their folly. As a grave countenance is generally accompanied with ſlowneſs in deliberation, this gives time to reflect upon what is to be ſaid or done; men of this deſcription make fewer miſtakes and fooliſh expreſſions.

The countenance of ſuperiors is never embarraſſing to people who have been well brought up; he has learned betimes the danger of being inſolent; but meanneſs is always contemptible. Moreover, as an honeſt man has nothing to reproach himſelf with, he is never embarraſſed in anſwering queſtions which are put to him; and, if he has to aſk in his turn, he gives his reaſons with that confidence which virtue and juſtice inſpire. It is equally neceſſary to be brief in the expoſition of our reaſons, in the narration of circumſtances and ſtories; in theſe we ought to preſs on to the point upon which they turn, abridge the preambles, and ſay no more than is neceſſary to lead to and diſcover it. The ſame in requiſitions, no more ſhould be ſaid than is abſolutely neceſſary to make known the deſired object, and the reaſons which may be deciſive and determinate, for the perſon to whom the requiſition is made, diveſting it alſo of every acceſſory, and changing the prologue into an overture.

It is more difficult for ſuperiors to conduct themſelves with their inferiors. To receive well a ſolicitation, they ought to know to whom they ſpeak, and be acquainted with the matter in queſtion, which is not always the caſe on the firſt approach; whilſt they are ignorant of the buſineſs, they ought to watch and attend; neither to diſcourage nor flatter with hopes, but to hearken, and, if it be neceſſary, to bring, by degrees, the ſolicitor to the point, always avoiding all appearance of unfavourable prepoſſeſſion: finally, to promiſe nothing but what they are ſure to perform, and to give no hopes but ſuch as are juſt and reaſonable. Moreover they ought to blend their politeneſs with that art which is not acquired but by a great knowledge of the world, and which cannot be learned in the duſt of the cabinet. Buſineſs is done by men, and with men; but, on the one hand, thoſe who have lived enough amongſt them to acquire the art of ſatisfying a numerous audience, have frequently led too diſſipated lives to have profoundly ſtudied the bottom of affairs with which they are charged; on the other, men who have grown pale over papers, have not been ſufficiently in the world. In both theſe caſes there are riſks, but rational people are well aware of them, and take their meaſures accordingly.

ON FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of moſt faſhions, was in the endeavour to conceal ſome deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the ſeventh of France, introduced long coats, to hide his ill made legs.

Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantaganet, duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excreſcence which he had upon one of his feet.

Sometimes, faſhions are quite reverſed in one age from thoſe of another. Thus bags, when firſt in faſhion in France, were only wore *en diſhabille*. In viſits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the ſhoulders—all which is exactly contrary to our preſent faſhion. Queen Iſabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as the fairneſs of her complexion, introduced a faſhion of leaving the ſhoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

In England, about the reign of Henry the fourth, they wore long-pointed ſhoes, to ſuch an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were faſtened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, it was the cuſtom of an Engliſh beau of the fourteenth century to have theſe chains of gold or ſilver. A very accurate account of one of this deſcription may be found in Henry's hiſtory of Great Britain, in his chapter on manners, &c. vol. IV. The ladies of that period were not leſs fantaſtical in their dreſs; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the moſt cynical ſatiriſt can have no reaſon, on a compariſon with thoſe times, to cenſure our preſent modes.

To this article, as it may probably arreſt the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may ſerve as a hint for the heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of Poppea, the queen of Nero, that ſhe concealed a part of her face: 'To the end,' he adds, 'that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curioſity, they might think higher of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been expoſed.'

REMARKS *on the* FLOATING *of* CORK BALLS *in* WATER.

BY MR. BANKS, LECTURER OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

PERHAPS no ſimple appearance ſeems ſo generally miſunderſtood as that of Cork balls, &c. on water, and as one falſe principle adopted, is often productive of more, a few obſervations on ſo ſimple a phenomenon, may not be thought below the notice of the learned, although perfectly acquainted with the true cauſe. That clean bubbles of glaſs or pieces of cork, left to ſwim in water, contained in clean veſſels of glaſs or china, and at the diſtance of about one inch from the ſide, will approach that ſide is certain, and it appears that this and ſimilar experiments have frequently been made by philoſophers to prove the attraction of theſe bodies. To this I cannot aſſent for different reaſons, which I preſume are ſupported in the following experiments; the experiments are made in a veſſel of glaſs or earthen ware, five or ſix inches in diameter.

Experiment I. If a clean cork be wet and placed about one inch from the ſide of the containing veſſel, it will approach the ſide with an accelerated motion.

Experiment II. If two corks be placed about an inch from each other, and at a ſufficient diſtance from the ſide, they approach each other in the ſame manner.

Experiment III. Pour water into the veſſel till it is rather higher than the brim. Place the cork cloſe by the ſide, and it recedes with a retarded motion.

Experiment IV. Sink a piece of metal in the center of the veſſel, ſo that the top thereof may be above the ſurface of the water; the cork placed at a proper diſtance, will approach it.

Experiment V. Raiſe the water till the metal is covered, and the cork will remain at reſt at any diſtance from the metal.

In all the experiments, the water which ſurrounds the balls is elevated by capillary attraction, as alſo by the ſide of the containing veſſel, except in experiment the third.

Experiment VI. Pieces of dry cork, or painted balls, placed gently on water, and near each other, alſo approach each other; but if one is placed near the ſide of the containing veſſel, adjoining to which the water is elevated, it will recede.

In this experiment the ſurrounding fluid is depreſſed.

Whether theſe bodies attract each other or not, I preſume is not to be determined by theſe experiments, however, they are not intended to diſprove any attraction, but rather to prove that there is ſome other more powerful cauſe on which the phenomena depend; if not, why does the ball in the third experiment, leave the ſide to which it adhered in the firſt? or how ſhall we account for the univerſal receſs of balls, around which the fluid is depreſſed, from thoſe around which it is elevated? and why are they not attracted by bodies exceedingly near, when theſe bodies are perfectly covered with water?

Theſe experiments, I know, are not of ſufficient weight with ſome, who rank high among the literati, to prove that the phenomena are not owing to attraction; yet I preſume the true cauſe has long ſince been explained upon hydroſtatical principles, by Dr. W. T. Graveſande, &c. for as every body which ſwims, impreſſes the ſupporting fluid with a force equal to its own weight, the fluid re-acts, and preſſes the ſupported body with the ſame force; the ſides of the body are alſo preſſed by the ſurrounding fluid with forces which are as the depth; but if the encompaſſing water be raiſed by capillary attraction, the preſſure will ſtill be the ſame, or equal on oppoſite ſides, ſo that without force, the body cannot move; but if it be placed ſo near the ſide that the water elevated by it joins that elevated by the ſide of the veſſel, or by another ball, the preſſure on that ſide is diminiſhed, while that on the other ſide remaining the ſame, will cauſe it to approach the ſide of the other ball; and in the ſame manner, if the fluid is depreſſed when the cavities meet, the preſſure on that ſide will be diminiſhed, and they of conſequence approach each other on the ſide of the veſſel; and the receſs in the third experiment is evidently owing to the preſſure being ſuperior on that ſide nearer to the glaſs when the fluid is elevated above it, and the elevation round the balls joins the declining ſurface near the edge. Some indeed have drawn directly the contrary concluſion; but when the elevated water which ſurrounds the ball, and is ſupported by it, is cauſed with one ſide to join the declining ſurface of the ſupporting fluid, it muſt then gravitate and preſs in all directions with more force, as there is more of it elevated above the ſurface of the ſupporting water.

An

An Account of the Extraordinary Converſion of Prince CHRISTOPHER RADZIVIL, *an illuſtrious Nobleman of* POLAND.

FROM ROBINSON'S ECCLESIASTICAL RESEARCHES.

ABOUT the middle of the ſixteenth century, prince Nicholas Radzivil having been induced, by the converſation of ſome learned Proteſtants, to renounce the errors of popery, his couſin, prince Chriſtopher Radzivil, being extremely ſorry, that a prince of his family ſhould deſert the religion of his anceſtors, went to Rome and paid all imaginable honours to the pope. The Roman pontiff being alſo deſirous of gratifying him in a peculiar manner, gave him at his departure a box filled with relics. Being returned to his houſe, and the news of theſe relics being ſpread abroad, certain friars ſome months after came and told this prince that a man was poſſeſſed with the devil, who had been exorciſed to no purpoſe: they therefore beſought him, for the ſake of the unhappy wretch, to lend them the precious relics which he had brought from Rome. The prince granted them very readily, upon which they were carried to church in ſolemn pomp, the monks all going in proceſſion on that occaſion. At laſt they were laid on the altar, and on the day appointed, a numberleſs multitude of people flocking to this ſhew, after the uſual exorciſms the relics were applied. At that very inſtant the pretended evil ſpirit came out of the body of the man, with the uſual poſtures and grimaces. Every one cried out, a miracle! and the prince lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, to return thanks for bringing home ſo holy a thing, which performed ſuch miracles. But ſome days after, as he was in that admiration of tranſport and joy, and was beſtowing the higheſt eulogiums on the virtue of theſe relics, he obſerved that a young gentleman of his houſhold, who had the keeping of that rich treaſure, began to ſmile, and make certain geſtures, which ſhewed he only laughed at his words. The prince flew in a paſſion, and would know the reaſon of his deriſion. A promiſe being made to the gentleman that no harm ſhould be done him, he declared ſecretly to the prince, 'That in their return from Rome, he had loſt the box of relics, which had beeu given him to keep, and not daring to divulge this, for fear of puniſhment, he had found means to get one like it, which he had filled with the little bones of beaſts, and ſuch trifles as reſembled the relics he had loſt; that ſeeing ſo much honour paid to that vile heap of filth, and that they even aſcribed to it the virtue of driving away devils, he haſt juſt cauſe to wonder at it.' The prince believed this ſtory to be true, and neverthleſs being deſirous of getting farther light into this impoſture, he ſent for the monks the very next day, and deſired them to enquire whether there were any more demoniacs who wanted the aſſiſtance of his relics. A few days after they brought him another man poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit, who acted the ſame part with him who had appeared before. The prince commanded him to be exorciſed in his preſence: but as all the exorciſms which are uſually employed on theſe occaſions proved ineffectual, he ordered that man to ſtay in his palace the next day, and bid the monks withdraw. After they were gone he put the demoniac among his Tartarian grooms, who, purſuant to the orders which had been given them, firſt exhorted him to confeſs the cheat: but as he perſiſted obſtinately in it, ſtill making his furious and dreadful geſtures, ſix of them chaſtiſed him ſo ſeverely with rods and ſcourges, that he was obliged to implore the prince's mercy, who pardoned him the inſtant he had confeſſed the truth. The next morning the prince ſent for the friars, when the wretch in queſtion throwing himſelf at his feet, proteſted that he was not poſſeſſed, and had never been ſo, but that thoſe friars had forced him to act the part of one who was ſo. The monks, at firſt, beſought the prince not to believe this, ſaying that it was an artifice of the devil who ſpoke through that man's mouth. But the prince anſwered, that if the Tartarians had been able to force the devil to tell truth, they would alſo be able to extort it from the mouth of thoſe friars. Now theſe monks, ſeeing themſelves put to it in this manner, confeſſed the impoſture, ſaying, that they had done all this with a good intention, and to check the progreſs of hereſy. But the prince offered up his hearty prayers to God, for having been ſo gracious as to diſcover ſuch an impoſture; and now entertaining a ſuſpicion of a religion, which was defended by ſuch diabolical practices, though they went by the name of pious frauds, he ſaid, that he would no longer depend on any perſon for his ſalvation, and thereupon began to read the ſcriptures with unparalleled aſſiduity. In ſix months time, all which he ſpent in reading and prayer, he made a wonderful progreſs in piety, and in the knowledge of the myſtery of the goſpel. After which he himſelf, with his whole family, profeſſed the Proteſtant religion in 1564.'

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

MARIE FRANCOIS AROUET, who afterwards aſſumed the name of Voltaire, from a ſmall patrimonial eſtate which he inherited, was born at Paris, the twentieth of February, 1694, being the ſon of Francois Arouet, an ancient notary of the Chatelet, by Marie Margurete Daumart. At the birth of this celebrated man, who afterwards attained the age eighty-four years, his life was deſpaired of, and his health was for a long time in a precarious ſtate. From his earlieſt years he ſhewed great brilliancy of genius and activity of imagination; and, to uſe his own phraſe, *he liſped in numbers ere he left the cradle.* He ſtudied in the college founded by Louis XIV. and made a rapid progreſs. Some pieces of his ſtill exiſt, written between the age of twelve and fourteen, which do not betray any mark of child-hood.

Early in life he was introduced to the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos, who was ſo pleaſed with his diſplay of talents, that ſhe preſented him with two thouſand livres, to furniſh him a ſmall library. When he left the college. he was ſent to ſtudy the law; but the dryneſs of that purſuit ſo much diſguſted him, that he gave up all thoughts of the profeſſion, and applied himſelf to his beloved poetry. Having been admitted to the ſociety of the Abbé Cholieu, the marquis de Fare, the Duke de Sulli, the grand Prior de Vendome, and others, he acquired that natural good taſte and pleaſantry which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed the court of Louis XIV. Such a ſociety rather encouraged than corrected that propenſity to ſatire, which he ſhewed at a very early age, and which was afterwards the cauſe of many diſagreeable circumſtances to him. He indulged his inclination in this reſpect at the expence of government and the governors; and was impriſoned near a year in the Baſtile, during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. His tragedy of Oedipus appeared in 1718, and met with great ſucceſs. The regent ſaw the piece, and was ſo charmed with it, that he ordered him to be releaſed, and ſaid, if he would be prudent, he would take care of him. Arouet with great humour replied, "I am much obliged to your Highneſs, "but beg you will not take care of my lodging or my diet."

His father wiſhed to make him an advocate, and was ſo offended at his taſte for poetry, that he had driven him from his houſe; but going to one of the repreſentations of his new tragedy, he was affected, even to ſhed tears, and embraced his ſon in the midſt of many of the celebrated ladies of the court: there was from henceforth no further thought of making young Arouet a lawyer.

About the year 1720, he took a journey to Bruxelles, the unfortunate and much celebrated Rouſſeau was then in that city; theſe two great geniuſes met, and ſoon conceived an averſion to each other. Rouſſeau ſhewed Voltaire an ode he had written *To poſterity*. "This letter," ſaid the latter, "will never reach thoſe to whom it is addreſſed." This and other ſevere ſtrokes, did not tend to conciliate affairs between them. On his return to Paris, in 1722, he produced his Mariamne, which did not ſucceed, any more than this tragedy of Artemira. Theſe mortifications, his independent ſpirit, his religious opinions, and his inclination to ſatire, induced him no retire to England, where he publiſhed his Henriade. George I. and the Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen, beſtowed favours and gratifications on him, and procured him many ſubſcribers. This laid the foundation of his fortune, which was afterwards conſiderably augmented by the profits of his works, the favour of princes, by commerce, and by a ſpirit of œconomy, which was ſtigmatized as avarice, till in his latter days he ſhewed he knew how to make a good uſe of riches. On his return to France, he employed the money he had collected in England in a lottery, eſtabliſhed by M. Deſforts, controuler general of the finances, and was ſucceſsful. This attention to pecuniary affairs did not hinder him from cultivating the belles letters, which was his ruling paſſing. His tragedy of Brutus appeared in 1730, written with greater ſtrength of language than any other of his tragedies, and was more eſteemed by the connoiſſeurs than followed by the generality of ſpectators. The beaux eſprits of that age, Fontenelle, La Motte, &c. adviſed him to quit the dramatic art, as they thought it not ſuited to his genius. Voltaire thought otherwiſe, and to convince them to the contrary, produced his Zaire, a work the moſt affecting of any that has appeared for a long period of time.

Voltaire did not confine himſelf to poetry. His *Letters Philoſophiques*, full of bold ſpeculation and ſatirical ſhafts, aimed at what he thought errors in religion, having appeared, was directed by an arret of the parliament of Paris to be burned; and an order iſſued to arreſt the author, who prudently got off. Voltaire had connected himſelf (in 1733) with the Marchioneſs du Chatelet; with her he retired to Cerey, an eſtate belonging to that lady in Champagne, where he built a gallery for experiments on light and electricity, and formed a fine cabinet, and a numerous library. In this retreat he compoſed his *Elements of the Philoſophy of Newton*. Our great philoſopher was then little known in France, and the numerous diſciples of Deſcartes were as little deſirous to be acquainted with him. While employed in thoſe occupations, he compoſed his tragedies of Alzire, Mahomet, the Prodigal Son, and Merope; the former he ſent into the world in 1736. His view in this, as in many other of his works, was to ſoften the minds of his audience, and he ſucceeded beyond his hopes. Here he alſo wrote his Univerſal Hiſtory. He was now in the prime of his age, and the height of his genius, which he proved by his tragedy of Mahomet, a piece full of bold and manly ſtrokes. Complaints were made of it to the *procureur general*, as a work tending to injure religion; and, by the advice of Cardinal Fleury, our author cauſed it to be withdrawn. His tragedy of Merope was performed with a ſucceſs equal to his Alzire, and afforded the idea of a ſpecies of tragedy, of which there exiſted few models; when it appeared in print, it was however much criticiſed. It was on the repreſentation of this piece, that both pit and boxes demanded to ſee the author, an honour then conferred on authors of great merit only.

For ſix years Voltaire continued in this charming retreat, during which time he kept up a correſpondence with the Prince of Pruſſia, afterwards Frederic the Great; at the end of which time, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet went to Bruſſels, on the buſineſs of a law-ſuit; and while they were there, the old King of Pruſſia died, and the young king ſet out on his travels. On his return he intended to take Bruſſels in his way, but falling ſick by the way, he ſent for Voltaire, who waited on him, and was well received. Frederic gave him an invitation to his court, but Voltaire told him, that his attachment to Madame du Chatelet would not permit him.

Returning to Cerey, he paſſed his winters at Paris, where, he tells us, he had a croud of enemies. He had written the Hiſtory of Charles XII. ſeveral pieces for the theatres, and even an epic poem; he had of courſe, as enemies, all thoſe who meddled either in verſe or proſe; and as he had alſo been ſo bold as to write on philoſophy, the devotees of courſe branded him as an atheiſt. After the production of Merope, by the intereſt of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, he obtained the favour of the court, and was employed to compoſe a piece on the marriage of the Dauphin, on which occaſion he wrote his *Princeſs of Navarre*, which although little applauded, procured him additional rewards from the court; he was made gentleman of the king's chamber, and appointed alſo hiſtoriographer of France. As ſoon as he received the latter appointment, to prove he was not unworthy of his place, he wrote his Hiſtory of the War in 1741. In the 1745, 6, and 7, he was employed by the miniſtry in ſeveral affairs of conſequence; and when the invaſion of England was meditated, was directed to draw the manifeſto of the King of France in favour of Charles Stuart. Voltaire had been long deſirous of being a member of the French Academy, which honour he did not obtain until 1746. The ſatires which purſued him on his admiſſion, gave him ſo much uneaſineſs, that, on an invitation from King

Staniſlaus, he retired with Madame du Chatalet to Luneville. This illuſtrious lady died there, in 1749.

Soon after her death, he returned to Paris, but did not remain there long. Although he had many admirers, he was inceſſantly complaining of the endeavours uſed to rob him of that glory of which he was ſo deſirous. His friends tried to calm his inquietude, by loading him with praiſe; but thinking he ſhould find more admiration, more tranquillity, and greater reward at a diſtance from his country, he accepted of an invitation from Frederic II. King of Pruſſia; and in 1750, repaired to Berlin. Here he received a penſion of twenty thouſand livres, had peculiar attention paid him, an apartment in the palace, permiſſion to ſee the king at certain hours, and to aſſiſt him in thoſe literary productions with which that heroic monarch amuſed himſelf during his leiſure time. But this did not laſt long; the celebrated Maupertius was engaged in a quarrel with Koenig; Voltaire, contrary to the direction of the king, took a part in it, and a diſagreement between the king and him followed. Voltaire, who had been honoured with the key of chamberlain, and the croſs of the order, ſent them back to the king in the firſt tranſport of anger. The king made conceſſions to retain him, but Voltaire departed, promiſing to return, at the ſame time determined not to do ſo. Voltaire's abſence afforded Maupertius an opportunity to make the breach wider. Among other tales, he reported, that while Voltaire was one day with general Marſtein, employed in reviſing the Memoirs of Ruſſia, compoſed by that officer, the king ſent him ſome verſes to look over, and that Voltaire ſaid to the general, "My friend, "you ſee the king has ſent me ſome of his dirty linen to waſh now; I "will waſh yours afterwards."—Whether this was true or falſe, the king cauſed Voltaire to be ſtopped at Frankfort, until he had delivered up his poetry.

Having recovered his liberty, he endeavoured to obtain permiſſion to return to Paris; but one of his poems, deemed both obſcene and impious, preventing him from ſucceeding, he retired to Colmar, and about a year after to Geneva. Here he purchaſed a pleaſant country reſidence, and enjoyed the eſteem of the Genevans and foreigners who viſited that place. The diſputes which agitated this little republic, forced him to quit his agreeable retreat, and he fixed at the village of Ferney, in the country of Gex, about a league from Geneva. He found a country almoſt wild; he cultivated it, and from a population of fifty peaſants, raiſed a colony of twelve hundred perſons, labouring ſucceſsfully for themſelves and the State. Many artiſts, particularly watch-makers, ſettled under his patronage, and he ſent their productions for ſale to Ruſſia, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Italy.

In this retreat, he called to him and protected the great niece of the illuſtrious Corneille, ſaved Syrvan from oppreſſion, and reſcued from ignominy the unfortunate family of Calas. In this retreat Voltaire erected a tribunal, where he judged almoſt all the human race. Here he enjoyed the eſteem of many ſovereigns; the King of Pruſſia notwithſtanding their quarrel, kept up a conſtant correſpondence with him, and cauſed a ſtatue to be made of him, on the baſe of which was inſcribed IMMORTALITY; and the Empreſs of Ruſſia ſent him many valuable preſents.

His inclination ſtill led him to wiſh a return to Paris; and in 1778 he quitted Ferney, and ſet out for the capital. He met with a moſt flattering reception; the academies decreed him honours hitherto unknown; he was crowned in a full theatre, and the public expreſſed the warmeſt enthuſiaſm for him. The fatigues he underwent, the alteration in his regimen, and his way of living, heated his blood; a violent hæmorrhage enſued, and left him very weak. Some days before his laſt illneſs, being at table with the Marquis de Villette, he ſaid to him—“You are like the kings of Egypt, who, when they ate, had a death's “head before them.” Finding himſelf in want of ſleep, he took too large a doſe of opium, which almoſt deprived him of his ſenſes. He died the 30th of May, 1778. Various reports have been ſpread reſpecting his conduct in his laſt moments, but little can be relied on reſpecting them. Voltaire's deiſtical principles naturally drew on him the abuſe of the clergy of the church of Rome; and, to uſe a phraſe of Lord Bolingbroke's, they have not failed to beſtow on him plenty of eccleſiaſtical Billingſgate. But when the calm light of reaſon ſhall judge of him as 't ought, Voltaire will ſtand forth as a friend of man, and an illuſtrious partizan of liberty. Poſterity will eſteem him ſo long as the French language ſhall exiſt, for the brilliancy of his imagination, his exquiſite taſte, his diverſity of talents, and his variety of knowledge. His works are aſtoniſhingly voluminous, amounting to ninety-one volumes in 12mo. including his letters. Among the poetical pieces are the celebrated poem of the Henriade, the tragedies of Œdipe, Herode et Mariamne, Brutus, Zaire, Adelaide, Alzire, Zuleme, La Mort de Ceſar, Mahomet, Semiramis Oreſte, Rome Sauvée, L'Orphelin de la Chine, Tancred, Les Scythes, Irene. Several comedies, among which are L'Indiſcret, L'Infant Prodigue, Nanine, ſome operas, and a great number of fugitive pieces.

His works in proſe are, 1. His Eſſay on General Hiſtory, which, with the Lives of Lewis XIV. and XV. form 10 vols. 8vo. 2. Hiſtory of Charles XII. 3. The Hiſtory of Peter I. 4. Melanges de Literature. 5. Dictionnaire Philoſophique: and a variety of others, on which the limits of our work will not permit us to enlarge.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

I.

DURING the late war in America, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men, who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, againſt going into the ſervice. Accordingly, one of them who had an impediment in his ſpeech, came up to the captain and made his bow. “What is your objection?” ſaid the captain. “I ca-a-ant go,”—anſwers the man, “becauſe I ſt-ſt-ſtutter.” “Stutter,” ſays the captain, “you don't go there to talk, but to fight.” “Ay, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-guard, and a man

may

may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can ſay wh-wh-who goes there?" "Oh that is no objection, for they will place ſome other ſentry with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quarter." This laſt plea prevailed, and the captain, out of humanity *(laughing heartily)*, diſmiſſed him.

II.

GONSALVO, who was lieutenant-general to the celebrated Spaniſh general, the marquis of Spinola, and governor of Milan, in 1624, intending to take poſſeſſion of a little walled village in the Palatinate, called Ogerſheim, diſpatched an officer, at the head of ſome troops upon that errand. On the firſt alarm, nine tenths of the inhabitants removed to Manheim, leaving behind them about twenty inſignificant people, and a poor ſhepherd, who, beſide being a brave fellow, was a man of humour. The ſhepherd in good time faſtened the gates, let down the drawbridge, and made a wonderful ſhew of reſiſtance. A trumpeter ſummoned the village in form, upon which the few inhabitants that remained made their eſcape through a poſtern-gate, and left only the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs, big with child. This unaccountable peaſant, in the ſtyle of the repreſentative of a garriſon, gave audience, from the walls, to the military herald, and made his terms of capitulation, inch by inch, ſtipulating, at the ſame time, for the preſervation of the ſtate, and the free exerciſe of the Proteſtant religion. Imagine, therefore, what muſt be the ſurpriſe of the Spaniards, when they entered the village, and found him and his wife only in it! Yet the droll peaſant preſerved the muſcles of his countenance inflexible; and, ſome weeks afterward, when his wife lay in, he deſired the great Gonſalvo to be godfather; which honour the pompous Spaniard, for the jeſt's ſake, could not decline, but, on the contrary, ſent her ſome very handſome preſents. This account, the hiſtorian *(M. Spanheim, Hiſt. de l'Elect. Palat.)* ſays, might appear a little romantic to poſterity, if the notoriety of it had not been a circumſtance indiſputable at the time it happened.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT *of* LA MAUPIN.

FROM BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

LA Maupin ſeems to have been a moſt extraordinary perſonage, "She was equally fond of both ſexes, fought and loved like a man, and reſiſted and fell like a woman. Her adventures are of a very romantic kind. Married to a young huſband, who ſoon was obliged to abſent himſelf from her, to enter on an office he had obtained in Provence, ſhe ran away with a fencing maſter, of whom ſhe learned the ſmall ſword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards a uſeful qualification to her on ſeveral occaſions. The lovers firſt retreated from perſecution to Marſeilles; but neceſſity ſoon obliged them to ſolicit employment there, at the opera; and, as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. But ſoon after this ſhe was ſeized with a paſſion for a young perſon of her own ſex, whom ſhe ſeduced, but the object of her whimſical affection being purſued by her friends, and taken, was thrown into a convent at Avignon, where La Maupin ſoon followed her; and having preſented herſelf as a novice obtained admiſſion. Some time after, ſhe ſet fire to the convent, and availing herſelf of the confuſion ſhe had occaſioned, carried off her favourite. But being purſued and taken, ſhe was condemned to the flames for contumacy; a ſentence, however, which was not executed, as the young Marſeillaiſe was found and reſtored to her friends.

" She then went to Paris, and made her firſt appearance on the opera ſtage in 1695, when ſhe performed the part of Pallas, in Cadmus, with the greateſt ſucceſs. The applauſe was ſo violent, that ſhe was obliged, in her car, to take off her caſque to ſalute and thank the public, which redoubled their marks of approbation. From that time her ſucceſs was uninterrupted. Dumeni, the ſinger, having affronted her, ſhe put on men's clothes, watched for him in the Place des Victoires, and inſiſted on his drawing his ſword and fighting her, which he refuſing, ſhe caned him, and took from him his watch and ſnuff-box. Next day, Dumeni having boaſted at the opera-houſe, that he had defended himſelf againſt three men who attempted to rob him, ſhe related the whole ſtory, and produced his watch and ſnuff-box in proof of her having caned him for his cowardice. Thevenard was nearly treated in the ſame manner, and had no other way of eſcaping her chaſtiſement, than by publicly aſking her pardon, after hiding himſelf at the Palais Royal during three weeks. At a ball given by Monſieur, the brother of Louis XIV. ſhe again put on men's cloaths, and having behaved impertinently to a lady, three of her friends, ſuppoſing La Maupin to be a man, called her out. She might eaſily have avoided the combat by diſcovering her ſex, but ſhe inſtantly drew, and killed them all three. Afterwards returning very coolly to the ball, ſhe told the ſtory to Monſieur, who obtained her pardon.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of* ENGLISH MONEY.

[*Continued from page* 430.]

EDWARD II. His coins are in all reſpects like his predeceſſor's, and diſtinguiſhed from them only by the name, viz. EDWA. EDWAR. or EDWARD. of Canterbury, London, Durham, and St. Edmond's mints. The title of Dominus Hybernie is never wanting on his coins.

Edward III. the greateſt prince in Europe of his time, and the glory of our Engliſh throne. His penny and half-penny (called ſometimes mailes) and farthings, were like thoſe of his predeceſſor, but diſtinguiſhed by the name EDWARDVS. thoſe of Ireland in a triangle; but in the 25th of his reign he cauſed new coins to be ſtamped, called groſſes, or groats, and halfgroats, ſo denominated becauſe they were the greateſt monies then uſed, whereon he placed the title of France, which he took upon him in his 13th year.

Theſe groats exhibit him full-faced, crowned like the preceding, and inſcribed EDWARD. DEI. G. REX. ANGL. Z. FRANC. D. HYB. which laſt title is never wanting on this king's groats. On the reverſe, in a large circle, POSVI. DEVM. ADIVTOREM. MEVM. a motto continued by all his ſucceſſors to the uniting of the kingdoms, and in the leſſer circle the place of mintage, viz. London, York, or Calais. One I have has CIVITAS DVNELMIE. There are ſome coins before he aſſumed the title of France, EDWARD. DEI. G. REX. ANGL. DNS. HYB. Z. AQVIT. Mr. Thoreſby likewiſe gives us a deſcription of one of the pieces, called Luſhburg, cried down by act of parliament, inſcribed, EIWANES. DNS. Z. REVB. Reverſe, the croſs and twelve pellets, as the Engliſh money, LVCEBGENSIS. Likewiſe of another piece, inſcribed EDWARD. REX. ANGL. under the king's head a lion paſſant; reverſe, DVX. AQVITANIE, a crown in each quarter of the croſs, a moſt rare piece, and to be aſcribed to this Edward, who was not only created Duke of Aquitaine in his father's life-time, but alſo crowned King of England.

This king is truly reckoned the firſt of our monarchs that coined gold, for any thing that has yet appeared to the contrary, viz. florences and roſe-nobles, (ſo called from the roſe encircling the king's arms, and the latter from the purity and excellence of its metal) with their parts, viz. the half and quarter, called the halfpenny and farthing of gold, all of which are ſo beautiful and rare, that they merit the eſteem of medals, and were inſcribed EDWARD. DEI. GRA. REX. ANGL. the arms of France and England quarterly within a roſe, the arms ſemi-de-lis, and not ſtinted to three, as in Edward IV. Reverſe, a croſs, fleuri lioneux, the four lions are paſſant. Reverſe, EXALTABITVR. IN. GLORIA. Mr. Evelin gives a very exact deſcription of the roſe-noble, but it is of Edward IV. and not this king's, whoſe pieces never ſtinted the French flowers-de-lis to the preciſe number of three, (for that was not done before Henry Vth's time) nor had they a ſun, but only a croſs on the reverſe. A half noble of this prince I have, which anſwers the deſcription. The king ſtanding in a ſhip crowned, holding a ſword upright in his right hand, and a ſhield on his left, with the arms of France and England quarterly, the arms of France ſemi-de-lis, three lions paſſant, and three fleurs-de-lis upon the ſide of the ſhip. EDWAR. DEI. GRA. REX. ANGL. Z. FRANCIE. Reverſe in a large roſe, a croſs fleuri, with a fleur-de-lis at each point, and a lion paſſant under a crown in each quarter; the letter E in a roſe in the center. DOMINE. IN. FVRORE. TVO. ARGVAS. ME.

About the ſame time that theſe were firſt coined, there were alſo coined pieces of ſix ſhillings, of the ſame fine gold, which had the name of florences, from the Florentines, who (in the year 1252) had firſt minted ſuch pieces; ſo that Florenus was then a name which was generally uſed all over Europe for the chief golden coin, as it is now for the beſt in ſilver. Our Engliſh florens, ſays the ſame author, did not differ much from ſome of the kings roſe-nobles in weight, and whether they differed at all in the impreſſion I cannot tell: But the florence was as current beyond the ſeas as here, and indeed a foreign coin; and we may as well affirm, that the French muttons (*Multones auri*) which were alſo current here (at five ſhilling) at the ſame time were of Edward III's own coining, as that King Peter's florens were ſo.

It is obſervable, that Fabians calls the floren a penny, the half floren a half-penny, and the quarter floren a farthen of gold, and theſe words are often met with in old hiſtories and accompts, applied to ſeveral coins, as rials, angels; where is to be underſtood by denarius, the whole; by obolus the half; and by quadrans the fourth part, or farthing. Thus an. 1344, about this time the noble, obolus, and farthing of gold began to go about, ſaith H. Knyton, Chronicon Pretioſiva. p. 21. ch. of coin.

But the better to aſcertain the different weights of the money, I ſhall ſet down the ſeveral indentures from Lowndes's eſſay.

The pound of gold per indenture 18th year, was coined into

50 Florences at 6s. half and quarter.

39 Half nobles at 6s. 8d. ditto.

20th Year 42 ditto.

23 Years the ſame, by which indenture were alſo coined halfpence and farthings of ſilver.

27th Year, nobles, 45 at 6s. 8d.

Groats 75 to the pound, 150 half, or 300 ſterling.

30th, 37th, and 46th years, the like, only adding half ſterlings, of which 600 in a pound troy.

Theſe were all of the old ſtandard, 23 caracts, 3 grains and a half fine, and half a grain allay, for gold; and ſilver 11 ounces two penny weight fine, and 18 penny-weight allay. It is remarkable what Biſhop Tunſtall obſerved of the gold in this reign, that it came neareſt to that of the antient Romans, as, that four roſe nobles weighed an ounce, and were equivalent to the Roman aurei both in weight and firmneſs; and ſix noble angels made an ounce, which were anſwerable in all points to the old Roman ſolidus aureus. Likewiſe in ſilver coins, that an old ſterling groat was equivalent to the Roman denarius, the half groat to the quinarius, and the old ſterling pennies to the ſeſtertius nummus, ſeſtertium (in the neuter gender) a thouſand ſeſtertii, to five pounds ſterling, when three ſhillings and fourpence went to the ounce, but now to 7l. 10s. according to Sir Thomas Smith's account, when five ſhillings goes to the ounce.

Richard II. This king coined roſe-nobles 45 to the pound, and quarter-nobles, as by indenture the eighteenth year: and if that in Speed may be reckoned one, for it wants both the roſe and the conſtant legend of JESUS. AVTEM, &c. gives his figure in a ſedentary poſture, with a ſword in his right-hand, and RICAR. D. GRA. AGLIE. FRANCIE REX. D. AQVIT. On the reverſe, AVXILIVM. MEUM. A. DOMINO. His crown is fleure, as in thoſe of his predeceſſors, but no rays betwixt the flowers. We ought perhaps to read HYB. for AQVIT, ſince it is hard to imagine why Acquitaine ſhould be ſo much as mentioned after France: and AGLIE inſtead of ANGLIE, makes it probable, that this was rather coined by Richard III. (in whoſe reign that way of writing was grown faſhionable) than by the IId. His coins, both gold and ſilver, were of the old ſtandard; of which latter were groats by the indenture before-mentioned, 75 to the pound, 150 half-groats, 300 ſterlings, or 600 half-ſterlings. In theſe he exactly aped his grandfather. RICARDUS. REX. ANGLIÆ. Reverſe, CIVITAS. EBORACI.

Henry IV. by indenture in his third year coined nobles, half and quarter, groſſes or groats, half-groſſes, ſterlings and half-ſterlings, called mailes, in the ſame proportion as his predeceſſor Edward III. and of the old ſtandard. His groats and half-groats have his head crowned within a roſe, which the leſſer pieces have not. HENRIC. DI GRA. REX. ANG. Z. FRANC. Reverſe, POSUI. DEUM. ADIVTORE. MEUM. VILLA. CALISIE. The halfpenny, HENRICUS. REX. ANGL. Reverſe, VILLA CALISIE. In the fourth year of his reign it was enacted, a third part of the bullion ſhould be coined in halfpence and farthings, of the latter I have one inſcribed, H. D. G. ROSA. SIE. SPI. Reverſe, CIVITAS LONDON.

Henry V. The titles of Henry IV. V. and VI. with the reverſe and legend being the ſame, and their faces not to be diſtinguiſhed, renders it very difficult to know them from each other, were it not for ſome ſmall diſtinction that has been obſerved by the curious, viz. two little circles on the face ſide, and two anſwering on the reverſe, in the middle of two triangles of globules in the quarters of the croſs. But theſe I have obſerved not to be always exactly oppoſite; ſometimes they appear only on one ſide; and in the ſmall pieces they appear like creſcents, and ſometimes only like points or globules.

In this reign the price of gold was ſo increaſed, that there was a neceſſity either of diminiſhing the weight, or raiſing the value. This king choſe the former way, ordering by indenture, in the ninth year, fifty nobles to be coined out of a pound of gold, (whereas before there was only forty-five) with a proportionable number of half, or quarter, or farthings, of the old ſtandard. The roſe-noble is inſcribed, HENRIC. DI. GRA. REX. ANGL. ET FRANC. DNS. HIB. the king ſtanding in a ſhip, holding in his right-hand a ſword, in the left a ſhield, with the arms of France and England quarterly, the fleuers-de-lis being ſtrictly three; this king being the firſt of our monarchs that bore them ſo. Reverſe, IHC. AVTEM. TRANSIENS. PER. MEDIVM. ILLORV. IBAT. a croſs fleuri, with four fleurs-de-lis, and as many lions paſſant, each under a crown above, and three pallets below; within the center of the croſs, in a roſe, the letter H; the whole within a large roſe. The deſcription Mr. Evelin gives of his roſe, muſt belong to his ſon's noble angel. His ſalus had the angel ſaluting the Virgin Mary (the one holding the arms of England, the other of France) with the king's titles; and on the reverſe, CHRISTVS. VINCIT. CHRISTVS. SIGNAT. CHRISTVS. IMPERAT. which we find very little altered upon ſome of the earlieſt piſtols of Lewis XIV. His ſilver money was moſtly (as the ſtatute directed) coined at Calais, though ſome of his pieces have Civitas LONDON in the inner circle of the reverſe. His ſilver coin was as by the indenture before-mentioned, groats ninety to the pound troy, and half-groats, ſterlings, mailes, and farthings proportionable, all of the old ſtandard. There was likewiſe white money coined by this king in France, after the victory of Agincourt, his ſtyle being then REX. ANGLIÆ. ET. HÆRES. FRANCIÆ. Theſe blanks, or white pieces, ſays Sir Edward Coke, were valued at eight pence; and becauſe of their baſeneſs, were decried, gally-half-pence, Suſkin or Dotkyn; and were prohibited by act of parliament.

[*To be continued.*]

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

[*Concluded from Page* 463.]

ACT II. SCENE continued.

Enter Sir Peregrine booted, and Otho.

Sir Per. OTHO, are all my manuſcripts pack'd?

Otho. Iſs, Maſſa.

Sir Per. My Poem, my Treatiſe, my Addreſs to the National Aſſembly, and their anſwer, in Blank Verſe?

Otho. Iſs—Iſs—they be all pack—ſo ſafe—you no find 'em. (*Aſide.*)

Sir Per. Then I'll ride to Parſon Pimple's—take a glaſs of wine—and wait for the ſtage to London,—where's Robert?

Otho. Gone out, maſſa.

Sir Per. What, without leave?

Otho. He no ax leave of my lady.

Sir Per. Your lady, pſhaw, ſhe's nobody now—I have her under lock and key.

Lady Reb. (*without*) Open the door ſir, immediately, or I'll break it open—

Sir Per. Thank you for that—I have you faſt now; here, take the key—don't let her out till I'am ſafe out of the houſe. (*Exit.*

Lady Reb. (*without*) Open the door, I ſay; this uſage is monſtrous—to be made a Pris'ner in my own houſe!

Otho. Maſſa gone!—he no Maſſa me more—

Lady Reb. Who's there—will nobody anſwer—I'll tear the houſe down.

Otho. Poor Miſſeſs—I no like keep her priſon—me no like priſon myſelf—

Lady Reb. Heaven's and Earth! am I to be denied the common Rights of Mankind. I ſhall go diſtracted!

Otho. If me ope a door—Maſſa angry—well—who care—damn maſſa—me good as he— (*Otho unlocks the door.*

Enter Lady Rebecca.

Lady Reb. You Slave! you villain! how dare you keep me thus?

Otho. Me no Slave—me no villain—me black man—good as white; Maſſa tell me ſo. (*Exit angrily.*

Lady Reb. There! that black devil is beginning, the reſt are already corrupted? (*rings the bell violently*) Will no one anſwer.

Enter Robert.

Lady Reb. Why did you not anſwer before—ſirrah?

Robert. Becauſe—I was buſy.

Lady Reb. Here's impudenee—I think it might be madam, or your ladyſhip in your mouth, Sir—where's Lucy?

Robert. Below—

Lady Reb. Send her up to me.

Robert. If you want her—call her yourſelf. (*Exit*.

Lady Reb. Was there ever the like!—why Lucy! Lucy!

Enter Lucy ſlowly.

Lucy. Coming, coming—Lord! you need not call ſo loud—

Lady Reb. Am I to be kept for ever in this manner?

Lucy. What manner?

Lady Reb. Nobody to anſwer—I queſtion if ever—

Lucy. You queſtion and anſwer yourſelf—

Lady Reb. Bring me my ſhawl directly, you baggage—

Lucy. Don't you put yourſelf in a paſſion, good woman. (*Exit*.

Lady Reb. Surely they are all mad—ſtark mad!—I ſhall go mad too—Why Dorothy—Dorothy, Mrs. Dorothy—

Enter Cook.

Cook. Hey day—what noiſe—what racket—what a pretty kettle of Fiſh is here to do—the moment my maſter's back is turn'd—calling this body—and that body—and 'tother body—as if people had nothing elſe to do but to gallop after other people's heels—if people minced their own matters—they w'dn't buſy themſelves about what don't concern them; for my part, I ſuffer nobody to meddle with my affairs—I'm queen of my own place—what a fricaſſee is here indeed—marry come up—I'll not be roaſted in this manner—I knows ſome folks for their airs deſerve to be well baſted, and if ever they ſet a foot in my compartment, they ſhall have plenty of good ſauce, I warrant them. (*Exit Cook.*

Lady Reb. I'm thunderſtruck—I hav'n't power to anſwer their inſolence. (*Sits down.*

Enter George and Captain Royſton.

George. My dear aunt—give me leave to introduce a moſt particular friend of mine—Captain Royſton.

Capt. Yes, madam, of the Eaſt York Militia—

Lady Reb. Militia indeed! (*Scornfully*)

George Zounds man—you'll undo all, (*aſide to the Captain*). No madam, of the 3d Foot—the old Buffs.

Lady Reb. O the Regulars—that's another thing—

George. An old regiment, madam—my friend's an officer of great merit, and one of the firſt families.

Lady Reb. Indeed!—pray hand the gentleman a chair.—

Capt. Madam—your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted:—if your Ladyſhip—

Lady Reb. Vaſtly polite:—dear Sir, be ſeated.

Capt. My Lady I think you—your grace is ſo good—

Lady Reb. Grace! he takes me for a Ducheſs—I'll not undeceive him. (*Bridles up.*)

George. To her, Captain, lard your compliments well. (*Aſide.*)

Lady Reb. Really, Major—your good breeding and polite attention!

Capt. Oh! madam—your Excellency's politeneſs exceeds my deſerts.

Lady Reb. Upon my honor, Colonel, your military officers of rank—

Capt. 'Tis condeſcenſion in your highneſs to deſcend ſo low.

Lady Reb. I beg pardon—but pray General, what regiment do you command?

George. The Old Buffs, I told you—She's reſolved to keep pace with you in title, you ſee. *(To the Captain)*

Lady Reb. Well, I proteſt, upon the honor of a woman of rank, there's a ſecret ſatisfaction in being treated with that reſpect a *Lady* is entitled to. What regiment did you ſay my Lord was General of?

Capt. There's no ſtanding this. *(Aſide.)* Madam, I hav'n't the honour of being either a Lord—a General—a Colonel—or even a Major—I only command a Company.

Lady Reb. A company only!—Why, nephew, what ſort of company have you introduced to me?

George. A brave Britiſh officer, madam, who has fought for his king and country, and as ſuch—is as much entitled to reſpect as a Duke.

Lady Reb. He's a very polite man, for a Captain, I wiſh he was a Field officer.

Geo. Madam, he is—he's a Lord—a General, a Knight of the Bath—But he's come in diſguiſe—Zounds, man! keep up the joke, and you may marry the daughter with her conſent in half an hour. *(Aſide to the Capt.)*

Lady Reb. I thought, my Lord, I could diſcover Nobility by the firſt glance: be pleaſed to refreſh yourſelf, my Lord—while I adjuſt my dreſs, and ſend my daughter Sophia to pay her reſpects.—My Lord, your Generalſhip's moſt obedient. *(Curtſey's low, and exit.*

Capt. Your Eminency's moſt devoted. Ha! ha! ha! upon my ſoul—if I can but preſerve my title, I ſhall be entitled to ſome generalſhip—But the young Lady, George?

Geo. The only reaſonable being in the houſe—Sir Peregrine has gone mad for the Rights of Man—her ladyſhip for the Rights of Woman, title, and female prerogative—The ſervants, by my perſuaſion, and the good offices of Mrs. Cook, think themſelves as good as their betters, and are ready for a revolt—and the young lady thinks herſelf what ſhe really is, and is ready for a huſband.

Capt. Admirable!—then I can't fail.—

George. Keep bombarding the old lady—point your great guns well—lay cloſe ſiege to the young one. Here ſhe comes, and as you have ſomething of a delicate ſcene to perform—I'll leave you together.

Capt. Nay, George, don't leave me in this critical juncture—you are my ſheet anchor—

Geo. Courage! man—here—here's a charge of grape-ſhot; *(goes to the beaufet and produces a bottle of wine)*—Come, prime yourſelf well—compliment her dreſs—have-at her rigging,—and I warrant ſhe'll ſtrike. *(Exit.*

Enter Sophia.

Sophia. My Lord—your moſt obedient.—My mother has informed me—

Capt. Madam—

Sophia. Surely I know that face!—as I live, Captain Royſton! Ha! ha! ha! Captain, I congratulate you on your title—newly created, I ſuppoſe?

Capt. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ſince.

Sophia. Amazing expeditious—come in a balloon—I wiſh you could continue the ſame mode of conveying intelligence of the faſhions.

Capt. Faſhions—'tis ſo—Now for the grape ſhot to her rigging. *(Aſide)*—Faſhions, my dear madam! You have no need of them; you are fitter to ſet and lead the faſhion, than copy them—Your dreſs is really ſo becoming—ſo degagee, and the tout enſemble—ſo irreſiſtable—ſo—ſo—*je ne ſcai quoi.*

Sophia. Oh dear, ſir,—my Lord—I beg pardon—You've been in France, from your diſcourſe,—pray ſir, what think you of the National Aſſembly? (*With aſſumed gravity.*)

Capt. Madam! Damned droll queſtion for a lady to aſk.—(*Aſide*)

Sophia. I only aſk for information's ſake—*(Gravely.)*

Capt. Oh then, madam—I'll tell you,—a hem—My opinion is—is—that is—my *real* opinion is, that—that—upon my ſoul, madam, I really don't know what to think of them, and that is, my ſole and whole opinion?

Sophia. Your ſole and whole opinion?

Capt. Yes, madam, and I would that every man in England were as candid on the ſubject.

Sophia. Lord, ſir! you know nothing, I find—my father, that has not ſtirred out of Worceſterſhire for theſe twelve-months paſt, knows more. You in France, indeed!

Capt. Yes, yes, madam; I muſt ſay ſo, to preſerve conſiſtency. *(Aſide.*

Sophia. And not know what's doing!—What are the moſt patriotic caps, bonnets, robes and chignons! were you never at the Aſſembly there?

Capt. Never, madam, foreigners are not admitted.

Sophia. Lord—how dull—ha! ha! ha! and you really don't know the moſt becoming form of wearing the hair?

Capt. Some wear it Democratically, quite plain, by cutting off the ornamental luxuriancy.

Sophia. O dear, I ſhould not like that. *(Pettiſhly.)*

Capt. Others, in the Ariſtocratic mode, partial to themſelves, are for a confuſed mixture—a new invented ſyſtem.

Sophia. I don't approve of new ſyſtems, unleſs they be tranſparent.

Capt. Yes, yes, they are tranſparent—for you can readily ſee through them—but in general, they are ruled by caprice.

Sophia. Caprice! I know him—he's a Frenchman that ſettled in London a long time ago; he ſometimes comes down into the country. *(With affected ſimplicity.)*

Capt. Damn it, the girl's brain is turned with either her father or her mother's principles; which, I cannot ſay. *(Aſide)*—Yes, madam—he frequently makes a country viſit—he's a very impertinent gueſt, and when he once gets a footing in a family, they find it difficult to ſhake him off—I fancy he has paid you a viſit lately?

Sophia. Not ſince I laſt ſaw you ſir, in London.

Capt. He's an egregious coxcomb.

Sophia. He is ſir, and as you have brought him down, pray take him back with you again. (*Turning off.*)

Capt. Umph!—ſhe's no fool neither. (*Aſide.*) Madam—Miſs Sophia—don't you recollect me?

Sophia. I recollect a Captain Royſton, that made many proteſtations —which his Lordſhip and Monſ. Caprice, cannot recollect——

(*With pique.*)

Capt. Nay—my angel—I am no Lord—'tis a miſtake of your mother's —encouraged to it by my friend George.—Deny me not this, perhaps, only opportunity of avowing my fervent adoration—I have long ſighed for the happineſs of laying my heart and fortune at your feet.

Sophia. Pray ſir, an't you a Lord! a General!

Capt. No, on my honor—

Sophia. Then I can tell you—you'll never have my *mother's* conſent.

Capt. 'Sdeath—ſo I have your's.

Sophia. What are you then—a Democrat?

Capt. No—

Sophia. An Ariſtocrate?

Capt: No, no.

Sophia. Nor Jacobin?

Capt. No—no, no—I tell you.

Sophia. Then I'll anſwer for it, you'll never have my *father's* conſent.

Capt. Heaven's! you diſtract me!

Sophia. Nay, ſurely—you *muſt* be a Whig or a Tory?

Capt. 'Sdeath—I'm neither, I'm a loyal ſubject—equally attached to my king and my country, whoſe intereſts I deem inſeparable.

Sophia. Then Captain—not to flatter, or keep you in ſuſpence— you'll never have my *mother's* conſent—nor, I am ſure, my *father's*;—but (*pauſing*) if you have *mine*—won't it do as well? (*Smiling.*)

Capt. Thou dear—bewitching—heaven's! you look divinely.

Sophia. Now lull me with flattery—tickle my vanity like a poor trout, and ſo——

Capt. No—by all that's honourable and ſincere.

Sophia. Ah! you ſoldiers, relying on your honor and your ſcarlet— think we are to be baited with a piece of red cloth like a mackarel— you are miſtaken in your fiſh.

"Ye wicked men, ye're all alike,
"We the poor gudgeon, you the pike."

(*Bell rings.*)

Hark! my mother rings—come. Mr. Angler, ſince you have hooked me into a ſort of confeſſion, I will add, that I ſhall ſhortly be at my own diſpoſal, with a ſlender independance of my own; but my principal expectations are from my father and mother: I muſt deal judiciouſly, for if I diſoblige either, I loſe conſiderably; you have the ſame caution to obſerve. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Servants Hall.

Mrs. Dorothy at the head of the table. Servants ſeated round.

Servants. Ha! ha! ha! well ſaid, Mrs. Cook.

Dor. Why now—at what a ſize you talk at;—by the bulk of your diſcourſe, you are comparing me with my Lady;—I'll have you to know, there's no compariſment—I'm a greater woman than ever ſhe was, or will be—why ſhe's nothing to me—why ſh'd'n't ſervants have their turn ſerved?—ſo ſerve up the ſoup here; I'm queen of the kitchen; —

—I'm the head of you all. Who can dreſs like me?—let me ſee an inſtance of it.

Lucy. I can, madam—and better too.

Dor. It's a lie—you little flimſy trollop—it never was your province to dreſs like me.

Lucy. Not a gooſe, Mrs. Cook?

Dor. Gooſe in your teeth, you minx; if I cou'd come at the ſoup, you ſhou'd have the contents in your face: Fill me a horn of ale—(*Ringing*). Ay—you may ring, and ring, and ring. We have waited on you, and for you, now you ſhall wait for us. Don't you think this ſilk gown monſtratious fine? I know'd I'd become it better than my lady.

Robert. Mrs. Dorothy, every thing becomes you, becauſe you look ſo jolly.

Lucy. Upon my reputation and honor, Mr. Robert, I don't like this freedom, and with ſuch people:—what ſay you, Suky Beeſom?

Robert. Let Suky alone—you are not jealous, I hope?

Lucy. Jealous indeed!—of a chambermaid, a mopſy, a cobweb-ſweeper—a maker of beds!

Suky. Madam, I would have you to know, I can both make beds, and unmake them, better than you, madam!

Robert and Otho. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dor. *Silence!* will you never larn to behave as inelegant as me.—What a *noiſe*—what a *clatter*;—ſuch bellowing and bawling, 'tis enough to deafen one, ſo it is (*very loud*)——(*ringing*) Ay, ring away—I've ſweated, and ſtew'd, and broil'd myſelf theſe four years paſt—But we'll let you know, we have as good a title to the Rights of Man and Woman as you—Help Otho to the drumſtick—

Otho. Damn—drumſtick—no—(*ſulkily*)

Dor. What—do you grumble, ſirrah? I'll give you a bone to pick with a plague to you.—Come, take away—I've din'd. Robert, ſhan't we have a junket to night—ay, that we will;—oh dear! I've eat too much—give me a glaſs of brandy—

Robert. Come, one glaſs round, and then—

Dor. One glaſs!—'tiſn't that way your mammy rear'd you—We'll have a delicate bowl.

Rob. As large as yourſelf—Mrs. Dorothy.

Dor. Well, and you cannot have too much of a good thing.

Robert. What ſay you now to a dance, to help digeſtion?

All. Ay—ay—a dance—

(*Dance here confuſedly, tables overturned, &c.*)

All. Huzza!—for the Rights of Man and Woman.

Robert. Now ladies—come along—We'll put our maſter's ſpirits to the proof. (*Exeunt noiſily.*

SCENE, a Dining Parlour.

Enter Sir Peregrine.

Eh!—what—all the doors open—no one to be ſeen—ſuch confounded noiſe and racket below—the houſe is turned topſy turvy. It's lucky I'm come back—I'll retire to my ſtudy—that raſcal forgot to pack up my Poem—and I can't proceed without it, I'm undone, if I've loſt it—I ſhall ſearch the whole houſe from bottom to top. Oh!—I'm—I'm undone, if't be loſt. *(Exit.*

Enter Lady Rebecca, Sophia, Captain, and George.

Lady Reb. 'Tis in vain to ring, or to call, not one will anſwer: I never met ſuch diſreſpect before. We ſhall be all ſtarv'd.

Capt. I confeſs—'tis ſomewhat extraordinary.

Lady Reb. Did you hear the riot juſt now?—I declare I don't think it ſafe to remain in the houſe;—I wiſh I cou'd effect an eſcape—I've a great mind to diſguiſe myſelf.

Capt. You may rely on my ſervices—I ſhall never deſert you.

Lady Reb. Well, in the moſt forlorn and abject ſituation, it is ſome comfort, to have ſome military friend with us.

Geo. Yes, my aunt's protected both by ſea and land;—better not to try to make your eſcape—if you cannot accompliſh it, 'twill only expoſe you to additional reproach—and your friends and relations may bluſter for you in vain.

Lady Reb. Oh heavens! (*noiſe without*) what will become of us?—We ſhall be all murdered.

Enter Mrs. Cook, Suky, Lucy, and Robert, ſeemingly in liquor.

Dor. Come, madam, and miſs, and you good folk, reſign your right and title to every thing. This houſe is mine; is ours;—come, come, you have no buſineſs here, I tell you *(hicups)*. Fal, lal, la—pray, ſir, will you dance a minuet?—it ſhews one's ſhape ſo—(*dances awkwardly*).

Lady Reb. Why Dorothy!—why, you are mad, woman? My own clothes on her, as I live. I thought you knew better what befitted you.

Dor. 'Tis rather a tight pattern, to be ſure.

Lucy. As I don't ſee, Miſs, why you ſhou'd be better dreſs'd than I—I have tumbled over your things, and this gown fits me to a *T*—.

Robert. And you ſee, ſir, (*to George*) that I have made free with your wardrobe. *(Struts about)*

Suky. Yes, and you may make or unmake your own beds for me, for the future, I can tell you.

Enter Sir Peregrine behind.

Sir Per. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Dor. Ay, you may well be all in a fine ſtew—the tables are turn'd now;—you are all diſh'd:—ſo many extravagant courſes!—but you have got your deſert at laſt, you ſee the fruits on't.

Sir Per. Why ſurely, hell's broke looſe, and here comes the prince of darkneſs.

Enter Otho, drunk—dreſſed in Sir Peregrine's clothes and large wig.

Otho. Fa, la, ti, tum,—Prince Oroonoko and Anamaboo—were chimney ſweeps to me—Ah, ah, maſſa and miſſy may go to the devil. Ti, tum, la. (*Singing and ſtaggering*)

Sir Per. The Lord deliver me! can I believe my eyes!

Otho. Huzza—liberty—no ſlavery—no dam'd bamboo—come dance, merry, fal, la. (*Capering*)

Sir Per. coming forward.

I'll bamboo—I'll horſewhip you—with a vengeance to you all— (*Strikes at them.*)

Dor. *You'll* horſewhip—*you!* and who are you, ſir?

Robert. Ay—who are you, ſir?

Otho. Ay, you damn'd old baboon, who are you?

Sir Per. They are all drunk—mad drunk, as I'm a ſinner. Why wife, daughter, George, Captain, what's come over you;—what in the name of Beelzebub have you got in your heads?

Otho. Punch, damma, punch, it puncha my head.

Sir Per. I'll punch you, you imp of hell, I'll beat you black.

Otho. That for you; I defy you.

Dor. Ay, we defy you, poſſeſſion is eleven points of the law.

Robert. I ſhall give orders to have the houſe cleared.

Sir Per. Leave my houſe, ye pack of jades and rogues.

Dor. *Your* houſe! 'tis *mine*.

Lucy. And *mine*.

Robert. And *mine*.

Suky. And *mine*.

Otho. And *mine*.

All. 'Tis ours—and we'll let you know it.

Dor. You have neither park nor paddock, nor acre, rood, nor perch, nor HOUSE.

Robert. Nor home.

Lucy. Nor goods.

Suky. Nor chattels.

Otho. Nor coat, nor wig.

All. Nor linen, nor woollen, nor rag, ſtitch, or remnant.

Dor. No, nor even a pair of *breeches* belonging to you but what we are entitled to, and is our right.

Sir Per. I'm ſtupified—I perceive it now—Parſon Pimple told me as much—as I paſſed through my eſtate, not a tennant took off his hat—and Farmer Yeoman had the aſſurance on my own premiſes, to bid me get off his grounds. I ſhall go diſtracted—George!

George. Uncle!

Sir Per. Have I loſt my ſenſes?

Geo. Have you found them?

Sir Per. Will you ſuffer me to be us'd in this manner?

Geo. You have brought it on yourſelf.

Sir Per. Why wife—lady Rebecca!

Lady Reb. Don't *title me*—you and they have convinc'd me I'm not entitled to any thing.

Sir Per. Sophy—Sophia—daughter, will you ſpeak?

Sophia. Dear ſir—you deſir'd me never to ſpeak of politics.

Sir Per. Zounds—I'll call in the military aid—Captain!

Capt. Pardon me, ſir—'tis no affair of mine.

Sir Per. Then confound you all—confound myſelf—and the whole world—I'm a diſtracted man. (*Walks about.*)

Geo. *(following him)* You have brought it to a ſyſtem.

Sir Per. *(ſtill walking)* Plague on you!

Geo. *(ſtill following)* Solon—Lycurgus—Burlamaqui, and Baron Monteſquieu, were all of the ſame opinion.—

Sir Per. (*walking ſtill in a rage*) Oh, rot them!

Geo. (*following ſtill*) According to the old Agrarian law.

Sir Per. (*walking diſtractedly*) Oh, pox take it.

Geo. (*ſtill following and teizing him*) It brings every man upon a proper level—but you have gone farther—you allow no man more than an acre to himſelf—what wiſdom in that meaſure?—only common ſubſtraction and addition—taking from the rich and given to the poor—no man can grumble, that's a true patriot.

Sir Per. (*raving on ſtill—ſtands quite overpower'd*) Confuſion ſeize it!

Geo. Confuſion indeed—good people—only liſten—what a poem—what pathos—or bathos rather. (*produces his uncle's poem, and reads.*)

"Nature is law, and ev'ry black and white,
To perfect liberty has equal right."

Otho. Ahah—maſſa told me ſo—huzza!

Geo. "All other laws that bind the human mind,
Are only fetters to enſlave mankind;
Men are all brothers, equal all by birth,
Alike related to our mother earth."

Servants. (*all together cling rudely round Sir Per.*) Ah, hah,—brother—dear brother—good brother.

Sir Per. (*ſtruggling and raving*) Oh, burn you—burn you all.

Geo. Burn them? burn *this*, uncle. (*To the poem.*)

Sir Per. Give it—give it—give it me (*ſnatches it*) I'll put an end to it—and if ever I write again in favour of the *rights* or *wrongs* of man, may a pitch barrel be my portion. (*Sets fire to it.*)

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Capt. The poem concludes brilliantly.

Soph. He has thrown freſh light upon the ſubject.

Geo. Yet I can't ſee a ſpark of genius—it all evaporates—as it ſhou'd do—in *fume.*

Dor. Now my maſter's return'd to his ſenſes—we'll return to the Kitchen. (*Exeunt ſervants.*

Sir Per. Eh!—how! what!—ſo this is all a plot!—a trick!

Geo. Of mine, and mine alone—I had a mind to convince you of the abſurdity of meddling in political ſubjects, wherein you were not ſufficiently converſant, and which have already employed ſo many abler and different pens.—Leave our conſtitution to its pillars—the ſenate—it is the work of ages—cemented by the blood of our forefathers—and ſeek not to introduce a foreign ſyſtem, which however expedient with another nation—wou'd be highly impolitic in us—our's is already the admiration and envy of the world—'tis founded on the nobleſt baſis—and may the fabric continue inviolate!

Lady Reb. Well— how happy am I to be reſtor'd to thoſe rights I am by rank and birth entitled to.

Geo. You both are reſtor'd to your proper and reſpective rights—and if my dear couſin wou'd permit my friend, the Captain, to have a right and title in—

Lady Reb. My Lord—the General—you mean?

Sir Per. Egad the captain has had a rapid promotion however—tho' you only command a company—you may command my conſent—you are a fine young fellow—that's the truth on't.

Lady Reb. What, no rank! no title! I can never—

Geo. Fie, fie, aunt—my uncle ſees *his* error—do not be blind to your's—a partial preference to rank and title betrays a vain and weak mind—where merit is not—rank but expoſes defects—like a paltry painting in a rich gilt frame.—My life on't—the captain will prove deſerving a greater hononr.

Lady Reb. In hopes of being a Colonel at leaſt—I give my conſent.

Capt. I ſcarce can ſpeak my thanks——my happineſs o'erpowers me.

Sir Per. Egad—I'm happy too—comparatively ſo—for I was confoundedly frighten'd a while ago.—Well, heav'n bleſs you together—but hark ye, captain—damn it, when you're married—ſtick up for "the *Rights* of *Man*," you rogue.

Lady Reb. Sophy, child, remember my advice—never give up thoſe rights every woman is entitled to.

Sophia. My dear papa and mamma—I'll ſtrive to oblige you both.——

FASHIONABLE FEMALE DRESSES

FOR DECEMBER, 1792.

HEADS *very ſmall*, the hair cut over the forehead, and down the cheeks. No curls; *chignon flotant.*

Caps very low, and narrow; worn over the forehead on one ſide, and bound with puffed ſatin ribband.

Cravats of fine muſlin, edged with lace.

Roſe-coloured ſlippers, flat heels.

Polonaiſe robes of *dark* ſtriped ſatins. *Linon* petticoats, worked round the border in colours.

Satin jackets, with book muſlin petticoats, very long behind. *Moderate* ſized fans.

Gold chains round the neck, with gold earrings, gold bracelets, &c.

No diamonds, except *hoop rings.*

Watches, trinkets, &c. *quite mauvais ton.*

MORNING DRESSES.

Scarlet cloth great coats trimmed with *ſable*, or Sileſia cloth bordered with *blue* or *pink* fur.

Small Turkiſh ſatin caps trimmed with coloured furs, or ſable.

Gold links for earrings.

Muſlin chemiſes with cloſe ſleeves.

Indian callico jackets and petticoats; very long trains.

Black ſatin ſlippers trimmed with ſteel.

The faſhions this winter will take their *ton* from the ducheſs of Rutland, lady Anne Fitzroy, lady Molineux, Mrs. Robinſon, and Mrs. Stanhope,—who have entirely aboliſhed the large heads, and introduced the preſent elegant mode of dreſſing.

HISTORY

HISTORY *of a* PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

A FOREIGN paper gives the following account of the interpoſition of Divine Providence in favour of a widow and her family, near Dordrecht, in the province of Holland. This induſtrious woman was left by her huſband, who was an eminent carpenter, a comfortable houſe, with ſome land, and two boats for carrying merchandize and paſſengers on the canals. She was alſo ſuppoſed to be worth above ten thouſand guilders in ready money, which ſhe employed in an hempen and ſail cloth manufactory, as the means not only of increaſing her fortune, but of inſtructing her children (a ſon and two daughters) in thoſe uſeful branches of buſineſs.

One night, about nine o'clock, when the workmen were gone home, a perſon dreſſed in uniform, with a muſquet and broad ſword, came to her houſe, and requeſted lodging. 'I let no lodgings, friend,' ſaid the widow; 'and beſides, I have no ſpare bed, unleſs you ſleep with my ſon, which I think very improper, being a perfect ſtranger to us all.' The ſoldier then ſhewed a diſcharge from Dieſbach's regiment, ſigned by the major, who gave him an excellent character, and a paſſport from Comte de Mailliebois, governor of Breda.

The widow believing the ſtranger to be an honeſt man, as he really was, called her ſon, and aſked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had ſerved the republic thirty years with reputation, with a part of his bed. The young man conſented, and the ſoldier having been hoſpitably entertained, withdrew to reſt. Some hours after, a loud thumping was heard at the ſtreet door, which rouſed the ſoldier, who ſtole ſoftly down ſtairs, and liſtened in the hall. The blows were repeated, and the door almoſt broken through by a ſledge, or ſome heavy inſtrument. By this time, the affrighted widow and her daughters were running about, and ſcreaming, murder! murder! but the ſon having joined the ſoldier, with a caſe of loaded piſtols, and the latter ſcrewing on his bayonet, and freſh priming his piece, which was well filled with ſlugs, deſired the women to retire, as bloody work might be expected in a few minutes.

Soon after, the door was burſt in, and two fellows entered, and were inſtantly ſhot by the ſon, who diſcharged both his piſtols at once.—Two more returned the favour from without, but luckily without effect; and the intrepid veteran taking immediate advantage of the diſcharge of their arms, ruſhing on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and while the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his ſhoulders, and he dropped dead on the ſpot. They then cloſed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till day-light, when a number of weavers and ſpinners came to reſume their employment. We may gueſs their horror and ſurpriſe on ſeeing four men dead on a dunghill, whither the ſoldier had dragged them before the door was ſhut.

The burgomaſter and his Syndic attended, and took the depoſitions of the family, relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a croſs-road, and a ſtone erected over their grave, with this inſcription:—'Here lie the wretched carcaſſes of four unknown ruffians, who deſervedly loſt their lives in an attempt to rob or murder a worthy woman and her family. A ſtranger who ſlept in the houſe, to which Divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal inſtrument in preventing the perpetration of ſuch horrid deſigns, which juſtly entitles him to a laſting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian de Vries, a diſcharged ſoldier, from the regiment of Dieſbach, a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand, and upward of ſeventy years old, was the David who ſlew two of theſe Goliahs; the reſt being killed by the ſon of the family. *In honorem, et gratitudinis ergo, Dei Optimi Maximi, pretaris et innocentiæ, ſummi protectoris—Magiſtratus et Concilium Civitatis Dortrechienſis hoc Signum poni curavere* XX. *Die Nov. Annoque Salutaris humani,* 1785.'

The widow preſented the ſoldier with one hundred guineas, and the city ſettled a handſome penſion on him for the reſt of his life.

ALMORAN *and* SELIMA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the city of Bagdad lived Almoran, the ſon of Ibrahim. His perſon was noble as the ſtately oak in the foreſt; his mind unſullied as the meridian beam from the ſun. His bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of the orphan; nor did the mourning of the widow ever paſs unregarded at his gate. In fine, he was ſo amiable and deſerving, that by all who beheld him, he was admired; and by all who knew him, reſpected and beloved.

Among a variety of virgins who ſighed for the heart of Almoran, the moſt beautiful was Selima, a damſel of Balſora, and for her he felt a flame as pure and ardent as her own. Her cheeks were roſy as the bluſh of morning; her eyes ſparkling as the diamond of Golconda. Her boſom was as white as the ſwan upon the waters, and gentle as the midſummer murmur of the ſtream. How often, ye groves of Balſora, have ye echoed with the fame of her beauty! How often, ye vallies of Bagdad, have you reſounded with her praiſe!

Almoran and Selima were not more diſtinguiſhed for their excellent qualities, than for their mutual paſſion; and as neither of them had any parents to oppoſe their wiſhes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the univerſal joy of their reſpective friends. Almoran, impatient for the happy moment, was inceſſantly feaſting his imagination with viſionary raptures. Selima not leſs impatient, though more reſtrained in her expreſſions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy, the bliſsful ſociety of all ſhe held dear. But how vain and viſionary the expectations of a mortal! While the lovers were thus enhancing the preſent, by the moſt pleaſing reflections on the future, an order arrived at Bagdad, commanding Selima to attend at the court of the Caliph, who had, for ſome time paſt, been entertained with various reports of her unparalelled beauty, and wanted to ſee, whether the encomiums of which all were laviſh, were correſpondent to reality, or the mere effuſions of exaggeration. Neither her religion nor her allegiance could allow Selima to diſpute a moment the orders of the Commander of the Faithful,' who was worſhipped, with implicit reverence, by all his people, as the lineal ſucceſſor of the ſacred Prophet. Selima, therefore, was conveyed immediately, with a bleeding heart, to the palace; and the inſtant the Caliph beheld her, ſhe was declared the favourite ſultana.

Language cannot ſpeak the anguiſh of the two lovers, thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each other. The moment Almoran heard that the heart of the Caliph was captivated by Selima, he regarded life with indifference and even deteſtation; and, unable to ſupport the inexpreſſible agonies of his mind, he conſidered the Angel of Death as the only miniſter of repoſe. For two days and two nights, he wandered in a ſtate of diſtraction, in the different rooms of his houſe; invoking, in a thouſand intervals of deſperation, the name of his irrevocably-loſt Selima. At laſt, becoming ſomewhat calmer, he began to review the various occurrences of his life, in order to diſcover in what inſtance he could have given Mahomet ſuch unpardonable offence, as to meet with a puniſhment ſo inſufferably ſevere. After ruminating a long time, and finding nothing to reproach himſelf with but ſome youthful indiſcretions, which had been more than expiated by a thouſand virtuous actions, he inſenſibly dropped upon one knee, and thus began to expoſtulate with the Supreme Governor of All:

'Thou Great Creator of the Univerſe, who ſitteſt enthroned above the ſeven heavens, mercifully look down upon the moſt wretched of mankind, who has, nevertheleſs, conſtantly maintained the moſt profound veneration for thy holy laws. Tell him, O thou infinitely High! Inform him, O thou ineffably Juſt, why he, who has ever made it the ſtudy of his life to deſerve thy approbation, is doomed to ſuffer what the moſt impious violater of thy divine will would conſider as a puniſhment too ſevere for the moſt atrocious of his crimes.'

Almoran had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when the loud thunder ſhook the houſe, and an extraordinary brightneſs illumined the room. When he had recovered himſelf a little from the aſtoniſhment into which this wonderful viſitation threw him, a voice, awful as the trumpet of heaven, thus addreſſed him: 'Arraign no more, miſtaken man, the juſtice and goodneſs of the Supreme Being, who, although he acts by ſecret ſprings and ſeeming ſeverities, is ever attentive to the happineſs of the virtuous, and perfectly conſiſtent in all his laws. Know, Almoran, that this world is a tranſitory bubble, that muſt ſoon burſt upon the ocean of time; that life, at beſt, is but a ſhort voyage, in which every paſſenger muſt expect ſome diſagreeable gales, in order to prove the ſincerity and conſtancy of his dependence on Infinite Goodneſs, and to render himſelf worthy of entering into an everlaſting port. Without ſome tempeſts in the ocean of life, the tide of proſperity would frequently ſwell the creature into a forgetfulneſs of the Creator, and reduce him to a more dangerous ſituation than that into which the moſt tremendous ſtorms could plunge him—a total indifference to his God. In mercy, therefore, to man, a variety of ſhoals, and rocks, and quickſands are thrown in his way, to keep alive, in this world, a conſtant ſenſe of his dependence on the Divine Being, and to enable him to ſteer his bark aright, that in a future ſtate he may arrive at everlaſting happineſs. But excluſive of this general order in the ſtate of things, know, Almoran, that it is becauſe thou art a favourite of Heaven, that Selima was torn from thy arms. Know, O man, and ſhudder at the thought, that thy intended bride was thy ſiſter. Thy father Ibrahim, in a journey to Balſora, was admitted to the Cadi's wife, and the fruit of their guilty commerce was Selima. Almoran, be comforted: I have viſited Selima, and given her the ſame information and the ſame advice. She is at eaſe; do thou remain ſo too; never more doubt the goodneſs of Providence, who from ſeeming evil conſtantly educes good, and will never fail, (at leaſt in another ſtage of exiſtence) ultimately to reward thoſe who regard with an unceaſing aſſiſtance, the various diſpenſations of their benevolent Creator.'

Almoran, thus admoniſhed, was taught reſignation and acquieſcence. The ardour of his paſſion for the loſt Selima ſubſided into the gentle tenderneſs of recollection, which did not prevent, a few years afterward, the indulgence of a virtuous affection for another amiable object, who, though inferior in beauty to Selima, was not inferior to her in all the virtues of the mind. To her Almoran was united. With her he lived many years in happineſs, and left a blooming offspring who ſucceeded to his virtues and his fortune. The eldeſt of theſe, who attained to the dignity of Grand Vizier to the Caliph Haroun Alraſchid, ordered this memorable hiſtory to be recorded in the annals of Bagdad:—to teach the erring mortal, that would wander comfortleſs through the gloomy ſhades of fearful apprehenſion and tormenting miſtruſt, that the Moſt High reigneth over all, ever-preſent and omniſcient; that he regardeth all his creatures with unceaſing benignity; that his moſt ſevere diſpenſations (productive as they may appear to be of momentary infelicity) tend, in their final iſſue, to the good of all his creatures, and, more particularly of thoſe who ſincerely endeavour to merit his favour and protection, by the unceaſing ſentiments of piety and unremitted exertions of virtue.

Of the ANCIENT SCANDINAVIANS.

THE ancient Scandinavians breathed nothing but war, which was at once with them the ſource of honour, riches, and ſafety. Their education, laws, prejudices, morality, and religion, all concurred to make that their ruling paſſion and only object. From their moſt tender age they applied themſelves to learn the military art, they hardened their bodies, and accuſtomed themſelves to cold, fatigue, and hunger. They exerciſed themſelves in running, in the chace, in ſwimming acroſs the greateſt rivers, and in handling their arms. The very ſports of childhood itſelf, and of early youth, were directed all towards this end: dangers were always intermingled with their play; for it conſiſted in taking frightful leaps, in climbing up the ſteepeſt rocks, in fighting naked with offenſive weapons, in wreſtling with the utmoſt fury: it was therefore common to ſee them at the age of fifteen already grown robuſt men, and able to make themſelves feared in combat. It was alſo at this age that their young men became their own maſters, which they did by receiving a ſword, a buckler, and a lance. This ceremony was performed in ſome public meeting. One of the principal perſons of the aſſembly armed the youth in public. "This, we are told by Tacitus, was his *toga virilis*, his entrance upon the dignities; before this he made only part of a family, now he became a member of the ſtate." After this he was obliged to provide for his own ſubſiſtence, and was either now to live by hunting, or by joining in ſome incurſion againſt an enemy. Particular care was taken to prevent theſe young ſoldiers from enjoying too early an acquaintance with the oppoſite ſex, till their limbs had acquired all the vigour of which they were capable. Indeed they could have no hope to be acceptable to the women, but in proportion to the courage and addreſs they had ſhewn in war, and their military exerciſe. Accordingly we ſee in an ancient ſong, preſerved by Bartholin, a king of Norway extremely ſurpriſed that, as he could perform eight different exerciſes, his miſtreſs ſhould preſume to reject his ſuit. I ſhall frequently have occaſion to produce new inſtances in this manner of thinking among their women: it is ſufficient at preſent to obſerve, that they were not likely to ſoften their children by too much delicacy or indulgence. Theſe tender creatures were generally born in the midſt of camps and armies. Their eyes, from the moment they were firſt opened, ſaw nothing but military ſpectacles, arms, effuſion of blood, and combats either real or in ſport: thus as they grew up from their infancy, their ſouls were early diſpoſed to imbibe the cruel prejudices of their fathers.

Their laws for the moſt part, (like thoſe of the ancient Lacedemonians) ſeemed to know no other virtues that thoſe of a military nature, and no other crimes but cowardice. They inflicted the greateſt penalties on ſuch as fled the firſt in battle. The laws of the ancient Danes, according to Saxo, excluded them from ſociety, and declared them infamous. Among the Germans this was ſometimes carried ſo far as to ſuffocate cowards in mud; after which they covered them over with hurdles; to ſhew, ſays Tacitus, that though the puniſhment of crimes ſhould be public, there are certain degrees of infamy, as cowardice, which ought to be buried in ſilence. The moſt flattering diſtinctions were reſerved for ſuch as had performed ſome ſignal exploit; and the laws themſelves diſtributed men into different ranks according to their different degrees of courage. Frotho, king of Denmark, had ordained, according, to Saxo, that whoever ſolicited an eminent poſt in the army, ought upon all occaſions to attack one enemy, to face two, to retire only one ſtep back from three, and not to make an actual retreat till aſſaulted by four. Hence was formed that prejudice ſo deeply rooted among theſe people, that there was no other way to acquire glory but by the profeſſion of arms, and a fanatic valour: a prejudice, the force of which diſplayed itſelf without obſtruction at a time when luxury was unknown; when that deſire, ſo natural, and ſo active among men, of drawing upon themſelves the attention of their equals, had but one ſingle object and ſupport; and when their country and their fellow-citizens had no other treaſure but the fame of their exploits, and the terror thereby excited in their neighbours.

The rules of juſtice, far from checking theſe prejudices, had been themſelves warped and adopted to their bias. It is no exaggeration to ſay, that all the Gothic and Celtic nations entertained opinions on this ſubject, quite oppoſite to the theory of our times. They looked upon war as a real act of juſtice, and eſteemed force an inconteſtible title over the weak; a viſible mark that God had intended to ſubject them to the ſtrong. They had no doubt but the intentions of this Divinity had been to eſtabliſh the ſame dependence among men which there is among animals, and ſetting out from the principle of the inequality of men, as our modern civilians do form that of their equality, they inferred thence that the weak had no right to what they could not defend. This maxim, which formed the baſis of the law of nations among the ancient inhabitants of Europe, being dictated by their moſt darling paſſion, we cannot wonder that they ſhould act up to it in practice. And which, after all, is worſt; to act and think as they did, or, like the moderns, with better principles to act as ill? As to the ancient nations, we attribute nothing to them here but what is juſtified by a thouſand facts. They adopted the above maxim in all its rigour, and gave the name of Divine judgment not only to the judiciary combat, but to conflicts and battles of all ſorts: victory being, in their opinion, the only certain mark by which Providence enables us to diſtinguiſh thoſe whom it has appointed to command others. "Valour (ſays a German warrior in Tacitus) is the only proper goods of men. The gods range themſelves on the ſide of the ſtrongeſt."

Laſtly, religion, by annexing eternal happineſs to the military virtues, had given the laſt degree of activity to the ardour and propenſity theſe people had for war. There were no fatigues, no dangers, nor torments, capable of damping a paſſion ſo well countenanced, and the deſire of meriting ſo great a reward. We have ſeen what motives this religion offered to its votaries; and we cannot fail to recall them in reading ſome inſtances of that courage which diſtinguiſhed the ancient Scandinavians, and of their contempt of death itſelf, which I ſhall produce from the moſt authentic chronicles of Iceland.

Hiſtory informs us, that Harold, ſurnamed Blaatand, or Blue Tooth, (a king of Denmark, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century) had founded on the coaſt of Pomerania, which he had ſubdued, a city named Julin or Jomſburg; where he ſent a colony of young Danes, and beſtowed the government on a celebrated warrior named Palnatoko. This new Lycurgus had made of that city a ſecond Sparta, and every thing was directed to this ſingle end, to form complete ſoldiers. The author who has left us the hiſtory of this colony, aſſures us, that "it was forbidden them ſo much as to mention the name of fear, even in the moſt imminent dangers." No citizen of Jomſburg was to yield to any number, however great, but to fight intrepidly without flying, even from a very ſuperior force. The ſight of preſent and inevitable death would have been no excuſe with them for making any the leaſt complaint, or for ſhewing the ſlighteſt apprehenſion. And this legiſlator really appears to have eradicated from the minds of moſt of the youths bred up under him, all traces of that ſentiment ſo natural and ſo univerſal, which makes men think on their deſtruction with horror. Nothing can ſhew this better than a ſingle fact in their hiſtory, which deſerves to have place here for its ſingularity. Some of them having made an irruption into the territories of a powerful Norwegian lord, named Haquin, were overcome in ſpite of the obſtinacy of their reſiſtance; and the moſt diſtinguiſhed among them being made priſoners, were, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times, condemned to death. The news of this, far from afflicting them, was, on the contrary, received with joy. The firſt who was led to puniſhment was content to ſay, without changing countenance, and without expreſſing the leaſt ſign of fear, "Why ſhould not the ſame happen to me as did to my father? he died, and ſo muſt I." A warrior named Thorchill, who was to cut off the head of the ſecond, having aſked him what he felt at the ſight of death, he anſwered, "that he remembered too well the laws of Jomſburg to utter any words that denoted fear." The third, in reply to the ſame queſtion, ſaid, "he rejoiced to die with glory, and that he preferred ſuch a death to an infamous life like that of Thorchill's." The fourth made an anſwer much longer and more extraordinary. "I ſuffer with a good heart; and the preſent hour is to me very agreeable. I only beg of you," added he, addreſſing himſelf to Thorchill, "to be very quick in cutting off my head; for it is a queſtion often debated by us at Jomſburg, whether one retains any ſenſe after being beheaded. I will therefore graſp this knife in my hand; if, after my head is cut off, I ſtrike it towards you, it will ſhew I have not loſt all ſenſe; if I let it drop, it will be a proof to the contrary. 'Make haſte, therefore, and decide the diſpute." 'Thorchill, adds the hiſtorian, cut off his head in the moſt expeditious manner, but the knife, as might be expected, dropped from his hand.' The fifth ſhewed the ſame tranquillity, and died rallying and jeering his enemies. The ſixth begged of Thorchill that he might not be led to puniſhment like a ſheep; "ſtrike the blow in my face, ſaid he, I will ſit ſtill without ſhrinking; and take notice whether I once wink my eyes, or betray one ſign of fear in my countenance. For we inhabitants of Jomſburg are uſed to exerciſe ourſelves in trials of this ſort, ſo as to meet the ſtroke of death without once moving." He kept his promiſe before all the ſpectators, and received the blow without the leaſt ſign of fear, or ſo much as winking his eyes. The ſeventh, ſays the hiſtorian, "was a very beautiful young man, in the flower of his age. His long fair hair, as fine as ſilk, floated in curls and ringlets on his ſhoulders. Thorchill aſked him what he thought of death? "I receive it willingly, ſaid he, ſince I have fulfilled the greateſt duty of life, and have ſeen all thoſe put to death whom I would not ſurvive. I only beg of you one favour, not to let my hair be touched by a ſlave, or ſtained with my blood."

This conſtancy in the laſt moments was not, however, the peculiar effect of the laws and education of the Jomſburgians. The other Danes have often given the ſame proofs of intrepidity; or rather this was the general character of all the inhabitants of Scandinavia. It was with them an inſtance of ſhameful puſillanimity to utter upon ſuch occaſions the leaſt groan, or to change countenance, but eſpecially to ſhed tears. The Danes, ſays Adam of Bremen, "are remarkable for this, that if they have committed any crime, they had rather ſuffer death than blows. There is no other puniſhment for them but either the axe or ſervitude.

As for groans, complaints, and other bemoanings of that kind, in which we find relief, they are ſo deteſted by the Danes, that they think it mean to weep for their ſins, or for the death of their deareſt relations." But if a private ſoldier looked upon tears as peculiar to weakneſs or ſlavery, their great warriors, the chiefs, all who aſpire to fame and glory, carried the contempt of death much farther. King Regner, who died ſinging the pleaſure of receiving death in the field of battle, cries out at the end of a ſtanza, "the hours of my life are paſſed away, and I ſhall die laughing:" and many paſſages in ancient hiſtory plainly ſhow that this was not a poetical hyperbole. Saxo, ſpeaking of a ſingle combat, ſays, that one of the champions "fell, laughed, and died;" an epitaph as ſhort as energetic. An officer belonging to a king of Norway, celebrating in verſe the death of his maſter, concludes his eulogium with theſe words: "It ſhall hereafter be recorded in hiſtories that king Halfer died laughing." A warrior having been thrown upon his back in wreſtling with his enemy, and the latter finding himſelf without his arms, the vanquiſhed perſon promiſed to wait without changing his poſture while he fetched a ſword to kill him; and he faithfully kept his word. To die with his arms in his hand was the vow of every free man; and the pleaſing idea they had of this kind of death, would naturally lead them to dread ſuch as proceeded from diſeaſe and old age. In the joy, therefore, which they teſtified at the approach of a violent death, they might frequently expreſs no more than their real ſentiments, though doubtleſs it was ſometimes intermixed with oſtentation. The general tenor of their conduct proves that they were moſt commonly ſincere in this; and ſuch as know the power which education, example, and prejudice have over men, will find no difficulty in receiving the multitude of teſtimonies which antiquity hath left us of their extraordinary valour.

"The philoſophy of the Cimbri (ſays Valerius Maximus) is gay and courageous: they leap for joy in a battle, that they are going to quit life in ſo glorious a manner: in ſickneſs they lament for fear of a ſhameful and miſerable end." Cicero remarks, that in proportion as men are intrepid in war, they are weak and impatient under bodily pains. "Happy in their miſtake, (ſays Lucan) are the people who live beneath the pole! perſuaded that death is only a paſſage to a long life, they are undiſturbed by the moſt grievous of all fears, that of dying. Hence they eagerly run to arms, and their minds are capable of meeting death: hence they eſteem it cowardice to ſpare a life which they ſhall ſo ſoon recover." The hiſtory of ancient Scandanavia is full of paſſages expreſſive of this manner of thinking. The illuſtrious warriors who found themſelves waſting by ſome lingering illneſs, were not always content barely to accuſe their fate. They often availed themſelves of the few moments that were yet remaining, to ſkake off life by a way more glorious. Some of them would be carried into a field of battle, that they might die in the engagement: others ſlew themſelves: many procured this melancholy ſervice to be performed them by their friends, who conſidered this as the moſt ſacred duty. "There is on a mountain in Iceland (ſays the author of an old Icelandic romance) a rock ſo high, that no animal can fall from the top and live. Here men betake themſelves when they are afflicted and unhappy. From this place all our anceſtors, even without waiting for ſickneſs, have departed unto Odin. It is uſeleſs, therefore, to give up ourſelves to groans and complaints, or to put our relations to needleſs expences, ſince we can eaſily follow the example of our fathers who have all gone by the way of this rock." There was ſuch another in Sweden, appropriated to the ſame uſe; which was figuratively called the "Hall of Odin," becauſe it was a kind of veſtibule or entry to the palace of that god. Laſtly, if none of theſe were afforded, and eſpecially when Chriſtianity had baniſhed theſe cruel practices, the heroes conſoled themſelves at leaſt by putting on complete armour as ſoon as they found their end approaching; thus making as it were, a ſolemn proteſt againſt the kind of death to which they were forced involuntarily to ſubmit.

After this it will not be thought wonderful that the clients of a great lord, and all thoſe who enliſted under a chief for ſome expedition, ſhould make a vow not to ſurvive their commander: or that this vow ſhould always be performed in all its rigour. Neither will it be ſurpriſing that private ſoldiers ſhould ſometimes form among themſelves a kind of ſociety or confraternity, in which the ſeveral members engaged, at the expence of their own lives, to avenge the death of their aſſociates, provided it were honourable and violent. All theſe dangers were, in their opinion, ſo many precarious occaſions of meriting glory and eternal happineſs. Accordingly, we never find any among theſe people guilty of cowardice, and the bare ſuſpicion of that vice was always attendant with univerſal contempt. A man who had loſt his buckler, or who had received a wound behind, durſt never more appear in public. In the Hiſtory of England, we ſee a famous Daniſh captain, named Siward, who had ſent his ſon to attack a province in Scotland, aſk with great coolneſs thoſe who brought the news of his death, whether he had received his wounds behind or before? The meſſengers telling him he was wounded before, the father cries out, "then I have only cauſe to rejoice; for any other death would have been unworthy of me and my ſon." A conqueror could not exerciſe a more terrible vengeance upon his captives than to condemn them to ſlavery. "There is (ſays Saxo) in the heart of the Danes, an inſurmountable averſion to ſervitude, which makes them eſteem it the moſt dreadful of all conditions." The ſame hiſtorian deſcribes to us a king of Denmark, named Frotho, taken in battle by a king his enemy, and obſtinately refuſing all offers of life which that prince could make him. "To what end, ſays he, ſhould I reſerve myſelf for ſo great a diſgrace? What good can the remainder of my life afford me, that can counterbalance the remembrance of my misfortunes, and the regret which my miſeries would cauſe me? And even if you ſhould reſtore me my kingdom, if you ſhould bring me back my ſiſter, if you ſhould repair all the loſs of my treaſure, would all this recover my honour? All theſe benefits would never replace me in my former ſtate, but future ages would always ſay, "Frotho had been taken by his enemies." In all combats, and the number of them is prodigious in the ancient hiſtories of the North, we always find both parties continually repeating the words glory, honour, and contempt of death, and by this means raiſing one another to that pitch of enthuſiaſm, which produces extraordinary actions. A general never forgot to remind his troops of theſe motives when he was going to give battle; and not unfrequently they prevented him, and flew to the engagement of themſelves, chanting ſongs of war, marching in cadence, and raiſing ſhouts of joy.

Account of the RIVER SHANNON *in* IRELAND.

PERHAPS there is not a River in the dominions of Great Britain that has ſo little ſtruck, in this Age of Knowledge and Enquiry, the attention of the Traveller, the Antiquary, and the Philoſopher, as this noble River has done; and no River deſerves it more than the Shannon, which take its courſe from a ſmall mountain in the northern parts of the county of Leitrim, in the province of Connaught, and after the run of many miles diffuſes into a large Lake, that aſſumes the name of Lough Allen, about thirty miles in circumference, and encompaſſed with high mountains, which enliven and beautify the ſcenery of the Lake, in whoſe vicinity, and in whoſe mountains, are found iron ore and coal equal to thoſe imported from Cumberland to Dublin, and with induſtry might be converted into a profitable branch of commerce. From this romantic Lake the Shannon iſſues with pride, and in full ſtream; and after the progreſs of many miles expands again her full and gentle current, and forms Lough Eſk, a beautiful Lake of conſiderable length, but not very broad. Paſſing from Lough Eſk to ſome conſiderable length, this river again plays her vagaries by forming herſelf into another beautiful lake below the town of Laneſborough, over which is a bridge that divides Leinſter from Connaught. This lake is called Lough Ree, twenty miles long and about fifteen broad; a lake moſt beautifully diverſified with many iſlands, ſome inhabited, and all ſtocked with cattle; ſeveral adorned with the ruins of religious houſes, among which are the ruins of two Abbies, which, with the improvements on the ſkirts of this lake, make the ſcene appear beautiful and grand. It expands itſelf to Athlone, a populous town ſeated on both ſides of the Shannon, garriſoned with foot and horſe: remarkable for the ſiege and defence it made during the conteſt between William and James for the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and was at length reduced by General Ginkle, who was enobled by the title of the Earl of Athlone. After quitting this town and lake the Shannon appears again a large and beautiful river, breaking forth on the eyes of the traveller between the counties of Tipperary and Clare, where it plays its pranks for the laſt time, forming the delightful lake which takes the name of Lough Dergh, eighteen miles long and five broad. Leaving this lake, and thoſe other beautiful lakes which I have mentioned, as ſo many pledges of her love and affection to the many counties which ſhe has paſſed through and beautified with her gentle ſtream, ſhe again rolls with a full and ſwelling ſtream for many miles, and at length emboſoms herſelf into the arms of the wide and expanding Weſtern Ocean, about ſixty miles below the city of Limerick. Once more diſplaying her beauty, many iſlands are to be ſeen richly beautified by nature, one of which, the iſland of Irmiſcattery, contains eleven churches, founded by Saint Sherman, before the arrival of Saint Patrick in Munſter; and a round tower, one hundred and twenty feet in height, graces the ſcene of this ancient groupe of religious houſes.

And here permit me, not having blind prejudices for my guide, to take this fair and noble river in a political point of view, the largeſt in Ireland, and, all other circumſtances duly conſidered, the fineſt in the Britiſh dominions of Europe; not ſo much on account of running upwards of two hundred miles from North to Weſt, almoſt dividing and waſhing with her gentle ſtream one half of the kingdom, but alſo of her inſular ſituation and great depth in moſt places, and the gentleneſs of her current, through which ſhe might, by national enterpriſe, be made ſerviceable to commerce and navigation, and the improvement of agriculture; arts which raiſe a people from a ſtate of ſtupefaction and indolence to affluence and induſtry. This peculiar prerogative of the river Shannon running from North to Weſt, almoſt contrary to the courſe of all other rivers, makes her of the greateſt conſequence to the people of Ireland. By this ſhe ſeparates the province of Connaught from thoſe of Leinſter and Munſter, thereby dividing the moſt fertile part of the kingdom into what lies on the Eaſt and the Weſt of that river, watering in her paſſage the valuable, though the unimproved, county of Leitrim, the plentiful and fertile county of Roſcommon, and the fruitful county of Galway, in Connaught; the ſmall but fair county of Longford, King's County, and the fertile county of Weſtmeath, in Leinſter; the populous county of Tipperary, the ſpacious and delightful county of Limerick, the rough but pleaſant county of Kerry, and the beautiful county of Clare, in Munſter. The Shannon not only viſits and waſhes with her gentle current theſe ten counties, ſituated on her banks, but ſhe likewiſe invites ten more to partake of her bounty, by numerous lakes and rivers, which lie ſcattered on the boſom of theſe counties connected with thoſe on her banks.—Among many market towns of leſſer note on the banks of this delightful river, are the following remarkable ones: the towns of Leitrim, Carrick, James Town, Laneſborough, Athlone, Banager, and Birr; cities of Killaloe, Clonfert, and Limerick, which now begins to improve and flouriſh in arts and manufactures, by the munificence and under the patronage of Lord Perry, who dignifies the nobleman by introducing manufactures, and promoting induſtry and civilization among people, who only want the patronage and the example of ſuch a nobleman to be followed by the reſt of the gentry of Ireland, to make them a rich and flouriſhing people. The natives want not genius, but to be unſhackled and led into the way of induſtry, and they will ſurely follow it. Their idleneſs ariſes not from native indolence, but want of encouragement to give it a proper force.—From the city of Limerick the Shannon is navigable to the ſea, upwards of ſixty miles, for veſſels of the largeſt burthens. In her whole courſe from this city ſhe ſpreads like a ſea, affording to the contemplative mind ſcenes entirely new, and ſuch as, impreſſed on the native mind of an Iriſhman, would make him prefer the advantage ariſing from the ſituation and courſe of the Shannon to the acquiſition of conquered provinces. Of what I have ſeen and obſerved of the river Shannon, and the new ſources of wealth which are likely by her means to be opened to the internal parts of the country, by new communications already made, and thoſe now making, with the ſpirit of improvement going forward in Ireland, we may fairly promiſe, without divination or the ſpirit of prophecy, that in time Ireland muſt be rich and wealthy. If our modern reformers would turn their eyes to their country, firſt reform the manners and cuſtoms of the people, by enuring them to induſtry, diſpelling blind prejudice and bigotry from their minds; theſe only, and the abolition of the little narrow ſyſtem of policy that at preſent governs that country to her utter ruin, would make her great and flouriſhing; the true mode of government conducing more to the wealth of a nation than all the ſyſtematic plans of modern reformers, and the innovations of politicians.

I cannot cloſe this ſketch of the Shannon without ſaying ſomething of Connaught, a province naturally connected with this river, and very little known to travellers. It is, notwithſtanding the poverty of the inhabitants, a fertile country; though not abounding in grain, it is yet a fruitful province; and, if properly cultivated and improved, might produce all the neceſſaries of life, being capable, from the richneſs of its ſoil, of the higheſt cultivation under proper management.—From what I have ſeen of the ruins of old caſtles and remains of religious houſes ſcattered all over this part of the kingdom, I conclude, in a more remote period Connaught exhibited a more reſpectable figure than it does now. There are not many towns of note in the province, and thoſe that claim the attention of the traveller ſeem not in the moſt flouriſhing condition. We do not here meet with well-encloſed fields planted and cultivated, nor yet with farm-houſes neatly built, and inhabited by induſtrious yeomanry; no, the weary traveller ſees nothing but a dreary waſte, a country like an inter-common, covered with ſheep and black cattle: here and there a hut, the habitation of the lonely herdſman, the guardian and watch of theſe numerous herds; perhaps a few hamlets in a long ride; and at ſome diſtance the proud manſion the proprietor of theſe flocks and herds, glutted with avarice and oppreſſion, feaſting with his eyes on the wide-expanded waſte, and the deſolation made by driving thoſe whom he might call friends and brothers to ſeek an aſylum among ſtrangers in foreign climes, who, if encouraged, might live happy in the boſom of their friends and their country. I muſt confeſs that there are gentlemen of the moſt liberal minds and underſtanding in Connaught, who lament the ſituation of the lower claſs of people, who clearly ſee the narrow policy of the gentlemen of landed property in letting their eſtates to a kind of hirelings called Under-Landlords. They muſt in time ſee their error.—The traveller who would wiſh to ſee this part of Ireland need not be diſcouraged at this haſty ſketch, for there are many antiquities, curioſities, and romantic ſcenes, ſcattered through this province, worth the attention of the curious enquirer.

Account of THE ROBBERS, *a German Tragedy.*

BY MR. SCHILLER.

A YOUNG man of high birth and expectations, Charles, eldeſt ſon of the Comte de Moor, endowed by nature with a ſoul of fire, and a heart full of ſenſibility, is led away, in the prime of youth, by the love of pleaſure and diſſipation too common at that age. After running a courſe of thoughtleſs and criminal extravagance, he liſtens to the voice of virtue, which had been ſtifled, not loſt, in his heart, and writes to his father, whom amidſt all his vice and folly he had never ceaſed to love, a letter full of penitence and contrition, deſiring to return to duty, and to be received again to pardon and to favour. This is intercepted by the villainy of a younger brother, who manages ſo as to perſuade his father that his ſon Charles (who appears to have been his great favourite) is totally abandoned to villainy and vice; in conſequence of which the old man throws him utterly from his regard, and ſends him a letter renouncing him for ever, and containing that paternal malediction, ſo dreadful to the ſenſibility of a ſon who loved his parent. On receipt of this, Charles becomes deſperate; and, amidſt the ſtorm of his feelings, outraged by what he thinks the inhumanity of his father, readily accepts of a propoſal made by ſome of his diſſipated companions, to leave a world in which they had nothing but contempt and poverty to expect, to fly to the foreſts of Bohemia, and there to eſtabliſh themſelves into a ſociety of robbers and banditti, of which he was to be the chief. In the horrid duties of this new employment, he ſhews all the wonderful magnanimity, that perſuaſive eloquence, that undaunted valour, which would have graced a better ſtation; yet amidſt the elevation and activity of mind with which the exerciſe and the ſucceſs of theſe qualities are accompanied, his heart is preſſed down by remorſe, and melted by the tender recollection of that virtuous happineſs which, in the days of youth and innocence, he had once enjoyed. The curſe of a father whom he had revered and loved, the deſertion of a miſtreſs, a couſin of his own, of whom he was deſperately enamoured, the ſenſe of his outcaſt and abandoned ſituation, and of thoſe violations of virtue and morality to which it neceſſarily leads; thoſe rending feelings, thoſe melting remembrances, joined to that high ſenſe of perverted honour which links him to his band, and that ardent valour which makes their enterpriſes of glory; theſe form a character of the moſt energetic kind, and the author has given to his hero a loftineſs and power of expreſſion fully adequate to the terrors and the paſſions which his ſituation and his feelings produce. The intrinſic force of this dramatic character is heightened by the ſingular circumſtances in which it is placed. Captain of a band of inexorable and ſanguinary banditti, whoſe furious valour he wields to the moſt deſperate purpoſes; living with thoſe aſſociates, amidſt woods and deſerts, terrible and ſavage as the wolves they have diſplaced; this preſents to the fancy a kind of preternatural perſonage, wrapped in all the gloomy grandeur of viſionary beings.

His younger brother Francis having ſucceeded in removing this favourite of his father, now looks to the death of the old man as the complete accompliſhment of his wiſhes to attain the fortune and honours of his family. To effect this helliſh purpoſe, he makes uſe of his father's ſtill remaining tenderneſs for that very ſon whom the traitor's arts had driven from his love. He employs one Herman, a tool of his villainy, to perſonate a ſoldier, who had been the companion of Charles, and to relate a fabricated ſtory of the ſufferings and death of that unfortunate young man, who, according to him, had been reduced by the ſeverity of his father, to the moſt extreme and pitiable indigence, from which he had at laſt been relieved by death, having fallen fighting gallantly in an action with the infidels, and in his laſt words had breathed out the name of his father and of his Amelia. The old Count feels this relation as his inhuman ſon expected; he faints at its cloſe, and is carried off lifeleſs from the ſtage. The traitor Francis reaps the fruit of his villainy; he reaps, but his conſcience does not permit him to enjoy it; and he is ever after preſented as the martyr of remorſe haunted by the terrors of inward guilt. His aſſociate Herman appears to yield to contrition; he braves the anger of his lord, and reſolves to embrace the firſt opportunity of counteracting his villainy.

Though the great and the terrible be the moſt prominent features of this drama, there are ſcenes in which the pathetic and the tender prevail in a very uncommon degree; and the impreſſion they make in the reader is heightened by the contraſt of that bold unbending ſpirit which he ſees melted by their force. One of theſe, the ſecond ſcene of the third act, is ſo ſtriking, that I cannot forbear laying it before the reader in Engliſh. He will make allowance for what it muſt loſe in this form, when he conſiders that it is the tranſlation of a tranſlation.

The band are encamped on a height on the banks of the Danube, after a hard-fought battle with a party of Bohemian horſe, which had been ſent to take them; but which, by the unparalleled valour and exertions of Moor and his friends, they had defeated. He enters, overcome with fatigue and thirſt.

" I muſt reſt here, (*throwing himſelf on the ground*); my limbs are
" broken with fatigue, and my parched tongue cleaves to my mouth. I
" would have aſked ſome of you to fetch me a little water from that
" river, but you too are weary almoſt to death. (*One of the band goes*
" *out, unperceived by Moor, to fetch him ſome water.*)

" *Grim.* (*another of his band*) 'Tis a long time ſince our flaſks were
" empty of wine. How majeſtically the ſun ſets there below!

" *Moor.* (*looking ſtedfaſtly on the ſetting ſun*) 'Tis thus that a hero
" dies, and the nations admire his fall!

" *G.* It ſeems to move you.

" *M.* In my youth, it was my favourite idea to live like him (*look-*
" *ing earneſtly on the ſun*) to die like him! 'Twas the fancy of a young
" man.

" *G.* 'Twas even ſo.

" *M.* There was a time—(*drawing his hat over his eyes*)—leave me
" alone my friends.

" *G.* Moor, Moor! do you ail aught? Your colour changes.

" *M.* There was a time when I could not ſleep if I had forgot my
" prayers before I laid me down.

" *G.* 'Tis folly all—Would you, like a boy, be ſchooled by the re-
" membrance of your infant days?

" *M.* My infant days! Oh! (*leaning his head on the boſom of Grim.*)

" *G.* Think of theſe no more. Be not a child again, I pray you.

" *M.* A child again! Would that I were!

" *G.* Rouſe yourſelf, for ſhame! See how the landſcape ſmiles—
" how beautiful the evening looks!

" *M.*

" *M*. Aye, my friends, this earth is ſo beautiful—

" *G*. Why, that is well.

" *M*. This ſcene ſo grand—

" *G*. You ſpeak it truly. I love to hear you talk thus.

" *M*. And what am I, in this world that is ſo beautiful! A thing " ſo vile on this magnificent work of heaven!—The prodigal ſon!

" *G*. Moor! Moor!

" *M*. My innocence—give me back my innocence. Look how " every thing in nature is cheered by the ſmile of ſpring. Why in " this air, ſo pure to them, ſhould I breathe the blaſting ſmoke of " hell! When all around us are happy—when gentle peace has united " them—the world one bleſſed family, and its Father there above— " who is not my father! I alone ſhut out—the prodigal ſon—excluded " from the portion of his children——*(ſhrinking back with horror)* " ſurrounded with crimes—with murder—bound to them with chains " of iron.

" *G*. (*to the reſt of the band*) I never ſaw him thus before.

" *M*. (*with a voice of tenderneſs*) Ah! if it were poſſible for me to " be born again—to be born a beggar, the meaneſt thing that were not a " guilty one! With the labour of theſe hands I would purchaſe the " wearineſs of peace. Oh! that with the ſweat of my brow though " that ſweat were blood, I could buy one guiltleſs hour—the luxury of " one tear!

" *G*. Patience, friends; his fit is almoſt over.

" *M*. There was a time when my tears flowed freely. Oh! peaceful " days!—that ſaw me in my father's houſe, in my native fields! — Ye " ſmiling fields!—ye valleys made for enthuſiaſm to wander in! Scenes " of my happy infancy—will ye never return? Will ye never breathe on " this burning boſom your gales of peace and joy?——Nature, why art " thou dark around me?—They will never, never return; never on this " boſom will they breathe—they are gone—gone for ever!"

Subdued by the tenderneſs of the recollection which this ſcene expreſſes, Charles viſits his native caſtle in diſguiſe; he finds his father dead, his brother Francis in poſſeſſion of his inheritance and his miſtreſs ready to take the veil. After yielding for a while to thoſe ſofter feelings which the ſcenes of his infancy recal, he recollects the outcaſt abandonment of his own ſituation, makes himſelf known at the inſtant of parting, to his Amelia, and flies to rejoin his deſperate aſſociates.

In this ſituation of things, the fourth act commences. The ſcene is of that ſavage kind, which prepares the imagination for the horrors to enſue. It is night; and the remains of the band are aſſembled on a deſert heath, near to the ruins of an ancient tower, round which the winds whiſtle, and the owl ſhrieks. They had watched three days and nights of danger and alarm, and all, except their unhappy chief whom remorſe and anguiſh keep awake, yield to their fatigue, and lay themſelves on the ground to ſleep. Moor remains alone, and walks to and fro, like the ſovereign ſpirit of the night, revolving in his troubled but daring ſoul this world and the next. In this world, he has now nothing left to hope, and he looks, with deſperate calmneſs, on the dark and unknown gulph of that to come. His ſoliloquy is of that ſublime and broken ſort which expreſſes the agitation of a great but erring mind yielding to remorſe for crimes which have ſtained his life but not corrupted his ſoul, and left him amidſt the outrages of violence and vice, the ſentiments and the ſufferings of virtue and of feeling. After a pauſe of gloomy meditation, he breaks out in the following words, (to my tranſlation of which the reader will afford the indulgence I formerly ſolicited).

——" A long, long night!—on which no morning will ever dawn! " Think ye that Moor will tremble? Shades of the victims of this aſſaſſinating ſword! I ſee your bleeding wounds, I look on your livid " lips, and hear the laſt agonizing groans they breathe—but I tremble " not. Theſe are but links of that eternal chain, which he who ſits in " yonder heaven holds in his hand. He ſtamped theſe horrors on my " deſtiny. Even amidſt the innocent, the happy days of my unſullied " infancy, his eye ſaw them, and ſealed them on my fate. (*He draws* " *a piſtol.*) The barrier betwixt eternity and time, this little inſtrument " can burſt—and then——Thou dread unknown! whither wilt thou " lead? where wilt thou place me? If thou leav'ſt me this conſcious " ſelf, 'tis that muſt create my heaven or my hell. Amidſt the waſte " of a world which thine anger has deſtroyed. I can people the ſilent " void with thought. Or wilt thou, in new and untried ſtates, lead " me through various miſery to nothing? Thou mayeſt annihilate my " being; but while this ſoul is left, will not its freedom and its force " remain? 'Tis equal where—(*putting up his piſtol*) I will not now " ſhrink from the ſufferings of the preſent—the deſtiny of Moor ſhall be " fulfilled."

He is ſilent—he hears the tread of approaching feet, and preſently a figure glides before him, and knocks at the grated wicket of the tower. The figure ſpeaks. " Riſe, man of ſorrow, inhabitant of the tower, thy " repaſt is here." A feeble voice anſwers from the dungeon within— " Herman, is it thou?—Bring'ſt thou, like the prophet's raven, his " food to a lingering wretch, that lives by the crumbs which thy pity " affords him?"——Moor, who had ſhrunk back in amazement, now advances, and deſires the man to ſtop. That man is Herman. He draws his ſword; but is almoſt inſtantly diſarmed. " What art thou," ſays the aſtoniſhed Herman, " whoſe touch withers like that of death? " Art thou the demon of this horrid place? the ſpirit of this murderous " tower?" " I am," ſays Moor; " the exterminating angel is my name; " and yet I have fleſh and bones like thee. But what wretch is in that " tower? I will burſt his chains." He draws from his pockets the paſskeys which his profeſſion employs; he opens the tower; the ſkeleton figure of a famiſhed wretch creeps from the dungeon—" Horrible phan" tom!" ſays the aſtoniſhed Moor, in a low and ſtifled voice, " my " father!"

It is his father, whom the inhuman Francis (taking advantage of the long faint into which the account of his ſon's death had thrown him) had buried alive in the dungeon of the tower. When Charles is informed of this, and his other treacheries, by Herman, the penitent aſſociate of his villainy, he awakes his band, and, in the rage of filial revenge, diſpatches one of the boldeſt of the troop to force the caſtle of his brother, and bring him alive before them. The old man is ſtill ignorant of his deliverer's being his ſon, and waits, terrified and weak, the diſcloſing of this myſtery of juſtice and of vengeance.

The laſt act opens with a ſcene in the caſtle of the guilty Francis, who is now in poſſeſſion of the county of Moor. He is exhibited in all the diſmay and diſtraction of awakened remorſe. After ſome incoherent dialogue (wrought up with the livelieſt circumſtances of guilty terror) with a ſervant, who had watched his ſleep, and followed him, when he had ſtarted from his bed, into the ſaloon of the caſtle; they are told by a frightened domeſtic, that a troop of horſemen are approaching at a gallop, with terrifying ſhouts. The Count is petrified by his guilty fears, and cannot give orders for defence. His followers, however, for a while diſpute the paſſage of the band, till the caſtle is ſet on fire. Its maſter is ſtill more loſt in the horrors of his ſituation; and, after an unavailing requeſt to his ſervant, to ſave him from the vengeance of his enemies, by putting him to death, is left alone amidſt the approaching flames, wiſhing to die, yet dreading death, till he hears the thunder of the band at the gate, which ſhakes, burſts, and the entering foe ſeizes him alive, and carries him off, according to the command of his captain.

The ſcene changes to the heath, where Moor and his old father are diſcovered amidſt the war of contending feelings with which the ſon is torn. He often reſolves to diſcloſe himſelf to his father; but the conſciouſneſs of his fallen and abandoned ſtate with-holds him. The poet has contrived, by placing the father and ſon in this particular ſituation, to infuſe into this ſcene a degree of tenderneſs which melts the heart, mixed with a horror which chills the imagination. When the old man complains that he has now no ſon to cloſe his eyes, his ſon throws himſelf on the neck of his father, yet is unable to diſcover that this wretch, this robber, this aſſaſſin, is this Charles. At that moment, a diſtant noiſe is heard, and preſently the dim gleam of torches begins to illuminate the ſcene around them. The glare of their light increaſes; the voices are heard more near; the accuſtomed muſic of their ſavage triumph ſounds, and the faithful band of Moor, true to their commiſſion of vengeance, bring the criminal Francis chained before his father and his brother. It is impoſſible to convey by narrative the horrid ſublimity of the ſituation which this ſcene preſents, or of thoſe expreſſions to which the wounded ſenſibility of Moor, wrought up to the moſt inſatiable revenge againſt the author of his father's miſery and his own, gives birth. The reader could harldy conceive any modern imagination, how pregnant ſoever with tragic terrors, to produce a ſcene that could vie with the dread picture of the fourth act; when he has read the fifth, he will find the horror equalled, and the intereſt ſurpaſſed.

Moor leads the wretched Francis before his father. The old man is willing to forgive him; but his brother has devoted him to vengeance. He deſires the band to lead his father to a remote part of the wood; and then, ſetting the fury of his revenge into the terrible ſolemnity of diſpaſſionate juſtice, he places his brother in the midſt of his fierce aſſociates, and deſires them to pronounce ſentence on his crimes. They conſult ſome time together on an adequate puniſhment; and then, felicitating themſelves on the thought, they throw him into the dungeon in which this barbarous parricide had buried his father. The old man is brought in.

He feels the yearnings of paternal affection for his guilty ſon, and exclaims againſt the cruelty of his avengers. Moor throws himſelf into his arms, and diſcovers to him his favourite, his Charles. Juſt then, Amelia, who had eſcaped from the caſtle of his brother, enters, and runs to embrace her lover and his father. The father feels all the pleaſure of his ſon and his niece reſtored, and fondly anticipates the felicity they are to enjoy. But Moor bids them check the expectation of happineſs, and look only for deſperation and horror. "Your paternal curſe," ſays he, "conſigned me to perdition. Theſe men you ſee are robbers—" murderers—your ſon is their chief." The exhauſted ſtrength of the old man cannot ſtand the ſhock; he expires in the arms of his ſon. His miſtreſs ſtill ſurvives; and though dumb with terror and grief, folds him in her arms, and ſhews the moſt ardent affection for her Charles. Warm in his love, as in every other feeling, Moor had doated on her to diſtraction; he forgets himſelf in her embraces, and for a moment thinks he will live and be happy with his Amelia. "Come from her arms," cries one of the boldeſt of its troop, "or I will ſpeak what ſhall freeze your blood." "Think," exclaims another, (while they level their pieces at his head) "of your vow to be ours for ever. Ours you are, and heaven "nor hell can win you from us." Their voices rouſe the remembrance of his ſituation. But his ſoul is too proud to yield to threats. "You are murderers," ſays he, "and I am your chief. Down with theſe "arms, and know your maſter." Awed by the ſounds they are accuſtomed to obey, the banditti lower their arms. "To be great, Moor "muſt be free. I would not give this triumph for all the elyſium of "love. (*He draws his ſword.*) Call not that madneſs of which your "ſouls want ſtrength to ſee the grandeur. The greatneſs of deſpair is "above the ken of wiſdom. On actions ſuch as this, reflection muſt "follow, not wiſdom pauſe."

He plunges his ſword into the boſom of Amelia. Struck with the barbarous heroiſm of the deed, his aſſociates fall at his feet, and acknowledge his unparalleled fidelity, and vow to be his ſlaves for ever.—— "No," ſays he, with a determined and petrifying calmneſs; "the deſ- "tiny of Moor is accompliſhed. Thus far it was in human power to "go, and thus far he has gone; but here his courſe is cloſed, and his "genius cries out, *All is conſummated.*" He diſmiſſes his band, except two favourite officers, with an exhortation to uſe their invincible courage in the ſervice of their country. To theſe two favourites, whoſe ſouls are not ſo deeply tinctured in blood, he bequeaths his paternal domain, and deſires them to leave him, and to devote their future lives to virtue and obedience to the laws. "And I too," he concludes, "will obey "the laws; I will bear the ſterneſt puniſhment of their decree." And he goes to deliver himſelf up to juſtice.

I have ventured this long and particular account of the tragedy in queſtion, becauſe it appears to me one of the moſt uncommon productions of untutored genius that modern times can boaſt. Confeſſedly irregular and faulty, both in plan and conduct, it were needleſs, and perhaps unfair, to offer any remark on its defects. But its power over the heart and the imagination muſt be acknowledged. Every body has heard the anecdote of its effects on the ſcholars at the ſchool of Fribourg, where it was repreſented ſoon after its firſt appearance. They were ſo ſtruck and captivated with the grandeur of the character of its hero Moor, that they agreed to form a band like his in the foreſts of Bohemia, had elected a young nobleman for their chief, and had pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents' houſe, to accompany their flight. To the accompliſhment of this deſign, they had bound themſelves by the moſt ſolemn and tremendous oaths; but the conſpiracy was diſcovered by an accident, and its execution prevented.

The energy of this tragedy's effect is not to be wondered at, eſpecially on young minds, whoſe imaginations are readily inflamed by the enthuſiaſm of gigantic enterpriſe and deſperate valour, whoſe ſenſibility is eaſily excited by the ſufferings of a great unhappy mind, and who feel a ſort of dignity and pride in leaving the beaten road of worldly prudence, though the path by which they leave it may ſometimes deviate from moral rectitude. But hence, to ſome parts of an audience, the danger of a drama ſuch as this. It covers the natural deformity of criminal actions with the veil of high ſentiment and virtuous feeling, and thus ſeparates (if I may be pardoned the expreſſion) the *moral ſenſe* from that morality which it ought to produce. This the author has, ſince its firſt publication, been candid enough to acknowledge, and reprobate, in terms perhaps more ſtrong than it deſerves, his own production as of a very pernicious tendency. He has left his native country, Wirtemberg, from which I believe indeed ſome conſequences of the publication of this tragedy had driven him, and now lives at Manheim, where he publiſhes a periodical work. and has written one or two other tragedies, which have a high reputation. If his genius can accomodate itſelf to better ſubjects, and to a more regular conduct of the drama, no modern poet ſeems to poſſeſs powers ſo capable of bending the mind before him, of rouſing its feelings by the elevation of his ſentiments, or of thrilling them with the terrors of his imagination.

ANECDOTES OF JAMES THE SECOND.

THIS prince ſaid one day to Mr. Clifton, "I do not know how it is, but a *modeſt* man never makes his way at Court."—"Pleaſe your Majeſty, whoſe fault is that?" replied Mr. Clifton.

When the old Earl of Bedford went to Court on the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, King James aſked him to aſſiſt him in repreſſing this dangerous invader. "I am old now, Sir," replied the Earl, "I can do nothing; I once had a ſon (meaning the excellent Lord Ruſſell), who could have aſſiſted you."

"Do you call Queen Elizabeth a wiſe Queen?" ſaid King James to Mr. Waller, the Poet; "why, ſhe had only wiſe Miniſters." "And what fooliſh Prince, Sir, ever employs wiſe Miniſters?" replied Mr. Waller.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THURSDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1792.

THIS day his majeſty came in the uſual ſtate to the Houſe, where being ſeated on the throne, and the Commons, purſuant to a meſſage for the purpoſe, appearing below the bar; his majeſty opened the ſeſſion with the following ſpeech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Having judged it neceſſary to embody a part of the militia of this kingdom, I have, in purſuance of the law, called you together within the time limited for that purpoſe; and it is on every account a great ſatisfaction to me to meet you in parliament at this conjuncture.

"I ſhould have been happy if I could have announced to you the ſecure and undiſturbed continuance of all the bleſſings which my ſubjects have derived from a ſtate of tranqiullity; but events have recently occured which require our united vigilance and exertion, in order to preſerve the advantages which we have hitherto enjoyed.

"The ſeditious practices which had been, in a great meaſure, checked by your firm and explicit declaration in the laſt ſeſſion, and by the general concurrence of my people in the ſame ſentiments, have of late been more openly renewed, and with increaſed activity.

"A ſpirit of tumult and diſorder, (the natural conſequence of ſuch practices) has ſhewn itſelf in acts of riot and inſurrection, which require the interpoſition of a military force in ſupport of the civil magiſtrate: the induſtry employed to excite diſcontent on various pretexts, in different parts of the kingdom, has appeared to proceed from a deſign to attempt the deſtruction of our happy conſtitution, and the ſubverſion of all order and government; and this deſign has evidently been purſued in connection and concert with perſons in foreign countries.

"I have carefully obſerved a ſtrict neutrality in the preſent war on the continent, and have uniformly abſtained from any interference with reſpect to the internal affairs of *France*; but it is impoſſible for me to ſee, without the moſt ſerious uneaſineſs, the ſtrong and increaſing indications which have appeared there, of an intention to excite diſturbances in other countries, to diſregard the rights of neutral nations, and to purſue views of conqueſt and aggrandizement, as well as to adopt towards my allies, the States General, who have obſerved the ſame neutrality with myſelf, meaſures which are neither conformable to the law of nations, nor to the poſitive ſtipulations of exiſting treaties. Under all theſe circumſtances, I have felt it my indiſpenſable duty to have recourſe to thoſe means of prevention, and internal defence, with which I am entruſted by law: and I have alſo thought it right to take ſteps for making ſome augmentation of my naval and military force; being perſuaded that theſe exertions are neceſſary in the preſent ſtate of affairs, and are beſt calculated both to maintain internal tranquillity, and to render a firm and temperate conduct effectual for preſerving the bleſſings of peace.

" Nothing will be neglected on my part, that can contribute to that important object, conſiſtently with the ſecurity of my kingdoms, and with the faithful performance of engagements which we are bound equally by intereſt and honour to fulfil."

" Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

" I have ordered the eſtimates for the enſuing year to be laid before you, and I have no doubt that you will be ready to make a due proviſion for the ſeveral branches of the public ſervice.

" You will certainly join with me in lamenting any neceſſity for extraordinary expences, which may for a time prevent the application of additional ſums beyond thoſe which are already annually appropriated, to the reduction of the public debt, or retard the relief which my ſubjects might have derived from a further diminution of taxes.

" But I am confident you will feel, that thoſe great ends will ultimately be beſt promoted by ſuch exertions as are neceſſary for our preſent and future ſafety and tranquillity.

" And it is a great conſolation to me to reflect, that you will find ample reſources for effectually defraying the expence of vigorous preparations, from the exceſs of the actual revenue beyond the ordinary expenditure."

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I have great pleaſure in acquainting you, that the brilliant ſucceſſes of the Britiſh arms in India, under the able conduct of the Marquis Cornwallis, have led to the termination of the war, by an advantageous and honourable peace, the terms of which are peculiarly ſatisfactory to me, from their tendency to ſecure the future tranquillity of the Britiſh dominions in that part of the world.

" Your attention will now naturally be directed to ſuch meaſures for the future government of thoſe valuable poſſeſſions, as ſhall appear from experience, and full conſideration, moſt likely to provide for their internal proſperity, and to ſecure the important advantages which may be derived from thence to the commerce and revenue of this country.

" I am perſuaded that it will be the object of your immediate conſideration, to adopt ſuch meaſures as may be neceſſary, under the preſent circumſtances, for enforcing obedience to the laws, and for repreſſing every attempt to diſturb the peace and tranquillity of theſe kingdoms.

" You will be ſenſible how much depends on the reſult of your deliberations; and your uniform conduct is the beſt pledge that nothing will be wanting on your part which can contribute to the preſent ſecurity and permanent advantage of the country.

" I retain a deep and unalterable ſenſe of the repeated proofs which I have received of your cordial and affectionate attachment to me; and, I place an entire reliance on the continuance of thoſe ſentiments, as well as on your firm determination to defend and maintain that conſtitution which has ſo long protected the liberties and promoted the happineſs of every claſs of my ſubjects.

" In endeavouring to preſerve, and, to tranſmit to poſterity, the ineſtimable bleſſings which, under the favour of providence, you have yourſelves experienced, you may be aſſured of my zealous and cordial co-operation;

and our joint efforts will, I doubt not, be rendered completely effectual, by the decided ſupport of a free and loyal people."

His majeſty then retired and the Commons having returned to their Houſe;

The earl of *Hardwick* roſe and called their lordſhips attention to the opening of the ſeſſion, and, appealing to the known wiſdom of the Houſe, he truſted that the moſt perfect unanimity, ſo much to be deſired, would prevail during the proceedings of the day, and that the addreſs which he meant to move, would meet with the hearty concurrence of all their lordſhips. The firſt and moſt ſtriking part of the ſpeech which they had juſt heard from the throne, was the calling out of the militia, and their lordſhips needed not to be put in mind, that the power of calling them out was veſted in the crown, whenever there were grounds for apprehenſion of any intended invaſion by a foreign power, or internal inſurrection in the kingdom. In ſuch caſes, it became the indiſpenſible duty of miniſters to adviſe that meaſure, and the law had wiſely provided, that the parliament ſhould be immediately aſſembled, though if any weak or wicked adminiſtration were to do ſo from improper motives, they muſt be amenable to parliament for their conduct, within fourteen days; but he was confident it would appear in the preſent inſtance, a very laudable conduct, and muſt be highly flattering to the people. Becauſe, when it was viſible to all, that wicked and ill-diſpoſed perſons were endeavouring to diſturb the tranquillity of this country, and the happineſs of all claſſes in it, the militia were relied on, and from a confidence in them, no apprehenſion of danger remained. On the neutrality which his majeſty had always obſerved, with regard to France, he believed there could be but one opinion among their lordſhips. With regard to the revolution in that country, there might be different opinions; in his mind a revolution in the government of that country was natural and neceſſary, and he owned he had rejoiced in the idea, that a conſtitution was afterwards likely to be formed, and one, that had it taken place, he doubted not might ultimately have been beneficial to the intereſts of this country. He was decidedly of opinion, that we had no right to interfere with the internal affairs of that kingdom, and it had been prudently avoided; however he was ſorry to to ſay, that all his hopes of ſeeing the conſtitution which he expected to be realiſed, had entirely vaniſhed by their recent conduct: had this been all he ſtill would agree, that we ought not to interfere; but the indication to purſue a ſyſtem of conqueſt and aggrandizement, ſo properly mentioned in the ſpeech, was too obvious from their having entered Sardinia, taken Nice, and annexed Savoy as an eighty-fourth department to the territory of France. He ſtated from the authority of an officer's letter, the crimes that took place on the taking of Nice, and the manner in which they had been gloſſed over by the National Convention, who ſaid, it was the palaces of kings, and not the property of the people, that they ſought to deſtroy; but the contrary was the fact, and even the fearful inhabitants of cottages had not eſcaped their wickedneſs and inhumanity. He then adverted to the treaty which General Monteſquiou had entered into with Geneva, agreeable to the wiſhes of both parties, and yet that general was blamed for what he he had done, and the treaty was, contrary to all juſtice, broken. He ſtated as a diſregard of the law of nations, their entering Germany, and taking poſſeſſion of Frankfort, and laying the inhabitants under a heavy contribution, which, though it was remitted, they had not purſued an honourable line of conduct to the inhabitants afterwards. The invaſion of the Auſtrian Netherlands he conſidered in the ſame light, and the opening of the Scheldt, ſo particularly guaranteed by various treaties, particularly that of 1787, was a direct violation of the rights of neutral powers.—With what conſequences thoſe dangerous acts might be attended, if not checked, it was not eaſy to gueſs; having the command of men, they might now poſſeſs a fleet and proceed to Helvoetſluys, which being in their poſſeſſion, would be a moſt dangerous and unwarrantable injury to the Dutch. Having touched upon almoſt every topic in his majeſty's ſpeech, he had only the laſt, reſpecting the ſucceſſes in India, to mention; and here the noble earl took occaſion to pay very handſome and well-merited compliments to the marquis of Cornwallis, in which he was ſure the houſe would concur moſt readily; after profeſſing his attachment and determination to ſupport the conſtitution to his utmoſt, he concluded by moving that "An humble addreſs be preſented," &c. &c. which was as uſual an echo to the ſpeech.

Lord *Walſingham* roſe to ſecond the motion, though he owned he had little to add, after the able manner in which his noble friend had treated the ſubject; he however followed him in the ſame ſtrain of argument, and in the courſe of his ſpeech ſpoke much in praiſe of the reſolutions entered into at Merchant Taylor's Hall.

The Duke of *Norfolk* expreſſed his loyalty and attachment to the conſtitution and government, but could not help offering a few words upon the ſubject, which he conſidered of very ſerious importance, and which if the houſe were to adopt, the only opinion which he could collect from the noble earl's words, they would lay down a precedent that might lead to the moſt pernicious and unconſtitutional effects. What he meant, reſpected the calling out of the militia, which he conceived could not legally be done but upon apprehenſions of an invaſion, or known riots and inſurrections within the kingdom. The act, which he held in his hand, went only thus far, that the militia might be called out in the event of either imminent danger, or a foreign invaſion, or an actual inſurrection in the country. Now as the noble earl had ſtated nothing of that kind he thought himſelf juſtified in calling upon ſome one of his majeſty's miniſters to declare, where thoſe dreadful riots and inſurrections had taken place. The ſpeech ſtated a deſire to preſerve the peace and tranquillity of the country; but was war, and certainly there was every appearance of war at preſent, the way to preſerve peace?—If miniſters, however, had determined that there ſhould be a war, they ought to declare that it is neceſſary, nay, inevitable, and in that event they will find the parliament and the country ready to ſupport them in it. If any other war was entered into, whatever pretext might be found for it, the country would be divided in opinion; and it did not require him to ſtate to that houſe the ruinous calamities that attended every war, but particularly one on which there exiſted a diviſion of mind in the country. With regard to the Scheldt, this was a matter not properly under diſcuſſion now, and therefore, he would not enter upon it farther than as a cauſe of war; and here he could not help remarking that it was rather ſtrange to determine on going to war with any country for an interference with another, when we had no ambaſſador, or perſon of any deſcription, to treat with that country, and remonſtrate on the conduct which we were diſpleaſed at, ſuch he would ſay was a deſperate war, and not to be juſtified.

The Marquis of *Lanſdowne* ſaid, he had waited ſome time in expectation that the noble ſecretary of ſtate, or ſome other miniſter would have riſen to anſwer the queſtion ſo properly put to them by the noble duke; on that point the houſe had a right to be ſatisfied, even if the queſtion had come from one of the moſt inſignificant peers in that houſe; but when it came from one of the moſt illuſtrious, ableſt, and wiſeſt noblemen that the peerage could boaſt of, he wondered how they could reconcile their conduct even to themſelves.—The parliament, he ſaid, had been aſſembled in a manner the moſt unexpected and unexampled that could be found in hiſtory for hundreds of years back, and he muſt ſay, in ſo queſtionable a ſhape, that he doubted if they had even legality on their ſide. Having no information of the motives of miniſters, every one was left to his judgment to gueſs what they might be. If they had apprehenſions, if they knew of any ſeditious libels, riots, or inſurrections, ought they not to make their conduct as clear as noon day? but this they ſcorned, for in their proceedings there ſeemed to be no day at all, all was darkneſs and myſterious ſilence. Would it not become them to recur to former times, and profit a little by the wiſdom and example of their anceſtors, and thoſe ſome of the beſt and greateſt of their time; would they not find in the hiſtory of England the conduct of princes, judges, and great miniſters on occaſions ſimilar to what this was ſaid to be. [The noble marquis here went into a long chain of caſes in different reigns for ſome hundred years back, which he argued very forcibly, and contraſted very ſtrongly with the preſent proceedings.] He then ſaid, the proviſion of calling parliament within forty days was a wiſe and neceſſary regulation. For many reaſons, members ought to know the matters that are to come before them, that their minds might be made up for the diſcuſſion, after collecting the ſentiments of the people, and every information that they can obtain. He had ſtated before, that in thoſe periods to which he had alluded, even in James Iſt's reign, it was cuſtomary to direct the chancellor to explain as fully as poſſible in the ſpeech to parliament what meaſures were to occupy their attention. But this would not do now, they preferred taking an obſcure clauſe of an obſure act, and to throw a general calumny on all the people of the kingdom, they enumerated riots, inſurrections, commotions, or by whatever word they choſe to deſcribe the phantom which they had reared to create alarm, and ſerve their own purpoſes. This quibbling in polititics as in words, might be well enough with a ſpecial pleader, but did not become a government. There had been times when conſtructive treaſon and cumulative treaſon were heard in this country; but in thoſe times, he truſted, there could be neither conſtructive or cumulative inſurrections—He did not belong to any aſſociations; many of their publications, which he had read, he thought very odd. But there were other aſſociations, whoſe reſolutions he never could agree to, and wondered that any man poſſeſſed of common underſtanding could put his name to them, if he took the trouble to read them over.—[Here he read, and commented in very ſevere and pointed terms, upon the reſolutions of the Crown and Anchor Aſſociation.] He knew not the perſons, but certainly there was not a lawyer amongſt them, or if there was, his law and his logic, who drew up ſuch reſolution, muſt be abominably bad, after reading the different Whereas's, &c. He ſaid that after ſearching every where, it was evident that the motive of adminiſtration was war, and had nothing to do in fact with inſurrection, although parliament was aſſembled by that manœuvre, and he muſt deſire them to take care how they plunged the country into a war. He then ſaid, his love for the property of the country would lead him to go far to preſerve peace and tranquillity.—Peace was worth much money, but there was ſome things which money could not procure, he could not by money make an inſurance againſt abuſes. He could not as a man go to the catholics ſuffering incapacities and confeſſed hardſhips in Ireland, and ſay, "It is true—all you ſay, you ſuffer—but what it that to me? I am perfectly at eaſe: nor to the diſſenters, and tell them, "You are irritated and provoked, it is true, but I have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed: You have no livings, but yet it is prudent that you have not, and better for you to wait." Neither could he go to a country town, and ſay to an inhabitant who complained that he had no vote, "I do not feel your taxes:" nor to the murmurs of the people, "there might be grievances to warrant them, though this was not a moment to redreſs them:" nor ſay to the diſſenters who were unrepreſented, "We can't now hear what you have to ſay, becauſe we are going to war with France, in order to defend Holland:" they would perhaps think that their grievances ſhould be attended to in preference to the complaints of Holland." Britain had always, as ſhe ought, executed treaties faithfully, ſometimes even to her loſs, although we had been charged with breaking of treaties; but theſe were treaties made by miniſters, who had neither conſulted the parliament, or the nation. He run over all our treaties with Holland, but could find nothing in them but what convinced him, that if we went to war at preſent, it would be a war for no real or good purpoſe. He thought the beſt way was to hear and examine into grievances, and if they did that, it would be the beſt anſwer they could give, to all theſe that called for reform, and the only true way to know whether, and what grievances really exiſted.

Lord *Grenville* aſſured the noble duke, that the calling out of the militia, was a meaſure well weighed in the cabinet, and every information got concerning it that could be obtained. He read a vaſt number of letters and papers from different individuals and ſocieties to the national convention in France, to prove the correſpondence of thoſe with foreign countries. His lordſhip made many ſenſible, ſpirited, and manly comments upon them, but as moſt of the correſpondences have already appeared in different newſpapers, it would be unneceſſary to go over them again; and we regret that this and the following ſpeeches, muſt be given much ſhorter than we could wiſh.

His Royal Highneſs the Duke of *Clarence* ſaid, he coincided moſt completely with the noble ſecretary of ſtate in all that he had ſo ably ſtated that night, and had only to ſay, that he would be ready at all times to give every aſſiſtance in his power, in his profeſſional line, to ſupport the conſtitution of the kingdom, and protect her faithful allies. On the ſubject of the opening of the Scheldt, a noble marquis ſeemed to think little of it; he thought very differently, and conſidered it of great importance to this country. But even if it was not, ſtill if it was of ſuch importance to the Dutch as he maintained it to be, it was fit that Great Britain ſhould ſecure them in the poſſeſſion of it; for otherwiſe, thoſe in Holland, who were diſcontented with the government there, might unite in French politics and principles, and, as noble lords had heard of their making Savoy an eighty-fourth department of France, he had no doubt but they would make Holland an eighty-fifth. Their lordſhips would recollect that when he laſt troubled them, it was in a conference with the other houſe on the ſlave trade. On that buſineſs he had taken pains to obtain local information, and had then diſapproved of the aſſociations in all parts of the country againſt it, becauſe they tended to deceive the people on a ſubject they had no knowledge of. He was pleaſed that the noble ſecretary had argued in a ſimilar way to night, reſpecting aſſociations. He concluded by ſaying, that as he conſidered this to be only a continuation of the debate on the king's proclamation laſt ſeſſion, ſo he hoped the diſcuſſion would terminate with the ſame unanimity and approbation.

Lord Viſcount *Stormont* ſpoke in favour of the addreſs, and the meaſures of adminiſtration in this inſtance.

Lord *Rawdon* made a very animated ſpeech, diſapproving of the conduct of miniſters, in evading to anſwer the ſimple queſtion put to them by the noble duke—argued ſtrenuouſly againſt a war, and ſaid, it was the cauſe of adminiſtration they were going to war for, and no other. He approved of the French revolution as originally juſt, but deteſted their enormities and crimes committed lately. He then went warmly into the cauſe of the Roman Catholics in Ireland—thought their petition was juſt and politic, and that the intereſt of borough-jobbers, like a night-mare upon their claim, always had prevented its ſucceſs.

Earl *Stanhope* defended the French nation from the character given them by his noble relation, (Lord Grenville) and ſaid, there ſhould be a Britiſh ambaſſador ſent to France.

Marquis of *Lanſdown*, after a ſhort preface, moved an amendment, by leaving out two paragraphs of the addreſs, which brought on a deſultory converſation, in which the duke of Norfolk, earls Fitzwilliam and Carliſle, took a part.

Lord *Porcheſter* approved of the conduct of miniſters, but thought there was a miſtake in the method of calling out of the militia, he thought the whole regiments ought to have been called out, inſtead of a part. The motion of amendment was then loſt without a diviſion, and the original addreſs carried.

Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thurſday, 13th December.

THE Speech being read from the chair.

The Lord Mayor (Sir James *Saunderſon*) moved an addreſs in anſwer to the ſpeech.

Mr. *Wallace* ſeconded the addreſs.

Lord *Fielding* ſaid that though he differed in general with adminiſtration, yet his duty impelled him to ſay, that the preſent aſpect of domeſtic affairs warranted the moſt vigorous and active meaſures. As their beſt ſecurity every good ſubject ſhould rally round the throne, and ſupport the executive government in the preſent criſis; for his part he felt it ſo much, that on Monday next he propoſed to move for leave to bring in a bill to ſuſpend the habeas corpus act, as relating to foreigners.

Lord *Wycombe*, after declaring his firm attachment to the conſtitution of this country, could not give his ſupport to the motion, as it aſſerted facts relative to the danger of this country, which he did not believe in exiſtence. The alarm that had been given was a groſs imputation on the loyalty of Engliſhmen and unſupported by facts. Admitting there were ſpeculative opinions inimical to the conſtitution, were the whole people to be calumniated as diſaffected and ſeditious? In Scotland the aſſociations were for purpoſes wiſe and temperate: "A reform in the re-"preſentation of the people according to exiſting laws." In Ireland the ſame, a large body of people conceiving themſelves oppreſſed, aſſociated in order by firm and legal perſeverance to obtain redreſs. In theſe proceedings he ſaw nothing but the proper ſpirit and vigilance of Engliſhmen.

Mr. *Fox* ſaid, I ſhall ſtate explicitly what are my ſentiments on the ſubject now preſented to us by the ſpeech from the throne. We are aſſembled at the moſt critical and moſt momentous criſis, not only that I ever knew in the ſtate of this country, but that I ever read in the hiſtory of any country—a criſis, not merely intereſting to ourſelves and to our own condition, but to all nations and to all men.—Upon the conduct of parliament in this criſis, depends not merely the fate of the Britiſh conſtitution, but of doctrines which go to the happineſs and well-being of all human kind. I hope then I am in temper and uniſon with the houſe in this declaration of my ſentiments; whether we agree in the motives of our ſentiments we ſhall ſee, for I will as frankly, and as openly as poſſible, communicate my reaſons for conſidering the preſent moment in this alarming light. His majeſty's ſpeech is full of a variety of aſſertions, or perhaps I ſhould not make uſe of the word aſſertions, without adding, that it has alſo a variety of inſinuations conveyed in the ſhape of aſſertions, which muſt impreſs every man with the moſt imminent apprehenſions for the ſafety of every thing that is juſtly dear to Engliſhmen. It is our firſt duty to enquire into the truth of theſe aſſertions and inſinuations ſo conveyed to us from the throne. I am ſure I need not recur to the old parliamentary uſage of deſiring, that when I ſpeak by name of the king's ſpeech, I mean to be conſidered as ſpeaking of the ſpeech of the miniſters. They are reſponſible for every letter of it, and to them, and them only, every obſervation of gentlemen is addreſſed. I ſtate it therefore to be my firm opinion and belief, that there is not one fact aſſerted in his majeſty's ſpeech which is not falſe—not one aſſertion or inſinuation which is not unfounded. Nay, I cannot be ſo uncandid as to believe, that even the miniſters themſelves think them true. This charge upon his majeſty's miniſters is of ſo ſerious a kind, that I do not pronounce it lightly, and I deſire that gentlemen will go fairly into the conſideration of the ſubject, and manifeſt the proper ſpirit of the repreſentatives of the people in ſuch a moment. The great prominent feature of the ſpeech is, that it is an intolerable calumny on the people of Great Britain; an inſinuation of ſo groſs and black a nature, that it demands the moſt rigorous enquiry, and the moſt ſevere puniſhment. The next aſſertion is, that there exiſts at this moment an inſurrection in this kingdom. An inſurrection! Where is it? Where has it reared its head? Good God! an inſurrection in Great Britain! No wonder that the militia were called out, and parliament aſſembled in the extraordinary way in which they have been; but where is it? Gentlemen have ſpoken in commendation and illuſtration of the ſpeech, and yet, tho' this inſurrection has exiſted for 14 days, they have given us no light whatever—no clue—no information where to find it. The right hon. magiſtrate [Lord Mayor] tells us, that in his high municipal ſituation, he has received certain information which he does not think proper to communicate to us. This is really carrying the doctrine of confidence to a length indeed.—Not content with miniſters leading the houſe of commons into the moſt extravagant and embarraſſing ſituations, under the blind cover of confidence, we are now told that a municipal magiſtrate has information of an inſurrection, which he does not chuſe to lay before the commons of England, but which he aſſures us is ſufficient to juſtify the alarm that has ſpread over the whole country! The Hon. Gentleman who ſeconded the motion tells us, that the inſurrections are too notorious to be deſcribed." Such is the information which we receive from the Right Hon. Magiſtrate and the Hon. Gentleman who are ſelected to move and ſecond the addreſs—I will take upon me to ſay, that it is not the notoriety of the inſurrections which prevents them from communicating to us the particulars, but their non-exiſtence. The ſpeech goes on in the ſame ſtrain of calumny and falſehood, and ſays—the induſtry employed " to excite diſcontent *on various pretexts*, and in different parts of the kingdom, has appeared to proceed from a deſign to attempt the deſtruction of our happy conſtitution, and the ſubverſion of all order and government." I deſire gentlemen to conſider theſe words, and I demand of their honour and truth, if they believe this aſſertion to be founded in fact?—There have been, as I underſtand, and as every one muſt have heard ſome ſlight riots in different parts, but I aſk them, were not the various pretexts of theſe different tumults falſe, and uſed only to cover an attempt to deſtroy our happpy conſtitution? I have heard of a tumult at Shields—of another at Leith; of ſome riot at Yarmouth, and of ſomething of the ſame nature at Perth and Dundee. I aſk gentlemen if they believe that in each of theſe places the avowed object of the complaint of the people was not the real one—that the ſailors at Shields, Yarmouth, &c. did not really want an encreaſe of their wages, but were actuated by a deſign of overthrowing the conſtitution? Is there a man in England who believes this inſinuation to be true? And in like manner of every other meeting, to which, in the preſent ſpirit, men may give the name of tumultuous aſſembling. I deſire to know if there has been diſcovered any ſecret motive other than their open and avowed one. And yet with this conviction in our minds, we are called upon to declare directly our belief and perſuaſion that theſe things are ſo—we are called upon to join in the libel upon our conſtituents. The anſwer to the ſpeech ſays, that we know of the tumult and diſorder, but as to the actual inſurrection, it more modeſtly makes us ſay, "that we are *ſorry to hear* there is an inſurrection."—Of the tumults and diſorders then we have perſonal knowledge; but the inſurrection we learn from his majeſty's ſpeech!—I do not wiſh to enter at length into the affairs of France, which make the next prominent paſſage in his majeſty's ſpeech; but though I do not deſire to enter much at length into this part, I cannot conceal my ſentiments on certain doctrines which I have heard to-night. The Hon. Gentleman who ſeconded the motion, thought proper to ſay, as a proof that there exiſted a dangerous ſpirit in this country, that it was manifeſted "by the "drooping and dejected aſpect of many perſons, when the tidings of "Dumourier's ſurrender arrived in England."—What, Sir, is this conſidered as a ſign of diſcontent, and a preference to republican doctrines?—That men ſhould droop, and be dejected in their ſpirits, when they heard that the armies of deſpotiſm had triumphed over an army fighting for liberty—if ſuch dejection be a proof that men are diſcontented with the conſtitution of England, and leagued with foreigners in an attempt to deſtroy it, I give myſelf up to my country as a guilty man, for I freely confeſs, that when I heard of the ſurrender or retreat of Dumourier, and that there was a probability of the triumph of the armies of Auſtria and Pruſſia over the liberties of France, my ſpirits drooped, and I was dejected.—What, Sir, could any man who loves the conſtitution of England, who feels its principles in his heart, wiſh ſucceſs to the Duke of Brunſwick, after reading a manifeſto which violated every doctrine that Engliſhmen held ſacred, which trampled under foot every principle of juſtice, humanity, freedom, and true government—and upon which the combined armies entered the kingdom of France, with which they had nothing to do; and when he heard, or thought he ſaw a probability, of their ſucceſs, could any man of true Britiſh feelings be other than dejected? I honeſtly confeſs that I never felt more ſincere gloom and dejection in my life, for I ſaw, in the triumph of that conſpiracy, not merely the ruin of liberty in France, but the ruin of liberty in England—the ruin of the liberty of man. But am I to be told that my ſorrow was an evident proof of my being connected with the French nation or with any perſons in that nation, for the purpoſe of aiding them in creating diſcontents in England, or in making any attempts to deſtroy the Britiſh conſtitution? If ſuch concluſion were to be drawn from the dejection of thoſe who are hoſtile to the maxims of tyranny, upon which the invaſion of France was founded, what muſt we ſay of thoſe men who acknowledge that they are ſorry the invaſion did not proſper? Am I to believe that the Hon. Gentleman, and all others, who confeſs their ſorrow at the failure of the arms of Pruſſia and Auſtria, were connected with the courts in concert, and that a conſiderable body of perſons in this country were actually in the horrid league formed againſt human liberty? But what, Sir, are the doctrines that they deſire to ſet up by this inſinuation of gloom and dejection?—That Engliſhmen are not to dare to have any genuine feelings of their own—that they muſt not rejoice but by rule—that they muſt not think but by order—that no man ſhall dare to exerciſe his faculties in contemplating the objects that ſurround him, nor give way to the indulgence of his joy or grief in the emotions that they excite, but according to the inſtructions that he ſhall receive.—That in obſerving the events that happen to ſurrounding and neutral nations he ſhall not dare to think whether they are favourable to the principles that contribute to the happineſs of man, or the contrary; and that he muſt take not merely his opinions, but his ſenſations from his majeſty's miniſters and their ſatellites for the time being!—Sir, whenever the time ſhall come that the character and ſpirits of Engliſhmen are ſo ſubdued—when they ſhall conſent to believe that every thing which happens around is indifferent both to their underſtandings and their hearts; and when they ſhall be brought to rejoice and grieve, juſt as it ſhall ſuit the taſte, the caprice, or the ends of miniſters, then I pronounce the conſtitution of this country to be extinct.

We have read of religious perſecutions—of the implacable oppreſſions of the Roman See—of the horrors of the Inquiſition of Spain; but ſo obdurate—ſo hard—ſo intolerable a ſcheme of cruelty, was never engendered in the mind, much leſs practiſed by any tyrant, ſpiritual or temporal. For, ſee to what lengths they carry this ſyſtem of intellectual oppreſſion—"Under various pretexts there have been tumults and diſorders, but the true deſign was to overturn the conſtitution."—So ſays the ſpeech—and mark the illuſtration of the Right Hon. Magiſtrate. "There have been various ſocieties eſtabliſhed in the city of London, inſtituted for the plauſible purpoſe of merely diſcuſſing conſtitutional queſtions, but which were really defined to propagate theſe ſeditious doctrines."—So then, by this new ſcheme of tyranny, we are not to judge of the conduct of men by their overt acts, but are to arrogate to ourſelves at once the province and the power of the Deity—we are to arraign a man for his ſecret thoughts, and to puniſh him becauſe we chuſe to believe him guilty!—"You tell me indeed," ſays one of theſe municipal inquiſitors—"that you meet for an honeſt purpoſe,—but I know better—your plauſible pretext ſhall not impoſe upon me—I know your ſeditious deſign—I will brand you for a traitor by my own proper authority." What innocence can be ſafe againſt ſuch a power? What inquiſitor of Spain, of ancient or of modern tyranny, can hold ſo lofty a tone? Well and nobly, ſeaſonably and truly, has the noble earl [Wycombe] ſaid; and I would not weaken the ſentiment by repeating the expreſſion in terms leſs forcible than his own, but that the eternal truth cannot ſuffer by the feebleneſs of the terms in which it is conveyed. "There are ſpeculative people in this country, who diſapprove of the ſyſtem of our government, and there muſt be ſuch men as long as the land is free, for it is of the very eſſence of freedom for men to differ upon ſpeculative points." Is it poſſible to conceive that it ſhould enter into the imaginations of freemen to doubt of this truth? The inſtant that the general ſenſe of the people ſhall queſtion this truth, and the opinions ſhall be held dependant on the will of miniſters and magiſtrates, from that moment I ſay, I date the extinction of our liberties as a people. Our conſtitution was not made, thank

God, in a day.—It is the reſult of gradual and progreſſive wiſdom.—It has grown up in a ſeries, and never never, has the guardian protecting genius of England, been either aſleep or ſatisfied.

———" O but man, proud man?
" Dreſt in a little brief authority,
" Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heaven,
" As makes the Angels weep."

Now it ſeems the conſtitution is complete—now we are to ſtand ſtill. We are to deride the practice and wiſdom of our forefathers—we are to elevate ourſelves with the conſtitution in our hands, and to hold it forth to a wandering world as a model of human perfection. " Let no man touch this work of man, it is like the work of heaven, perfect in all its parts, and unlike every other work of man, it is neither capable of perverſion, nor ſubject to decay."—Such is the preſumptuous language that we hear, and not content with this haughty tone, they imitate the celebrated anathemas of brother Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, and exclaim, " G—d confound you all eternally if you offer to believe otherwiſe." —Now this, Sir, is the criſis which I think ſo truly alarming. We are come to the moment when the queſtion is, whether we ſhall give to the king, that is to the executive government, complete power over our thoughts. Whether we are to reſign the exerciſe of our natural faculties to the miniſters for the time being, or whether we ſhall maintain, that in England, no man is criminal, but by the commiſſion of overt acts forbidden by the law.—This I call a criſis more imminent and tremendous than any that the hiſtory of this country ever exhibited. I am not ſo ignorant of the preſent ſtate of men's minds, and of the ferment artfully created, as not to know that I am now advancing an opinion likely to be unpopular. It is not the firſt time that I have incurred the ſame hazard. But I am as ready to meet the current of popular opinion now running in favour of thoſe high lay doctrines, as in the year 1783, I was to meet the oppoſite torrent, when it was ſaid, that I wiſhed to ſacrifice the people to the crown. I will do now as I did then—I will act againſt the cry of the moment, in the confidence that the reflection of the people will bear me out. I know well that there are ſocieties who have publiſhed opinions, and circulated pamphlets, containing doctrines, tending, if you pleaſe, to ſubvert our eſtabliſhments. I ſay that they have done nothing unlawful in this, for theſe pamphlets have not been ſuppreſſed by law.—What is the courſe preſcribed by law? If any doctrines are publiſhed tending to ſubvert the conſtitution in church and ſtate, you may take cognizance of the fact in a court of law. What have you done? taken upon you by your own authority to ſuppreſs them!—to erect every man, not merely into an inquiſitor, but into a judge, into a ſpy, into an informer—to ſet father againſt father—brother againſt brother, and neighbour againſt neighbour; and in this way you expect to maintain the peace and tranquillity of the country!—You have neglected the foundation of all legitimate governments, the rights of the people—the RIGHTS OF MAN; and ſetting up this bugbear, you ſpread a panic for the very purpoſe of ſanctifying this infringement, while again the very infringement begets and engenders the very evil which you dread. One extreme naturaly leads to another. Thoſe who dread republicaniſm, fly for ſhelter to the crown.—Thoſe who deſire reform, and are calumniated, are driven by deſpair to republicaniſm. And this is the evil which I dread. Theſe are the extremes into which theſe violent agitations hurry the people to the gradual decreaſe of that middle order of men who dread as much republicaniſm on the one hand, as they do deſpotiſm on the other—That middle order of men, who have hitherto preſerved to this country all that is dear in life, I am ſorry to ſay it, is daily leſſening; but permit me to ſay, that while my feeble voice continues, it ſhall not be totally extinct—there ſhall at leaſt be ONE man who will, in this ferment of extremes, preſerve the centre point. I may be abuſed by one ſide, I may be libelled by the other; I may be branded at one and the ſame time with the terms of firebrand and lukewarm politician; but though I love popularity, and fairly own that there is no external reward ſo dear to me as the good opinion and confidence of my fellow citizens; yet no temptation of ſuch complacency ſhall ever induce me to join any aſſociation that has for its object a change in the baſes of our conſtitution, or extending any of theſe baſes beyond the juſt proportion.

I will ſtand in the gap, and oppoſe myſelf to all the wild projects of a new fangled theory, as much as againſt the monſtrous iniquity of exploded doctrines.—I think the latter is more our preſent danger than the former. I ſee not merely in the panic of the timorous, but in the acts of the deſigning, cauſe for alarm againſt the moſt abhorrent doctrines.—The new aſſociations have acted with little diſguiſe. One of them I muſt applaud for the ſincerity of its practice.—Mr. Chairman Reeves ſays, that they will not only proſecute, but they will convince men, and they recommend among other publications, a hand bill, entitled, "A Pennyworth of Wit," in which, among other odd things it is ſaid, "Have you not read the Bible?—Do you know that it is "there written, that the king is the Lord's anointed!—But did you "ever hear of his having anointed a republic?"—Such is the manner that theſe aſſociations are to convince the minds of men?—In the courſe of the preſent century, their recommendation would have been proſecuted as high treaſon.—In the year 1715 and 1745 to have dared to ſay that kings derived their power from divine right, would have been proſecuted as treaſon:—and I aſk you if, even now, this is the way to inculcate the principles of genuine loyalty?—No, Sir—thank God, the people of this country have a better ground of loyalty to the houſe of Brunſwick—their right is not derived from ſuperſtition, but from the choice of the people themſelves;—it originated in the only genuine fountain of all royal power, the will of the many—and it has been ſtrengthened and confirmed by the experience of the bleſſings they have enjoyed, becauſe the houſe of Brunſwick has remembered the principles upon which they received the the crown. It is rather extraordinary, Sir, that they ſhould hold ſuch a language at this preciſe moment—that they ſhould think it right to abuſe republics—at the very moment that we are called upon to protect the republic of Holland, to ſpread the doctrine that kings only have a divine right, may indiſpoſe your allies to receive your propoſed ſuccour.—It may be aſked—would I proſecute ſuch papers?—to this I anſwer very candidly—I would not.—I never yet ſaw the ſeditious paper that I would have though it neceſſary to proſecute; but that by no means implies but that emergencies might make it proper, but ſurely there is nothing ſo eſſential to the true check of ſedition, as impartiality in proſecution.—If a government wiſhes to be reſpected, they muſt act with the moſt rigorous impartiality, and muſt ſhew that they are determined to prevent the propagation of doctrines injurious to the rights of the people as they are thoſe hoſtile to the rights of the crown.—When I firſt heard that the militia were called out—I felt more anxiety and conſternation than ever poſſeſſed my mind. I thought that certainly they had heard of ſome actual inſurrection, or impending invaſion. But when I heard that they were not called out to enable miniſters to ſend the troops to any diſtant part, to Ireland or to Scotland, (where they might know of diſturbances, though I did not) but that troops were aſſembling round London, I firmly believed the whole to be a fraud; for I have friends in and about London, as intelligent, as vigilant, as much intereſted in the tranquillity of the metropolis, as the Right Hon. Magiſtrate; and I was confident that an inſurrection could not actually exiſt in London without being known. I pronounced it in my own mind to be a fraud, and I pronounce it here to be ſo. Now if this aſſertion of miniſters is a falſehood, is it an innocent falſehood?—Are the people of this country playthings in the hands of miniſters—that they may frighten them and diſturb them at pleaſure?—Are they to treat them as ſome weak, jealous-pated, and capricious men treat their wives and miſtreſſes—alarm them with falſe ſtories that they may cruelly feaſt on the tortures of their apprehenſions, and delight in the ſuſceptibility that drowns them in tears?—Have they no better enjoyment than to put forth falſe alarms, that they may draw from the people the ſoothing expreſſions of agitated loyalty?—Or do they think that theſe expreſſions generouſly, readily made, in favour of the king whom the people rationally love, may extend in its influence to all the perſons that are near his throne?—Indulging in this paſſion, they may keep us inceſſantly in the tumult of apprehenſion; until at laſt they ſo habituate the mind to dread the evil in this quarter, as to look for it in an other, or to ſtun it by repeated ſhocks of fiction into an inſenſibility of real attack. His majeſty in the next paſſage of his ſpeech brings us to the apprehenſion of a war.—I ſhall refrain at this time from ſaying all that occurs to me on this ſubject, becauſe I wiſh to keep preciſely to the immediate object: but never ſurely had this country ſo much reaſon to wiſh for peace.—Never was a period ſo little favourable to a rupture with France, or any other power.—I am not ready to ſubſcribe exactly to the idea of the noble lord; but I wiſh that a motion was propoſed by ſome perſon, to expreſs our diſapprobation of entering upon any war, if we can by honourable means avoid it.—Let no man be deterred by the dread of being in a minority. A minority ſaved this country from a war againſt Ruſſia—and ſurely it is our duty, as it is true policy to exert every means to avert that greateſt of national calamities. In 1789 we all remember that Spain provoked this country, by an inſult, which is a real aggreſſion; we were all agreed on the the neceſſity of the caſe, but did we go headlong to war?—No, we determined with becoming fortitude on an armed negociation. We did negociate and we avoided a war.—But now we diſdain to negociate.—why?—becauſe

cauſe we have no miniſter at Paris.—Why have we no miniſter there?—becauſe France is a republic!—And ſo we are to pay in the blood and treaſure of the people for a punctilio! If there are diſcontents in the kingdom!—Sir, this is the way to inflame them.—It is of no conſequence to any people what is the form of the government with which they may have to treat.—It is with the governors, whatever may be the form, that in common ſenſe and policy they can have to do, and if they ſhould change their form and change their governors, their courſe would remain the ſame.—Having no legitimate concern with the internal ſtate of any independent people, the road of common ſenſe is ſimple and direct. That of pride and punctilio is as tangled as it is ſerpentine.—Is the pretext the opening of the Scheldt?—I cannot believe that ſuch an object can be the real cauſe. I doubt, even if a war on this pretext would be undertaken with the approbation of the Dutch.

What was the conduct of the French themſelves under their depraved old ſyſtem, when the good of the people never entered into the contemplation of the cabinet. The emperor threatened to open the Scheldt in 1786. Did the French go to war with him inſtantly to prevent it? No. They opened a negociation, and prevented it by interfering with their good offices.—Why have we not ſo interfered? Becauſe, forſooth France is an unanointed republic!. Oh miſerable infatuated Frenchmen! O lame and inconſiderate politicians! Why, inſtead of breaking the holy vial of Rheims, why did you not pour ſome of the ſacred oil on the heads of your executive council, that the pride of ſtates might not be forced to plunge themſelves and you into the horrors of war, rather than be contaminated by your acquaintance! How ſhort-ſighted were you to believe, that the prejudices of infants had departed with the gloom of ignorance, and that ſtates were grown up to a ſtate of manhood and reaſon!—This naturally brings us back again to the buſineſs of this day, namely, whether any addreſs ſhould be agreed to or not. I deſire them to put it ſeriouſly to the conſcience and honour of gentlemen to ſay, if they are not aiding the object of republicans and levellers, if they ſhall agree to plunge this country headlong into a war, or ſhall agree to do any buſineſs, or to give any pledge whatever to the crown, until they inquire and aſcertain whether there is an inſurrection in this country or not? Shall we declare war without inquiring, whether we are alſo to have commotions at home? Shall we pledge our conſtituents to ſubmiſſion, to compliance, without firſt proving to them, that the ſtrong meaſure of government has been authoriſed by truth? If you would have the laws reſpected by the people, I ſay again, you muſt begin by ſhewing that they are reſpected from above. If you do not prove to the people that there it an actual inſurrection (for I leave out impending invaſion and rebellion as theſe are not even intended) you cannot withhold from them the knowledge that you have acted illegally, and how can you expect rational obedience to the laws, when you yourſelves counteract them? When you ſet up the *ratio ſuaſoria* as the *ratio juſtifica*, the people clearly diſcern the ſubtilty and falſehood of your logic, and tranſlate at once your terms into their true Engliſh of real cauſes and falſe pretexts.—The people will not be cheated. They will look round, and demand where this danger is to be ſeen. Is it in England—they ſee it overflowing

flowing in expreſſions of loyalty, and yet they libel it with imputations of inſurrection. In Ireland—you know there is danger, and dare not own it. You know that there is a moſt reſpectable and formidable Convention—(I call it formidable, becauſe I know nothing ſo formidable as reaſon, truth and juſtice) will oblige you, by the moſt cogent reaſons to give way to demands, which the magnanimity of the nation ought to have anticipated. There the claims of generous, and ill-treated millions are protracted, and in addition to the hardſhip of their condition, they are inſulted with the impudent aſſertion of the tyrannical Aſcendency. What muſt be the fatal conſequence when a well-judging people ſhall decide, what I ſincerely believe, that the whole of this buſineſs is a miniſterial manœuvre? Will they own the real truth, and ſay that they waited a pretext to aſſemble parliament to make up for their want of vigilance? There are men who in this very act give them the praiſe of vigilance. Let us examine their claim to vigilance.—This vigilant miniſtry ſaw, nay, if we may take their character from their aſſociates, hoped that France was on the brink of falling a ſacrifice to the united force of Auſtria and Pruſſia, the two powers of all others, whoſe union would be the moſt dreadful thing in England; but they ſaw no danger in this conqueſt to England, though thereby thoſe great military powers were to become maritime.—They ſaw no danger in the union concerted between them, nay, when they had given away Poland in the mean time, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, they thought that when Oczakow was gone, the balance of Europe went with it, and they retreated out of the field with diſgrace.—Do they boaſt of their vigilance? The dexterous ſurrender of Oczakow, as they now know, might have ſaved the fall and ruin of Poland. Do they boaſt of their vigilance? and had they no apprehenſion of the union between Auſtria and Pruſſia? Had they ſuch total reliance on the moderation of Pruſſia, on his intimate friendſhip with, his gratitude to, his confidence in our faithful cabinet! Do they boaſt of their vigilance, and yet ſaw nothing of their preſent dread for Holland and Brabant, on the 30th of September, when to the joy of every man, whoſe heart is warmed with the love of freedom—the duke of Brunſwick retreated before the armies of France? Were they vigilant not to foreſee the conſequences of that retreat, or did they flatter themſelves with the weak, the falſe hope, that ſtill the ſteadineſs of men bred up in the trammels of tactics and diſcipline, would be an overmatch for the impetuoſity of men, animated by the glorious flame of liberty? If ſo, the battle of Jemappe ought, I ſhould think, to have ſhewn vigilant men their error. That happened on the 6th of November. On the ſame day the government of the Netherlands took to flight, and the news arrived in England on the 10th or 12th. What did theſe vigilant miniſters? On the 17th they prorogued the parliament to the 3d of January, without even ſaying that it was then to meet for the diſpatch of buſineſs! And yet on theſe vigilant men we are to repoſe, though in the eyes of Europe, in the hearts of Engliſhmen, an armament in their hands is a proof and earneſt of their future humiliation!

They call for ſubſidiary aid from the loyalty of the people, and to procure this they have recourſe to hiſtory, and look out for the lucky frauds of former times.—They find one of the moſt lucky frauds was the popiſh plot of the reign of Charles II. The ſame cry they knew was impoſſible, but a ſimilar one was feaſible in the enmity againſt a republic. The proteſtant diſſenters therefore were now made the object of terror, and every art was uſed to provoke the rage of ignorance and barbarity. The fraud was too ſucceſsful—Many of my friends from the beſt motives were deluded into the ſnare, and that moſt calamitous of all meaſures, the proclamation, unfortunately for England, met with their countenance.—Let me addreſs one word to my valued friends—Let them reflect on the conſequences of the recent deluſion. The meaſure of the proclamation is now ſtated to be over—It has failed—Let them avoid all future ſnares of the ſame kind. Theſe declarations, which it is now the faſhion to ſign, I certainly cannot in general approve.—Of all that I have ſeen, that of the merchants muſt beſt conciliate the approbation of conſtitutional men.—A noble lord (Fielding) for whom I have a high reſpect, ſays he will move for a ſuſpenſion of the habeas corpus act. I hope not; come from whom it may, I ſhall with my moſt determined powers oppoſe ſo dreadful a meaſure.—What, it may be aſked, would I propoſe to do in hours of agitation like the preſent? I will anſwer openly. If there is a tendency in the diſſenters to diſcontent, becauſe they conceive themſelves unjuſtly ſuſpected and cruelly calumniated, I would inſtantly repeal the teſt and corporation acts, and take from them all cauſes of complaint. If there were any perſon tinctured with a republican ſpirit, becauſe they thought that the repreſentative government was more perfect in a republic, I would endeavour to amend the repreſentation of the commons, and to prove that the houſe of commons, though not choſen by all, ſhould have no other intereſt than to prove itſelf the repreſentatives of all. If there were men diſſatisfied in Scotland or Ireland, or elſewhere, on account of diſabilities, exemptions, unjuſt prejudices, and of cruel reſtrictions, I would repeal the penal ſtatutes, which are a diſgrace to our law books.—But above all, I would make it known, that if any man felt, or thought he felt a grievance, he might come freely to the bar of this houſe, and bring his proofs. And it ſhould be made manifeſt to all the world, that where they did exiſt, they ſhould be redreſſed; where they did not, that it ſhould be made manifeſt. If I were to iſſue a proclamation, this ſhould be my proclamation: "If any man has a grievance, let him bring it to the bar of the commons houſe of parliament, with the firm perſuaſion of having it honeſtly inveſtigated!"

Theſe are the ſubſidies which I would grant to government. What, inſtead of this, is done? Suppreſs the complaint—check the circulation of knowledge—command that no man ſhall read, or that as no man under 100l. a-year can kill a partridge, that no man under 20l. or 30l. a-year ſhall dare to read or think!—I love the conſtitution as it is eſtabliſhed; it has grown up with me as a prejudice, and as a habit, as well as from conviction. I know that it is calculated for the happineſs of man, and that its conſtituent branches of king, lords, and commons, could not be altered or impaired, without entailing on this country the moſt dreadful miſeries. At the ſame time, I do not think ſo highly of any human inſtitution, as to believe that it is incapable of being perverted. I think that we may be lulled aſleep to our real danger by theſe perpetual alarms to loyalty, and that the great dread of increaſing the power of the crown, ſeems to be ſtifled, while we are inſenſibly degrading the power of the commons. Mr. Fox concluded, by moving the following amendment:

"To expreſs to his majeſty our moſt zealous attachment to the excellent conſtitution of this free country; our ſenſe of the invaluable bleſſings which we derive from it, and our unſhaken determination to maintain and preſerve it; to aſſure his majeſty that, uniting with all his majeſty's faithful ſubjects in theſe ſentiments of loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the conſtitution, we feel in common with them the deepeſt anxiety and concern, when we ſee thoſe meaſures adopted by the executive government, which the law authoriſes, only in caſes of inſurrection, within this realm.

"That his majeſty's faithful commons, aſſembled in a manner new and alarming to the country, think it their firſt duty, and will make it their firſt buſineſs to inform themſelves of the cauſes of this meaſure, being equally zealous to enforce a due obedience to the laws on the one hand, and a faithful execution of them on the other."

Mr. *Wyndham* ſaid, Mr. Fox had reaſoned largely on the ſubject of diſaffection, but it was notoriouſly a matter of obſervation, and not of reaſon. Was there any man, however confined his ſphere of life, whoſe ears had not been dinned with the importunities of ſedition—a fact ſo notorious it was hardly neceſſary to ſtate, much leſs to prove.

As he differed on fact, ſo he differed no leſs in reaſoning from Mr. Fox; the policy of the meaſures purſued by government was to him clear and indubitable. If he ſaw an object of cenſure it was in the delay and forbearance of miniſtry. Speculators may have exiſted of all ſorts, but ſpeculators aſſociating and combining throughout the kingdom, concerting with foreigners, and raiſing large ſums of money to further their opinions, was a circumſtance of novelty, and dangerous in the extreme. So active and enterpriſing a combination, ſuch methodical and artful ſchemes never exiſted in any country. All the combinations here are concerted with ſimilar ones in France; by the means of Engliſhmen in Paris, and Frenchmen in London, they were knit together in the cloſeſt bonds of union. When we ſaw the extent to which ſimilar ſocieties had carried their theory and practices in France, was it not time to counteract the labours of their brethren in England by every effort of vigilance and precaution? they called their efforts inſtruction. Who was it they inſtructed, and what was it they taught? They called on the labourer and the artiſan to become moraliſts and politicians. They called them from the quiet innocence of induſtrious life to harraſs and perplex them with purſuits and inquiries, for which they were totally incompetent. Inquiry muſt, to be ſalutary, find its own channel and purſue its own courſe. Daring and erroneous opinions, when circulated among philoſophers, do little harm. Hume, and other eminent writers, had noticed this circumſtance in their own writings. When opinions are diſſeminated among thoſe of us capable of judging of them, they ſink to the people by their own natural weight; but our aſſociations have forced them on the common mind ſuddenly, and when it is unfitted for inveſtigation. Have they in any one inſtance recommended any courſe of inſtruction to befit the common mind for the opinions they inſtil?—Do they impart the pre-requiſite of various and extenſive knowledge? Do they recommend any regimen by which the mental faculties may be ſtrengthened? Nothing like it. They wiſh not to inſtruct mankind, but to force opinions on them, and ſeduce the public mind; holding out deceitful lures to their intereſt and their paſſions.

Their views and objects were not ſecret, they and their leaders avowed and gloried in them, and they ſtopped nothing ſhort of the complete ſubverſion of the government. Was it then impolitic in adminiſtration to collect its ſtrength, and put itſelf in a poſture of defence. Government had acted, he ſaid, to the ſpirit of the ſtatute law, in calling out the militia, if not to its ſtrict letter; but in his opinion, the machinations and overt acts of theſe conſpirators againſt the peace and proſperity of this country, aided by the reſtleſs and ſeditious efforts of our inveterate enemies, the French, were in his opinion within the ſtricteſt interpretation of the letter. Conceiving, therefore, every fact acknowledged in the addreſs but too true, and that the conduct of miniſters has been vigilant and proper, he gave his moſt hearty concurrence to the addreſs.

Mr. *Grey* thought that this country was in a dangerous ſituation; but not from republicans and levellers; he believed theſe were very few in number, and their influence very inconſiderable.—There was no danger from any inſurrection, which no man had been able to fix to any ſpot in Great Britain. But the danger aroſe from the miſconduct of his majeſty's miniſters, who had ſhaken the pillars of our ſecurity to the foundation. From their miſconduct our conſtitution itſelf was threatened with danger by the adoption of meaſures which were hoſtile to the conſtitution. The danger had exiſtence in the fears and fancies of ſome, and in the intention of others, who had practiſed on thoſe fears, and made the credulity of others the inſtruments of their own bad purpoſes. That writings had been propagated by very extraordinary means he was ready to admit; but he could not believe that they were the cauſe of the alarm. He could not conceive that the diſpoſitions of the people of England were ſo perverſe, that in the midſt of peace and plenty they would wiſh to change their conſtitution. He believed the proclamation was attended with effects diametrically oppoſite to thoſe it was intended to produce. Before it made its appearance Paine's book was hardly known in the part of the country from which he came, but the proclamation increaſed the ſale of this book in the ſame degree as it excited the curioſity of the public. At the ſame time he was of opinion that the rights of man were the foundation of every kingdom upon earth, otherwiſe they were only conſpirators againſt the people. The rights of men in government were their advantages, and he believed the beſt right of the people of England was the right they had to the conſtitution they poſſeſſed; becauſe under it they enjoyed all thoſe bleſſings that were beſt calculated to awaken their affections, and to give them a juſt idea of its value and importance. Lord Bacon had obſerved that the beſt method of curing ſedition was, by taking away the matter of it. If the people of this country were diſſatisfied, the method of removing their grievances was not by enveighing againſt them, but by taking away the grievance, and the ſedition would ceaſe. If the people of England were put in poſſeſſion of thoſe rights which the conſtitution gave them, there was no occaſion to apprehend danger, either from foreign enemies or from perſons at home. The ſpeech they had heard from the throne, was in every reſpect alarming.—It announced to the houſe the poſſibility of war, the moſt dangerous that this country ever was engaged in. He would not go quite ſo far as the noble lord who had ſpoke in the debate, to ſay, that he would lay down a fundamental law, never to go to war, but when we were actually attacked. No conſideration ſhould induce him to lay a tax on the people in order to carry on a war againſt France. And his majeſty's miniſters would be reſponſible for a great deal if they did not provide againſt that ſtorm, againſt which they were taught to prepare.

He ſaid he wiſhed to be ſatisfied on the head of this pretended inſurrection. That this had been a contrivance of the maſter politicians of the times he could have no doubt. On the 21ſt of May the original proclamation iſſued, which did not check, but promoted the circulation of the book entitled the Rights of Man. During the ſummer they heard no more of danger—miniſters were utterly ſupine till the retreat of the Duke of Brunſwick—which, he ſaid, to him was a day of exultation, and which put the king's miniſters in ſome degree of confuſion. On the the 15th of Novembers the day to which parliament ſtood prorogued, they heard nothing of the danger, and it was further prorogued till the 3d of January, and was not to meet then for the diſpatch of buſineſs. The whole country was ſecure, Mr. Pitt enjoying a ſinecure place at Walmer, and Mr. Dundas reaping the well earned fruits of his popularity in Scotland. The whole country was thrown into an alarm by a great number of troops aſſembling in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and the Duke of Richmond fortifying the tower; and after all they did not know why. If the king's miniſters could not acquit themſelves to parliament and their country, they would ſubject themſelves to the ſevereſt reprehenſion. He could not think that any cauſe exiſted for aſſembling the parliament agreeable to the terms of the act.

Mr. *Dundas* made various obſervations on what fell from Mr. Grey and Mr. Fox. He ſaid he knew that among ſeveral aſſociations the queſtion had been diſtinctly argued if they ought to petition parliament. They concluded that they were the ſovereigns themſelves, and that they would not apply to the Houſe of Commons, who they ſaid were a corrupted body. Let us, ſay they, aſſert our own rights—the ſovereignty reſides in us. A great many of theſe opinions had made their way through the country. He did not mean to ſay, theſe opinions had been held by the great body of the people of this country. He believed that moſt men of rank, property, and education, and thoſe of the middling ranks of life, had only got one opinion on the ſubject. But it might be a doubtful point with reſpect to the loweſt claſſes in many parts of the united kingdom. He ſpoke from the moſt correct information. They all knew the effects of theſe doctrines of liberty and equality. God forbid that the people ſhould not enjoy their liberty. They had alſo an equality of right, but many of them did not ſtop there, but thought themſelves entitled to an equality of property, and talked of an Agrarian law. This doctrine was held by their leaders, who knew better, and poiſoned the minds of their ignorant fellow ſubjects with falſe ideas of rights, and for other purpoſes which they durſt not firſt avow. Every cottage was filled with Paine's book, which was thruſt into the hands of every man, who was compelled to read it.

He appealed to the candid feelings of every man whether any perſon could exculpate himſelf from having a deſign to ſubvert the conſtitution of this country, who held out for our imitation the example of France, who had brought down all diſtinctions of ranks, who had deſtroyed monarchy, ariſtocracy, and baniſhed all the nobility of the country.

He ſaid no man dreaded more than he the calamities and horrors of foreign war, but the Dutch in conſequence of the treaty of Munſter had a right to have the Scheldt kept ſhut; and this would be a material circumſtance to determine whether or not we ſhould have a war with the French.

Mr. *Dundas* then came directly to the queſtion, whether they ought to vote for the addreſs or the amendment. It had been aſſerted the inſurrection was all a fiction. He could only inſtance what happened at Yarmouth, to be an inſurrection. The ſame obſervation applied to Shields, to Leith, to Dundee, Aberdeen, &c. The moſt proper remedy was that which was now applied, the militia, who were found ready at hand. They were moſt convenient and moſt reaſonable in defence. They were thoſe who were poſſeſſed of property and weight in the country, and who were fit to be the guardians and protectors of the their own property. The firſt meaſure of government on this ſubject was to make that panic abate with which the country had been overwhelmed.

He did not wiſh to make any obſervations on Ireland. That country had its own conſtitution and its own legiſlature, who were fully competent to judge upon the caſes that came before them. He truſted when all theſe circumſtances were fully conſidered, that the houſe would be unanimous for the addreſs.

After which the Houſe divided—

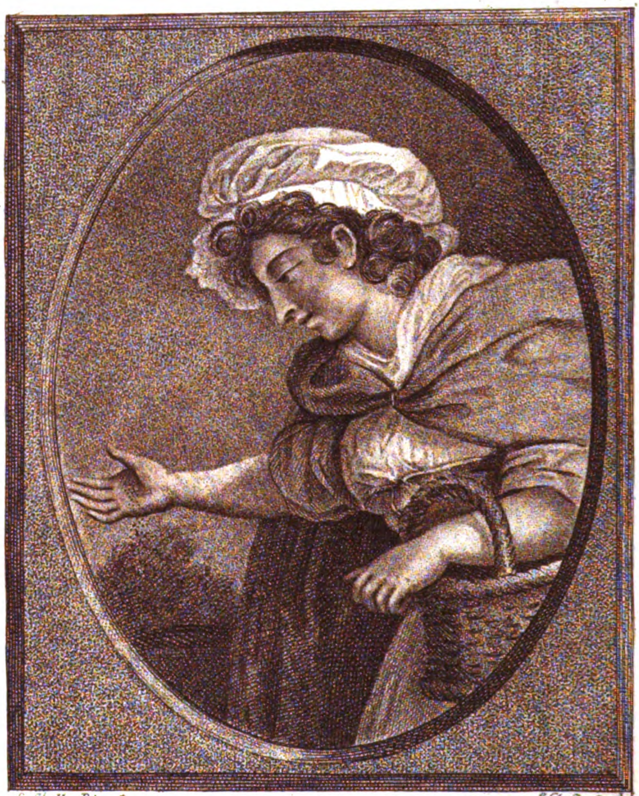
For the amendment - -	50
Againſt it - -	290
Majority for the original addreſs -	240

The committee to prepare the addreſs was ordered to report the ſame next evening: and it being now four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, the Houſe adjourned.

Mr. *Fox* gave notice, that he ſhould propoſe other amendments next evening.

POETRY.

Engraved for the Sentimental & Masonic Magazine.



S. Shelly Pinxt J. Ford Sculp.

The SPELL

This hempseed with my Virgin hand I sow.
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.

POETRY.

THE SPELL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

At Eve laſt midſummer no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hempſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
Who ſhall my true-love be the crop ſhall mow.
I ſtraight look'd back, and if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the Youth.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

GAY.

SONNET. TO THE MOON.

Regent of night, thy preſence moſt I love
When from between the lowering clouds array'd
In mild effulgence, o'er the waving grove
Thou ſpread'ſt a dubious light, and chequer'd ſhade.

At ſuch a time my viſionary mind
Thro' Fancy's glaſs ſees forms aërial riſe;
'Tis then the breathings of the paſſing wind
Seem to my liſtening ear Miſfortune's ſighs;
Nor only ſeem: for tho' at dead of night
Labour recruits his ſtrength in deepeſt ſleep,
And roſy Youth enjoys his ſlumbers light,
Deſponding Penury ſtill wakes to weep.
Regent of night! thy ſofteſt influence ſhed;
Ye riſing ſtorms, oh! ſpare her houſeleſs head!

ELEGY ON A DEAD BEGGAR.

Swells then thy feeling heart, and ſtreams thine eye
O'er the deſerted being, poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant, pariſh charity
Conſigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mournſt thou, that here the time-worn ſufferer ends
Thoſe evil days that promis'd woes to come,
Here, where the friendleſs feel no want of friends,
Where even the houſeleſs wanderer finds a home!

What tho' no kindred crowd in ſable forth
And ſigh, or ſeem to ſigh, around the bier;
Tho' o'er his coffin, with the humid earth,
No children drop the unavailing tear;
Rather rejoice, that *here his* ſorrows ceaſe,
Whom ſickneſs, age, and poverty, oppreſt;
Where Death, the leveller, reſtores to peace
The wretch who living knew not where to reſt.

Ah! think that this poor outcaſt, ſpurn'd by fate,
Who a long race of pain and ſorrow ran,
Is, in the grave, even as the rich and great;
Death vindicates th' *inſulted rights of man*.

Rejoice! that tho' ſevere his earthly doom,
Though rude, and ſtrewn with thorns the path he trod,
Now (where unfeeling Fortune cannot come)
He reſts upon "the boſom of his God!"

THE FAREWELL.

To *HENRY*.

In Imitation of the Scotch Ballad DONALD.

WHEN erſt you wrote to me, I own
I frankly favour'd you Henry;
The pureſt verſe—the ſofteſt tone,
My firſt attention drew Henry.

Each plaintive note more ſweet aroſe,
Attun'd to love and me Henry—
Long haſt thou left me to bewail
I priz'd or them or thee Henry!

Oh! then for ever keep away,
For far I go from thee Henry;
Sport with the lads and laſſes gay,
Nor waſte one thought on me, Henry.

For I, alas! can think of none,
But one that's lorn like me, Henry;
If ſuch an one thou canſt not prove,
Farewell to love and thee, Henry!

THE ANSWER.

AND Emma, doſt thou ſay *farewell!*
For ever more to fly Henry?
And canſt thou coldly thus repel
Each thought of love and thy Henry!

If erſt you bleſs'd me with a ſmile
O! now that you are flown, Emma;
Say, what has Henry done the while
To change it to a frown, Emma?

Why bid me 'ever keep away?'
Why ſay 'from me thou'll go,' Emma?
Why ſpeak of 'lads and laſſes gay,'
To break my heart with woe, Emma?

Oh! could'ſt thou hear each burſting ſob,
And ſee each trickling tear, Emma,
Thou would'ſt not—could'ſt not doubt my love,
Nor think me inſincere, Emma!

What wonder that my verſe was 'pure,'
And of the ſofteſt tone, Emma?
Each 'plaintive note' was from my heart
Attun'd to thee alone—Emma!

Then if no more thou'll't 'think of nane
'But one that's lorn like thee,' Emma!
Theſe lines may tell thy heart again,
There's nane to mourn like me, Emma!

I wonder not thou'dſt 'long bewail
'You priz'd my verſe and me,' Emma,
For, ah! what verſe, tho' e'er ſo true,
Could ſpeak my love for thee, Emma.

And as for Henry, well he knows
The man ſhould be divine, Emma,
On whom kind heaven ſuch charms beſtows,
With ſuch a ſoul as thine, Emma!

I dare not aſk thee to return,
Nor whither thou art flown, Emma;
But tho' unpitied here I mourn,
I'll think of thee alone, Emma!

Thou ſay'ſt 'farewell'—without a tear,
And now, ſince thou art free, Emma,
I'll bid adieu to all the world!
For what's the world to me Emma?

Auguſt 19, 1792.

HENRY.

THE INSTABILITY OF TIME.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of TIME's tranſient ſtay?
'Tis an hand's breath; 'tis a tale,
'Tis a veſſel under ſail;
'Tis a ſtraining courſer's ſpeed;
'Tis a ſhuttle in its thread;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting fiercely on its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the obſerver's ſight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a ruſhing comet's glare;
'Tis a ſhort-liv'd, tender flower;
'Tis a rainbow; 'tis a ſhower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a wintry day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid ſtream;
'Tis a ſhadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the cloſing watch of night,
Dying at approach of light;
'Tis a landſcape vainly gay,
Painted upon mouldering clay;
'Tis a lamp that waſtes its fires;
'Tis a ſmoke that ſoon expires;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a ſigh;
Then, *let mortals learn to die!*

The SHEERMEN *and* DYERS *complimented* J. E. *Major of* LORD CHARLEMONT's *Troop of Dragoons, with the Freedom of their Corporation in a Silver Box. A large deputation dined with him in Conſequence—and after Dinner he ſung the following, compoſed for the Occaſion.*

TUNE—*Pan's ſong in conteſt with Apollo, in* MIDAS.

YE Friends of the Loom pray attend to my ſong,
I'll teach you what honours to cloathing belong;
'Tis the trade of all trades that has heroes delighted,
For Cloathing and Glory have ſtill been united. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Dear patroneſs, firſt ſage, Minerva appears,
The goddeſs of cloathing, of ſhields, and of ſpears;
So when her great heroes grew weary of fighting,
She taught them to weave—thus the uſeful uniting. *Tol de rol, &c.*

To woollen ſhe chiefly directed their toil,
And knowing the ſtaple required good oil,
The olive ſhe planted, which thenceforth became
The tree conſecrated to this prudent dame. *Tol de rol, &c.*

The ſcholars grew ſoon wondrous ſkill'd in her arts,
They practiſed at weaving and throwing of darts;
And all the great captains and heroes of Greece
Were dablers of old in the toils of the fleece. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Firſt Jaſon, the captain of Argonauts fierce,
Grown weary of fighting, and wool rather ſcarce,
Propoſed to his boys, who were clothiers moſt bold,
To force the poſſeſſion of the fleece of gold. *Tol de rol, &c.*

On board the brig Argo they embark'd with loud noiſe,
Well prim'd with good whiſkey, like liberty boys;
And then that in right tune their ſpirits might be,
Their piper attended, and Orpheus was he. *Tol de rol, &c.*

The ſeizing this fleece dubb'd them gods for their pains,
And yielded them alſo moſt excellent gains;
But whether by combing, or ſcribbling, or how,
Of this we are totally ignorant now. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Great Hercules too he was one of the train,
That he was a ſpinner of wool it is plain;
This brawny dog long at the diſtaff he plied,
And he and his doxy they ſpun ſide by ſide. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Great ladies they carded and ſpun for whole days,
Minerva herſelf ſhe grew jealous of praiſe;
One nymph, who excelled, ſhe could never abide her,
But turn'd, thro' pure ſpite, this poor laſs to a ſpider. *Tol de rol, &c.*

This ſpark from old Greece ſtrong in Ireland burns,
Our Youths too are Soldiers and Clothiers by turns;
The Clothiers excels, as the bold Volunteer,
AND HE AS A CLOTHIER DELIGHTS TO APPEAR. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Now here's that our fleeces all golden may prove,
That our moments may paſs thus in friendſhip and love;
To live and to love may it ſtill be our aim,
And Clothing and Glory for ever the ſame. *Tol de rol, &c.*

SONNET.

SONNET.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

GO gentle ſigh, that heav'ſt my heart,
Whoſe hopes diſſolve in hopeleſs tears,
This comfort to my griefs impart,
To whiſper in my fair one's ears.

Say, 'tis not comelineſs of face
Improv'd, ſweet maid, by ſtudious pains,
But artleſs innocence and grace
That bind a captive in thy chains.

In vain a parent's harſh command
Forbids the force of Cupid's fires,
In vain, he cries, all joys withſtand
Save thoſe Devotion's ſelf inſpires.

The prieſt of pray'r ordain'd to be,
Whoſe breaſt more genuine tranſport warms,
Urg'd leſs by him than rul'd by thee,
Turns prieſt of love to court thy charms.

G——E R—N—LDS.

INVOCATIO AD SOMNUM.

SOMNE levis! quanquam certiſſima mortis imago,
Conſortem cupio te tamen eſſe tori;
Alma quies, optata veni, nam ſic ſine vitâ
Vivere quam ſuave eſt—ſic ſine morte mori.

TRANSLATION.

THOUGH Death's ſtrong likeneſs in thy form we trace,
Come Sleep, and fold me in thy cloſe embrace;
Come, gentle Sleep, that ſweeteſt bleſſing give,
To die thus living, and thus dead to live.

AN APPEAL.

WHAT muſt he—who in ſecret paſſion dies,
Who doats, yet dares not to reveal his ſighs?
Love urges forward to declare his pain,
Fear trembling chides his paſſion to reſtrain.
Thus *Love*, more noble, towards *Fate* would bend,
But *Fear* repels it leaſt it ſhould offend.
What then, ye Gods! muſt he in ſecret pine,
Or bravely dare and live—or life reſign?

B. B. T. C.

AN ACROSTIC.

POETIC Muſe! my love-fraught ſtrain inſpire,
Haſte to my aid, thou love-tun'd Lydian lyre,
EXCELLING BEAUTY claims your nobleſt lay,
Behold her charms tranſcendent as the day,
Each grace, each ſmile, dance round in wanton play.

May's youthful bloom around her charming face,
Nature has painted, with peculiar grace;
Amid her eyes, of azure luſtre bright,
Majeſtic ſmiles the God of ſoft delight;
Around her neck, and ſwelling orbs, and mein,
Reigns ev'ry charm of Love's imperial queen,
And poliſh'd manners rule with dignity ſerene.

R. N. T. C.

SKETCHES

SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

Concluſion of CHAP. III. *from page* 479.

THE confederate army had fallen back to Verdun, near which town, the French generals Kellerman and Dillon advanced with their troops, after having ſucceſſively occupied the abandoned poſts of the enemy at Regret, Glorieux and Mount St. Michael. On the 10th Dillon inveſted Verdun, and on the following day, a capitulation was offered by the Pruſſian general Kalkreuth and agreed by general Valence, on whom the command of the French army, in the abſence of Dumourier had devolved. The Pruſſians who retreated from Verdun marched to Longwy, which laſt place alſo ſurrendered on the 18th, ſo that on the 20th October thoſe formidable armies, who a few days before had threatened to wreak their vengeance on Paris, had entirely evacuated the French territory.

Thus ended the projected invaſion of France; and with it every hope to effect by a counter revolution, the reſtoration of the ancient deſpotiſm in that country. An event, that while the hiſtoric page ſhall record the occurrences of the eighteenth century, muſt, from the magnitude of the attempt, the ſingularity of the object, and its diſaſtrous iſſue, form a ſtriking epoch in the annals of the human race. The combined armies who appeared on the French frontier in the latter end of July 1792, amounted in the whole to upwards of two hundred thouſand ſoldiers, inured to ſervice and the rigid diſcipline of countries, where the art of war is the principal ſcience, and excellence therein, the road to wealth and honour: they were moreover capitally appointed for the field, and armed with a deſtructive train of four hundred pieces of ordnance; and this tremendous hoſt under the direction of commanders, who if not of the firſt character, were undoubtedly men who from their youths had been employed in military operations. And yet to the aſtoniſhment of all Europe, two months ſcarcely elapſed, when theſe terrific armies, leſſened of near half their number, made a diſgraceful and precipitate retreat from the country they had ſo confidently attacked.

It is, however, probable that neither the inclemency of the ſeaſon, nor the ſickneſs and mortality that enſued, would have induced the Pruſſian and Auſtrian generals to a retreat that carried with it the marks of a dereliction of their object, if other conſiderations had not added a preponderancy to the deciſion. There does not remain a doubt, but the French emigrant princes and their followers, deceived themſelves by the perſons they converſed with, and giving eaſy credit to what they wiſhed, thought the anti-revolutioniſts, or, as they termed them, the king's party, ſtronger in France, than it really was: impreſſed with this idea they had told their foreign friends, that as ſoon as an hoſtile army appeared within the frontiers of France, thouſands from all parts of the kingdom would join their ſtandard, and every city open its gates to them. Theſe declarations proved illuſory; of which the Pruſſian monarch ſeemed ſo ſenſible, that in a converſation, which paſſed at an interview between him and the French Princes, three days before the retreat of the armies; the king ſaid, "you have brought us here to quell a faction reprobated by the "French nation; but I find you yourſelves are that reprobated faction."

C H A P. IV.

Affairs of France continued.—Negotiation with Geneva.—A ſingular Decree.—Succeſs of the French Army on the Rhine.—Spires, Worms, Mentz, and Frankfort, taken, with immenſe Stores, &c.—Addreſs to the Citizens of Mentz.—Invaſion of the Auſtrian Netherlands and Maniſeſto addreſſed to the Belgians.—Villa Franca and Nice captured.—Defeat of the Auſtrians at Jemappe, and Capture of Mons, Tournay, Ghent and Bruſſels.—Decree againſt the Emigrants.

THE fears of a foreign enemy being now removed, the Convention proceeded with calmneſs on the public buſineſs. The 14th of October an act of juſtice was decreed, which was an indemnification to prince Charles of Heſſe, commandant at Beſançon, who, on account of his attachment to the French nation, had been deprived of his property in Germany by order of his kinſman, the Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel. On the following day the military order of St. Louis and its inſignia was aboliſhed, and ſeveral regulations and reforms in the civil and military eſtabliſhments agreed to.

On the ſame day the Executive Council informed the Convention that the magiſtrates of Geneva had refuſed a requiſition made to them in behalf of the French republic, to ſend away a corps of ſixteen hundred Swiſs admitted by them into the city; they had ſent another meſſage to Geneva perſiſting in the requiſition. The Convention approved of the conduct of the Executive Council.

On the 19th the following ſingular decree paſſed unanimouſly:

"The National Convention of France invites all the friends of liberty and
"equality to preſent to them, in any language whatever, every information they
"may think neceſſary to aſſiſt their committee in forming a good Conſtitution for
"the French Republic."

From this time to the 26th, the Convention ſeemed chiefly employed in domeſtic arrangements, but on this day a letter from general Cuſtine, commander of the army on the Rhine, was read, giving an account, that after having made himſelf maſter of the cities of Spires and of Worms, where he found immenſe magazines of proviſions and ſtores belonging to the Auſtrians, he had captured the city of Mentz, and that he had ſuffered the garriſons, amounting together to ſeveral thouſand of Imperial troops to retire, on binding themſelves not to carry arms againſt the French republic, or its allies, for one year. Theſe brilliant ſucceſſes ſeemed the forerunners of only theſe which followed, for on the 28th, this fortunate general in another letter announced to the aſſembly the capture of the imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine, where, in addition to conſiderable booty, among which were 165 pieces of artillery, he had exacted a contribution of two millions of florins. But what enhanced the value of theſe conqueſts was, their being atchieved almoſt without any loſs of lives; a circumſtance that in a great meaſure may be attributed to the principle avowed by the French commanders, which the reader will find exemplified in Cuſtine's addreſs to the citizens of Mentz, given in a note.*

While

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* *General* CUSTINE'*s Addreſs to the Citizens of Mentz.*

'When the French reſolved to make war, they were provoked to it by the unjuſt aggreſſion of deſpots—of thoſe men, educated in prejudices which perſuaded them that the nations of the earth exiſted in it only to gratify their vain glory, and the money of thoſe nations, but to glut their paſſions.

'The repreſentatives of the French people, the whole nation, will always diſtinguiſh in their juſtice, every people ſo unfortunate as to be compelled to bow their necks under the deſpotic yoke of thoſe unjuſt men. A nation that has been the firſt to give to all other nations the example of reſuming their rights, offers you fraternity and liberty.

'A ſpontaneous wiſh ought to decide your fate; and if you prefer ſlavery to the bleſſings that are offered to you, you will leave treaties to pronounce what deſpot ſhall reſtore you your chains. I ſhall maintain the old taxes; I ſhall exact contributions

While Cuſtine was thus advancing through the countries of the enemy that bordered the Rhine, Dumourier had returned to his army on the northern frontier, and in an addreſs to the ſoldiers, informed them, that he was going to conduct them into the beautiful and fertile provinces of Belgia, to deliver them from tyrannic oppreſſion; and recommended his brethren in arms to treat ſuch priſoners as might fall into their hands with mildneſs and fraternity, and to behave in the ſame manner towards the inhabitants of the towns they ſhould take, unleſs they rendered themſelves unworthy of their amity and protection He then ordered the following Maniſeſto to the Belgians to be publiſhed in all the frontier towns:

'Brave Belgian Nation,

'You raiſed, before we did, the ſtandard of liberty, but, deceived by ſome of your fellow citizens, in whom you placed confidence, miſled by the perfidious inſinuations of courts, to which you addreſſed yourſelves, or which intermeddled in your affairs merely to throw you into confuſion, to embarraſs your deſpot, and to deliver you over afterward to his vegeance: made a victim to the inſidious and cruel policy of all the courts of Europe, and particularly of that of France, which conſidered our liberty as the laſt blow given to deſpotiſm, which it wiſhed to re-eſtabliſh over us, you not only received no effectual aſſiſtance from your neighbours the French, but you were even abandoned and betrayed by them when they entered into your provinces.

'It was neceſſary that France ſhould triumph over deſpotiſm by pulling down royalty; it was neceſſary that it ſhould eſtabliſh itſelf into a republic: that it ſhould triumph over the ſatellites of deſpots: that their numerous armies ſhould vaniſh before the legions of free men; and that they ſhould be purſued to their own territories, before you could have perfect knowledge of the French republic, and of the armies which it ſends to your relief.

'We ſhall immediately enter your territories; we enter them to aſſiſt you to plant the tree of liberty, and will not in any reſpect interfere with that conſtitution which you may wiſh to adopt.

'Provided you eſtabliſh the ſovereignty of the people, and renounce living under any deſpots whatever, we will become your brethren, your friends, and your ſupporters; we will reſpect your property and your laws, and the moſt rigid diſcipline ſhall prevail in the French armies.

'We enter your provinces to purſue the barbarous Auſtrians, who have committed in the department of the North the moſt horrid atrocities. Our arms, while they are juſt, ſhall be ſevere, in order to avenge the violence and exceſſes of deſpotiſm. You alſo have injuries, crimes, and acts of violence to avenge. Unite yourſelves to us, that we may not confound the Belgians with the Germans, in caſe you ſhould, through apathy, ſuffer them to be maſters of your cities, which we ſhould be obliged to bombard, and to burn, in order to deſtroy that barbarous horde whom you may for ever expel if you join your arms to ours.

'Belgians, we are brethren! Our cauſe is the ſame. You have given ſo many proofs of your impatience under the yoke, that we cannot entertain the leaſt apprehenſion of being obliged to treat you as enemies

(Signed) DUMOURIER, &c.'

Dumourier

butions only of thoſe men, who, having made the whole weight of the public charges fall upon you, took care to free themſelves from any ſhare of it.

'I ſhall cauſe all the conſtituted authorities to be reſpected; I ſhall ſupport them till the period when a free declaration ſhall make known the will of the people of Mentz.

'I am going to put this city into the moſt formidable ſtate of defence; and although it has been circulated among you that I meant to abandon it, I ſwear to defend it even againſt all the efforts of our united enemies. May it become the bulwark of the liberty to every people of the German empire; may the principles of eternal truth iſſue from its boſom; may their evidence ſtrike all men bent under the yoke of ſervitude. For myſelf, valuing only the honourable title of French citizen, I have abjured all diſtinctions invented by pride. The ſole ambition of a wiſe man ſhould be to live in the memory of his fellow citizens.

(Signed) CUSTINE.'

Dumourier then dividing his army into three columns entered the Auſtrian Netherlands, where we ſhall, for a ſhort time, leave him, and view the operations of the ſouthern army.

We have already noticed the bloodleſs conqueſt of the duchy of Savoy, by Monteſquiou. The other parts of the king of Sardinia's territories were not of ſo eaſy an acceſs: Piedmont, in which his capital of Turin is ſituated, is defended by a rocky and mountainous barrier, formed by the ſouthern termination of the Alps, the paſſages of which can be defended by a ſmall force againſt numerous hoſts. The county of Nice, however, which is reckonod one of the diviſions of the principality of Piedmont, lying along the ſea coaſt, is liable to the attacks of a maritime power. Of this circumſtance the French availing themſelves, fitted out a ſmall ſquadron of ſhips of war at Toulon, under the cover of whoſe guns they landed a body of ſix thouſand men, commanded by general Anſelm, near Villa Franca, which place, as well as the city of Nice, we find in their poſſeſſion, on or about the firſt day of November.

The facility with which the French got poſſeſſion of theſe countries, was not ſo much owing to the power of their arms, as to the diffuſion of their political opinions; wherever they went a ſpirit of republicaniſm was immediately avowed: the Savoyards openly declared they would never again ſubmit to their quondam ſovereign, but join themſelves to the French republic; or, if that was not accepted by the National Convention, form a diſtinct commonwealth. The Niceans followed the example of the Savoyards; but the Convention did not think it adviſeable to come to any deciſion reſpecting them at this time.

The proceedings of the National Convention on the 7th of November were of a nature truely intereſting; for on this day M. Maillé introduced a report from the committee on Louis XVI. with theſe words:

“ The rights of the people, like thoſe of man, being impreſcriptible, he who has violated them cannot found, on the ſilence of poſitive laws, any pretenſions to a ſcandalous impunity. The Roman Senate, though debaſed and corrupted, dared, however, to try Nero, whoſe perſon, by the tribunitial power granted to the Cæſars, was rendered ſacred and inviolable. I ſaid the ſilence of the laws, for notwithſtanding the ſhameful exceſs to which terror and habits of ſlavery have carried human ſubjection, it has never been ſo great, that the code of any people has eſtabliſhed abſolute impunity in favour of any individual, pontiff, or king. But hitherto theſe great examples of national juſtice have been ſtained by violence, meanneſs, or crimes. The ſenators who condemned Nero were at that time the ſlaves of Galba. The judges who depoſed Henry of Caſtile were only baſe courtiers, ſold to his ſiſter the hypocritical Iſabella. The ſon of Vaſa was ſacrificed by the grandees of Sweden to the ambition of John his brother, a tyrant more artful, but no leſs barbarous than he. Charles I. fell under the axe of Cromwell, and not under that of the law; and Elizabeth of Hungary and Jean of Naples were puniſhed only by aſſaſſination. The forms of juſtice employed to cover thoſe acts of vengeance were only ferocious hypocriſy.

“ The moment, however, is arrived, when the French nation can give to the world an example of the juſtice of a great people, exempt from an impure mixture of human paſſions. But what ſhall be the tribunal whoſe authority and impartial equity, may remove all ſuſpicion, and diſſipate every idea of violent or political prejudice? Two methods ſeem to have an equality of ſuffrages. One is the formation of a jury, the members of which ſhall be choſen by the electoral aſſemblies of the departments. The other is, that the Convention ſhall reſerve this trial to itſelf. The latter has been adopted by the committee. I therefore preſent to you the following plan of a decree:

I. Louis XVI. may be tried.

II. He ſhall be tried by the National Convention.

III. Three coommiſſioners, choſen from the Convention by public election, (appeal nominal) ſhall be charged with the care of collecting all the pieces neceſſary for the trial, and of preſenting the reſult of them to the National Convention.

IV. The commiſſioners ſhall terminate their report by an enumeration of the crimes.

V. This enumeration ſhall be printed and diſtributed.

VI. Eight days after, a diſcuſſion ſhall commence on the act of accuſation, and and the charges to be adopted or rejected.

VII. If the act is adopted it ſhall be communicated to Louis, that he may provide for his defence.

VIII. A copy of the report and of the papers reſpecting it, ſhall be alſo preſented to Louis.

IX. If he demand the originals, they ſhall be carried to him by twelve commiſſioners.

X. The originals ſhall not be carried from the archives until copies of them are taken.

XI. The national convention ſhall fix a day on which Louis ſhall preſent his defence.

XII. Louis ſhall preſent his defence in writing and ſigned by himſelf.

XIII. Louis may give anſwers verbally.

XIV. After he has made his defence, and after the expiration of the delay ſettled by the convention, they ſhall paſs ſentence by public vote.

The diſcuſſion of the report that nothing like precipitation, as was ſaid, ſhould mark their proceedings, was adjourned to the 12th November.

On the 9th of November the Convention was agreeably interrupted in its proceedings, by a letter from general Dumourier, dated from Mons the 7th of November, wherein, he informed the preſident of his being in poſſeſſion of that city, after a bloody and deſperate action with the Auſtrian army, ſtrongly poſted at Jemappe within a few miles of Mons, where behind treble entrenchments they waited for the French. He proceeds thus :

“ I cannot beſtow too high praiſes on the valour of our troops, and their huma-
“ nity after the battle—the moſt terrible in the memory of man :—40,000 French
“ have forced 28,000 Auſtrians entrenched in woods and mountains, defended by
“ forty redoubts, twenty heavy cannon, a great number of field pieces and howit-
“ zers. All the preceding engagements for five days together, had been in our
“ favour, but the battle of Jemappe decided all—it was one of the moſt general
“ ever fought ; all the points of the enemy, line and flanks, were attacked at once
“ —all the bodies of the army were in action, and every individual fought per-
“ ſonally. After a moſt obſtinate reſiſtance, the French nation have every where
“ been triumphant by their two ſtrongeſt means, their artillery and their ſwords.

“ It was impoſſible that a battle ſo diſputed, and ſo gloriouſly won, ſhould not
“ be attended with a conſiderable loſs of men. I cannot as yet procure an exact
“ account, but I reckon the number of our killed at 300, and that of our wounded
“ to be double.

“ The loſs of the enemy, between the 3d and the 7th, but above all on the 6th,
“ amounts to more than 1500 priſoners and deſerters, and more than 4,000 killed
“ and wounded. We have taken nine pieces of cannon, beſides a large quantity of
“ ammunition. Priſoners and deſerters are brought in every moment. The inha-
“ bitants have received us as deliverers and brethren. The Auſtrian army retired
“ in the greateſt diſorder. I ſhall loſe no time in purſuing them.”

The battle of Jemappe, of which the reader will find a more minute account in a note *, in a manner decided the fate of the Auſtrian Netherlands, being followed

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* *Official Account of the Battle at Jemappe, dated Head Quarters-General at Mons, November* 7, 1792.

“ You will ſee by the place from whence I date my letter, how well the time has been employed ſince I laſt wrote to you from my head quarters general at Honning. I quitted them on the 3d to proceed, with my advanced guard, to poſt myſelf between Delonge and Whieriers. This poſition rendered it neceſſary to attack the village named Thulin, from which we were repulſed, becauſe the Belgians ſent upon this buſineſs had ventured too far beyond the village near the mill of Bouſſu, and had not carried cannon with them. They were ſurrounded by twelve or fifteen hundred huſſars, who cut to pieces two of our companies, and who would have deſtroyed the whole of that body, had it not been for the great bravery of the 2d regiment of huſſars, conſiſting of no more than 300 men, who charged the Auſtrians, and ſecured a retreat to the Belgians.

by the ſurrender of Tournay, Ghent and Bruſſels, from which laſt place, on hearing that Mons was taken, the government fled to the neutral borders in the greateſt confuſion, and with the utmoſt precipitation.

Three

" The ſame day general d'Harville arrived with his army at Bavay. Next morning I drew from the camp of Honning, nine battalions to ſupport the attack of Thulin, and to take by force the poſt of Bouſſu. My plan was to effect a junction with general d'Harville. As it was neceſſary to drive the Auſtrians from a long ſkirt of wood, extending from Sarlouis to Bouſſu, I made arrangements for a combined attack, according to which general d'Harville was to take poſſeſſion of the caſtle of Sar, and the Colonel of the 11th regiment of chaſſeurs was, with his troops and light infantry, to penetrate paſt Blangy; and thus, directing his march towards the ſame caſtle of Sar, and proceeding on the right of the wood, to take poſſeſſion of the village of Framery, while I, advancing along the left of the ſame wood, ſhould take poſſeſſion of that of Bouſſu. Theſe three attacks were attended with complete ſucceſs. The Auſtrians defended with great bravery the mill of Bouſſu, from which I diſlodged them with my artillery. They loſt there five or ſix hundred men. During this affair we only made uſe of our artillery. I was under arms with my van guard all night at the top of the wood of Bouſſu, and I ordered the army to poſt themſelves at the ſame time on the territories of Delonges. After this ſucceſs, I procured a reinforcement of heavy artillery and field pieces.

" On the 5th, I reconnoitred the poſition of the enemy on the heights of Jemappe, and I attacked with my infantry, the village of Carignan, while I kept up a briſk cannonade on their left. The ſame day Colonel Fregville tried to make an impreſſion on their left, and ſeveral petty ſkirmiſhes took place between our infantry and cavalry, and thoſe of the enemy, in which we had always the ſuperiority. This day, general d'Harville was able to advance to the heights of Framery, with only one half of his army, conſiſting of about 6000 men. I then encamped oppoſite to Jemappe, having my left wing extended to Horme, and my right to Framery I ſent to Bouſſu for my heavy artillery, and my flying hoſpital.

" Being determined to attack the heights of Jemappe, next morning, in a deciſive manner, that I might not leave time to the army of general Clairfayt to effect a junction, I cauſed the village of Carignan to be abandoned the ſame evening. We could not maintain our ground againſt the forces which were at Jemappe, as we were commanded by that village.

" On the morning of the 6th I cauſed twelve 16 pounders twelve 12 pounders, and twelve field pieces to be advanced, and diſpoſed them along the front of my line. General d'Harville poſted on the heights of Ciphe flanked the enemy's left, while I attacked the right, after retaking the village of Carignan by the Belgians, ſupported by nine battalions, under the command of Marſhals Ferrand, Roziere, and Blotfiere.

" The body deſtined for the centre attack, conſiſting of 18 battalions, was commanded by lieut. general Egalité, and Marſhals Stetenboffe, Desforets, and Drouet. The right wing, conſiſting of the van-guard, was under the command of lieutenant general Beurnonville, and Marſhal Dampierre. The diviſion of general d'Harville being too far diſtant from the enemy's entrenchments, were only able to aſſiſt us in the attack with their cannon. The Auſtrian army conſiſted, according to the moſt moderate computation, of 20,000 men, 3500 of which were cavalry. Others raiſe the number to 28,000. We had no more than 30,000 combatants, The poſition of the Auſtrians was formidable—their right extending to the village of Jemappe formed a ſquare with their front and their left which extended into the cauſeway of Valenciennes.

" They were poſted in all this length on a woody mountain, where they had erected, in an amphitheatre, three tiers of redoubts, furniſhed with 20 pieces of heavy artillery, at leaſt as many field pieces, and three field pieces for each battalion, all of which amounted to near 100 pieces of cannon. We had as many, but the elevation of their batteries gave him a great advantage, had we perſiſted in endeavouring to terminate the affair by our artillery. The troops confiding in their bravery, had long before teſtified to me the moſt ardent deſire of coming to a cloſe

engagement

Three days after the capture of Mons, the Convention having reſumed a long depending diſcuſſion reſpecting the emigrants, at laſt concluded this important ſubject by the following decree :

' The

engagement with the enemy. I participated in this confidence, becauſe in all the movements which I had cauſed them to make under the enemy's fire, I had ſeen them march and manœuvre as if they had been exerciſing. During the three preceding days, I had above all admired their preciſion in executing the evolutions which I commanded.

" A very heavy cannonade was opened upon both ſides at ſeven o'clock in the morning, and continued till ten, without my obſerving a ſucceſs ſufficiently decided to induce me to confine myſelf to this kind of attack. As I went along the bottom of the line, the troops teſtified the utmoſt impatience to charge the enemy with their bayonets. This had been for ſome time propoſed to me, both by general Beurnonville and general Egalité. I reſtrained their ardour, that I might render it ſtill greater; for my decided intention was to terminate the affair by carrying their redoubts. I however contented myſelf with approaching the batteries to produce greater effect; and I ordered the village of Carignan to be attacked, becauſe I could not on that ſide attack Jamappe till I had taken that village.

" I ſent Col. Thuvenot, Adjutant General, an officer of the greateſt merit, to direct this attack, and gave him orders to carry Jemappe, and the whole right flank of the enemy. I ordered general d'Harville to bring his batteries cloſer, that they might have greater effect on the left of the enemy ; and I ordered general Beurnonville to employ the ſame manœuvre, and to be ready to attack exactly at noon. I tranſmitted the ſame to the left wing, as I concluded that we ſhould then be maſters of Carignan, which it was neceſſary we ſhould have in our poſſeſſion, becauſe my attack of the left might have been turned by that village, had the enemy remained maſters of it.

" Exactly at noon, the whole infantry inſtantaneouſly formed in columns, and advanced with the utmoſt rapidity, and in the higheſt ſpirits, towards the entrenchments of the enemy. There was not one column whoſe head was behind another.

" The lower tier of redoubts was inſtantly, and very ſucceſsfully carried ; but the obſtacles ſoon multiplying, our centre became endangered, and I was not long before I perceived the enemy's cavalry preparing to enter the plain, with a view of flanking our columns. I inſtantly diſpatched thither lieutenant general Egalité, who, by his cool valour, ſucceeded in inſtantly rallying the columns, which he led to the ſecond tier of redoubts. This attack I loſt no time in ſupporting by the third regiment of Chaſſeurs, and the ſixth of Huſſars, which arrived very opportunely to check as well as charge the enemy's cavalry. I proceeded at the ſame time to the right, where I diſcovered, that after a complete ſucceſs on the part of general Beurnonville, in the attack of the redoubts which had been forced and carried, ſome degree of diſorder had manifeſted itſelf in his cavalry, whilſt the general himſelf was buſied at the head of his infantry. This cavalry I inſtantly rallied, and at the very inſtant it made a very lively charge on the enemy's cavalry, which had by this time reached our right flank. At this juncture a body of the enemy's cavalry attempted to force the firſt battalion of Paris, which received them with the utmoſt bravery, and killed ſixty men by a ſingle diſcharge. Whilſt we were thus engaged to the right, our left had carried the village of Jemappe, and our centre had obtained entire poſſeſſion of the ſecond tier of redoubts. It became neceſſary once more to come to an action on the heights ; this, however, was leſs lively, and of a ſhorter duration, the Auſtrians being altogether panic-ſtruck at the obſtinate and conſtantly increaſing valour of our troops.

" At two o'clock they retired in the utmoſt diſorder, our troops now occupying all the enemy's territory, covered with the dead of both parties. The loſs of the enemy was ſo conſiderable, and their conſternation ſo great, that they penetrated to Mons, without making any ſtop, either at Berthomon, Mount Paliſel, or even on the heights of Nievey.

" I led the whole of my victorious army to the heights near the village of Cuvines, which my infantry took poſſeſſion of. In this village we found one thirteen pounder,

and

“ The National Convention, conſidering that the former laws againg the emigrants are inſufficient; that they do not include their accomplices; wiſhing to complete the diſpoſitions of the preceding laws againſt thoſe who have betrayed or abandoned their country in the moment of danger; decree as follows :

Art. I. ‘ The emigrants are baniſhed for ever from the French territory. They are civilly defunct. Their goods are ſequeſtered to the ſtate.

II. ‘ The infraction of baniſhment pronounced by article I. ſhall be puniſhed with death.

III. ‘ Reputed emigrants are—1. All French men or French women, who, being out of the French territory, have not returned according to the terms of the law of the 8th of April laſt, without, however, relieving ſuch as may have returned from the pecuniary penalty decreed againſt them. 2. All Frenchmen now abſent from the uſual place of their reſidence, who ſhall not prove, in the manner to be preſcribed, that they have reſided within France without interruption ſince the 9th of May 1792. 3. All Frenchmen who, though now actually preſent, have abſented themſelves from their ordinary place of reſidence, and who ſhall not prove that they have reſided, without interruption, in ſome part of France, ſince the 9th of May 1792. 4. Thoſe who ſhall depart from the territory of the republic before the time when it ſhall be lawful ſo to do. 5. All agents of government who, having been charged with a miſſion to foreign courts in Europe, ſhall not be returned into France within three months of the day of the notified recal. 6. All thoſe who ſince the war have quitted the French territory, not invaded, to go and reſide upon French territory in the poſſeſſion of the enemy.’

MARRIAGES.

and collected together the wounded and deſerters. During the ſame day the diviſion of general d'Harville took poſſeſſion of Mount Paliſel, and Marechal de Camp Stetenboffe made himſelf maſter of Mount Bertellemont.

“ I now ſummoned the city of Mons. The troops, who had been without ſolid food for three days, and who could not even cook the ſoup on the day of this terrible battle, notwithſtanding diſplayed the ſame ardour; and demanded of me with importunity, that they ſhould be permitted to march to Mons, and endeavour to carry it by ſtorm. I was obliged to promiſe them that they ſhould have that ſatisfaction the ſucceeding day, and did not forbear to make all the neceſſary diſpoſitions to complete the circumvallation of Mons, and to attack it in ſeveral places at once. The enemy has taken the advantage of the night to evacuate this city, and the 400 men who continued the lateſt there, went from thence at nine in the morning.

“ I was buſied in placing my batteries, when, at the above hour, the inhabitants, after having thrown down the gates, which the Auſtrians had locked and barricadoed, invited me to enter the city, and this I loſt no time in doing. The magiſtrates, at the gates, tendered to me the keys. Placing my hand on them, I ſaid in reply, that we came as brothers and friends, to engage them to keep their gates conſtantly ſhut againſt their ancient oppreſſors, and to defend the liberty we had juſt acquired for them.

“ This day, for ever memorable, confers an immortal glory on the French nation. Not a battalion, not a ſquadron, not an individual even in the army, who did not engage, and that very cloſely. You are already acquainted with the valour and talents of general Beurnonville. All the other generals, and more eſpecially M. Egalité, diſplayed infinite ſkill in the conduct and management of their troops. The Field-officers and Aids de-camp, carried the orders with the utmoſt activity and the greateſt preciſion, in the midſt of the moſt dreadful fire and carnage. General Drouet had his leg broken with a ball, colonel Chaumont, adjutant general, had a muſket ball lodged in his arm, and his horſe ſhot under him. General Ferrand received a violent contuſion on his leg, and alſo had his horſe ſhot under him.—Adjutant general Mouſoi had his mouth ſtruck with a muſket ball, which carried away ſeven of his teeth. Colonel Dubouriet, of the 10th regiment, is wounded dangerouſly; as is alſo Citizen Bertiche, lieutenant of the national gendarmerie; who, after killing ſeven men, was found to have received forty-one ſabre wounds. Citizen Lafoſir, lieutenant colonel of the two battalions of Deux Savres, had his arm fractured by a ball. Several other officers and ſoldiers have been killed and wounded. [*To be continued.*]

MARRIAGES.

AT Cork, Mr. Richard Atkins, merchant, to Miſs Anne Connell.—William Baldwin, Eſq; of the co. Cork, to Miſs Kirby.—In the co. of Armagh, the Rev. Thomas Monk to Miſs Jane Staples.—At the Hot-wells, Briſtol, Captain M'Mahon, of Limerick, to Miſs Scot, of Caſtle-ſtrange.—The Rev. Thomas Radcliffe to Miſs Elizabeth Mitchell.—Dominick Darcy, Eſq; of Rockville, co. of Galway, to Miſs O'Connell.—In Cork, Captain Hamilton, of 34th Foot, to Miſs Atkins.—Mr. John Connell, merchant, to Miſs Marianne Finlay.—Robert Crawford, Eſq; of the co. Tyrone, to Miſs Jane Roſlaite, of the King's Co.—Major Valancey to Miſs Iſabella Humphreys.—At Belfaſt, Sir James Briſco, Knt. to Miſs Boyd.—James Moore Irwin, of the co. Tyrone, Eſq; to Miſs Hellen Hauten, of Armagh.—At Coleraine Dr. M'Ilwaine, to Miſs Suſan Haſlette.

DEATHS.

AT Beltarn, in the co. Armagh, Mr. James Hughes; on the ſame day, Mr. Edw. Hughes, of Ballyhoy, brothers.—Lady Heſter Weſtenra.—In Bridge-ſtreet, Mr. Thomas Proctor, of Killinal, merchant.—At the Black-rock, the relict of Thomas Burrows, Eſq.—In Cork, the wife of Robert Wilſon, Eſq.—At Hermitage, co. Wicklow, Lady Jane Carew.—In England, Henry Loftus, Eſq; member in the laſt parliament for the borough of Barrow.—At Milbrook, near Liſburn, Miſs Wilſon.—In Dame-ſtreet, Mr. John Watſon, an eminent ſilk-manufacturer.

PROMOTIONS.

FIFTH Regiment of Dragoon Guards, Rev. Thomas Knox to be Chaplain, vice Blacker, reſigned.

6th. Mr. Marcus Somerville to be Cornet, vice Cullen, reſigned.

5th Regiment of Dragoons, Captain Maurice Fitzgerald from the Half-pay of the late Independent Company on the Britiſh Eſtabliſhment, to be Captain, vice Harcourt, exchanged; Cornet George Brown to be Adjutant, vice Fawcett, reſigned.

12th. Captain Robert Riddell, from 22d Foot, on the Britiſh Eſtabliſhment, to be Captain, vice Knight exchanged.

13th. Major the Honourable George Walpole to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Cuffe, deceaſed; Captain Hamilton Crofton, from the 18th Regiment Dragoons, to be Major, vice Walpole, promoted; Cornet Chriſtopher Sheares to be Lieutenant, vice Cooke, promoted in the 8th Regiment of Dragoons.

18th. Hon. Arthur Weſley, from 58th Regiment of Foot, to be Captain, vice Crofton, promoted in the 13th Regiment of Dragoons.

8th Regiment of Foot. Lieutenant Thomas Bland, from 28th Regiment of Foot, to be Captain Lieutenant, vice Burnett, promoted in the 43d Regiment of Foot.

12th. Enſign Moore to be Lieutenant, vice Agnew, deceaſed.

22th. Hon. William Stewart, from Half-pay of the late Independent Company on the Britiſh Eſtabliſhment, to be Captain, vice Raymond, exchanged.

28th. Enſign George Adderley, from the 63d Regiment of Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Bland, promoted in the 8th Regiment of Foot.

38th. Quarter Maſter John Willhire to be Adjutant, vice Kent, reſigned; Serjeant Major Alexander Frazer to be Quarter Maſter.

39th. Captain Henry Magan to be Major, vice Vaughen, reſigned; Lieutenant William Jones to be Captain; Enſign Francis Scanlan to be Lieutenant; Lieutenant George Wilſon to be Captain, vice Johnſton, reſigned; Enſign Birkenhead Glegg to be Lieutenant; Mr. William Humphries to be Enſign.

43d. Captain Lieutenant John Burnett, from the 8th Regiment of Foot, to be Captain, vice Todd, deceaſed.

44. Enſign Francis Gore to be Lieutenant, vice Boyd, reſigned; Mr. John M. Hamerton to be Enſign; Mr. Arthur Brook to be Enſign, vice Darby, promoted in the 1ſt Regiment of Foot Guards.

55th. Enſign George Stackpoole to be Lieutenant, vice Hinde, reſigned; Mr. George Ward to be Enſign.

58th. Captain Lieutenant the Hon. Wm. Stapleton to be Captain, vice Weſley, promoted in the 18th Regiment of Dragoons; Lieutenant John E. Hemmings to be Captain Lieutenant; Enſign Thomas Hay, from the 69th Foot to be Lieutenant.

69th. Lieutenanat John K Dunbar to be Captain, vice Martelli, reſigned; Enſign John M'Clintock to be Lieutenant; Quarter-maſter John Allen to be Enſign; Mr. —— Palmer to be Enſign, vice Hay promoted in 58th Regiment of Foot.

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